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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Magazine  
Founded A. D. 1855



NOV. 7, 1908

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Beginning

"In Heaven and Earth"

By Robert W. Chambers

# FRANKLIN



Model G is the only strictly high-grade small runabout made. In quality of material and workmanship and finish it equals the largest and finest Franklin touring-cars. When fitted with short folding top the top does not interfere when down with occupying the rumble seat.

It is not too large for city work, but it is big enough and fast enough for country travelling.

It has the power and the go. It is better on hills than many water-cooled machines of far greater horse-power. It is easy to operate, easy to ride in, and extremely economical to own.

With glass or storm front Model G is equipped for any weather. And having no water to freeze it can be left standing on the coldest day.

The finish is a deep rich red with black trimmings. These are durable shades and make the handsomest color-combination of the season.

In a word Model G is the runabout standard, the ideal.

No man would want to buy a cheap runabout after seeing Model G.

Model G runabout, 18 horse-power, 4 cylinders. Air-cooled engine. Sliding gear transmission. 32-inch wheels. 91 1/2 inch wheel-base. With hamper \$1750. Single or double rumble \$1800. F. O. B. Syracuse. (Top extra.)

## Weight is what wears out tires

In a paper read before the French Society of Civil Engineers, M. A. Michelin, the noted tire expert, said: "If the weight of an automobile is increased five per cent., it increases the wear and tear on tires fifteen per cent."

This means that the average water-cooled automobile with its extra weight of plumbing apparatus—and weighing, as it does, a third more than a Franklin model of the same capacity—wears out tires just twice as fast.

The light weight of Franklin automobiles and their large wheels and tires eliminate the tire bugbear from automobiling. No other automobiles have such large wheels and tires in proportion to their weight.

Model D weighs only 2100 pounds, yet it has the same size wheels and tires as other automobiles weighing 3200 pounds and upward. Model H has larger wheels and tires than some automobiles a thousand pounds heavier—the larger the tires, the greater their wearing-surface, and the longer they last. But no tires made are large enough to offset the wear and tear put upon them by the bulky heavy water-cooled machines.

You cannot reduce tire expense nor fuel expense to a reasonable figure in a heavy automobile.

You cannot get the same refinement and simplicity—the combination of power and strength with light weight except through Franklin air-cooling.

What would it mean to you to get rid of tire trouble and at the same time cut the bills down half?

Nothing could induce a man who has once known the comfort and security of the light-weight air-cooled Franklin, to drive or own a heavy automobile.

Before you buy, think of tires; and all the burden and trouble of useless weight.



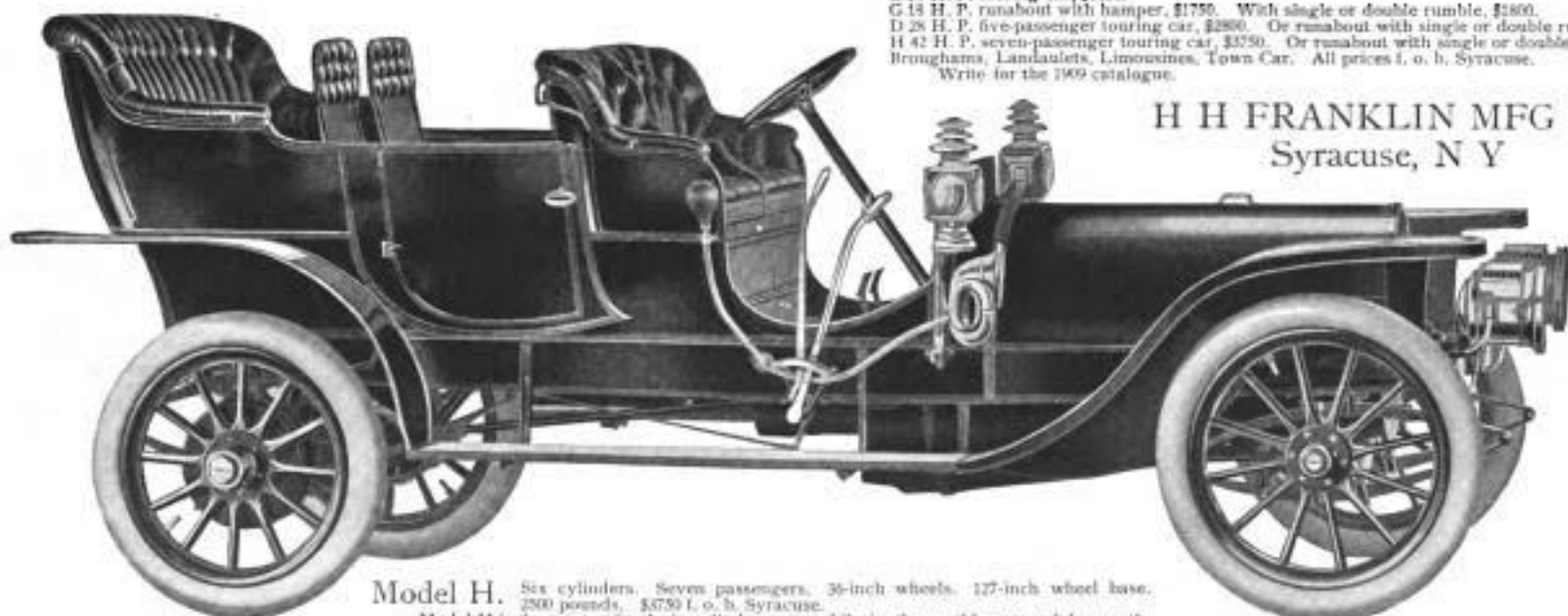
### Unencumbered Franklin dash-board.

Notice the neat effect: no coil box; no oiler. Nothing to clutter up the dash nor soil the clothing. Merely the magneto switch, the needle valve stem, and the primer rod. Franklins are the first American automobiles to employ the high tension single ignition magneto system already adopted by nearly all the leading foreign makers. This shows how Franklin automobiles lead in the most advanced modern practice.

### Models

G 18 H. P. touring car, \$1850.  
G 18 H. P. runabout with hamper, \$1750. With single or double rumble, \$1800.  
D 28 H. P. five-passenger touring car, \$2800. Or runabout with single or double rumble, \$2700.  
H 42 H. P. seven-passenger touring car, \$3750. Or runabout with single or double rumble, \$3600.  
Broughams, Landaulets, Limousines, Town Car. All prices f. o. b. Syracuse.  
Write for the 1909 catalogue.

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Model H. Six cylinders. Seven passengers. 36-inch wheels. 127-inch wheel base. 2800 pounds. \$3750 f. o. b. Syracuse.

Model H is the most refined six-cylinder automobile in the world—powerful, smooth, simple. There is not another large touring-car so comfortable to ride in, and so economical to use. And in appearance and details it has no superior.





## How to Bake Beans

We have no secrets, madam. We are going to tell how you—if you had the facilities—could bake Pork and Beans exactly as good as Van Camp's.

Get the choicest of Michigan beans, picked over by hand. Get only the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest-grown. Have them all of one size.

You will need to pay from six to eight times what some beans would cost, but they're worth it.

Soak the beans over night, then parboil them.

Now comes the impossible. The beans must be baked in live steam, and you lack it. That steam must be superheated to 245 degrees.

Dry heat won't do. You can't supply enough dry heat without burning the beans to a crisp.

Then the beans must be baked in small parcels—we bake in the cans. That's so the full heat of the oven can attack every particle. Otherwise the beans will not be digestible. They will ferment and form gas, as do your home-baked beans now.

Bake the tomato sauce with the beans—bake it into them. That's how we get our delicious blend.

When the beans are baked until they are mealy, surround

the can with cold water. That stops the baking instantly, and sets the blend and savor.

Then you will have beans that are wholly digestible. All beans will be baked alike, yet not a skin will be broken. The beans will be nutty because they are whole.

Then the tomato sauce—that's impossible for you. It must be made from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes, picked when the juice fairly sparkles.

When you buy the sauce, you rarely know what you are getting. If it is made from tomatoes picked green, it lacks zest. If made of scraps from a canning factory, it lacks richness.

Some tomato sauce is sold ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours.

Our point is this: It isn't your fault that home-baked beans are mushy and broken—crisped on the top and half-baked in the middle. That they are neither nutty nor mealy—nor even digestible. That they always ferment and form gas. It is simply your lack of facilities.

## Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

The best way is to let us cook them for you. We have all the facilities. Let us furnish the meals—fresh and savory—ready for instant serving.

Think how unwise it is to bake your own beans when you can get Van Camp's. Here is Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment. More food value than meat at a third the cost. A food you should serve at least three times a week.

Think what you are missing, and what your people

are missing when you spoil such a dish as that.

Leave the choice to your people. Ask them which beans they want. And be glad of their choice. For, if they like Van Camp's, see the bother you save. And see what you save on your meat bills.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

The Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.  
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Temper as well as Keen Kutter  
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### *Hang and Balance*

Accurate work depends as much upon the tools as the workman. A badly balanced hammer, hatchet or axe will not strike true. A drawing-knife or saw will not cut properly unless the "hang" is just right.

Every Keen Kutter Tool is carefully adjusted to suit the proper swing or stroke of the workman. This feature is essential to the expert and a great help to the novice in turning out a workmanlike job.

## **KEEN KUTTER**

### *Utility Tools*

Perfect in quality—perfect in temper—perfect in balance and adjustment. Keen Kutter Tools are utility tools—ready without preparation for heavy or light work.

Keen Kutter Tools include tools of all kinds for shop, home, garden and farm, some of which are: Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Manure-forks, Lawn-mowers, Grass-shears and Rakes. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives, Razors, Table Cutlery, etc.

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## "IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

By Robert W. Chambers

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"I've been waiting half an hour for you," observed Smith dryly, as Beekman Brown appeared at the subway station, suitcase in hand.

"It was a most extraordinary thing that detained me," said Brown, laughing, and edging his way into the ticket line behind his friend where he could talk to him across his shoulder; "I was just leaving the office, Smithy, when Snuyder came in with a card."

"Oh, all right—of course, if —"

"No, it was not a client; I must be honest with you."

"Then you had cheek to keep me here waiting!"

"It was a girl," said Beekman Brown.

Smith cast a cold glance back at him.

"What kind of a girl?"

"A most extraordinary girl. She came on—on a matter —"

"Was it business or a touch?"

"Not exactly business."

"Ornamental girl?" demanded Smith.

"Yes—exceedingly ornamental; but it wasn't that —"

"Oh, it was not that which kept you talking to her half an hour while I've sat suffocating in this accursed subway!"

"No, Smith; her undeniably attractive features and her—ah—winning personality had nothing whatever to do with it. Buy the tickets and I'll tell you all about it."

Smith bought two tickets.

A north-bound train roared into the station. The young men stepped aboard, seated themselves, depositing their suitcases at their feet.

"Now what about that winning-looker who didn't really interest you?" suggested Smith in tones made slightly acid by memory of his half-hour waiting.

"Smith, it was a most unusual episode. I was just leaving the office to keep my appointment with you when Snuyder came in with a card —"

"You've said that already."

"But I didn't tell you what was on that card, did I?"

"I can guess."

"No, you can't. Her name was not on the card. She was not an agent; she had nothing to sell; she didn't want a position; she didn't ask for a subscription to anything. And what do you suppose was on that card of hers?"

"Either the Deuce of Hearts or the Jack of Dubs —"

"No; I'm serious."

"Well, what was on the card, for the love of Mike?" snapped Smith.

"I'll tell you. The card seemed to be an ordinary visiting-card; but down in one corner was a tiny and beautifully-drawn picture of a green mouse."

"A—what?"

"A mouse."

"G-green?"

"Pea-green. . . . Come, now, Smith, if you were just leaving your office and your clerk should come in, looking rather puzzled and silly, and should hand you a card with nothing on it but a little green mouse, wouldn't it give you pause?"

"I don't know. What else happened?"

Brown removed his straw hat, touched his handsome head with his handkerchief, and continued:

"I said to Snuyder: 'What the mischief is this?' He said: 'It's for you. And there's an exceedingly pretty girl outside who expects you to receive her for a few moments.' I said: 'But what has this card with a green mouse on it got to do with that girl or with me?' Snuyder said he didn't know and that I'd better ask her. So I looked at my watch and I thought of you —"

"Yes, you did."

"I tell you I did. Then I looked at the card with the green mouse on it. . . . And I want to ask you frankly, Smith, what would you have done?"

"Oh, what you did, I suppose," replied Smith wearily.

"Go on."

"I'm going. She entered —"

"She was tall and queenly; you probably forgot that," observed Smith in his most objectionable manner.

"Probably not; she was of medium height, as a detail of external interest. But, although rather unusually attractive in a

merely superficial and physical sense, it was instantly evident from her speech and bearing that, in her, intellect dominated; her mind, Smithy, reigned serene, unswayed, triumphant over matter."

Smith looked up in amazement, but Brown, a reminiscent smile lighting his face, went on:

"She had a very winsome manner—a way of speaking—so prettily in earnest, so grave. And she looked squarely at me all the time."

"So you contributed to the Home for Unemployed Patagonians?"

"Would you mind shutting up?" asked Brown.

"No. Fire at will! *Allez, Monsieur!*"

"Then try to listen respectfully. She began by explaining the significance of that pea-green mouse on the card. It seems, Smith, that there is a scientific society called The Green Mouse, composed of a few people who have determined to apply, practically, certain theories which they believe have commercial value."

"Was she," inquired Smith with misleading politeness, "an astrologist?"

"She was not," replied Brown, with a politeness equally misleading; "she is the president, I believe, of The Green Mouse Society. She explained to me that it has been indisputably proven that the earth is not only enveloped by those invisible electric currents which are now used instead of wires to carry telegraphic messages, but that this world of ours is also belted by countless psychic currents which go whirling round the earth —"

"What kind of currents?"

"Psychic."

"Oh."

"Which circle the earth —"

"Like the wireless currents?"

"Exactly. If you want to send a wireless message you hitch on to a current, don't you?—or you tap it—or something. Now, they have discovered that each one of these numberless millions of psychic currents passes through two, living, human entities of opposite sex; that, for example, all you have got to do to communicate with the person who is on the same psychical current that you are, is to attune your subconscious self to a given intensity and pitch, and it will be like communication by telephone, no matter how far apart you are."

"Brown!"

"What?"

"Did she go to your office to tell you that sort of—of—information?"

"Partly. She was perfectly charming about it. She explained to me that all Nature is divided into predestined pairs, and that somewhere, at some time, either here on earth or in some of the various future existences, this predestined pair is certain to meet and complete the universal scheme as it has been planned. Do you understand?"

Smith sat silent and reflective for a while, then:

"You say that her theory is that everybody owns one of those psychic currents?"

"Yes."

"I have a private psychic current whirling around this globe?"

"Sure."

"And some—ah—young girl is at the other end and owns half the current?"

"Sure thing."

"Then if I could only get hold of my end of the wire I could—ah—call her up?"

"I believe that's the idea."

"And—she's for me?"

"So they say."



"Your Girl's a Winner, Mister,"  
He Observed Critically



"Is—there any way to get a look at her first?"

"You'd have to take her anyway, sometime."

"But suppose I didn't like her?"

The two young men sat thoughtful for a few moments, then Brown went on:

"You see, Smith, my interview with her was such a curious episode that about all I did was to listen to what she was saying, so I don't know how details are worked out. She explained to me that The Green Mouse Society has just been formed, not only for the purpose of psychical research, but for applying practically and using commercially the discovery of the psychic currents. That's what The Green Mouse is trying to do, form itself into a company and issue stock —"

"What?"

"Certainly. It sounds like a madman's dream at first, but when you come to look into it—for instance, think of the millions of clients such a company would have. As example, a young man, ready for marriage, goes to The Green Mouse and pays a fee. The Green Mouse sorts out, identifies and intercepts the young man's own, particular current, hitches his subconscious self to it, and zip!—he's at one end of an invisible telephone and the only girl on earth is at the other. . . . What's the matter with their making a quick date for an introduction?"

Smith said slowly: "Do you mean to tell me that any sane person came to you in your office with a proposition to take stock in such an enterprise?"

"She did not even suggest it."

"What did she want then?"

"She wanted," said Brown, "a perfectly normal, unimaginative business man who would volunteer to permit The Green Mouse Society to sort out his psychic current, attach him to it, and see what would happen."

"She wants to experiment on you?"

"So I understand."

"And—you're not going to let her, are you?"

"Why not?"

"Because it's—it's idiotic!" said Smith warmly. "I don't believe in such things—you don't, either—nobody does—but, all the same, you can't be perfectly sure in these days what devilish sort of game you might be up against."

Brown smiled. "I told her, very politely, that I found it quite impossible to believe in such things; and she was awfully nice about it, and said it didn't matter what I believed. It seems that my name was chosen by chance—they opened the social register at random, and she, blindfolded, made a pencil-mark on the margin opposite one of the names on the page. It happened to be my name. That's all."

"I wouldn't let her do it!" said Smith seriously.

"Why not, so long as there's absolutely nothing in it? Besides, if it pleases her to have a try, why shouldn't she? Besides, I haven't the slightest intention or desire to woo or wed anybody, and I'd like to see anybody make me."

"Do you mean to say that you told her to go ahead?"

"Certainly," said Brown serenely. "And she thanked me very prettily. She's well bred—unexceptionable."

"Oh! Then what did you do?"

"We talked a little while."

"About what?"

"Well, for instance, I mentioned that curiously-baffling sensation which comes over everybody at times—the sudden conviction that everything that you say and do has been said and done by you before—somewhere. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes."

"And she smiled and said that such sensations were merely echoes from the invisible psychic wire, and that repetitions from some previous incarnation were not unusual, particularly when the other person through whom the psychic current passed was near by."

"You mean to say that when a fellow has that queer feeling that it has all happened before, the—the predestined girl is somewhere in your neighborhood?"

"That is what my pretty informant told me."

"Who," asked Smith, "is this pretty informant?"

"She asked permission to withhold her name."

"Didn't she ask you to subscribe?"

"No; she merely asked for the use of my name as reference for future clients if The Green Mouse Society was successful in my case."

"What did you say?"

Brown laughed. "I said that if any individual or group of individuals could induce me, within a year, to fall in love with and pay court to any living specimen of human woman I'd cheerfully admit it from the housetops and take pleasure in recommending The Green Mouse to everybody I knew who yet remained unmarried."

They both laughed.

"What rot we've been talking," observed Smith, rising and picking up his suitcase. "Here's our station, and

we'd better hustle or we'll lose the boat. I wouldn't miss that week-end party for the world!"

"Neither would I," said Beekman Brown.

II

AS THE two young fellows, carrying their suitcases, emerged from the subway at Times Square into the midsummer glare and racket of Broadway and Forty-second Street, Brown suddenly halted, pressed his hand to his forehead, gazed earnestly up at the sky as though trying to recollect how to fly, then abruptly gripped Smith's left arm just above the elbow and squeezed it, causing the latter gentleman exquisite discomfort.

"Here! Stop it!" protested Smith, wriggling.

Brown only gazed at him and then at the sky.

"Stop it!" repeated Smith, astonished. "Why do you pinch me and then look at the sky? Is—is an airship attempting to alight on me? What is the matter with you, anyway?"

"That peculiar consciousness," said Brown dreamily, "is creeping over me. Don't move—don't speak—don't interrupt me, Smith."

"Yes, I will! Let go of me!" retorted Smith.

"Hush! Wait! It's certainly creeping over me."

"What's creeping over you?"

"You know what I mean. I am experiencing that strange feeling that all—er—all *this*—has happened before."

"All what?—confound it!"

"All *this*! My standing, on a hot summer day, in the infernal din of some great city; and—and I seem to recall it vividly—after a fashion—the blazing sun, the stifling odor of the pavements; I seem to remember that very hackman over there sponging the nose of his horse—even that pushcart piled up with peaches! Smith! What is this maddeningly-elusive memory that haunts me—haunts me with the peculiar idea that it has all occurred before?"

"Do you know what I mean?"

"I've just admitted to you that everybody has that sort of fidget occasionally, and there's no reason to stand on your hindlegs about it. Come on or we'll miss our train."

But Beekman Brown remained stock still, his youthful and attractive features puckered in a futile effort to seize the evanescent memories that came swarming—gnatlike memories that teased and distracted.

"It's as if the entire circumstances were strangely familiar," he said; "as though everything that you and I do and say had once before been done and said by us under precisely similar conditions—somewhere—sometime."



Soft Meows Pleaded for the Right of Liberty and Pursuit of Feline Happiness

"We'll miss that boat at the foot of Forty-second Street," cut in Smith impatiently. "And if we miss the boat we lose our train."

Brown gazed skyward.

"I never felt this feeling so strongly in all my life," he muttered; "it's—it's astonishing. Why, Smith, I knew you were going to say that."

"Say what?"

"That we would miss the train. Isn't it funny?"

"Oh, very. I'll say it again sometime if it amuses you; but, meanwhile, as we're going to that week-end at the Carringtons, we'd better get into a taxi and hustle for the foot of West Forty-second Street. Is there anything very funny in that?"

"I knew that, too. I knew you'd say we must take a taxi!" insisted Brown, astonished at his own "clairvoyance."

"Now, look here," retorted Smith, thoroughly vexed, "up to five minutes ago you were reasonable. What the devil's the matter with you, Beekman Brown?"

"James Vanderdyk Smith, I don't know. Good Heavens! I knew you were going to say that to me, and that I was going to answer that very way!"

"Are you coming, or are you going to talk bally rot on this broiling curbstone the rest of the afternoon?" inquired Smith fiercely.

"Jim, I tell you that everything we've done and said in the last five minutes we have done and said before—somewhere—perhaps on some other planet; perhaps many years—centuries ago when you and I were Romans and wore togas —"

"Confound it! What do I care," shouted Smith, "whether we were Romans and wore togas? We are due this century at a house-party on this planet. They expect us on this train. Are you coming? If not—kindly relax that crablike clutch on my elbow before partial paralysis ensues."

"Smith, wait! I tell you this is somehow becoming strangely portentous. I've got the funniest sensation that something is going to happen to me."

"It will," said Smith dangerously, "if you don't let go my elbow."

But Beekman Brown, a prey to increasing excitement, clung to his friend.

"Wait just one moment, Jim; something remarkable is likely to occur! I—I never before felt this 'way—so strongly—in all my life. Something extraordinary is certainly about to happen to me."

"It has happened," said his friend coldly; "we've lost that train."

"I knew we would. Isn't that curious? I—I believe I can almost tell you what else is going to happen to us."

"I'll tell you," hissed Smith; "it's an ambulance for yours and ding-dong to the funny-house! What are you trying to do now?" with real misgiving, for Brown, balanced on the edge of the gutter, began waving his arms in a birdlike way as though about to launch himself into aerial flight across Forty-second Street.

"The car!" he exclaimed excitedly, "the cherry-colored cross-town car! Where is it? Do you see it anywhere, Smith?"

"What do you mean? There's no cross-town car in sight. Brown, don't act like that! Don't be foolish! What on earth —"

"It's coming! There's a car coming!" cried Brown.

"Where? Stop hugging me! Or do you think you're a racing runabout and I'm a curve? If you don't let go —"

"Don't move! There's a cross-town car going to turn out of Seventh Avenue. Watch! You'll see it presently."

"In course of time," said Smith icily, "and according to the railway company's schedule, a cross-town car will, in all human probability, barring earthquakes and blowouts, come around that curve. . . . And I wish I knew what is possessing you, Beekman Brown. You drank vichy at luncheon." He inspected his friend with a mixture of apprehension and rage.

"Come on across to the Knickerbocker; I'll hire a room and fight you to a finish for the ferry tickets. We've only two hours to wait for the next train. . . . Are you really ill? If you do feel the sun perhaps you'd better let me take your arm."

But Brown waved him away impatiently.

"I tell you that something most astonishing is going to occur—in a cherry-colored tram-car. . . . And somehow there'll be some reason for me to get into it."

"Into what?"

"I feel perfectly certain that I'm going to get into that cherry-colored car, because—because—there'll be a wicker basket in it—somebody holding a wicker basket—and there'll be—there'll be—a—a—white summer gown—and a big white hat —"

Smith, now genuinely alarmed, stared at his friend in grief and amazement. Brown stood balancing himself on the gutter's edge, pale, rapt, uttering incoherent prophecy concerning the advent of a car not yet visible anywhere in the immediate metropolitan vista.

"Old man," began Smith with emotion, "I think you had better come very quietly somewhere with me. I—I want to show you something—ah—pretty and nice."

"Hark!" exclaimed Brown.



"Sure, I'll hark for you," said Smith soothingly, "or I'll bark for you if you like, or anything if you'll just come quietly."

"The cherry-colored car!" cried Brown, laboring under tremendous emotion. "Look, Smithy! That is the car!"

"Sure, it is! I see it, old man. They run 'em every five minutes. But what is there to astonish anybody about a cross-town cruiser with a red water-line?"

"Look!" insisted Brown, now almost beside himself. "The wicker basket! The summer gown! Exactly as I foretold it! The big straw hat!—the—the girl!"

And shoving Smith violently away he galloped after the cherry-colored car, caught it, swung himself aboard, and sank triumphant and breathless into the transverse seat occupied by a wicker basket, a filmy summer frock, a big, white straw hat, and—a girl—the most amazingly pretty girl he had ever laid eyes on. After him, headlong, like a distracted chicken, rushed Smith and jumped aboard, panting, menacing.

"Wha'—dyeh—board—this—car—for!" he gasped, sliding fiercely up beside Brown. "It's going the wrong way! Get off or I'll drag you off!"

But Brown only shook his head with an infatuated smile, muttering to himself.

"Is it that girl?" said Smith, incensed. "Are you a—a Broadway Don Juan, or are you a respectable lawyer with a glimmering sense of common decency and an intention to keep a social engagement at the Carringtons' to-day?"

And Smith drew out his timepiece and flourished it furiously under Brown's handsome and sun-tanned nose.

But Brown only slid along the seat away from him, saying:

"Don't bother me, Jim; this is too momentous a crisis in my life to have a well-intentioned but intellectually-dwarfed friend butting into me and running about under foot."

"Do you mean me?" asked Smith, unable to believe his ears. "Do you?"

"Yes, I do! Why, man, a miracle suddenly happens to me on Forty-second Street, and you, with your mind of a stockbroker, unable to appreciate it, come clattering and clamoring after me about a house-party—a commonplace, every-day, social appointment, when I have a full-blown miracle on my hands!"

"What miracle?" faltered Smith, stupefied.

"What miracle? Haven't I been telling you that I had that queer sense of it all having happened before? Didn't I suddenly begin—as though compelled by some unseen power—to foretell things? Didn't I prophesy the coming of this cross-town car? Didn't I even name its color before it came into sight? Didn't I warn you that I'd probably get into it? Didn't I reveal to you that a big straw hat and a pretty summer gown—"

"Confound it!" almost shouted Smith, "there are about five thousand cherry-colored cross-town cars in this town. There are about five million white hats and dresses in this borough. There are certainly five billion girls wearing 'em—"

"Yes; but the wicker basket!" breathed Brown. "How do you account for that?" . . . And, anyway, you annoy me, Smith. Why don't you get out of the car and go somewhere?"

"I want to know where you are going before I knock your head off."

"I don't know," replied Brown serenely.

"Are you actually attempting to follow that girl?" whispered Smith, horrified.

"Yes. . . . It sounds low, doesn't it? But it really isn't. It is something I can't explain—you couldn't understand even if I tried to enlighten you. The sentiment I harbor is too lofty for some to comprehend, too vague, too pure, too ethereal for—"

"I'm as lofty and ethereal as you are!" retorted Smith hotly. "And I know a—a—an ethereal Lothario when I see him, too!"

"I'm not—though it looks like it—and I forgive you, Smithy, for losing your temper and using such language."

"Oh, you do?" said Smith, grinning with rage.

"Yes," nodded Brown kindly. "I forgive you, but don't call me that again. You mean well, but I'm going to find out at last what all this maddening, tantalizing, unexplained and mysterious feeling that it all has occurred before really is. I'm going to trace it to its source; I'm going to compare notes with this highly-intelligent girl."

"You're going to speak to her?"

"I am. I must. How else can I compare data?"

"I hope she'll call the police. If she doesn't I will."

"Don't worry. She's part of this strange situation. She'll comprehend as soon as I begin to explain. She is intelligent; you only have to look at her to understand that."

Smith, choking with impotent fury, nevertheless ventured a swift glance. Her undeniable beauty only exasperated him. "To think—to think," he burst out, "that a modest, decent, law-loving business man like me should suddenly awake to find his boyhood friend had turned into a godless votary of—of Venus!"

"I'm not a votary of Venus!" retorted Brown, turning pink. "I'll punch you if you say it again. I'm as decent and respectable a business man as you are! And my grammar is better. And, thank Heaven! I've intellect



The Girl in the Summer Gown and White Straw Hat Ran After the Cat. Brown's Legs Ran, Too

enough to recognize a miracle when it happens to me. . . . Do you think I am capable of harboring any sentiments that might bring the blush of coquetry to the cheek of modesty? Do you?"

"Well—well, I don't know what you are up to!" Smith raised his voice in bewilderment and despair. "I don't know what possesses you to act this way. People don't experience miracles in New York cross-town cars. The wildest stretch of imagination could only make a coincidence out of this. There are trillions of girls in cross-town cars dressed just like this one."

"But the basket!"

"Another coincidence. There are quadrillions of wicker baskets."

"Not," said Brown, "with the contents of this one."

"Why not?"

"Because—because I—I seem to know what is inside that basket."

Smith instinctively turned once more to look at the basket balanced daintily on the girl's knees.

It was not a market basket, that was plain.

He strove to penetrate its wicker exterior with concentrated gaze. He could see nothing but wicker.

"Well," he began wildly, "what is in that basket? And how do you know it—you lunatic?"

"Will you believe me if I tell you?"

"Yes, if you can offer any corroborative evidence to support a—a theoretical assertion which—"

"Well, then—there's a cat in there."

"A—what?"

"A cat."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know how I know, but there's a big, gray cat in that basket."

"Why a gray one?"

"I can't tell, but it is gray, and it has six toes on every foot."

Smith truly felt that he was now being trifled with.

"Brown," he said, trying to speak civilly, "if anybody in the five boroughs had come to me with affidavits and told me yesterday how you were going to behave this morning—"

He beat upon his head in anguish.

"Heaven alone knows whether there's a gray cat in that basket—"

His voice, rising unconsciously as the realization of his outrageous wrongs dawned upon him, rang out above the rattle and grinding of the car, and at the words, "gray

cat," the girl turned abruptly and looked straight at him and then at Brown.

The pure, fearless beauty of the gaze, the violet eyes widening a little in surprise, silenced both young men.

She inspected Brown for an instant, the faintest suspicion of a question in her regard, then turned serenely to her calm contemplation of the crowded street once more. Yet her dainty, close-set ears looked as though they were listening.

The young men gazed at one another.

"That girl is well bred," said Smith in a low, agitated voice. "You—you wouldn't think of venturing to speak to her!"

"I'm obliged to, I tell you! This all happened before. I recognize everything as it occurs. . . . Even to your making a general nuisance of yourself."

Smith straightened up.

"I'm going to push you forcibly from this car. Do you remember that incident?"

"No," said Brown with cool conviction, "that incident did not happen. You only threatened to do it. I remember now. But you didn't."

In spite of himself Smith felt a slight chill creep up over his neck and inconvenience his spine.

"My conscience!" he said, deeply agitated. "What a terrible position for me to be in—with a friend suddenly gone mad in the streets of New York and running after a basket containing what he believes to be a cat. A cat! Good—"

Brown gripped his arm. "Watch it!" he breathed.

The lid of the basket tilted a little, between lid and rim, a soft, furry, six-toed white paw was thrust out. Then a plaintive voice said, "Meow-w!"

Smith, petrified, looked blankly at the paw. "Anyway, it's a white cat!" he said hoarsely.

The girl bent over the basket.

"Poor Tommy," she murmured, "please, be patient. Betty knows how trying it is for her beautiful, gray puss to be shut up in a basket."

"Did you hear that?" whispered Brown. "She corroborates me! It is gray—with white paws!"

Smith for a while remained stupidly incapable of speech or movement—then, as though arousing from a bad dream:

"What are you going to do, anyway?" he asked with an effort. "This car is bound to stop sometime, I suppose, and—and then what?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do. Whatever I do will be the thing that ought to happen to me, to that cat and to that girl—that is the thing which is destined to happen. That's all I know about it."

His friend passed an unsteady hand across his brow.

"This whole proceeding is becoming as logical as a nightmare," he said unsteadily. "Am I awake? Is this Forty-second Street? Hold up some fingers, Brown, and let me guess how many you hold up, and if I guess wrong I'm home in bed asleep and the whole thing is off."

Beekman Brown patted his friend on the shoulder.

"You take a cab, Smithy, and go somewhere—to the train if you like. And if I don't come go on alone to the Carringtons'. There's nothing the matter with either you or me. I've always meant to follow up the first really tangible clew to that mysterious feeling that everything has happened exactly like this before, and I'm trying to; that's all. . . . So far, I seem to recognize everything I say and do as something I've said and done before somewhere, or that I ought to have said and done. What is going to occur I cannot prophesy. . . . Only, I have a persistent though vague idea that the basket and the cat inside of it, and—that girl, are personally involved. . . . You don't mind going on and fixing things up with the Carringtons, do you?"

"Brown, do you believe that The Green Mouse has got hold of you? Do you?"

"I don't know and don't care. . . . Smith, I ask you plainly, did you ever before see such a perfectly beautiful girl as that one is?"

"Beekman, do you believe anything queer is going to result? You don't suppose she has anything to do with this extraordinary freak of yours?"

"Anything to do with it? How?"

"I mean," he sank his voice to hoarser depths, "how do you know but that this girl, who pretends to pay no attention to us, might be a—a—one of those clever, professional mesmerists who force you to follow 'em, and get you into their power, and exhibit you, and make you eat

(Continued on Page 33)



# Preparing a Big Criminal Case for Trial

By Arthur Train



WHEN the prosecuting attorney in a great criminal trial arises to open the case to the impaneled jury, very few, if any, of them have the slightest conception of the enormous expenditure of time, thought and labor which has gone into the preparation of the case and made possible his brief and easily-delivered speech. For in this opening address of his there must be no flaw, since a single misstated or overstated fact may prejudice the jury against him and result in his defeat. Upon it also depends the jury's first impression of the case and of the prosecutor himself—no inconsiderable factor in the result—and in a trial of importance its careful construction with due regard to what facts shall be omitted (in order to enhance their dramatic effect when ultimately proven) may well occupy the district attorney every evening for a week. But if the speech itself has involved study and travail, it is as nothing compared with the amount required by that most important feature of every criminal case—the selection of the jury.

For a month before the trial, or whenever it may be that the jury has been drawn, every member upon the panel has been subjected to an unseen inquisitorial process. The prosecutor, through his own or through hired sleuths, has studied with microscopic care the family history, the business standing and methods, the financial responsibility, the political and social affiliations, and the personal habits and "past performances" of each and every talesman. When at the beginning of the trial they one by one take the witness chair (on what is called the *voir dire*) to subject themselves to an examination by both sides as to their fitness to serve as jurors in the case, the district attorney probably has close at hand a rather detailed account of each, and perchance has great difficulty in restraining a smile when some prospective juror, in his eagerness either to serve or to escape, deliberately equivocates in answer to an important question as to his personal history.

"Are you acquainted with the accused or his family?" mildly inquires the assistant prosecutor.

"No—not at all," the talesman may blandly reply.

The answer, perhaps, is literally true, and yet the prosecutor may be pardoned for murmuring "Liar!" to himself as he sees that his memorandum concerning the juror's qualifications states that he belongs to the same "lodge" with the prisoner's uncle by marriage and carries an open account on his books with the defendant's father.

"I think we will excuse Mr. Ananias," politely remarks the prosecutor; then in an undertone he turns to his chief and mutters: "The old rascal! He would have knifed us into a thousand pieces if we'd given him the chance!" And all this time the disgruntled Mr. Ananias is wondering why, if he didn't "know the defendant or his family," he was not accepted as a juror.

## Finding Good Material for a Jury

OF COURSE, every district attorney has, or should have, pretty good information as to each talesman's actual capabilities as a juror and something of a record as to how he has acted under fire. If he is a member of the "special" panel, it is easy to find out whether he has ever acquitted or convicted in any other cause *célèbre*, and if he has acquitted any plainly-guilty defendant in the past it is not likely that his services will be required. If, however, he has convicted in such a case the district attorney may try to lure the other side into accepting him by making it appear that he himself is doubtful as to the juror's desirability. Sometimes persons accused of crime themselves, and actually under indictment, find their way on to the panels, and more than one ex-convict has appeared there in some inexplicable fashion. But to find them out may well require a double shift of twenty men working day and night for a month before the case is called, and what may appear the most trivial fact discovered may in the end prove the decisive argument for or against accepting the juror.

Panel after panel may be exhausted before a jury in a great murder trial has been selected, for each side in addition to its challenges for "cause" or "bias" has thirty

peremptory ones which it may exercise arbitrarily. If the writer's recollection is not at fault, the large original panel drawn in the first Molineux trial was used up and several others had to be drawn until eight hundred talesmen had been interrogated before the jury was finally selected. It is usual to examine at least sixty in the ordinary murder case before a jury is secured.

## The Mad Race for Evidence

IT MAY seem to the reader that this scrutiny of talesmen is not strictly preparation for the trial, but, in fact, it is fully as important as getting ready the facts themselves; for a poor jury, either from ignorance or prejudice, will acquit on the same facts which will lead a sound jury to convict. A famous prosecutor used to say, "Get your jury—the case will take care of itself."

But as the examination of the panel and the opening address come last in point of chronology it will be well to begin at the beginning and see what the labors of the prosecutor are in the initial stages of preparation. Let us take, for example, some notorious case, where an unfortunate victim has died from the effects of a poisoned pill or draft of medicine, or has been found dead in his room with a revolver bullet in his heart. Some time before the matter has come into the hands of the prosecutor the press and the police have generally been doing more or less (usually less) effective work upon the case. The yellow journals have evolved some theory of who is the culprit and have "sicked" their respective reporters and "special criminologists" upon him. Each has its own theory and its own methods—often unscrupulous. And each has its own particular victim upon whom it intends to fasten the blame. Heaven save his reputation! Many an innocent man has been ruined for life through the efforts of a newspaper to "make a case," and, of course, the same thing, though happily in a lesser degree, is true of police and of some prosecutors as well.

In every great criminal case there are always four different and frequently antagonistic elements engaged in the work of detection and prosecution—first, the police; second, the district attorney; third, the press; and, lastly, the personal friends and family of the deceased or injured party. Each for its own ends—be it professional pride, personal glorification, hard cash, or revenge—is equally anxious to find the evidence and establish a case. Of course, the police are the first ones notified of the commission of a crime, but as it is now almost universally their duty to inform at once the coroner and also the district attorney thereof, a tripartite race for glory frequently results which adds nothing to the dignity of the administration of criminal justice.

The coroner is at best no more than an appendix to legal anatomy, and frequently he is a disease. The spectacle of a medical man of small learning and less English trying to preside over a court of first instance is enough to make the accused himself chuckle for joy.

Not long ago the coroners of New York discovered that, owing to the fact that the district attorney or his representatives generally arrived first at the scene of any crime, there was nothing left for the "medicos" to do, for the district attorney would thereupon submit the matter at once to the grand jury instead of going through the formality of a hearing in the coroner's court. The legal medicine men felt aggrieved, and determined to be such early birds that no worm should them escape. Accordingly, the next time one of them was notified of a homicide he raced his horse

down Madison Avenue at such speed that he collided with a trolley-car, and broke his leg.

Another complained to the district attorney that the assistants of the latter, who had arrived at the scene of an asphyxiation before him, had bungled everything.

"Ach, dose young men!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands—"Dose young men, dey come here und dey opened der window und let out der gas und all mine evidence escaped."

The same coroner on another occasion discovered that a murderer had removed the body of his victim to New Jersey, thus depriving him of any corpse upon which to hold his inquest. A sympathetic reporter thereupon suggested that it would be well to have a law prohibiting any such removal by the party committing a homicide.

"Dot was a good idea!" solemnly replied the medical solon. "It should be made a crime! I will haf it proposed at der next legislature."

It is said that this interesting personage once instructed his jury to find that "der diseased came to his death from an ulcer on the stomach."

These anecdotes are, perhaps, what judges would call *obiter dicta*, yet the coroner's court has more than once been utilized as a field in the actual preparation of a criminal case. When Roland B. Molineux was first suspected of having caused the death of Mrs. Adams by sending the famous poisoned package of patent medicine to Harry Cornish through the mails, the assistant district attorney summoned him as a witness to the coroner's court and attempted to get from him in this way a statement which Molineux would otherwise have refused to make.

When all the first hullabaloo is over and the accused is under arrest and safely locked up, it is usually found that the police have merely run down the obvious witnesses and made a *prima facie* case. All the finer work remains to be done either by the district attorney himself or by the detective bureau working under his immediate direction or in harmony with him. Little order has been observed in the securing of evidence. Every one is fish who runs into the net of the police, and all is grist that comes to their mill. The district attorney sends for the officers who have worked upon the case and for the captain or inspector who has directed their efforts, takes all the papers and tabulates all their information. His practiced eye shows him at once that a large part is valueless, much is contradictory, and all needs careful elaboration. A winnowing process occurs then and there; and the officers probably receive a "special detail" from headquarters and thereafter take their orders from the prosecutor himself. The detective bureau is called in and arrangements made for the running down of particular clues. Then he will take off his coat, clear his desk and get down to work.

## Rounding Up the Witnesses

OF COURSE, his first step is to get all the information he can as to the actual facts surrounding the crime itself. He immediately subpoenas all the witnesses, whether previously interrogated by the police or not, who know anything about the matter, and subjects them to a rigorous cross-examination. Then he sends for the police themselves and cross-examines them. If it appears that any witnesses have disappeared he instructs his detectives how and where to look for them. Often this becomes in the end the most important element in the preparation for the trial. Thus in the Nan Patterson case the search for and ultimate discovery of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Smith (the sister and brother-in-law of the accused) was one of its most dramatic features. After they had been found it was necessary to indict and then to extradite them in order to secure their presence within the jurisdiction, and when all this had been accomplished it proved practically valueless.

It frequently happens that an entire case will rest upon the testimony of a single witness whose absence from the jurisdiction would prevent the trial. An instance of such a case was that of Albert T. Patrick, for without the testimony of his alleged accomplice—the valet Jones—he



could not have been convicted of murder. The preservation of such a witness and his testimony thus becomes of paramount importance, and rascally witnesses sometimes enjoy considerable ease, if not luxury, at the expense of the public while waiting to testify. Often, too, a case of great interest will arise where the question of the guilt of the accused turns upon the evidence of some one person who, either from mercenary motives or because of "blood and affection," is unwilling to come to the fore and tell the truth. A case of this sort occurred during the first term of the present district attorney of New York County some six years ago. The "black sheep" of a prominent family forged the name of his sister to a draft for thirty thousand dollars. This sister, who was an elderly woman of the highest character and refinement, did not care to pocket the loss herself and declined to have the draft debited to her account at the bank. A lawsuit followed, in which the sister swore that the name signed to the draft was not in her handwriting. She won her case, but some disinterested though officious person laid the matter before the district attorney. The forger was arrested and his sister was summoned before the grand jury. Here was a pleasant predicament. If she testified for the State her brother would undoubtedly go to prison for many years, to say nothing of the notoriety for the entire family which so sensational a case would occasion. She, therefore, slipped out of the city and sailed for Europe the night before she was to appear before the grand jury. Her brother was in due course indicted and held for trial in large bail, but there was and is no prospect of convicting him for his crime so long as his sister remains in the voluntary exile to which she has subjected herself. She can never return to New York to live unless something happens either to the indictment or her brother, neither of which events seems likely in the immediate future.

#### Elaborate and Costly Detective Work

PERHAPS, if the case is one of shooting, the weapon has vanished. Its discovery may lead to the finding of the murderer. In one instance where a body was found in the woods with a bullet through the heart there was nothing to indicate who had committed the crime. The only scintilla of evidence was an exploded cartridge—a small thing on which to build a case. But the district attorney had the hammer marks upon the cap magnified several hundred times and then set out to find the rifle which bore the hammer which had made them. Thousands of rifles all over the State were examined. At last in a remote lumber camp was found the weapon which had fired the fatal bullet. The owner was arrested, accused of the murder and confessed his crime. In like manner, if it becomes necessary to determine where a typewritten document was prepared the letters may be magnified, and by examining the ribbons of suspected machines the desired fact may be ascertained. The magnifying glass still plays an important part in detecting crime, although usually in ways little suspected by the general public.

On the other hand, where the weapon has not been spirited away the detectives may spend weeks in discovering when and where it was purchased. Every pawnshop, every store where a pistol could be bought, is investigated, and under proper circumstances the

requisite evidence to show deliberation and premeditation may be secured.

These investigations are naturally conducted at the very outset of the preparation of the case. The weapon, in seven trials out of ten, is the most important thing in it. By its means it can generally be demonstrated whether the shooting was accidental or intentional—and whether or not the killing was in self-defense.

Where this last plea is interposed it is usually made at once upon the arrest, the accused explaining to the police that he fired only to save his own life. In such a situation, where the killing is admitted, practically the entire preparation will centre upon the most minute tests to determine whether or not the shot was fired as the accused claims that it was. The writer can recall at least a dozen cases in his own experience where the story of the defendant, that the revolver was discharged in a hand-to-hand struggle, was conclusively disproved by experimenting with the weapon before the trial. There was one homicide in which a bullet perforated a felt cap and penetrated the forehead of the deceased. The defendant asserted that he was within three feet of his victim when he fired, and that the other was about to strike him with a bludgeon. A quantity of felt, of weight similar to that of the cap, was procured and the revolver discharged at it from varying distances. A microscopic examination showed that certain discolorations around the bullet-hole (claimed by the defense to be burns made by the powder) were, in fact, grease marks and that the shot must have been fired from a distance of about fifteen feet. The defendant was convicted on his own story, supplemented by the evidence of the witness who made the tests.

The most obvious and first requirement is, as has been said, to find the direct witnesses to the facts surrounding the crime, commit their statements under oath to writing, so that they cannot later be denied or evaded, and make sure that these witnesses will not only hold no intercourse with the other side but will be on hand when wanted. This last is not always an easy task, and many expedients have to be resorted to, such as placing hostile witnesses under police surveillance or in some cases in "houses of detention," and hiding others in out-of-the-way places or supplying them with a bodyguard if violence is to be anticipated. When the proper time comes the favorable witnesses must be duly drilled or coached, which does not imply anything improper, but means merely that they must be instructed how to deliver their testimony, what answers are expected to certain questions, and what facts it is intended to elicit from them. Witnesses are often offended and run amuck because they are not given a chance upon the stand to tell the story of their lives. This must be guarded against and steps taken to have their statements given in such a way that they are audible and intelligible. A few lessons in elementary elocution are always vitally necessary. The man with the bassoon voice must be tamed, and the birdlike, little old lady made to chirp more loudly. But all this is the self-evident preparation which must take place in every case, and while highly important is of far less interest than the development of the circumstantial evidence which is the next consideration of the district attorney.

The discovery and proper proof of minute facts which tend to demonstrate the guilt of an accused are the joy of the natural prosecutor, and he may in his enthusiasm spend many thousands of dollars on what seems, and often is, an immaterial matter. Youthful officials intrusted with the preparation of important cases often become unduly excited and forget that the taxpayers are paying the bills. The writer remembers sitting beside one of these enthusiasts during a celebrated trial. A certain woman witness had incidentally testified to a remote meeting with the deceased at which a certain other woman was alleged to have been present. The matter did not seem of much interest or importance, but the youth in question seized a yellow pad and excitedly wrote in blue pencil, "Find Birdie" (the other lady) "at any cost!" This he handed to a detective, who hastened importantly away. Let us hope that "Birdie" was found speedily and in an inexpensive manner.

#### Weeks of Search for a Missing Letter

WHEN the case against Albert T. Patrick, later convicted of the murder of old Mr. William M. Rice, was in course of preparation it was found desirable to show that Patrick had called up his accomplice on the telephone upon the night of the murder. Accordingly, the telephone company was compelled to examine innumerable telephone slips to determine whether or not this had actually occurred. While the fact was established in the affirmative, the company now destroys its slips in order not to have to repeat the performance a second time.

Likewise, in the preparation of the Molineux case, it became important to demonstrate that the accused had sent a letter under an assumed name ordering certain remedies. As a result, one of the employees of the patent-medicine company spent several weeks going over their old mail orders and comparing them with a certain sample,

until at last the letter was unearthed. Of course, the district attorney had to pay for it, and it was probably worth what it cost to the prosecution, although Molineux's conviction was reversed by the Court of Appeals and he was acquitted upon his second trial.

The danger is, however, that a prosecutor who has an unlimited amount of money at his disposal may be led into expenditures which are hardly justified simply because he thinks they may help to secure a conviction. Nothing is easier than to waste money in this fashion, and public officials sometimes spend the county's money with considerably more freedom than they would their own under similar circumstances.

The legitimate expenses connected with the preparation of every important case are naturally large. For example, diagrams must be prepared, photographs taken of the place of the crime, witnesses compensated for their time and their expenses paid, and, most important of all, competent experts must be engaged. This leads us to an interesting aspect of modern jury trial.

#### When Alienist Meets Alienist

WHEN no other defense to homicide is possible the claim of insanity is frequently interposed. Nothing is more confusing to the ordinary jurymen than trying to determine the probative value of evidence touching unsoundness of mind, and the application thereto of the legal test of criminal responsibility. In point of fact, juries are hardly to be blamed for this, since the law itself is antiquated and the subject one abounding in difficulty. Unfortunately the opportunity for vague yet damaging testimony on the part of experts, the ease with which any desired opinion can be defended by a slight alteration in the hypothetical facts, and the practical impossibility of exposure, have been seized upon with avidity by a score or more of unscrupulous alienists who are prepared to sell their services to the highest bidder. These men are all the more dangerous because, clever students of mental disease and thorough masters of their subject as they are, they are able by adroit qualifications and skillful evasions to make half-truths seem as convincing as whole ones. They ask and receive large sums for their services, and their dishonest testimony must be met and refuted by the evidence of honest physicians, who, by virtue of their attainments, have a right to demand substantial fees. Even so, newspaper reports of the expense to the State of notorious trials are grossly exaggerated. The entire cost of the first Thaw trial to the County of New York was considerably less than twenty thousand dollars, and the second trial not more than half that amount. To the defense, however, it was a costly matter, as the recent schedules in bankruptcy of the defendant show. Therein it appears that one of his half-dozen counsel still claims as owing to him for his services on the first trial the modest sum of thirty-five thousand dollars! The cost of the whole defense was probably ten times that sum. Most of the money goes to the lawyers, and the experts take the remainder.

It goes without saying that both prosecutor and attorney for the defense must be masters of the subject involved. A trial for poisoning means an exhaustive study not only of analytic chemistry but of practical medicine on

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# MAKING FRIENDS

By Owen Johnson  
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THAT was just before I licked Whitey Brown," said Lazelle, alias Gazelle, alias the Rocky Mountain Goat and the Gutter Pup. "Cracky, that was a fight!"

"How many rounds?" asked Lovely Mead, disrobing for the night.

"Eleven and a half. Knocked him to the count in the middle of the twelfth with a left jab to the bellows," said the Gutter Pup professionally. "He weighed ten pounds more than me. Ever do any fighting?"

"Sure," said the new arrival instantly.

"How many times?"

"Oh, I can't remember."

"You don't look it."

"Why not?"

"Your complexion's too lovely; and you're only a shaver, you know."

"I'm fifteen, almost sixteen," said Lovely, bridling up and surveying his new roommate with a calculating glance. "How old are you?"

"I've been three years at Lawrenceville, freshman," said the Gutter Pup severely. "That's the difference. What's your longest fight?"

"Twenty-one rounds," said Lovely promptly.

"Oh," said the Gutter Pup in profound disappointment.

"He licked you?"

"No."

"You licked him?"

"No."

"What then?"

"They stopped us."

"Huh!"

"We had to let it go over to the next day."

"And then?"

"Then I put him out in the thirteenth."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did."

The two fiery-haired champions stood measuring each other with their glances. Lovely Mead ran his eye over the wiry arms and chest opposite him and wondered. The Gutter Pup in veteran disdain was about to remark that Lovely was a cheerful liar when the tolling of the gym bell broke in on a dangerous situation. The Gutter Pup dove into bed and, reaching for a slipper, hurled it across the room, striking the candle fair and square and plunging the room into darkness.

"I learned that trick," he said, "the year I put the Welsh Rarebit to sleep in six." He stopped and ruminated over Lovely's story of his two-day fight, and then spoke scornfully from the dark: "I never fought anybody over eleven rounds. I never had to."

Lovely heard and possessed his soul in patience. He was on his second day at the school, his spirit not a whit subdued, though considerably awed, by the sacred dignities of the old boys. He liked the Gutter Pup, with one reservation, and that was an instinctive antagonism for which there was no logical explanation. But at the first fistic reminiscence of the Gutter Pup he had sought in his soul anxiously and asked himself, "Can I lick him?" Each time the question repeated itself he felt an overwhelming impulse to throw down the gage and settle the awful doubt then and there. It was pure instinct, nothing

more. The Gutter Pup was really a good sort and had adopted him in quite a decent way without taking an undue advantage. In fact, Lovely was certain that in his roommate he had met the congenial soul, the chum, the best friend among all friends for whom he had waited and yearned. His heart went out to the joyous, friendly Gazelle, but his fingers contracted convulsively. There was to be an enduring friendship, a sacred, Three Musketeers sort of friendship—after one small detail was settled.

The next morning Lovely Mead bounded up with the rising bell and started nervously to dress. There was a lazy commotion in the opposite bed, and then, after a few languid movements of the covers, the Gutter Pup's reddish head appeared in surprise.

"Why, Lovely, what are you doing?"

"Dressing. Didn't you hear the bell?"

"Jimminy crickets, what a waste, what an awful waste of time," said the Gutter Pup luxuriously, stretching his arms and yawning. "Say, Lovely, I like you. You're a good sort and that was a rattlin' plucky tackle you made yesterday. Say, we're going to get on famously together, only, Lovely, you are green, you know."

"I suppose I am."

"You are. Of course, you can't help it, you know. Every one starts that way. Lordy, Lovely, you remind me of the first time I hit this old place, three weeks after I fought Mucker Dennis, of the Seventy-second Street gang."

Lovely Mead's gorge swelled up with indignation. To hide his emotion, he plunged his head into the basin and emerged dripping.

"I say, Lovely, I must give you some pointers," said the Gutter Pup affably. "Everything depends, you know, on the start. You want to stand in with the masters, you know. Study hard the first week and get your lessons down fine, and work up their weak points, and you'll slide through the term with ease and pleasure."

"What are these weak points?" inquired Lovely from the depths of a clean shirt.

"Oh, I mean the side they're most approachable. Now the Roman, you know, when he makes a joke you always want to laugh as though you were going to die."

"Does he make many jokes?" asked Lovely.

"Cracky, yes. Then there's one very important one he makes around Thanksgiving that every one watches for. I'll put you on, but you must be very careful."

"What? The same joke every year?" said Lovely.

"Regular. It's about Volturcius in Caesar—the 'c' is soft, you know, but you have to pronounce it—Volturkious."

"Why so?"

"Then the Roman will say, 'No-o, no-o, not even the near approach of Thanksgiving will justify such a pronunciation.' See? That's the cue to laugh until the tears wet the page. It's most important."

"What about the Doctor?"

"Easy, dead easy; just ask questions, side-path questions that'll lead him away from the lesson and give him a chance to discourse. Say—another thing, Lovely, don't go and buy anything in the village; let me do that for you."

"Thanks."

"I'm on to their games, you know; I'm wise. Oh, say, another pointer—about the Jigger Shop. You want to build up your credit with Al, you know."

"How d'you mean?"

"The best way is to get trusted right off while you've got the chink

and then pay up promptly at the end of a week, and repeat the operation a couple of times. Then Al thinks you're conscientious about debts and that sort of thing, and when the hard-up months come he'll let you go the limit."

"I say, Lazelle," said Lovely admiringly, "you've got it down pretty fine, haven't you? It's real white of you to look after me this way."

"You're all right," said the Gutter Pup, still lolling in bed. "All you want is to lay low for a month or so and no one'll bother you. Besides, I'll see to that."

"Thank you."

"You see, Lovely, I've taken a fancy to you: a real, live, fat, young fancy. You remind me of Bozy Walker that was fired for introducing geese into Baldwin's bedroom; dear old Bozy, he stood up to me for seven rounds."



"It Means I Can Lick You," Repeated Lovely Doggedly, Advancing and Clenching His Fists

Lovely Mead dropped the hairbrush in his agitation and drew a long breath. How much longer could his weak human nature hold out? Downstairs the gong began to call them to breakfast. With the first sound the Gutter Pup was in the middle of the floor, out of his pajamas and into his clothes before the gong had ceased to ring. He plunged his head into the basin already filled with water, dried himself, parted the moist hair with one sweeping stroke of his comb, snapped a dicky with his neck and struggled into his coat while Lovely was still staring with amazement.

"That's the way it's done," said the Gutter Pup triumphantly. "There's only one fellow in the school can beat me out, and that's Hickey, over in the Dickinson; but I'll beat him yet. Are you ready? Come on!"

The trouble was that the Gutter Pup was absolutely unaware of the disturbance in Lovely's mind, or that his reminiscences provoked such thoughts of combat. He took Lovely to the village and fitted him out, hectoring the tradesmen and smashing prices with debonair impudence that Lovely sneakily envied. Certainly the Gutter Pup was unusually cordial and did not in the least make him feel the indignities of his position of newcomer, as he had a right to do.

After supper they worked on the arrangement of their room. The Gutter Pup grew ecstatic as Lovely produced his treasures from the bottom of the trunk.

"My aunt's cat's kittens!" he ejaculated as Lovely produced a set of pennants in gaudy arrangement. "We'll have the boss room, though! Lovely, you are a treasure! This will make the Waladoo Bird turn pale and weep for sorrow. Supposin' we ruminate."

They ranged their accumulated possessions on the floor, and sat back to consider.

"Well," said the Gutter Pup, "let's begin by putting the cushions on the window-seat and the rugs on the floor. Now the question is—what's to have the place of honor?"

"What have you got?" asked Lovely, considering.

"I've got a signed photograph of John L. Sullivan," said the Gutter Pup proudly, producing it. "It used to be cleaner, but Butsey White blew up with a root-beer bottle and spattered it."

"Is it his own signature?" inquired Lovely, gazing in awe.

"Sure. Dear old John L. He was a fighter. Now, what have you got?"

"I've got a picture of an actress."

"Honest?"

"Sure."

"Who is it?"

"Maude Adams."

"You don't say so!"

"Fact."

"It isn't signed, Lovely—it can't be?"

"It is."

"Cracky! That is a prize. Maude Adams! Think of it! What will the Waladoo Bird say?"



Then He Lost Track of the Rounds



The Gutter Pup gazed reverently at the priceless photographs and said in a breath:

"Maude Adams and John L.; think of it, Lovely!" He paused and added in a burst of gratitude: "Say, you can call me Gazelle or Razzle-dazzle now, if you want; afterward we'll see about Gutter Pup."

Lovely was too overcome by this advance to voice his feelings, but his heart went out to his new friend, all irritation forgotten. After long discussion it was decided that the two photographs, being of unique and equal value, should be hung side by side on the background of an American flag. The pennants were strung as a border around the walls, but were speedily hidden under an imposing procession of light-weight and middle-weight champions, sporting prints, posters and lithographic reproductions of comic opera favorites, boxing gloves, fencing masks, lacrosse sticks, Japanese swords, bird nests, stolen signs, photographs of athletic teams, cotillon favors and emblems of the school and the Woodhull. They stopped and gazed in awe and admiration, and falling gleefully into each other's arms, executed a dance about the room. Then Lovely Mead, in an unthinking moment, standing before the photograph of the mighty John L., exclaimed: "Say, Gazelle, isn't he a wonder, though! How long have you had it?"

"I got it," said the Gutter Pup, putting his head on one side and reflecting, "right after I fought Whitey Brown—just before my mill with Doggie Shephard—a year and a half ago, I should say."

All the joy of the home-building left Lovely. He sat down on the bed and pulled at his shoestrings so viciously that they broke off in his hand.

"What's the matter?" said the Gutter Pup in surprise.

"Nothing."

"You look sort of put out."

"Oh, no."

"Whitey was a tough one," resumed the Gutter Pup, lolling on the window-seat, "but Doggie was no great shakes. Too fat and overgrown. He did look big, but he had no foot-work and his wind was bad—very bad."

Lovely Mead listened with averted eyes.

If he had only been an old boy he would have thrown down the gauntlet then and there; but he was a freshman and must check the tugging within. Besides, there must be some excuse. He could not openly, out of clear sky, provoke an old boy who had taken him under his protection and had done everything to make him feel at home. Such an act would be fresh, and would bring down on him the condemnation of the whole school.

"Why the deuce should I care, after all?" he asked himself gloomily that night. "What difference does it make how many fellows he's licked? I suppose it's because I'm a coward. That's it; it's because I'm afraid that he would lick me that it rankles so. Am I a coward, after all, I wonder?"

This internal questioning became an obsession. It clouded his days and took the edges from the keen joy of romping over the football field and earning the good word of Jack Hasbrouck for his neat diving tackles. Could the Gutter Pup lick him, after all? He wondered, he debated, he doubted. He began to brood over it until he became perfectly unapproachable, and the Gutter Pup, without a suspicion of the real cause, began to assure Hasbrouck that Lovely was being overtrained.

Meanwhile, matters were approaching a crisis with Lovely. Each morning he calculated the strength of the Gutter Pup's chest and arms, and wondered what was the staying power of his legs. Sometimes he admitted to himself that he wouldn't last three rounds. At others he figured out a whole plan of campaign that must wear down the Gutter Pup and send him to a crashing defeat. Waking, he went through imaginary rounds, received without wincing tremendous, imaginary blows, and sent in sledge-hammer replies that inevitably landed the champion prone on his back. At night his dreams were a long conglomeration of tussling and battle in the most unexpected places. He fought the Gutter Pup at the top of the water-tower and saw him vanish over the edge as the result of a smashing blow on the point of the jaw; he fought him on

the football field and in the classroom, while the Roman held the watch and the head master insisted on refereeing. The worst of it was, he knew he was going to pieces and moping in a way to render himself a nuisance to all his associates; and yet he couldn't help it. Try as he would to skip the mention of any subject that could be tagged to a date, every now and then an opening would come, and the Gutter Pup would begin: "Let me see; that must have been just after I fought —"

At last, one night, unable to bear the strain longer, Lovely went to his room resolved to end it. He bided his opportunity, gazing with unseeing eyes at the pages of the divine Virgil. Finally he raised his head and said abruptly: "Say, Lazelle, what do you think of our chances for the football championship?"

"Fair, only fair," said the Gutter Pup, glad for any excuse to stop studying. "The Davis and the Dickinson look better to me."

"How long has it been since we won?" said Lovely, scarcely breathing.

"Let me see," said the Gutter Pup, unsuspecting. "We won the fall I fought Legs Brownell behind the Davis house."

"Lazelle," said Lovely, rising desperately, "I can lick you!"

"What?"

"I can lick you!"

"Hello," said the Gutter Pup, considering him in amazement; "what does this mean?"

"It means I can lick you," repeated Lovely doggedly, advancing and clenching his fists.

"You want a fight?"

"I do."

"Bully for you."

The Gutter Pup considered, joyfully, with a glance at the clock.

"It's too late now to pull it off. We'll let it go until to-morrow night. Besides, you'll be in better condition then, and you can watch your food, which is important. I'll notify Hickey. You don't mind fighting by lamp-light?"

"Huh!"

"Of course, we'll fight under the auspices of the Sporting Club, with a ring and sponges and that sort of thing," said the Gutter Pup cheerfully. "You'll like it. It's a secret organization and it's a great honor to belong. Hickey, at the Dickinson, got it up. He's president, and referee. I'm the official timekeeper, but that don't matter. They'll arrange for seconds and all that sort of thing, and Doc



"Good, but Mind This, Youngster: No Funking. I Don't Stand Second to Any Quitter"

Macnooder is always there for medical assistance. You're sure the lights won't bother you?"

"No."

"It's a queer effect, though. First time I fought Snapper Bell —"

"Lazelle," said Lovely, choking with rage, "I can lick you, right now—here—and I don't believe you ever licked any one in your life!"

"Look here, freshman," said the Gutter Pup, at once on his dignity; "I've stood enough of your impertinence. You'll do just as I say, and you'll act like a gentleman and a sport and not like a member of the Seventy-second Street gang."

We'll fight like sportsmen, to-morrow, at midnight, under the auspices of the Sporting Club, in the baseball cage, and until then I'll dispense with your conversation! Do you hear me?"

Lovely Mead felt the justice of the reproof. Yes, he had acted like a member of the Seventy-second Street gang! He glanced up at the photograph (slightly spotted) of John L., and he thought of Ivanhoe and the Three Musketeers and Sir Nigel of the White Company, and presently he said, tentatively:

"I say —"

No answer.

"Lazelle —"

Still no answer.

"Say, I want to—to apologize. You're right about the Seventy-second Street gang. I'm sorry."

"All right," said the Gutter Pup, not quite appeased. "I'm glad you apologized."

"But we fight to-morrow—to the end—to the limit!"

"You're on!"

They spoke no more that night, undressing in silence, each covertly swelling his muscles and glancing with stolen looks at his opponent's knotted torso. By morning the Gutter Pup's serenity had returned.

"Well, how're you feeling? How did you sleep?" he asked, poking his nose over the coverlets.

"Like a log," returned Lovely, lying gloriously.

"Good. Better take a nap in the afternoon, though, if you're not used to midnight scrapping."

"Thanks."

"Mind the food—no hot biscuits, and that sort of thing. A dish of popovers almost put me to the bad the first time I met Bull Dunham. Fact, and he didn't know enough to counter."

Lovely dressed and hurriedly left the room.

At two o'clock, to his amazement, Charley De Soto, the great quarterback, in person, waited on him in company with the gigantic Turkey Reiter, tackle on the eleven, and informed him that they had been appointed his seconds and anxiously inquired after his welfare.

"I'm—oh, I'm doing pretty well, thank you, sir," said Lovely, overcome with embarrassment and pride.

"Say, Charley," said Turkey, after an approving examination, "I kind of hanker to the looks of this here bantam. He's got the proper color hair and the protruding jaw. Danged if I don't believe he'll give the Gutter Pup the fight of his life."

"Can you lick him?" said De Soto, looking Lovely tensely in the eyes.

"I'll do it or die," said Lovely, with a lump in his throat.

"Good, but mind this, youngster: no funking. I don't stand second to any quitter. If I'm behind you, you've got to win."

Lovely thought at that moment that death on the rack would be a delight if it only could win a nod of approbation from Charley De Soto.

"How's your muscles?" asked Turkey. He ran his fingers over him, slapped his chest and punched his hips, saying:

"Hard as a rock, Charley."

"How's your wind?" said De Soto.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," said Lovely, quite overcome by the august presence.

"Now keep your mind off things. Don't let the Gutter Pup bluff you. Slip over to the Upper, right after lights, and I'll take charge of the rest. By the way, Turk, who's in the corner with the Gutter Pup?"

"Billy Condit and the Triumphant Egghead."



"Razzle-Dazzle," Replied Lovely, "You're the Finest Sport and Gentleman in the Land. I Love You Better Than a Brother"



"Good. We'll just saunter over and lay a little bet. So-long, youngster. No jiggers or éclairs. See you later." "So-long, old Sporting Life," added Turkey, with a friendly tap on the shoulder. "Mind now, keep cheerful." Lovely's mood was not exactly cheerful. In fact he felt as if the bottom had fallen out of things. He tried his best to follow Charley De Soto's advice and not think of the coming encounter, but, do what he would, his mind slipped ahead to the crowded baseball cage, the small, ill-lighted ring, and the Gutter Pup.

"After all, will he lick me?" he said, almost aloud. His heart sank, or rather it was a depression in the pit of his stomach.

"Supposing he does?" he went on, pressing his knuckles against his teeth. What a humiliation after his boast! There would be only one thing to do—leave school at once, and never, never return!

He had wandered down to the football field where the candidates for the school eleven were passing and falling on the ball under the shouted directions of the veterans. The bulky figure of Turkey Reiter, gigantic with its

padded shoulders and voluminous sweater, hove into view, and the tackle's rumbling voice cried out:

"Hi there, old Sockarooster, this won't do! Keep a-laughin'; keep cheerful; tumble down here and shag for me."

Lovely Mead went gratefully to fetch the balls that Turkey booted, far down the field, to the waiting half-backs.

"Feeling a bit serious, eh?" said Turkey.

"Well —"

"Sure you are. That's nothing. Don't let the Gutter Pup see it, though. He's got to believe we are holding you in, chaining you up, keepin' you under the bars, 'cause you're so wild to get at him. Savvy? Chuck in a bluff, old sport, and—keep cheerful. Better now?"

"Yes, thank you," said Lovely, who was in nowise suffering from an excess of hilarity.

He did not see the Gutter Pup until supper, and then had to undergo again his solicitous inquiries. By a horrible effort he succeeded in telling a funny story at the table, and laughed until his own voice alarmed him. Then he

relapsed into silence, smiling furiously at every remark, and chewing endlessly on food that had no flavor for him.

"Lovely," said the Gutter Pup upstairs, shaking his head, "you don't look fit; you're getting nervous."

"Sure," said Lovely, remembering Turkey's injunction. "I'm a high-strung, vicious temperament!"

"Your eye acts sort of loose," said the Gutter Pup, unconvinced. "You're new to fighting before a big assemblage. It's no wonder. I don't want any accidental advantages. Say the word and we'll put it over."

"No," said Lovely, quite upset by his friendly offer. "I only hope, Lazelle, I can hold myself in. I've got an awful temper; I'm afraid I'll kill a man some day."

"No, Lovely," said Gutter Pup, shaking his head. "You don't deceive me. You are ill—ill, I tell you, and you might as well own up."

The truth was, Lovely was ill and rapidly getting worse under the insouciance of the veteran of the ring.

"Why, my aunt's cat's pants, Lovely," said the Gutter Pup seriously. "That's nothing to be ashamed of. Didn't

(Continued on Page 29)

# THE HARD-ROCK MAN



His Face was Set to Intensity, the Face of a Man Who is Happy in His Work

THEY were building a new railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific. They had built from both ends; for two years each track had lengthened daily, and daily the unspanned interval had decreased. Thus they had stretched the steel bands across prairies and deserts and mountain ranges until at last, up in the heart of a wilderness of snow-covered peaks, where the waters part their seaward ways in a cloud-hung gorge, there remained to be overcome the last obstacle. Between the track ends a lump of granite rose two thousand feet. Where the climbing cañons boxed, its base was two miles thick; its sheer walls gave no hope for compromise by engineering feat of loop or switchback; it blocked the way, implacable, grim. The road's builders set about the only course, a straight attack, a tunnel through the granite. As soon as they were ready to begin this they cried for help.

The cry was raised in half a dozen cities. It was blazoned in long letters on handbills, which read:

WANTED 200 MEN FOR HARD ROCK WORK  
SNOWSLIDE TUNNEL.

Drill Runners \$3.00 a Day. Muckers \$2.00 a Day.  
FARE FREE!

These were posted in those parts of the half-dozen cities where their call would meet response. Answering the cry, reckless men with muscles of iron came to rend away the living rock. From time to time, during the next two years, the call was repeated; the handbills were posted at brief intervals.

One morning The Hard-Rock Man read the one at the entrance to the ten-cent lodging-house where he had slept, and knew that he had judged rightly when, on the strength of a ten-line Northern newspaper item, he had left his job

on a Government breakwater down in the Gulf of Mexico. He was a loose-limbed man; his shoulders stooped, though they were very broad; where his black shirt opened from his thick, corded neck his chest showed, hairy; his hand, caressing the black bowl of an old bulldog brier pipe, was huge and gnarled and brown; his loose denim overalls failed entirely to conceal his bulging thigh muscles; his hat was black, sweat-stained, without shape. Clothes nor hat nor clumsy shoes could blot out a suggestion of alert strength that came from every line in his figure; his jaw was heavy, and above it, like blued smallpox pits, showed powder scars.

He had followed hard-rock work since he was a man grown; he had toiled underground in many different places. He liked it. This handbill summoned him to his calling, confirmed what he had heard and read when he got sick of the soft Gulf breezes. He read it through, then rapped his pipe-bowl on the wall beside it and made his way, though slowly, with the air of one who has a definite purpose, along the crowded sidewalk. It was a mean street, flanked by mean wooden buildings, from many of whose fire-escapes soiled garments hung; open saloon doors gave forth the odor of stale beer on sawdust, dingy signs of cheap lodging-houses overhung the sidewalk, and at intervals the tarnished three balls of a pawnbroker. The people who gave way to the bulk of The Hard-Rock Man as he passed among them were as shabby as the street. He noticed neither men nor surroundings; his eye was on the signs as though he were searching for one among them. Finally he found it—hung over an employment office. He entered the place.

It was a dingy little room, by the side of the door a bench, facing it a counter topped by a wire netting, in the netting an arched window. On the bench a half-dozen men sat, rough-garbed, huge-limbed, silent. He took his place among them and waited his turn at the window. Finally it came, and he stood with his elbow crowded into its aperture, his face on his huge, brown hand looking straight into the eyes of a sallow clerk.

"I want to ship to Snowslide," he said.

The clerk looked at him and guessed wrong—"Laborer?" he asked.

"Naw—runner." The bass voice came scornful from the big chest.

## Blasting the Paths of Progress

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

The other accepted the emendation listlessly. "All right," he yawned. "Name?" When he had gotten it he handed The Hard-Rock Man a slip of blue paper bearing a number, and received in exchange a dollar. "We ship at 4:30," he sighed. "Give this to our man at the depot."

At 4:28 The Hard-Rock Man gave up the blue slip and boarded an emigrant coach near the front of the train. He dropped his heavy roll of blankets to the top of a pile on the floor beside the door, and found among the hard, wooden-backed seats one which was vacant. When the train pulled out a few moments later the car was full of men like himself, and the rumble of their deep voices rose with the roar of the wheels. He looked among the hard, rugged faces. Some were flecked, like his, with the blue of burned powder; others were twisted and marked by ragged scars. Stern lines of endurance cut them all, and with these lines on many were the deeper furrows of dissipation.

The majority had the long upper lip and the gray-blurred majesty of the Irish-American who follows "public works." Their bodies were big boned, big muscled, and the hands, gripping the arms of the seats or laid on the seat-backs before them, upraised to tilt back sweat-stained hats from seamed foreheads, or clenched in potent gestures, were heavy, gnarled, marked by great, swelling veins. Searching, he saw a face he knew, a thin face, a grizzle of beard beneath the chin, one eye gone. He rose and made his way down the aisle and, without a word of apology or of warning, he shoved his bulk into the seat which this passenger occupied alone. The one-eyed man whirled upon him, and as quickly moved aside to give him room.

"Where the — ye been?" he demanded.

"Galveston breakwater," growled The Hard-Rock Man. "What kind av a job is this here?"

"I dunno; the company's doin' the wurk wit' no contract; Murphy's superintendent, Gunnysack Murphy, an' he has a dozen av his ould gang wit' him from the Chicago ditch; Tom Ryan's walker at the west portal—the wan we're shippin' fer."

"Tom Ryan? He never pulled hard rock."

"Never that I hear tell of; but he can drive men. An', man, d'ye remember him on that soft-ground job down in Alabama? He could make a steam shovel climb a tree."

The Hard-Rock Man was fumbling in his pocket for his pipe. He brought it forth empty. "Got the makin's av a



smoke?" he demanded; "I'm clean." The one-eyed man tossed into his lap a package of black tobacco. "I blowed myself in El Paso," The Hard-Rock Man continued; "had to beat it to Seattle. I bummed enough there to ship on."

The other grinned so that it puckered odd wrinkles around his empty eye-socket. "I come from Denver," he chuckled, "after a lovely week, wit' three dollars an' six bits to start on, an' landed in Seattle wit' two av ut left. I lost me hat goin' over Marshall Pass. Man—talk av wind, it like to blowed the hair off me head."

The train was rocking with speed; around them rose the roar of heavy voices. Some one thrust a quart bottle of whisky between them; they drank, gaspingly, as though it were water and they were parched, and handed it back; they talked of their work, of tunnels long since driven, of jobs on which they had toiled together in far places; the drink began to warm within them, their voices grew louder, they argued.

"'Twas the engineer's fault, I tell ye"—the one-eyed man hammered the seat-cushion with his fist—"fifty feet off, they was, an' the two headin's clost together——"

"I tell ye, no," growled The Hard-Rock Man. "Wasn't I workin' at the north portal that day—an' had been fer two months. An' fer three days back we'd heard the beat av their drills every shift. An' Old Johnson knew it. What did he care? Him gettin' more a yard than a contractor iver got. There was men dyin' like flies that winter, from the bad ground and the lung fever, an' most av the time us goin' a hundred foot ahead av the timbers. What did he care how clost we was? The beat av their drills in our ears, I tell ye! The headin' boss went to the walker that mornin'—I heard him say ut—an' he swore he'd not take in his shift again. Nor did he. They shot the other side just before noon. I was leanin' over the bench for a piece of the fourteen-foot steel, an' I thought some one had come up behind an' kicked me on over—till I come to meself in a dump-car wit' two dead men on top av me. Naw, 'twas——"

He whirled, a belligerent fist up-raised, as a big hand gripped his shoulder, and paused with the fist in air.

"I thought ye was growin' grass a year back," he cried. "Some one tould me ye'd died on that White Pass an' Yukon job."

"Who the——told ye that?" The newcomer was tall and gaunt and his face was lean, with a skin like leather. He sat on the arm of the seat and took from the hand of the one-eyed man a plug of chewing tobacco. He told of the rock on White Pass where the snow lies deep far into the summer, and of the rock in the Copper River country, where black-fir forests fringe blue-green glaciers, and the ice lies beneath the surface of the earth from year's-end to year's-end. And then the three of them talked of the living rock where palmettos grow and winter breezes are soft and warm.

The train climbed slowly up a steep grade. About them men laughed and sang and cursed; and, now and then, there was a fight; and some slept huddled on the wooden seats. The air was blue with the reek of the black pipes. The window-panes fogged before the haze. Occasionally, a brakeman hurried through, slamming the door behind him. None others came to them, nor did any of them leave the car. It was midnight when they arrived at the last stop, where the cañon boxed at the granite wall of the mountain, and they climbed out into the cool, clean night.

A lean-faced Scotchman sorted them out on the platform and billeted them to their bunk-houses. They picked their ways, through camp litter and among material piles, to a group of long, low buildings on the mountainside. In one of these The Hard-Rock Man paused and looked about him. Its interior was lined on three sides by rows of bunks two high; in the middle of the long, board-walled room stood a heater-stove, about it a number of lines, on these, steaming socks and undergarments; a single incandescent gave dim light near the stove; from the shadows beyond its yellow rays came the gasping breathing of many sleeping men. He found an empty bunk which suited him, threw down his heavy blanket-roll, unwrapped and spread the bedding, kicked off his shoes and outer garments and went at once to his rest, as one who has at last found home.

The next morning he rose with sixty others. On all sides huge, half-clad bodies lurched from the timbered bunks; great, hairy limbs thrust themselves into coarse garments; about a steaming sink near the stove a dozen giants soused their shaggy heads in running water. The Hard-Rock Man drew on a suit of tattered oilskins and a "squam" hat, stamped his feet into a pair of heavy rubber boots and went to face his shift boss. He found the foreman, in the office off the bunk-room, lowering his shaggy brows over his time-book, which looked as out of place in his thick fingers as did the pencil he held. When The Hard-Rock Man entered he raised his eyes over the edge of the little book; they were the steel-gray eyes of the fighting Irishman.

"Weren't ye on Butcher Preston's shift in that East River job?" he asked. The Hard-Rock Man nodded. "I remember ye," the shift boss went on; "ye was carried up the ladder the afternoon the river come in on ye."

A triangle clanged over at the cook-house; huge feet stamped toward the door of the bunk-room. "Ye'll take a

The shift picked their way across the dump, a black-clad company of giants. They gathered at the blacksmith-shop platform, where two "nipper-boys" loaded the sharpened steel on a string of muck-cars. The long drills clanged as they fell; within the shop hammers clanked and red flakes flew from beside a flaming forge; on the platform the men lit their pipes; many of the runners carried with them huge monkey-wrenches; here and there a black-garbed giant bore a macelike chuck-wrench. The shift boss hurried up behind them, his watch in his hand. "All in!" he shouted, still at a distance. They clambered into the string of dump-cars, a brake was released, and, as the train started down the grade, an electric locomotive coupled on behind. It lurched forward and rumbled into blackness, then flew through dense gloom; dripping walls echoed with fearful loudness the roar of the wheels; dank air swept by, a steady gale. The Hard-Rock Man, leaning forward where he crouched in the gritty car, took deep breaths and it tasted good to him. Ahead came a glimmer of light; the engine uncoupled; the train hurtled beneath

a string of incandescent lamps toward a menacing mass of timbers and a sheer rock wall—near, nearer—there was a jolt of lessened speed—some one had thrown himself upon the brake lever—the sixty men leaped out. Meeting them, as they clambered up the bench, sixty others, oilskin-clad, their faces black with oil, hurried toward the portal—the outgoing shift.

They fell upon their toil in the centre of the mountain; over their heads two thousand feet of living rock. From its seams water dripped upon them; its walls gleamed moist in the lamplight. In this chamber fourteen air drills bellowed and thundered. The granite shook with their reverberations; and men made signs for speech.

It was a cavern, some fifty feet long, filled with madly-toiling men and these plunging, air-driven engines. It menaced—above, beside, beneath—with terrible action and terrific din. Down its middle stretched a plank runway and along this, steadily, without ceasing, a line of sweating men wheeled barrows of broken rock—the "muck." From the vents of the drills half-frozen air rose foglike; and through this mist the incandescents on roof and sides showed huge and yellow.

Nearest the portal was the "jumbo," a great, movable platform through which the "muckers" dumped their barrow-loads to cars beneath. Then came the bench, a fourteen-foot rock wall, extending half-way from the tunnel floor to its ceiling. On its summit six tripod drills worked in a series of staccato explosions. Here the overhead timbering stopped, and the fifty-foot interval of bare, granite roof began; then the heading, the extreme front of the great bore, the van of the attack upon the mountain.

Clamped on columns of iron, eight great Burley machines pounded the face of the heading. Theirs was the bulk of the mighty roar of the place, the depth of the pulsing thunder.

Two on a column, one four feet above the other, the columns a scant three feet apart, they battered the living rock; from their whistling vents the escaping air came in frozen chunks and thick, gray fog. Among them, under the plunging steel drills, so close to the dashing chucks that it seemed these must tear their faces, The Hard-Rock Man and the seven other runners bent and straightened. As they toiled the machines spat oil upon them, and the holes in the heading's breast spurted gritty muck, until their features grew black.

At times a drill stuck obstinately at a slip or fault in the rock, and when this happened the runner fell fiercely upon it, beating it with an iron bar, as though it were a living thing, his face aflame with passion, opening his mouth to curses which fell silent in the din of troubled sounds.

Where he crouched at the foot of his column The Hard-Rock Man was directly beneath the upper machine, less than three feet from the machine beside him, whose frozen exhaust struck his cheek. From the thunder of these engines he picked the bellowing of his own, and segregated this into its thousand sounds, hearkening to each of these to see that it rang true. His face was set to

(Continued on Page 26)



Rough-Garbed, Huge-Limbed, Silent

column machine," said the boss; "I'm short av men in the headin'." He bent again to his time-book. The Hard-Rock Man started for the door.

"Say," the other called—The Hard-Rock Man stopped on the threshold—"whatever came of Butcher Preston, annyhow?"

The Hard-Rock Man tilted back his "squam" hat to scratch his head. "Seems to me I remember hearin' of him," he said. "Oh, yes, he's got a gang on that borax road goin' into Death Valley—soft-ground work," he added.

They breakfasted in the cook-house, sixty at one long table. They sat on benches; the food lay before them in great tin pans; the coffee steamed in tin cups; the clash of their knives and the champ of their jaws were terrific.

They streamed out into the sunshiny morning. Before them the camp lay—a litter of unpainted, wooden buildings; a tall-stacked, red power-house; a long, gray dump, thrusting itself from the black tunnel-mouth down along the cañon-bed; lumber-piles along the upper dump; among the quarters heaps of tin cans, glistening in the sunshine; on either side the mountains, sheer-walled, black with mantling hemlocks, scarred by snowslides and by granite cliffs, frowned heavily upon the desecration.

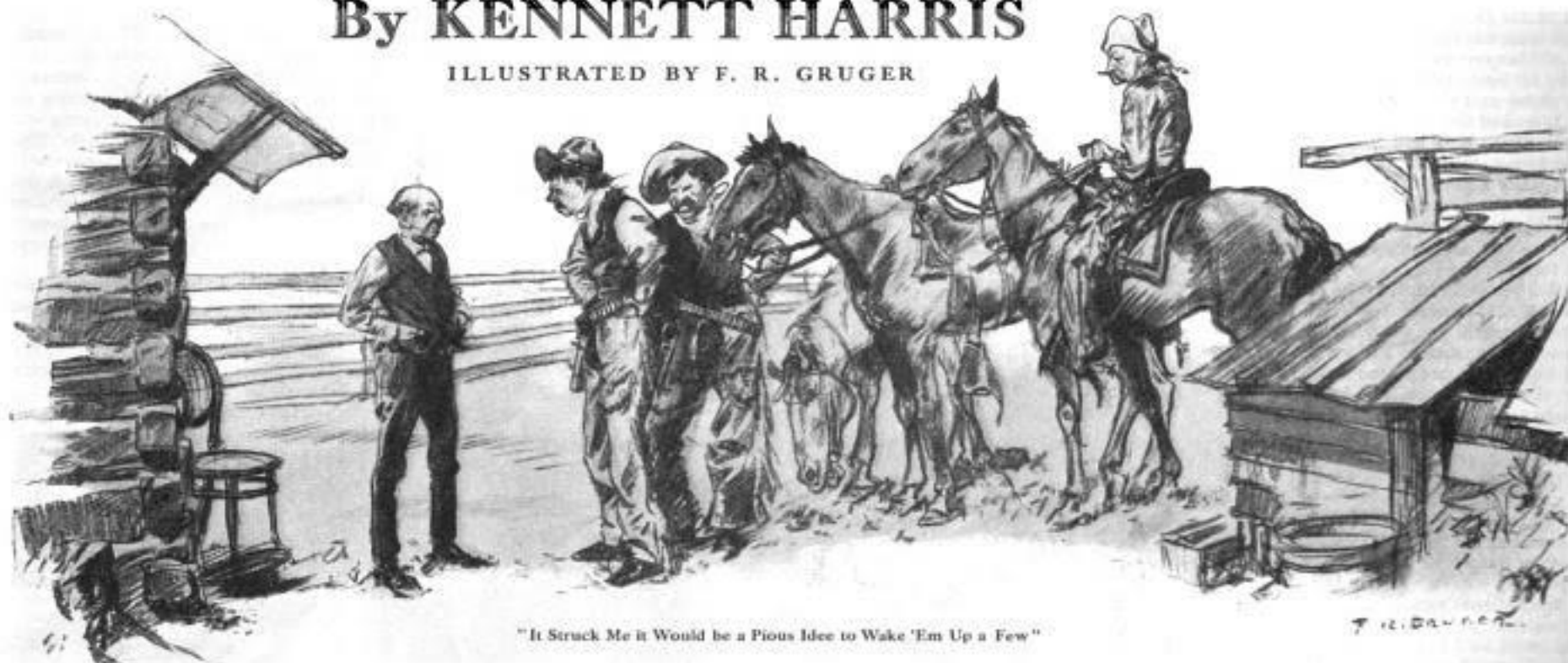


# A BLOW TO TINTERTON

How a Harmonious Arrangement was Effected With False Notes

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"It Struck Me it Would be a Pious Idea to Wake 'Em Up a Few"

YOU boys ought to know your own business best," said the stock-tender, "but if I'd been paid off and was wishful for to permeate my system with barbwire budge, and waste lung power and catridges, I'd pick some other burgerine for the scene of the riot. Fork off to Tow String or Bigby, but let Tinterton sleep on in peace. It's sure injudicious to inaugurate festivities there right now."

"For why, Buddy?" asked Rickey Stevens, leader of the four intending revelers from the Flying V. "It struck me it would be a pious idee to wake 'em up a few."

"Crary was telling me about it," replied the stock-tender. "Seems like they've had a desperate bank robber in jail there and he's got out and dispersed himself in the direction of Omaha. Mr. Marshal Plimsoll has been oiling up his six gun ever since, the city attorney's studying up maximums and *corpus delicti* all his spare time, and the mayor puts in most of his time in Throop's hardware store biting the heads off tenpenny nails. I don't say that you-all would be in jeopardy as long as you hung together and kept reasonably sober; but if them gazabos do gather you in, you'll get a life sentence at Sioux Falls and no discount off for cash."

"You see, there was aggravating and disgusting circumstances attending the crime," the stock-tender went on to explain. "When a town like Tinterton gets its hopes resurrected and raised 'way up yander, and then has 'em knocked flat and killed and buried and the grave stomped down and sodded up, it busts the old wounds right open. There ain't no worse deal than a bob-tailed flush, to my mind. When you're scraping the bottom of the sugar barrel and somebody fogs along and offers you a gypsum works and a mica mill and a cheese factory and a market for all the sandstone rock you've got, and then fades away on Number 3 East like the mist of the morning, Loreena, it's a heap discouraging."

"It was one of them Eastern capitalists that done it. He floated off the westbound last Thursday week with a gold-mounted suitcase or two and a diamond-studded, alligator-skin bag that he was particular choice of. He wore nice, little, dinky, gray sideboards and a double chin, creases in his panties, yaller gloves and gold-trimmed eyeglasses. He was sure an imposing spectacle, if you want to take Crary's word for it. He went over to the Palace Hotel and Pete gave him the bridal chamber on sight. G. Vinyoop Winterbotham, Omaha, was his registration, and, in the course of some affable

conversations with Pete, he let it leak out that he had a bunch of money that had got into idle habits, to say nothing of a forty-ox-team drag on Jimmie Hill, Johnny Rockefeller and Pierp Morgan and a whole lot of them flossy ducks."

"Then he begun inquiring casual into the causes of Tinterton's comatoseness. He allowed that it must be because there wasn't no natural resources beyond buffalo grass and sagebrush for it to fall back upon. Pete explained to him that he was in error and full of misinformation and prunes if he thought that the Tinterton country wasn't the richest section on the face of the globe."

"How do you mean, rich?" asks Mr. Vinyoop Winterbotham.

"You come around here with me," says Pete, and he takes him up to the ladies' parlor where the specimen cabinet is and begun to pelt him with rocks and school of mines language. In ten minutes he had Mr. Winterbotham pulling on his whiskers and avaricious gleams in both eyes. To clinch matters he sent for Colonel Ellwith and Judge Brownlee and Doc Sternett and Billy McCarthy, and they lit in and told about everything in the line of natural resources that Pete had forgot to mention. To prove that it wasn't baseless fabrications they drove him out and showed him spots that was chuck full of gypsum and coal and silver and mineral paint and natural gas anywheres from ten to a hundred foot underground. They showed him dumps and they showed him prospect holes and they

showed him official figures and affidavits. They had him trembling with excitement. He tried to hide it, but he just couldn't help letting them see that he thought he had struck the opportunity of a lifetime.

"When he come back from the last trip he went to the bank and had a long talk with President Billy McCarthy. He believed everything, but he couldn't understand why the bank hadn't advanced the necessary capital to develop the resources, taking mortgages on the dumps as security. Billy had to show him how little real money the bank had before his suspicions was removed."

"In the mean time Pete had been hefting the alligator-skin bag and the suitcases, and he gave it out that they was full of gold coin of the United States, and everybody in Tinterton that had a natural resource and no financial resources wanted to meet Mr. Winterbotham."

"Dick Plimsoll, the marshal—same person who's going to crawl your humps, gentlemen, if you give him a show—Dick was introduced to Mr. Winterbotham in the hotel office and went away licking his lips. He met him again in the Stockmen's National."

"The second meeting took place at two-thirty A. M., and was sort of promiscuous and unpremeditated. Mr. Winterbotham was engaged in drilling a hole in the door of the vault when Dick snook up behind him in his stocking feet and poked the open end of his .38 Colt's under his nose and asked him to raise his hands out of harm's way. Dick spoke rather rough, not recognizing Mr. Winterbotham, owing to the fact that the capitalist was attired in greasy overalls and a fatigued-looking hat and had his face covered with a red-spotted handkerchief with peepholes cut in it. 'Hands up!' says Dick."

"With pleasure," says G. Vinyoop. "My feet, too, if you insist. But I would like to ask you to take that piece of ordnance a little further away from me. The smell of the grease on the catridges is very disagreeable."

"Then Dick twitched away the handkerchief and seen who it was."

"What are you doing here?" he asks.

"I shall be happy to elucidate, my friend," says Mr. Winterbotham. "I am troubled with insomnia and my physician has recommended me to take a little walk—and anything else that I thought would be beneficial—when I had an attack of it. I wandered forth—I never saw such wonderful moonlight. Lovely, ain't it?—and as I passed here it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to test the security of the vault, as I intended making a



They Had Him Trembling With Excitement



heavy deposit. I am afraid, I am very much afraid, that there are weak points about it."

"There's a few in your story," says Dick. "I guess I'll have to deposit you in the cooler and let you test the security of that."

"He was sure imprudent," observed Stevens. "Bronk Wimlet cut his way out of that rotten little shoe-box last beef round-up with nothing but his jackknife."

"I know," said the stock-tender. "Well, they started out, Dick with his cannon chasing Mr. G. Vinyoop's spine as they went. As they passed Mayor Colonel President Ellwith's house Mr. Winterbotham got Dick to stop and bring him out for a pow-wow. They woke him up at last and the three of 'em made medicine on the porch in low, hoarse whispers for quite a spell. Finally, Ellwith gives directions to Dick to convey Mr. Winterbotham to the calaboose. 'I'll round up the rest and bring 'em over just as soon as I can get on the necessary garments,' he says. 'I don't think that there ought to be any difficulty.'"

"In the course of about half an hour, Judge Brownlee, Billy McCarthy, Doc Sternett, Pete, young Rebeck, the city attorney, Dick Plimsoll, Colonel Ellwith and Mr. G. Vinyoop Winterbotham was gathered together in the cooler. Hizzoner opened the proceedings.

"Gentlemen," he says, "I've called you over here to discuss a little matter of business. Our esteemed friend here, Mr. Winterbotham, has important affairs demanding his instant presence elsewhere, and he is anxious to depart on Number 3, which is due in forty minutes. I don't think I need to say how sorry we shall be to see him

go, but Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and half a loaf beats no bread all to thunder. Mr. Winterbotham during his stay in our little hamlet has been greatly impressed by its future prospects and its marvelous natural resources. He has about him what might be termed a "bundle," in yallerback Treasury notes, amounting to twelve hundred dollars. I believe that is correct, Mr. Winterbotham?"

"Perfectly correct, Colonel Ellwith," says G. Vinyoop, lighting a cigar and tapping his breast pocket.

"A large part of that sum Mr. Winterbotham wishes to invest at once in some of our local enterprises," resumes the Colonel. "That is his apology, he wishes me to say, for summoning you at this early hour. He is a gentleman who acts promptly and with decision in business matters, and when he sees a glittering chance he grabs it, whether it comes at high noon or darkest midnight. He attributes much of his success in life to the consistent observance of that rule."

"Get down to cases, Jim," says Doc Sternett.

"I will," says Ellwith. "Mr. Winterbotham wishes to put a hundred and fifty into Judge Brownlee's Star of the West Gypsum Company, a hundred and fifty into Doc Sternett's Consolidated Mineral Paint Association, a hundred and fifty dollars into the Billy McCarthy Mica Mine, a hundred and fifty into Pete's Palace Hotel stock, a hundred and fifty into Dick's oil well, a hundred and fifty into Mr. Rebeck's sandstone quarry, and he desires to purchase an option on a block in the Ellwith Addition to the City of Tinterton for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to me in hand paid. I repeat that this is to be a

spot cash deal, and Mr. Winterbotham agrees to leave the details of the transfers to us, being in haste. Now, what do you gentlemen say?"

"They all looked at one another and grinned like a pack of coyotes around a dying cow."

"There was a little circumstance occurred in the bank a while ago which might be misconstrued by the ungenerous and suspicious," says the Colonel; "but I am of the opinion that we might accept Mr. Winterbotham's explanation of that. What do you think?"

"They all thought so, and G. Vinyoop got up and pulled a wad of nice, crisp, new bills on them. 'My friends,' he says, 'it gives me much pleasure to testify even in this trivial way to my faith in your beautiful and progressive city and to express my appreciation of the sterling character and up-to-date broad-mindedness of its citizens and public officials. We will now proceed to what is technically called the whack-up. I would like to leave this all with you, but I have to reserve an equal proportion for traveling expenses.'"

"So they whacked up, following which Mr. Winterbotham climbed aboard the train with his baggage and was wafted away."

"Then where does their kick come in?" asked Stevens. "Seems to me that was a tidal wave o' prosperity."

"Not excessively," explained the stock-tender blandly. "You see, them bills was in hundreds, and in making the divvy they dug up fifty dollars in real, genuine money that there wasn't no doubt about, and let G. Vinyoop Winterbotham have it with one of his own hundred-dollar bills."

# The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



IX

MARGARET, on the way home afoot from the White House, where she had been lunching with the President's niece, happened upon Craig standing with his hands behind his back before the statue of Jackson. He was gazing up at the fierce old face with an expression so animated that passers-by were smiling broadly. She thought he was wholly absorbed; but when she was about half-way across his range of vision he hailed her. "I say, Miss Severence!" he cried loudly.

She flushed with annoyance. But she halted, for she knew that if she did not he would only shout at her and make a scene.

"I'll walk with you," said he, joining her when he saw that she had no intention of moving toward him.

"Don't let me draw you from your devotions," protested she. "I'm just taking a car, anyhow."

"Then I'll ride home with you and walk back. I want to talk with a woman—a sensible woman—not easy to find in this town."

Margaret was disliking him, his manner was so offensively familiar and patronizing—and her plans concerning him made her contemptuous of herself, and therefore resentful against him. "I'm greatly flattered," said she.

"No, you're not. But you ought to be. I suppose if you had met that old chap on the pedestal there when he was my age you'd have felt toward him much as you do toward me."

"And I suppose he'd have been just about as much affected by it as you are."

"Just about. It was a good idea, planting his statue there to warn the fellow that happens to be in the White House not to get too cultured. You know it was because the gang that was in got too refined and forgot whom this country belonged to that old Jackson was put in office. The same thing will happen again."

"And you'll be the person?" suggested Margaret with a smile of railery.

"If I show I'm fit for the job," replied Craig soberly. It was the first time she had ever heard him admit a doubt about himself. "The question is," he went on, "have I got the strength of character and the courage? . . . What do you think?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Margaret with polite indifference. "There comes my car. I'll not trouble you to accompany me." She put out her hand. "Good-by." She did not realize it, or intend it, but she had appealed to one of his powerful instincts, a powerful instinct in all predatory natures—the instinct to pursue whatever seems to be flying.

He shook his head at the motorman, who was bringing the car to a halt; the car went on. He stood in front of her. Her color was high, but she could not resist the steady compulsion of his eyes. "I told you I wanted to talk with you," said he. "Do you know why I was standing before that statue?"

"I do not," Margaret answered coldly.

"I was trying to get the courage to ask you to be my wife."

She gave a queer laugh. "Well, you seem to have got what you sought," said she. He had, as usual, taken her wholly unawares.

"Not so fast," replied Craig. "I haven't asked you yet."

Margaret did not know whether she most wished to laugh or to burst out in anger. "I'm sure I don't care anything about it one way or the other," said she.

"Why say those insincere things—to me?" he urged. She had begun to walk and he was keeping pace with her. "Jackson," he proceeded, "was a man of absolute courage.

He took the woman he wanted—defied public opinion to do it—and it only made him the more popular. I had always intended to strengthen myself by marrying. If I married you I'd weaken myself politically, while if I married some Western girl, some daughter of the people, I'd make a great popular stroke."

"Well—do it, then," said Margaret. "By all means."

"Oh, but there's you," exclaimed Craig. "What'd I do about you?"

"That's true," said Margaret mockingly. "But what am I to stand between a man and ambition?"

"I say that to myself," replied Craig. "But it's no use." His eyes thrilled her, his voice seemed to melt her dislike, her resolve, as he said: "There you are, and there you stay, Margaret. And you're not at all fit to be my wife. You haven't been brought up right. You ought to marry some man like Grant. He's just the man for you. Why did you ever fall in love with me?"

She stopped short, stared at him in sheer amazement. "I!" exclaimed she. "I—in love with you?"

He halted before her. "Margaret," he said tenderly, "can you deny it?"

She flushed; hung her head. The indignant denial died upon her lips.

He sighed. "You see, it is fate," said he. "But I'll manage it somehow. I'll win out in spite of any, of every handicap."

She eyed him furtively. Yes, if she wished to make a marriage of ambition she could not do better. All Washington was laughing at him, but she felt she had penetrated beneath the surface that excited their mirth—had seen qualities that would carry him wherever he wished to go—wherever she, with her own will, wished him to go.

"And," pursued he, "I'm far too rough and coarse for you—you, the quintessence of aristocracy."

She flushed with double delight—delight at this flattery and the deeper delight a woman feels when a man shows



her the weakness in himself by which she can reach and rule him.

"I'm always afraid of offending your delicacy," he went fatuously on. "You're the only person I ever felt that way about. Absolutely the only one. But you've got to expect that sort of thing in a man who prevails in such a world as this. When men get too high-toned and aristocratic, too fussy about manners and dress, along come real men to ride them down and under. But I'll try to be everything you wish—to you. Not to the others. That would defeat our object; for I'm going to take my wife high—very high."

Yes, he would indeed take her high—very high. Now that what she wanted, what she must have, was offering, how could she refuse? They were crossing another square of green. He drew—almost dragged—her into one of the by-paths, seized her in his arms, kissed her passionately. "I can't resist you—I can't!" he cried.

"Don't—don't!" she murmured, violently agitated. "Some one might see!"

"Some one is seeing, no doubt," he said. And, despite her protests and struggles, she was again in those savage arms of his, was again shrinking and burning and trembling under his caresses. She flung herself away, sank upon a bench, burst out crying.

"What is it, Margaret?" he begged, alarmed, yet still looking as if he would seize her again.

"I don't know—I don't know," she replied.

Once more she tried to tell him that she did not love him, but the words would not come. She felt that he would not believe her; indeed, she was not sure of her own heart, of the meaning of those unprecedented emotions that had risen under his caresses, and that stirred at the memory of them. "Perhaps I am trying to love him," she said to herself. "Anyhow, I must marry him. I can trifle with my future no longer. I must be free of this slavery to grandmother. I must be free. He can free me, and I can manage him, for he is afraid of me."

"Did I hurt you?" Craig was asking.

She nodded.

"I am so sorry," he exclaimed. "But when I touched you I forgot—everything!"

She smiled gently at him. "I didn't dream you cared for me," she said.

He laughed with a boisterousness that irritated her. "I'd never have dared tell you," replied he, "if I hadn't seen that you cared for me."

Her nerves winced, but she contrived to make her tone passable as she inquired: "Why do you say that?"

"Oh—the day in the garden—the day I came pleading for Grant. I saw it in your eyes—You remember."

Margaret could not imagine what he had misinterpreted so flatteringly to himself. But what did it matter? How like ironic fate, to pierce him with a chance shaft when all the shafts she had aimed had gone astray!

She was startled by his seizing her again. At his touch she flamed. "Don't!" she cried imperiously. "I don't like it!"

He laughed, held her the more tightly, kissed her half a dozen times squarely upon the lips. "Not that tone to me," said he. "I shall kiss you when I please."

She was furiously angry; but again her nerves were trembling, were responding to those caresses, and, even as she hated him for violating her lips, she longed for him to continue to violate them. She started up. "Let us go," she cried.

He glanced at his watch. "I'll have to put you in a car," said he. "I forgot all about my appointment." And he fumed with impatience while she was adjusting her hat and veil, pushed away by his boisterous love-making. "It's the same old story," he went on. "Woman weakens man. You are a weakness with me—one that will cost me dear."

She burned with a sense of insult. She hated him, longed to pour out denunciations, to tell him just what she thought of him. She felt a contempt for herself deeper than her revulsion against him. In silence she let him hurry her along to a car; she scarcely heard what he was saying—his tactless, angry outburst against himself and her for his tardiness at that important appointment. She dropped into the seat with a gasp of relief. She felt she must—for form's sake—merely for form's sake—glance out of the window for the farewell he would be certain to expect; she must do her part, now that she had committed herself. She glanced; he was rushing away, with never a backward look—or thought. It was her crowning humiliation. "I'll make him pay for all this, some day!" she said to herself, shaking with anger, her grandmother's own temper raging cyclonically within her.

X

HER mood—outraged against Craig, sullenly determined to marry him, angry with her relatives, her mother no less than her grandmother, because they were driving her to these desperate measures—this mood persisted, became intenser, more imperious in its demand for a sacrifice as the afternoon wore on. When Grant Arkwright came, toward six o'clock, she welcomed him, the

first comer bringing her the longed-for chance to discharge the vials of her wrath. And she noted with pleasure that he, too, was in a black humor. Before she could begin he burst forth:

"What's this that Josh Craig has been telling me? He seems to have gone stark mad!"

Margaret eyed him with icy disdain. "If there is any quality that can be called the most repulsive," said she, "it is treachery. You've fallen into a way of talking of your friend Craig behind his back that's most unworthy—perhaps not of you, but certainly of the person you pose as being."

"Did you propose to him this afternoon?" demanded Grant.

Margaret grew cold from head to foot. "Does he say I did?" she succeeded in articulating.

"He does. He was so excited that he jumped off a car and held me an hour telling me, though he was late for one of those important conferences he's always talking about."

Margaret had chosen her course. "Did he ask you to run and tell me he had told you?" inquired she, with the vicious gleam of a vicious temper in her fine hazel eyes.

"No," admitted Grant. "I suppose I've no right to tell you. But it was such an infernal lie."

"Did you tell him so?" Arkwright grew red.

"I see you did not," said Margaret. "I knew you did not. Now, let me tell you, I don't believe Craig said anything of the kind. A man who'd betray a friend is quite capable of lying about him."

"Margaret! Rita Severance!" Grant started up, set down his teacup, stood looking down at her, his face white to the lips. "Your tone is not jest; it is insult."

"It was so intended." Margaret's eyes were upon him, her grandmother's own favorite expression in them. Now that she was no longer a matrimonial offering she felt profoundly indifferent to eligible men, rejoiced in her freedom to act toward them as she wished. "I do not permit any one to lie to me about the man I have engaged to marry."

"What!" shouted Grant. "It was true?"

"Go out into the garden and try to calm yourself, Grant," said the girl haughtily. "And if you can't, why—take yourself off home. And don't come back until you are ready to apologize."

"Rita, why didn't you give me a hint? I'd have married you myself. I'm willing to do it. . . . Rita, will you marry me?"

Margaret leaned back upon the sofa and laughed until his blood began to run alternately hot and cold.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I did not realize how it sounded. Only—you know how things are with our sort of people. And, as men go, I can't help knowing I'm what's called a catch, and that you're looking for a suitable husband. . . . As it's apparently a question of him or me, and as you've admitted you got him by practically proposing. . . . Hang it all, Rita, I want you, and I'm not going to let such a man as he is have you. I never dreamed you'd bother with him seriously or I'd not have been so slow."

Margaret was leaning back, looking up at him. "I've sunk even lower than I thought," she said, bringing to an end the painful silence which followed this speech.

"What do you mean, Rita?"

She laughed cynically, shrugged her shoulders. First, Craig's impudent assumption that she loved him, and his rude violation of her lips; now this frank insolence of insult, the more savage that it was unconscious—and from the oldest and closest of her men friends.

If one did not die under such outrages, but continued to live and let live, one could save the situation only by laughing. So, Margaret laughed—and Arkwright shivered.

"Don't, Rita!" he cried. "I'd not have believed that lips so young and fresh as yours could utter such a cynical sound."

She looked at him with disdainful, derisive eyes. "It's fortunate for me that I have a sense of humor," said she. "And for you," she added.

"But I am in earnest, I mean it—every word I said."

"That's just it," replied she. "You meant it—every word."

"You will marry me?"

"I will not."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. For instance, I happen to be engaged to another man."

"That is—nothing." He snapped his fingers.

She elevated her brows. "Nothing?"

"He'd not keep his promise to you if—In fact, he was debating with me whether or not he'd back down."

"Either what you say is false," said she evenly, "or you are betraying the confidence of a friend who trusted in your honor."

"Oh, he said it, all right. You know how he is about confidences."

"No matter."

Margaret rose slowly, a gradual lifting of her long, supple figure. Grant, watching, wondered why he had never before realized that the charm of her beauty was irresistible. "Where were my eyes?" he asked himself. "She's beyond any of the women I've wasted so much time on."

She was saying with quiet deliberateness: "A few days ago, Grant, I'd have jumped at your offer—to be perfectly frank. Why shouldn't I be frank? I'm sick of cowardly pretenses and lies. I purpose henceforth to be myself—almost." A look within and a slightly derisive smile. "Almost. I shall hesitate and trifle no longer. I shall marry your friend Craig."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," raged Arkwright. "If you make it necessary I'll tell him why you're marrying him."

"You may do as you like about that," replied she. "He'll probably understand why you are trying to break off our engagement."

"You're very confident of your power over him," taunted he.

She saw again Craig's face as he was kissing her. "Very," replied she.

"You'll see. It's a mere physical attraction."

She smiled tantalizingly, her long body displayed against the window-casing, her long, round arms bare below the elbows, her hazel eyes and sensuous lips alluring. "You, yourself, never thought of proposing to me until I had made myself physically attractive to you," said she. "Now—have I power over you, or not?"

She laughed as his color mounted, and the look she had seen in Craig's eyes blazed out in his.

"How little physical charm you have for me," she went on. "Beside Craig you're like an electric fan in competition with a storm-wind. Now, Craig—!" She closed her eyes and drew a long breath.

Arkwright gnawed his lip. "What a—a devil you are!" he exclaimed.

"I wonder why it is a woman never becomes desirable to some men until they find she's desired elsewhere," she went on reflectively. "What a lack of initiative. What timidity. What an absence of originality. If I had nothing else against you, Grant, I'd never forgive you for having been so long blind to my charms—you and these other men of our set who'll doubtless be clamorous now."

"If you'd been less anxious to please," suggested he bitterly, "and more courageous about being your own real self, you'd not have got yourself into this mess."

"Ah—but that wasn't my fault," replied she absently. "It was the fault of my training. Ever since I can remember I've been taught to be on my guard, lest the men shouldn't like me." In her new freedom she looked back tranquilly upon the struggle she was at last emancipated from, and philosophized about it. "What a mistake mothers make in putting worry about getting a husband into their daughters' heads. Believe me, Grant, that dread makes wretched what ought to be the happiest time of a girl's life."

"Rita," he pleaded, "stop this nonsense, and say you'll marry me."

"No, thanks," said she. "I've chosen. And I'm well content."

She gave him a last tantalizing look and went out on the veranda, to go along it to the outdoor stairway. Arkwright gazed after her through a fierce conflict of emotions. Was she really in earnest? Could it be possible that Josh Craig had somehow got a hold over her? "Or, is it that she doesn't trust me, thinks I'd back down if she were to throw him over and rely on me?" No, there was something positively for Craig in her tone and expression. She was really intending to marry him. Grant shuddered. "If she only realized what marrying a man of that sort means!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "But she doesn't. Only a woman who has been married can appreciate what sort of a hell for sensitive nerves and refined tastes marriage can be made."

"Ah—Mr. Arkwright!"

At this interruption in a woman's voice—the voice he disliked and dreaded above all others—he startled and turned to face old Madam Bowker in rustling black silk, with haughty casque of gray-white hair and ebony staff carried firmly well forward. Grant bowed. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Bowker?" said he with respectful deference. What he would have thought was the impossible had come to pass. He was glad to see her. "She'll put an end to this nonsense—this nightmare," said he to himself.

Madam Bowker had Williams, the butler, and a maid-servant in her train. She halted, gazed round the room; she pointed with the staff to the floor a few feet from the window and a little back. "Place my chair there," commanded she.

The butler and the maid hastened to move a large carved and gilded chair to the indicated spot. Madam Bowker seated herself with much ceremony.

"Now," said she, "we will rearrange the room. Bring that sofa from the far corner to the other side of this window, and put the tea-table in front of it. Put two



chairs where the sofa was; arrange the other chairs —" And she indicated the places with her staff.

While the room was still in confusion Mrs. Severence entered. "What is it, Mamma?" she asked.

"Simply trying to make this frightful room a little less frightful."

"Don't you think the pictures should be rehung to suit the new arrangement, ma'am?" suggested Arkwright.

Madam Bowker, suspicious of jest, looked sharply at him. He seemed serious.

"You are right," said she.

"But people will be coming in a few minutes," pleaded Roxana.

"Then to-morrow," said Madam Bowker reluctantly.

"That will do, Williams—that will do, Betty. And, Betty, you must go at once and make yourself neat. You've had on that cap two days."

"No, indeed, ma'am!" protested Betty.

"Then it must have been badly done up. Roxana, how can you bear to live in such a slovenly way?"

"Will you have tea now, Mamma?" was Roxana's diplomatic reply.

"Yes," answered the old lady.

"Tea, Mr. Arkwright?"

"Thanks, no, Mrs. Severence. I'm just going. I merely looked in to—congratulate Rita."

Madam Bowker clutched her staff. "To congratulate my granddaughter? Upon what, pray?"

Arkwright simulated a look of surprise. "Upon her engagement."

"Her what?" demanded the old lady, while Roxana sat holding a lump of sugar suspended between bowl and cup.

"Her engagement to Josh Craig."

"No such thing!" declared the old lady instantly. "Really, sir, it is disgraceful that my granddaughter's name should be associated in any connection with such a person."

Here Margaret entered the room by the French windows by which she had left.

She advanced, slowly and gracefully, amid a profound silence. Just as she reached the tea-table her grandmother said in a terrible voice: "Margaret!"

"Yes, Grandmother," responded Margaret smoothly, without looking at her.

"Mr. Arkwright here has brought in a scandalous story about your being engaged to that—that Josh person—the clerk in one of the departments. Do you know him?"

"Yes, Grandma. But not very well."

Madam Bowker glanced triumphantly at Arkwright; he was gazing amazedly at Margaret.

"You see, Grant," said Roxana, with her foolish, pleasant laugh, "there is nothing in it."

"In what?" asked Margaret innocently, emptying the hot water from her cup.

"In the story of your engagement, dear," said her mother.

"Oh, yes, there is," replied Margaret with a smiling lift of her brows.

"It's quite true."

Then, suddenly drawing herself up, she wheeled on Grant with a frown as terrible as her grandmother's own. "Be off!" she said imperiously.

Arkwright literally shrank from the room. As he reached the door he saw her shiver and heard her mutter, "Reptile!"

XI

IN THE midst of profound hush Madam Bowker was charging her heavy artillery, to train it upon and demolish the engagement certainly, and probably Margaret, too. Just as she was about to open fire, callers were ushered in. As luck had it they were the three Stillwater girls, hastily made-over Westerners, dressed with great show of fashion in what purported to be imported French hats and gowns. An expert eye, however, would instantly have pierced the secret of this formidable array of plumes and furbelows. The Stillwaters fancied they had exquisite taste and real genius in the art of dress. Those hats were made at home, were adaptations of the imported hats—



"Don't—Don't!" She murmured. "Some One Might See!"

adaptations of the kind that "see" the original and "go it a few better." As for the dresses, the Stillwaters had found one of those treasures dear to a certain kind of woman, had found a "woman just round the corner, and not established yet"—"I assure you, my dear, she takes a mental picture of the most difficult dress to copy, and you'd never know hers from the original—and so reasonable!"

In advance came Molly Stillwater, the youngest and prettiest and the most aggressively dressed because her position as family beauty made it incumbent upon her to lead the way in fashion. As soon as the greetings were over—cold, indeed, from Madam Bowker, hysterical from Roxana—Molly gushed out: "Just as we left home, Josh

Craig came tearing in, if possible, madder than a hatter—yes—really——" Molly was still too young to have learned to control the mechanism of her mouth; thus, her confused syntax seemed the result of the alarming and fascinating contortions of her lips and tongue—"and, when we told him where we were going he shouted out, 'Give Rita my love.'"

Margaret penetrated the purpose to anger her against Craig. Was not Craig intended by Mrs. Stillwater for Jessie, the eldest and only serious one of the three? And was not his conduct, his hanging about Margaret and his shying off from Jessie, thoroughly up on public questions and competent to discuss them with anybody—was not his conduct most menacing to her plans? Mrs. Stillwater, arranging for matrimony for all her daughters, had decided that Jess was hopeless except as a "serious woman," since

she had neither figure nor face, nor even abundant hair, which alone is enough to entangle some men. So, Jess had been set to work at political economy, finance, at studying up the political situations; and, if started right and not interfered with, she could give a good account of her teaching as any phonograph.

Margaret welcomed Molly's message from Craig with a sweet smile. An amused glance at the thunderous face of her grandmother, and she said, "Perhaps it would interest you, dear, to know that he and I are engaged."

What could Madam Bowker say? What could she do? Obviously nothing. The three Stillwaters became hysterical. Their comments and congratulations were scraps of disjointed nonsense, and they got away under cover of more arrivals, in as great disorder as if the heavy guns Madam Bowker had stacked to the brim for Margaret had been accidentally discharged into them. Madam Bowker could wait no longer. "Margaret," said she, "help me to my carriage."

Mrs. Severence gave her difficult daughter an appealing glance, as if she feared the girl would cap the climax of rebellion by flatly refusing; but Margaret said sweetly, "Yes, Grandma."

The two left the room, the old lady leaning heavily on her granddaughter and wielding her ebony staff as if getting her arm limbered to use it. In the hall, she said fiercely:

"To your room," and waved her staff toward the stairway.

Margaret hesitated, shrugged her shoulders. She, preceding, and Madam Bowker ascending stately afterward, they went up and were presently alone in Margaret's

pretty rose-and-gold boudoir, with the outer door closed.

"Now!" exclaimed Madam Bowker.

"Not so loud, please," suggested the tranquil Margaret, "unless you wish Selina to hear." She pointed to the door ajar. "She's sewing in there."

"Send the woman away," commanded the old lady.

But Margaret merely closed the door. "Well, Grandmother?"

"Sit at this desk," ordered the old lady, pointing with the ebony staff, "and write a note to that man Craig, breaking the engagement. Say you have thought it over and have decided it is quite impossible. And to-morrow morning you go to New York with me."

(Continued on Page 31)



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## The Borrowing Business

"SIXTEEN years ago," said Mr. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank of New York, addressing the Illinois Bankers' Association, "I made careful investigation among the banks of the country, and there were not more than a half-dozen credit departments in as many banks of the United States."

He was discussing the great change in the method of borrowing wrought in the last dozen years. Formerly, in the main, the commercial borrower looked to his own bank for accommodations, and the bank's commercial loans were mostly to its own depositors. Every bank was, in this respect, practically a detached concern, dealing with its own particular set of patrons.

Nowadays, the "commercial paper" business is of immense proportions. The larger borrowers place their notes in the hands of brokers who sell them to banks nearly all over the country. Thus, for one thing, the risk is distributed.

When an important commercial failure occurs, the loss, if a loss results, falls upon a great many banks, and the share of each bank that holds the commercial paper of the concern which has failed is slight.

The proper safeguarding and handling of this paper has become, for the banks, a question of the first importance, which they discuss and attempt to deal with unitedly. It is an interesting phase of the steady trend toward coördination and solidarity—not only in the banking business, but in all business. That this constant tendency will yet find expression in a mutual guaranty, or insurance, of deposits seems to us by no means improbable—now that the shouting is over and the question is open to unprejudiced consideration.

## Imported Road-Making Knowledge

WE HAVE been going to France, also, to learn something about good roads—that being one of the things they sometimes do better abroad. Of the twenty-three nations sending delegations to the first international road congress in Paris this fall, the United States sent the largest and, we hope, the most enthusiastic.

"The remarkable success of the French road system," says the last report of the Secretary of Agriculture, "is largely due to the fact that the Government maintains a school of roads and bridges, from the graduates of which is recruited a thoroughly-efficient corps of highway engineers."

That this is a national interest has been well realized in the United States only recently. The Department of Agriculture does now, however, give some limited instruction in highway engineering. It appointed six students last year, and in other ways is reaching toward that leadership in road improvement which really belongs to it. Its most useful service is represented by the Bulletins which it distributes, giving practical advice upon road-building and upon the conservation of good roads by treatment of their surface with oil or coal-tar products, and by planting shade trees upon each side.

The task in this country is as big as the country itself. We have over two million miles of public roads, upon the improvement of which in 1904 was spent approximately eighty million dollars. Some of the money undoubtedly was laid out to poor advantage. Again, surprisingly good

results were often obtained at small cost. In one instance a competent engineer, assigned by the Department, saved probably three-quarters of the cost of a proposed improvement and produced a road meeting the requirements of traffic practically as well.

The immense economic importance of good roads we have tried, heretofore, to suggest. The total problem, however, is beyond the reach of the township path-master.

## The Sinews of Peace

THE outlook in Europe is somewhat discouraging. For a generation the grand effort of the leading nations of the Old World has been to insure peace by "preparedness for war." This effort has proved quite burdensome. Austria-Hungary, France, Germany and England, with less than a quarter the area of the United States and two and a half times the population, have, according to the Statistical Abstract's latest figures, fourteen times the debt and three and a half times the annual expenditure. Owing to differences in the structure of government the comparison, of course, is not strictly exact, but it will answer for present purpose.

Debt and expenditure represent, partly, the premiums on peace insurance by the popular Dreadnaught System; and the unhappy little squabble in the Balkans discloses the melancholy fact that peace hasn't even begun to be insured. The nations haven't even got a fair start yet. All that they have accomplished, at such enormous expense, has amounted merely to a few preliminary warming-up exercises.

It is a common opinion that the nations must now abandon all thought of a reduction of armament, and engage, with right hearty zest, in a real and energetic attempt to out-arm one another—until, at some period indefinitely in the future, every adult inhabitant has a Krupp gun, and peace will really be insured. In the chancelleries this prospect evokes vigorous and inspiring thoughts; but the hundred and ninety million people who pay the freight may find it a trifle depressing.

## The Swindler as an Idiot

EXPERIMENTAL psychology ought to make a scientific investigation of swindling. It would find, we think, that as a rule the rogue—contrary to common opinion and to a tradition that is very dear to literature—is an exceedingly stupid person, with little imagination and practically no power of invention. The history of rascaldom is really one long, melancholy record of plagiarism. It may be doubted whether any intentional rascal ever had the intellectual ability to conceive an idea. Being, in fact, unable to live by his wits, he lives by somebody else's.

To illustrate. The other day a promising young man discovered that he could circumvent a loan shark by the simple expedient of filing a petition in bankruptcy; so he took to selling that recipe for beating loan sharks. Many, if not most, of the big swindles had an innocent origin. The out-and-out rascal has to steal his ideas, too. In this fact the psychologist would probably find an explanation of the most puzzling phenomenon of swindling—namely, the willingness of the victims. People at large continue to be swindled in the same old way, over and over again, in spite of all exposures, because they have a subconscious sense of the swindler's utter inability to think up a new scheme. Probably, in fact, a new swindling scheme wouldn't go at all. It would fail to touch the old responsive chord—a kind of psychological vermillion appendix inherited from the forebears of the cave man.

The swindler should be studied as a sort of idiot, mysteriously attached to some aboriginal sympathy in the race.

## A Year After the Panic

TWELVE months have passed since the panic. We haven't really caught up yet, but, by virtue of lapse of time, we have reached a period (encouraging to sentiment) when comparisons will be made with a worse condition instead of a better—the figures matched against those of the preceding year will show increase instead of decrease.

In 1905, it may be recalled, bank clearings increased twenty-eight per cent., and railroad gross earnings a hundred and fifty million dollars (on top of consecutive increases for eight years aggregating nine hundred millions). We made twenty-three million tons of pig iron against sixteen and a half million in 1904. In 1906, bank clearings increased eleven per cent., and railroad earnings two hundred and forty million dollars. We made nearly twenty-five and a half million tons of pig iron. The total foreign trade exceeded three billion, and was one-fourth larger than in 1904. In 1907, notwithstanding the October panic, bank clearings increased nine per cent., and railroad earnings two hundred and twenty millions.

The gains, in short, from the beginning of 1905 to the panic, were colossal. In September, this year, bank clearings were five per cent. ahead of 1907 (or five behind,

if New York City be omitted). The latest reports now available show decreases in railroad earnings at a rate not sufficient to wipe out the gains of 1906 and 1907; while the make of pig iron in September was at the rate of seventeen million tons a year, or above that of 1904.

## The Nation's Voting Strength

INDIFFERENCE to the opportunities and responsibilities of citizenship is really not so prevalent a crime in this country as some well-meaning people think. Generally speaking, people vote when there is anything to vote for that interests them and they are given a chance; and the amount of thinking that they do about it is shown by the decline of hidebound party allegiance.

All males above twenty-one, including negroes in the South and unnaturalized foreigners, as well as the many who lose the right to vote by moving from one locality to another, amount to twenty-eight per cent. of the total population. In 1896, when the issue did touch the interest of practically every one, the total vote amounted to about twenty per cent. of the total population. Relatively to population, that was the largest vote ever cast, and it approximately represents, no doubt, the practical voting strength of the country.

The same ratio this year would give a total vote of some seventeen millions. But the total vote in 1904 was positively smaller than in 1896, and amounted to only about sixteen and a half per cent. of the population. The campaign, simply, was less interesting.

A total vote this year of seventeen millions would astonish everybody. The extent to which the vote falls below that mark will about give the degrees to which the campaign failed to interest people.

## Want of Work the Weak Point

PRICES, generally speaking, have been advancing. Bradstreet's "index number," being a compound of the prices of over a hundred leading commodities, was \$8.0139 for October against \$7.7227 for June, the low point of the year. The October number was higher than that for October, 1904, and pretty nearly as high as that for October, 1905. It was much higher than any number for 1901, which was a boom year. The highest point was March, 1907, and the prices of breadstuffs and livestock in October, 1908, were higher than then, arguing well for the state of Western agriculture. Bank deposits, of course, are the largest ever reported.

Judging by the leading indices, that is, the present state of business in the United States would have been considered very satisfactory at any time prior to 1905, and in several very important respects it would have been called phenomenal. The record of commercial failures is not to be taken at its face value.

Gross liabilities of insolvents have been swollen by the bankruptcy of several extensive and more or less rotten concerns whose troubles had practically no relationship to current business conditions.

One great factor, however, remains to be considered. Labor is not yet fully employed; and with breadstuffs higher than at the top of the boom it is not good to be out of work.

Upon industrial labor the real brunt of the reaction fell. Its status is improving, but it still feels the effect of last fall's disturbance.

## Bachelors of Brokerage

"PROFESSOR of Brokerage" is, we think, a rather new academic title. The University of Pennsylvania, at least, now has a chair whose occupant supports that designation. The course includes: "Terminology used in the stock and produce market; extent of speculative buying and selling; full explanation of system of dealing on margin; various kinds of manipulation, such as corners, wash sales; analyzing of a large number of speculative accounts with a view of ascertaining the difficulties encountered in speculation."

This seems to us a promising move. The census, unfortunately, does not distinguish between brokers and private banks, but of both it gives 73,384. This is seven times the number of architects, and we all know that higher education pays considerable attention to architecture. Of authors, there are only 5836, and of artists (whom the census wisely differentiates from authors) there are 24,902. The trade of these people gets a tremendous lot of consideration at the hands of the universities. The brokers are not only much more numerous, but their financial importance is to that of the authors as 8,397,465 is to 0.0087.

The academy is beneficently invading all walks of life nowadays. We expect the time is coming when a man cannot get a job chalking up quotations on the blackboard unless he shows a degree of Bachelor of Brokerage, and the more important houses will attach to their staffs a Doctor of Dope, who can discuss the probability of a rise in Union Pacific in a learned manner.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Good Old Luke

THEN, there's another way to do it. Simple, too. All we need to escape this hurly-burly of election we've just worried through is to enlarge the Cabinet sufficiently and keep President Roosevelt in the White House. If he had the time and there were enough Cabinet jobs there wouldn't be any Democrats. They would all be secretaries of something-or-other, and all good Roosevelt men.

Look them over! There's Strauss, Commerce and Labor, who was a Democrat, and they do say Attorney-General Bonaparte had leanings that way in the old days, and there was Paul Morton, and, recently, the President has made another dent in the Democracy by annexing Luke Wright as Secretary of War. Any one can see, with that beginning, what the President would do to the Opposition if he had a chance.

Of course, Strauss and Bonaparte and Morton had reformed, or backslid, according to your view of it, before entering the official family, but not Luke Wright. No reform for him. He's a Democrat yet, but, to get at the nubbin of it, he isn't working at it now. He has sort of laid his Democracy away in moth-balls, so to speak, put it in a cedar chest so it will be all fresh and whole when he needs it again. Some day or other, you know, he'll go back to Memphis, Tennessee, to live.

Every time the President refers to his present Secretary of War, and every time he referred to Wright before he was Secretary of War, while he was Ambassador to Japan and in the Philippines, the President called him "Good old Luke Wright," until we all thought they were old college chums. As a matter of fact, the man who lifted Wright out of Memphis and started him on his way toward his present job was William Howard Taft. President Roosevelt never met Wright until after Wright had returned to this country from the Philippines on a leave of absence. However, as soon as the President did meet Wright he took out a patent on him, and has held him as his exclusive property ever since. "Good old Luke Wright" is the trade-mark. Infringers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. None genuine without the T. R. brand.

It is, as has often been stated, quite difficult to keep a squirrel on the ground. Likewise, it is futile to think that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt will ever overlook a proposition like Luke. The Colonel has an exact knowledge of the value of the remarkable as a contributing factor for additional paragraphs of history to be written. Thus, coming students of affairs of our day will find, alongside the statements, "Acted as peacemaker between Japan and Russia," and, "Sent sixteen battleships around the world," this nifty little fact: "Appointed a former Confederate soldier to a Cabinet position, the same being a Southern Democrat also." Selah!

Still, that wasn't the only reason, for Luke Wright is very much of a man, fit to be in anybody's Cabinet, by right of strength of mind and character. When he was practicing law in Memphis he had several cases before Mr. Taft, then a Federal judge in Cincinnati. Taft and Wright grew to be good friends. President McKinley appointed Taft to the Philippine Commission. Taft wanted help. He asked for the appointment of Wright, and Wright was appointed. When Taft came back to this country Wright succeeded him, and, later, President Roosevelt made Wright the first American Ambassador to Japan, and followed that by giving him Taft's place when Taft resigned as Secretary of War to accept the Republican nomination for President.

## Some Good Stories Spoiled

WE HAVE excellent authority for the claim that there are incidents in every man's life as dramatic and as tragic as ever were imagined. Truth, as you will remember, is stranger than fiction, which is a dear, delightful, favorite bromide, and should be amended by the words "and rarer," as will be shown.

Luke Wright was a Confederate soldier when he was a boy of fifteen. He was an artilleryman, attached to Maben's battery. At Stone River the Confederates made an artillery charge on the Union forces. Wright's battery was in it. Wright was working a gun. A messenger dashed up and said: "Luke, your brother Eldridge has just been killed!"

Without betraying his sorrow, young Wright replied: "Have his body taken to the rear. You continue to work that gun and I will keep on with this one."

Again: There was a man in Memphis named Jules J. Dubose. He became a judge of the Criminal Court when young Wright was prosecuting attorney. Dubose was a tyrant. One day Wright, in making an argument before him, said something that offended Dubose.



The President Took Out a Patent on Him

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Dubose leaned over the bench, livid with rage. "I will put you in irons, Luke Wright," he said.

Wright straightened up, reached to his hip-pocket and replied, in tense tones: "If you attempt to put me in irons, Jules Dubose, one of us will die."

Dubose hesitated. The young lawyer stood defiantly before him. Finally Dubose weakened. "Proceed with your argument," he said.

Now those are good stories to tell about a man. They show a lot of things. The only trouble with them is that Wright says they are not true. He says he saw his brother killed, that no messenger was needed to tell him, and that there was nothing dramatic about it. A man died doing his duty. And he says he never had a personal altercation with a judge, or anybody else, in his life.

Still, Wright doesn't need stories like that to prove his courage and his high appreciation of his duty as a citizen. Always he has been on the square-toed side. When, in 1880, his party tried to scale the State debt by fifty per cent., go half-way in repudiation, Wright, while in full knowledge that a good deal of the debt had been fastened on his State by the carpet-buggers, stood with the wing of his party on the platform that an obligation is an obligation to be paid, no matter how incurred. He was for full payment with three per cent. interest, and supported John V. Wright, no relative of his, or, at least, no near kin, for Governor. The Democrats split about evenly, and Hawkins, the Republican candidate, was elected.

Before that Wright had shown his mettle. In the yellow-fever epidemic of thirty years ago Memphis was infected. Hundreds died. Thousands fled. The city was panic-stricken, disorganized, there was looting and robbery, death on every side. Wright was made chairman of the Citizens' Committee. He became the executive of the place. It was decided to establish a camp for the frightened people on high ground some distance from the city. In a month about all the other committeemen were dead, and Wright did the work. With three hundred bodies waiting for burial in the morgue the city undertaker got drunk. Wright took charge of the burials himself, first ordering the arrest of the man. After the frosts came Wright went ahead, without warrant of law, but backed by public sentiment, tore down rookeries, drilled artesian wells and made Memphis a healthful place.

Really, you see, it doesn't make much difference whether he let go those heroics on the battlefield or whether he dared and double-dared Jules Dubose or not. What he did in Memphis, during the plague, rather firmly fixes his reputation for courage and high sense of duty.

Now that Wright is at the head of the War Department he is as enthusiastically for building up the army as he was for shooting it full of holes in the old days. He agrees with President Roosevelt in all his plans for strengthening that arm of the service, and he does his work with little fuss and much modesty. He is a pleasant, genial, hearty man, serious-minded when at work, but an excellent companion when he unbends, a good story-teller, but more of

a cogent, logical talker than an orator. He was one of the leading lawyers of Tennessee before he went to the Philippines. Also, he is "dear old Luke." Do not forget that. And the patent will not expire until noon of March fourth next. Meantime, all associations of Confederate veterans will please govern themselves accordingly.

## The Bakery Test of Greatness

CHARLES L. JEWETT, the Indiana lawyer, James Kerr, the big Pennsylvania Democrat, and Jay Durham, the theatrical man, were on the same ship coming from England to this country.

One night in the smokeroom they had an argument over the comparative merits of England and the United States. Durham took up cudgels for England and Jewett was for his own country.

Durham was getting the better of it when Jewett stopped all argument by saying: "No matter about all that. You never can impress me with the idea that a country is any good where they call a pie a tart."

## The Magnate and the Milkman

E. H. HARRIMAN, the railroad magnate, has a big country place in Virginia—a hunting-box, he calls it, but it is more like a hunting Waldorf-Astoria. One morning Mr. Harriman arose early and was sitting on one of the porches.

A milkman drove up and got out to bring in some milk. The milkman started in the front door.

"Here, you," snapped Harriman. "Take that milk around the back way. What do you mean by bringing it in this way?"

"Mean?" said the milkman. "I mean that I am a Virginia gentleman, and I am not accustomed to be talked to in this manner, suh. I shall deliver this milk where I please, suh. If you do not like it you have a means of obtaining satisfaction, suh. No No'therner like you can talk to me like that, suh."

Harriman retired. Next morning, when the same milkman arrived, Harriman greeted him with a low bow. "You are right, sir," he said. "Take the milk in the front way and leave it on the piano."

## Out of a Full Heart

WELL-INFORMED men at Washington have now come to understand that the White House "Dee-lighted" is capable of many literal translations. It may be a variation on the popular and meaningless "Glad to know you." Under some circumstances it may even be a groan, accompanied by a mental reservation such as, "I wonder what that bore wants now?" or, "Does he want a consular position or a post-office?"

Franklin Head, who has been president of almost every club in Chicago, helped to build the Auditorium Theatre and was one of the Paris Exposition commissioners, has added to his laurels by causing Mr. Roosevelt to forget both "Dee-lighted" and "Bully."

It seems a New York friend of both the President and Mr. Head had been given an urgent invitation to enter the President's private office without the formality of sending in his card. On one occasion, when he was to make a hurried visit, he took along Mr. Head and the two entered the room where sat some score of hungry office-seekers. One whining old fellow was so eager for an appointment that he refused to be satisfied with a definite promise, and suggested several times that he "guessed he'd better stay over and watch things for a few days."

It was then time for the Chicago man to renew his acquaintance and this was done in a perfunctory way. Anxious to remove any possible cloud which might have arisen in the President's mind, Mr. Head remarked, in his hearty way:

"I want you to know, Mr. President, that I don't want a thing. I would not take an office if you urged me."

Quicker than a flash the President turned, and, extending his hand with an unusually warm grasp, exclaimed:

"God bless you."

## The Hall of Fame

Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury Department, is getting plump, to be polite about it.

Robert Rose, William J. Bryan's private secretary, is a brother of Mayor David Rose, of Milwaukee.

T. J. Talty, who runs the Raleigh Hotel in Washington, gets his fun by collecting pictures, china and rugs.



# The Kind of Cleanliness

The kind of  
prevents disease is the kind  
itable societies, settlement houses and  
among the poor and ignorant of our large  
It is the kind practiced by physicians, surgeons  
It is the kind enforced in local, state and national health  
It is the kind that has abolished plagues and epidemics  
in New York City the lowest death rate during  
the history of the department.  
It is the kind that is distinguished from simple  
action on germ life, germ poisons and the filth  
It is the kind that prevents simple disorders from  
Everybody in a vague way knows its importance  
it applies to him or her as well as to the

There is no better agent for producing this kind of cleanliness than

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It is theoretically and practically correct.

It is theoretically correct because its only active ingredient is oxygen, the greatest purifying, cleansing force in the world.

It is practically correct because it works; there is no doubt, no uncertainty when Dioxogen works. The eyes can see, the tongue can taste and flesh can feel the bubbling and foaming which always occurs when Dioxogen is brought in contact with decaying, decomposing, disease producing substances.

Dioxogen is harmless.

Dioxogen is effective.

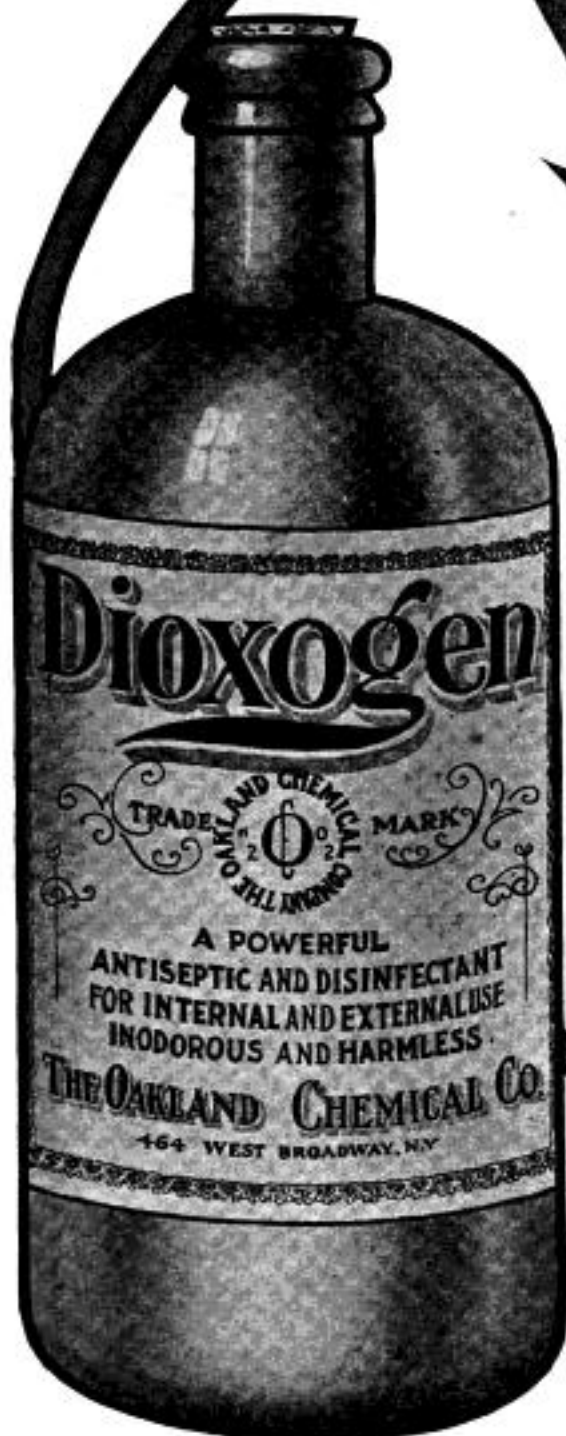
Dioxogen is as powerful as Bichloride of Mercury 1 to 1000.

Dioxogen is safe because it only attacks decomposing, decaying matter and does not affect sound tissues.

Dioxogen produces hygienic, prophylactic cleanliness, the kind that prevents disease.

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described in a little booklet which will be  
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 n which these enemies of health thrive.  
becoming serious, that prevents infection.  
 nce, but most everybody forgets that  
 er fellow.

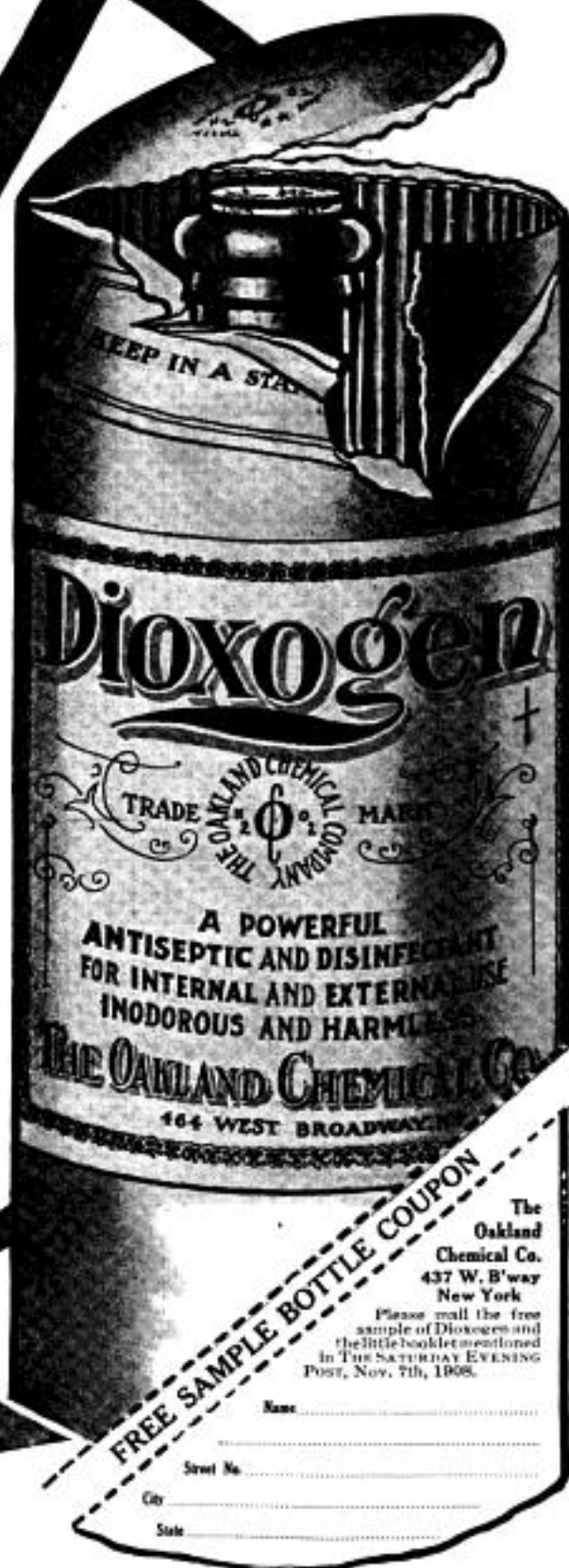
## Tests for Dioxogen

Take a little diluted Dioxogen in the mouth, see how it bubbles and foams as it cleanses the decaying food particles from the teeth and gums. Repeat several times and note how the foaming and bubbling becomes less and less as the mouth becomes cleaner and cleaner, until finally, when the mouth is aseptically clean, there is no further bubbling or foaming.

Pour a little pure Dioxogen on the palm of the hand, or on any sound surface of the skin; there will be no foaming or bubbling; then pour a little on a sore, cut, wound, burn, or any injured skin surface; see how it foams and bubbles. Repeat this and note how, as the sore or affected surface becomes aseptically cleaner, the bubbling and foaming gradually grows less until it finally stops; then the injured surfaces are clean, free from disease germs or their products and in most cases a simple covering or bandage, to guard against reinfection, is all the treatment necessary to insure prompt healing.

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 daily sent with a Free Sample Bottle  
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Dr. F. O. Young, Lexington, Ky.: I have worn Gordon Suspenders for many months, and I am delighted with them. They are much more comfortable than all-elastic suspenders. The sliding back is a good thing.

W. N. Bailey, Newport, Ark.: I have been wearing the non-elastic French Suspenders for 20 years, but like Gordons better. I like the sliding back.

W. M. Buchanan, Odell, Ill.: I weigh 235 pounds and am actively engaged all the time. Gordon Suspenders satisfy me better than elastic suspenders.

Dr. Walter Howard, Portland, Ore.: I have always worn elastic suspenders but like Gordons better, because they are comfortable in every position and require no constant readjustment. Their length always remains the same.

W. P. Pratt, Mgr. Hamilton College Athletic Assn., Clinton, N. Y.: I consider Gordon non-elastic sliding back suspenders the most comfortable and durable suspenders I have ever worn.

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When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button.

GORDON MFG. CO., 261 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A CHAUFFEUR

By Ralph H. Korn

IF YOU own an automobile and run it, or if you are going to buy one and drive it yourself, this is not for you. If you own an automobile or intend owning one, and you feel that you must have a chauffeur to run the car for you, then, once again, this is not for you. Push it aside; read something else—this would teach you too much.

I'm out of a job. The last I had was too good to keep—the one before that was too good to lose—but I didn't learn that until now. You see, it was this way:

The first man for whom I worked kept his machine at a public garage, paid good wages, and paid his bills without asking any questions. I bought all the tubes and tires, and got all the discounts; the garage paid a commission of twenty per cent. on all gasoline, oil, sundries and repairs—and that just about doubled my wages. If this is to be any sort of confession, then I must admit, right here, that more than half the repair work charged for was never really done; that was just part of the graft game. I must also say that I ran up the bill on oil and gasoline—slowly, at first, to sort of feel my way, and then, having learned that my boss had confidence in me—well, I just opened wide out and let her rip.

Joy rides? Every time I got a night off. And that, by the way, was why I lost my job, after having held it down for more than a year. It was all because of a letter that I was fool enough to lose before I had torn it up. It was from Mamie, thanking me for that last joy ride, when we ran into the fence and smashed the machine so it really had to be repaired. I put that letter in the top pocket of my duster, because I wanted to read it again. The ungrateful girl had written that she wouldn't speak to me again—because I jumped when I saw the fence ahead, without offering to wait for her!

My boss was one of those busy men who never seem to have any time for anything else but the office. I'd run him down in the morning, I'd run him home at night, and if it didn't rain on Sunday I'd take him for a spin. The rest of the week was mine, and I had it easy—until I lost that letter.

It was a Friday morning, and I hate that day and always will! I was up at the house to tell the boss that it would be two or three days more before he could have the machine, and I had read the letter while on board the trolley car, on my way up. While waiting for the boss I pulled out my cigarette-case, and must have dropped the letter, and that tom-fool, James, the butler, didn't tell me about it—for which I hope somebody'll take a look at his wine bill!

Well, I got the sack—got it good and plenty, and when I least expected it. And then I made up my mind to reform. I'd learned my lesson, and this was what I learned: If you've done anything that would get you the bounce, and you think your boss'll find it out, go to him and tell him you want to leave. It'll make him twice as angry, and, since your place is gone, you might just as well have some fun for the money you've been fool enough to lose!

However, it was lucky, in a way, that I got the bounce when I did, for I fell right into a job that looked pretty, but turned out a tough proposition. This man kept his machine in his own private garage, bought his gasoline and oil by the barrel, got his waste by the bale, his polish, soap and grease by the can—and, what was worse, he knew just how long things should last. He had every kind of a tool to keep the driver of his car from a garage, and he always looked in the tool-case to see that we had them with us on every trip. I had to carry a full set of tires; I had to carry a half-dozen good tubes—Oh! it was enough to make a fellow take to booze!

And then came the climax—no chauffeur's discounts on tires or tubes! The owner could buy the stuff as cheaply as his driver!

But soon I had my thinker going. I mustn't buy tubes or tires—that I knew;

but how about getting them repaired? That started me thinking, and I kept on thinking until I had found a way—a way that would have fooled anybody but the daughter of my new boss. What I'd like to know is, what relation is she to Sherlock Holmes?

The telephone bell in the little garage sounded (that boss certainly had it in for his man—he even had a private 'phone from the house to the garage) and I got the word to bring out the car. "In a minute," I says. Then I tried it. I took off the unluckiest-looking shoe and squirted a couple of grease-gunfuls of gasoline into it, putting the shoe back as quickly as possible. Then I went to the house, where I was told to go on an errand. I certainly was glad to go alone—it would give me a chance to see how things worked, and whether I was right or wrong.

Off I started, and ran for about three miles—with nothing doing. I felt like swearing—it looked as if my theory was away off. I had been making about ten miles an hour, but now I saw my chance to speed her up. We went by our neighbor's car, and scooted after a roadster—when it happened! Bang! went the tire—just as I had hoped it would, for I had figured that just as soon as the shoe got real hot, and a little air in the tire got mixing with the heated gasoline that hadn't had any chance to evaporate—why, that gasoline would just naturally have to find its way out—wouldn't it?

But I had succeeded even beyond my hopes, for the shock of the exploding shoe, at the speed that I was making, let the car down with a smash that twisted the steering-knuckle all ways at once. "Now," I says—and I was that pleased I says it loud—"there'll be the devil to pay," meaning the nearest garage man, and yours truly with his rake-off later. You see, being alone at the time let me in where I could have some of my old-time fun!

Did I telephone? Not much! I just sat on the curb and waited until I saw a car coming—then I looked sad, and pretended to be working hard. After about two hours, our neighbor's car came along, and I asked the driver to get word of the smash-up to my boss.

My man comes down, an hour later, in my neighbor's car, and hands the driver a fiver. But would he go to a garage? Not he! "Get the expressman," he says, "and tell him to come here—we'll take the machine home." "Durn his picture," says I, "why can't I make anything out of this here?" Well, we waited about two more hours, and I didn't even have a cigarette; but the boss just smoked away at his cigar and looked happy!

"Pardon me, sir," I says, "but don't this discourage you?" You see, I wanted to make him see how badly I felt—he wouldn't know my real reason for feeling that way, anyhow. No—he wouldn't; but his daughter would—but I didn't know that at the time!

"Oh!" he says, quiet and even, "anybody who's tom-fool enough to own an automobile and not run it himself" (that's just exactly what he says) "deserves all he gets—and I'm not kicking." Now, what do you know about that?

Well, we got back to the garage, and he telegraphed for a steering-knuckle—and when it came I had to put it on! And before he would let them tie up the machine to the express-wagon he made me put on a shoe!

"Well," says I, "I'll get the shoe repaired."

"No," says he. "I don't believe in repairing shoes when I can get new ones at almost the same cost."

And there you are! But my thinker kept going, and I says to myself: "I'll soon have you talking from the other side of your head. A few more blowouts—and then you'll begin to repair," I says.

Well, I waited about a week, and then I tried the same stunt again. This time I put the gasoline into two shoes—one in front and one in the rear. But I wish I

Cover Drawing By HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



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hadn't been such a hog. If you try the game—take it easy, and one shoe at a time'll do.

That daughter was taking out her young man for a spin and we were making good time until that front shoe went off. I didn't want to put on another steering-knuckle—I tell you that's no joke—so I let her down easy. But my troubles started right there—you bet!

Out jumps the daughter from the automobile, comes around in front, and starts in to see just how I go to work. Now, I never knew that she knew all about a car—how should I know? Any chauffeur that lets his people in on how to manage an automobile is the very worst kind of a traitor to the boys. Why, he's just as much as taking the bread away from us! To those who think they know—but who really don't know, except little things like the names of a few parts—it's like taking honey from the comb when the bees are on a spree; but once you let them in on the real, ground floor—and then it's a different story!

She looks around and then it comes. "Why," she says, "just look at the bubbles! Wait a minute—what a funny odor for a tire—just like gasoline," she says, and keeps on whiffing at the shoe.

"I'll put on another shoe, miss," I says, scared a good bit, you can bet, "and we'll be off in no time." Then I started unstrapping the extra front shoe from the tire irons on the side.

"Wait a minute," she says. "First we'll take a look at all the shoes."

Now—wouldn't that anger you?

There I stood, either having to own up at once, or to be caught a little later—so I up and tells a story about repairing the tube and using a coat of gasoline to keep it airtight. Meantime, wanting to make her believe me, and not knowing that she knew, I started to take off the shoes, after first getting out the extra jack. Never—never drive for a man who makes you take along two jacks. That's the last straw! If you have a chisel that'll do the work (if a garage is near), pretend it isn't sharp enough; you can always plead that the piece of wood or bit of stone doesn't work like the hammer you "forgot" to bring—and no sensible chauffeur ever carries a saw! If you are driving a chain-driven car never carry more than one extra link with you—you'll invariably need two.

Well, I took off the other front tire and laid it up against the curb—but she never moved! Then I went to the back of the car and started to take off one of the shoes—but to save my life I couldn't remember which shoe I had "treated"—so I couldn't do a thing but pray. Here's a tip: if you "treat" a shoe, you want to remember the one you fix—that's why I advise you to only treat one shoe at a time.

When I had the other shoe off—it was the right rear—around comes that woman, trundling the shoe I had laid up against the curb, and asks me if I could smell any gasoline there. I was that flustered I just couldn't talk, and she says, "All right, go ahead"—and I did. When the last shoe came off she smelt the durned stuff, and she pushed it aside—"till it evaporates," she says. Then she makes me put on the two good shoes, and unstrap the extra rear from the tire-irons, and that made two shoes instead of one that I had to put on. Next, she makes me put the cover-cases on the front shoe that had gone, and the rear one that I had treated, and I had to strap them on the tire-irons! When I had done all this, and was just going to open the tool-box to get out the clothes-brush (that's all a chauffeur ought to carry in his tool-kit, anyway), that female gives me the short-arm jab that makes me go through the ropes! Oh!—but you'll win if you bet I was mad!

"You can drive a car, can't you, dear?" she says, nice and sweetly, to her young man. "Anyway, I can run this car, and I haven't run it since this man came." Then she turns to me: "Here you," she says, "you're done—come to the house this afternoon and papa'll give you what's due; give me the garage key."

"Here you," she says, and "this man," she says—and not one word like chauffeur—wasn't that rough, to say the least?

Well, I did it—that is, I gave her the key—but I didn't go to the house for my week's pay—not on your life! "Why?" you'll ask—"Why?" Because when they don't call you chauffeur—they know! And that young man is a pretty smart lawyer, I've heard—and, well, they had me scared!



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Well, that settles it. I'll sweep the streets—but I won't be a chauffeur any more. People are learning the tricks of the game too fast to suit this business.

But before I quit I want to give the boys a couple of small hints. Be mighty careful of your methods and your actions while you're driving for the peculiar kind of chap that pays each and every week, promptly, and right up to the hour. That kind of man usually has his own garage, and is running his car with brains—don't blame him, and don't get excited. Take it easy, and some day, maybe, your chance will come to fool him. You can catch more flies with syrup than with vinegar—don't forget that old saying. It's been my experience that the man who pays promptly "bounces" just as promptly; and once in a while you'll find that that kind of a man will "bounce" even quicker than he'll pay.

"Mike," the cop, used to be a steady friend of mine, till he got sent to the outskirt. Many's the time he's marched me up to the boss and said he had to pinch me for speeding—and the boss'd hand him a five, or a ten, sometimes, and chuck in a cigar—and then we'd divide. Never drive for a man who won't pay you back when you're fined for speeding. When you're alone—always speed. There are some automobile owners who are cranks on this

subject. They won't pay your fine if you are caught alone in the machine. Bosh! Don't drive for the man who puts a speedometer or odometer on the car. The owner of an automobile should never know how fast you are driving the automobile—it's absolutely none of his business. He is there to pay you; and if you've had a little fun overspeeding, he's there to pay your fine.

Don't use a gasoline-tester; you shouldn't care whether the stuff is poor or not—you're not paying for it. Don't use any water or gas strainer; suppose the engine does get full of grit and dirt—there's your chance to get her to the garage.

The good old days for the chauffeur are passing. By and by everybody'll own an automobile, run his own car, and have his own garage. Competition will drive the bottom out of the gasoline and oil concerns, and they'll give no chauffeur's discounts—exactly what happened to the tire and tube people. The garages will stop paying rake-offs—yes, the good old days for chauffeurs are passing. But airships are coming—the best time to get into a game is when it's young! Me for an airship—yes, sirree—me for an aviator!

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers giving the experiences of a chauffeur. The second will be printed in an early issue.

# YOUR SAVINGS

## The Investments of Trustees and Institutions

THERE is, perhaps, no more helpful guide for the average investor who seeks security in the employment of his savings or other funds than some of the investments made by trustees and institutions. Most of the former are restricted by law and thus a real safeguard is placed about them.

Most States have laws regulating the investment of trust funds. Some are more rigid than others. In New York, for example, the statutes practically limit the investments to those of savings-banks. There is a little more latitude, however, as in the case of loans on real estate. A New York savings-bank can lend only sixty per cent. of the value of the property, while a trustee may lend sixty-six and two-thirds of the value. The legal investments summed up are these: Government bonds, which include the bonds of States, cities, towns, school districts; real-estate mortgages and railroad bonds, mostly first mortgage. The New York Court of Appeals has held that the franchise of a street railway is not such real-estate security as to make the bonds, secured by it, legal investments for trust funds. This ruling has been applied to the bonds of gas, electric light and telephone companies, save in those instances in which the bonds are secured by mortgage of real estate other than the franchises.

In Massachusetts a trustee may invest in securities "not speculative or hazardous." State and municipal bonds are deemed the best medium. The Supreme Court of that State once laid down the following rule, which is of interest and value to every investor:

"All that can be required of a trustee to invest is that he shall conduct himself faithfully and exercise a sound discretion. He is to observe how men of prudence, discretion and intelligence manage their own affairs, not in regard to speculation but in regard to the permanent disposition of their funds, considering the probable income as well as the probable safety of the capital to be invested."

The New Hampshire laws do not permit of so much latitude. The employment of trust funds is restricted to the following: 1. Notes secured by mortgage on real estate at least double the face of the note. 2. Deposits in savings-banks of the State of New Hampshire. 3. Bonds or loans of the State of New Hampshire or towns, cities and counties of that State. 4. Bonds of the United States.

In Maine, trustees may invest in Government, State or municipal bonds, and in the stocks and bonds of successful railroad and other corporations. If a trustee is in doubt he may apply to a Judge of the Probate Court or to the Supreme Judicial Court for advice as to investments.

Trustees in Connecticut may invest in the legal investments for savings-banks of

that State, which are practically the same as in New York and Massachusetts.

In New Jersey a trustee, when not otherwise instructed by will, may invest in the following: Bonds of the State of New Jersey; bonds of the United States; loans secured by mortgage on unincumbered real estate lying within the State and worth at least twice the amount of the loan. These laws have been enlarged so as to include investments in the bonds of any county, city, town or township in the State where the total indebtedness does not exceed in the aggregate fifteen per cent. of the assessed valuation of taxable property. The trustee may apply to the Orphans' Court for advice.

Legal investments for trustees in Pennsylvania include United States Government bonds, State bonds and the bonds of counties, cities and school districts of Pennsylvania. Ground rents, a form of perpetual mortgage secured by real estate, and confined almost exclusively to Pennsylvania, are also legal. The investment of trust funds in the stocks and bonds of private corporations is forbidden.

There is greater variety in the investments of institutions. Frequently these investments reflect the character and judgment of the trustees. For example, you can see the hand of Major H. L. Higginson in the investments of Harvard, just as you can observe the conservative influence of Mr. George Foster Peabody in the investments of Tuskegee Institute. Such investments include bonds of the highest type and real-estate mortgages.

But sometimes you find speculative securities in the lists of investments of dignified and conservative institutions. How do they get there? The explanation is that, in nearly every case, they are gifts. A concrete example will explain. Not long ago a wealthy man of advanced years who lived in one of the New York up-State towns wrote to the chairman of the finance committee of a big New York school, saying: "I am very much interested in your institution and want to do something for it. I will give you a block of stock in a land company. Some day it will be valuable. I am too old to watch the investment, but you can." Thus many institutions have acquired speculative stocks that have become valuable assets.

The investments of scores of big institutions might be cited, but only one of them, the greatest, perhaps, in the extent of its endowment, will be quoted. This is the General Education Board, to which Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave the largest gift ever made for education. Its total investments aggregate fifty million dollars. In the choice of its investments it had the aid of the whole financial organization of Mr. Rockefeller.

The board's list of railroad bonds includes: Lake Shore and Michigan Southern

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The industrial bonds include nearly five million dollars in United States Steel Sinking Fund 5s; American Cigar Company 4 per cent. notes; Colorado Industrial Company 5s; American Telephone and Telegraph Convertible 4s; Central Leather First 5s; Western Union 5s, and Westinghouse Convertible 5s. The board also has half a million in Imperial Japanese Government bonds.

The board's railroad stocks embrace 21,695 shares New York Central; 31,034 shares Manhattan Railway stock; 21,695 shares Missouri Pacific; 10,000 shares Pennsylvania Railroad; and 1000 shares Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul common, and 400 shares St. Paul preferred.

There is great similarity in the investments of our big universities. Yale, for example, has more money invested in railroad bonds than in any other kind of security. Her holdings include: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe 4s; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy 3½s; Illinois Central 4s; Lake Shore 4s; New York Central 3½s; New York, New Haven and Hartford Convertible 6s, and other standard railroad bonds of this type. Yale has more than \$3,000,000 invested in real-estate mortgages. It also owns a big quantity of New York City corporate stock, which is extremely desirable for investment. Yale's average yield is 4.88 per cent.

Harvard has more than \$5,000,000 in standard railroad and municipal bonds. Its investments also include a large quantity of traction bonds. As in the case of all other colleges a goodly portion of the University's funds is in real-estate mortgages. The net income from the Harvard investments averages 4.91 per cent.

The University of Chicago, whose investments aggregate \$14,000,000, has more money in real-estate loans than any other college. It is one of the few colleges having money in farm mortgages.

There is a peculiar interest in the investments of life-insurance companies for the reason that the future prosperity and welfare of many homes depend upon the safety of these funds. Many States, especially New York, have laws regulating the investments of the companies' assets. The New York laws grew out of the late insurance scandals, which showed such reckless expenditure of money in favored corporations. Now the companies there can only invest in real-estate mortgages and mortgage bonds. They are not permitted to buy stocks. No investments can be made in collateral trust bonds where the deposit of stocks as collateral is more than one-third of the total amount of collateral deposited. In the main, the big companies prefer long-term to short-term investments.

The assets of the "Big Three" companies—the Equitable, Mutual Life and New York Life—show that the bulk of the investments is now in real-estate mortgages and bonds. The average interest earned by the Equitable will show what the yields are. Its average return on all mortgage loans is 4.53 per cent., while the yield on the loans made last year has averaged 5.17 per cent. The companies are buying less real estate than formerly. One interesting feature of life-insurance investments is the large number of foreign bonds, which range from British Consols to Brazilian State loans.

The investments of life-insurance companies outside New York, and especially those with home offices in the Middle West, include many farm mortgages, which, when well selected, afford a safe and profitable investment. More than \$400,000,000 is invested by life companies in farm mortgages. The company having the largest sum employed this way has from three to ten millions in each of the following States: Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, Ohio, Maryland, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Michigan and Kansas.

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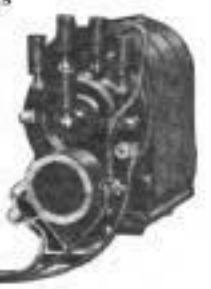
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## PREPARING A BIG CRIMINAL CASE FOR TRIAL

(Continued from Page 7)

the part of all the lawyers in the case, while a plea of insanity requires that, for the time being, the district attorney shall become an alienist, familiar with every aspect of paranoia, dementia praecox, and all other forms of mania. He must also reduce his knowledge to concrete, workable form, and be able to defeat opposing experts on their own ground. William Travers Jerome accomplished both these feats in the trial of Carlisle W. Harris, where he appeared for the defense, and of Harry K. Thaw, where he acted as prosecutor. But such knowledge comes only by prayer and fasting—or, perhaps, rather by months of hard and remorseless grind.

### Getting Ready for the Experts

The writer once prosecuted a druggist who had, by mistake, filled a prescription for a one-fourth-grain pill of calomel with a one-fourth-grain pill of morphine. The baby for whom the pill was intended died in consequence. The defense was that the prescription had been properly filled, but that the child was the victim of various diseases, from acute gastritis to cerebrospinal meningitis.

In preparation the writer was compelled to spend four hours every evening for a week with three specialists, and became temporarily a minor expert on children's diseases. To-day he is forced to admit that he would not know a case of acute gastritis from one of mumps. But the druggist was convicted.

Yet it is not enough to prepare for the defense you believe the accused is going to interpose. A conscientious preparation means getting ready for any defense he may endeavor to put in. Just as the prudent general has an eye to every possible turn of the battle and has, if he can, reinforcements on the march, so the prosecutor must be ready for anything, and readiest of all for the unexpected. He must not rest upon the belief that the other side will concede any fact, however clear it may seem. Some cases are lost simply because it never occurs to the district attorney that the accused will deny something which the State has twenty witnesses to prove. The twenty witnesses are, therefore, not summoned on the day of trial, the defendant does deny it, and as it is a case of word against word the accused gets the benefit of the doubt and, perhaps, is acquitted.

No case is properly prepared unless there is in the courtroom every witness who knows anything about any aspect of the case. No one can foretell when the unimportant will become the vital. Most cases turn on an unconsidered point. A prosecutor once lost what seemed to him the clearest sort of a case. When it was all over, and the defendant had passed out of the courtroom rejoicing, he turned to the foreman and asked the reason for the verdict.

"Did you hear your chief witness say he was a carpenter?" inquired the foreman. "Why, certainly," answered the district attorney.

"Did you hear me ask him what he paid for that ready-made, pine door he claimed to be working on when he saw the assault?"

The prosecutor recalled the incident and nodded.

"Well, he said ten dollars—and I knew he was a liar. A door like that don't cost but four-fifty!"

It is, perhaps, too much to require a knowledge of carpentry on the part of a lawyer trying an assault case. Yet the juror was undoubtedly right in his deduction.

### The Defense of Insanity

In a case where insanity is the defense, the State must dig up and have at hand every person it can find who knew the accused at any period of his career. He will probably claim that in his youth he was kicked in a game of football and fractured his skull, that later he fell into an elevator shaft and had concussion of the brain, or that he was hit on the head by a burglar. It is usually difficult, if not impossible, to disprove such assertions, but the prosecutor must be ready, if he can, to show that football was not invented until

after the defendant had attained maturity, that it was some other man who fell down the elevator shaft, and to produce the burglar to deny that the assault occurred. Naturally, complete preparation for an important trial demands the presence of many witnesses who ultimately are not needed and who are never called. Probably in most such cases only about half the witnesses testify at all.

Most of what has been said has related to the preparation for trial of cases where the accused is already under arrest when the district attorney is called into the case. If this stage has not been reached the prosecutor may well be called upon to exercise some of the functions of a detective in the first instance.

Almost three years ago it was brought to the attention of the New York authorities that many blackmailing letters were being received bearing the name of "Lewis Jarvis."

These were of a character to render the apprehension of the writer of them a matter of much importance. The letters directed that the replies be sent to a certain box in the New York post-office, but as the boxes are numerous and close together it seemed doubtful if "Lewis Jarvis" could be detected when he called for his mail. The district attorney, the police and the post-office officials finally evolved the scheme of plugging the key of "Lewis Jarvis" box with a match. The scheme worked, for "Jarvis," finding that he could not use his key, went to the delivery window and asked for his mail. The very instant the letters reached his hand the gyves were upon the wrists of one of the best-known attorneys in the city.

### How Reporters Help

When the district attorney has been apprised that a crime has been committed and that a certain person is the guilty party he not infrequently allows the suspect to go his way under the careful watch of detectives, and thus often secures much new evidence against him. In this way it is sometimes established that the accused has endeavored to bribe the witnesses and to induce them to leave the State, while the whereabouts of stolen loot is often discovered. In most instances, however, the district attorney begins where the police leave off, and he merely supplements their labors and prepares for the actual trial itself. But the press he has always with him, and from the first moment after the crime up to the execution of the sentence or the liberation of the accused, the reporters dog his footsteps, sit on his doorstep and deluge him with advice and information. Now a curious feature about the evidence "worked up" by reporters for their papers is that little of it materializes when the prosecutor wishes to make use of it. Of course, some reporters do excellent detective work, and there are one or two veterans attached to the criminal courts in New York City who, in addition to their literary capacities, are natural-born sleuths, and combine with a knowledge of criminal law almost as extensive as that of a regular prosecutor a resourcefulness and nerve that often win the case for which ever side they espouse. I have frequently found that these men knew more about the cases which I was prosecuting than I did myself, and a tip from them has more than once turned defeat into victory. But newspapermen, for one reason or another, are loth to testify, and usually make but poor witnesses. They feel that their motives will be questioned, and are naturally unwilling to put themselves in an equivocal position. The writer well remembers that in the Mabel Parker case, where the defendant, a young and pretty woman, had boasted of her forgeries before a roomful of reporters, it was impossible when her trial was called to find more than one of them who would testify—and he had practically to be dragged to the witness chair. In point of fact, if reporters made a practice of being witnesses it would probably hurt their business. But, however much "faked" news may be published, a prosecutor who did not listen to all the hints the press boys had to give would make a great mistake; and as allies and advisers they are often invaluable, for they

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can tell him where and how to get evidence of which otherwise he would never hear.

The week before a great case is called is a busy one for the prosecutor in charge. He is at his office early to interview his main witnesses and go over their testimony with them so that their regular daily work may not be interrupted more than shall be actually necessary. Some he cautions against being over-enthusiastic and others he encourages to greater emphasis. The bashful "cop" is badgered until at last he ceases to begin his testimony in the cut-and-dried police fashion.

"On the morning of the twenty-second of July, about three-thirty A. M., while on post at the corner of Desbrosses Street—," he starts.

"Oh, quit that!" shouts the district attorney. "Tell me what you saw in your own words."

The "cop" blushes and stammers: "Aw, well, on the morning of the twenty-second of July, about three-thirty A. M.——"

"Look here!" yells the prosecutor, jumping to his feet and shaking his fist at him. "do you want to be taken for a d—n liar? 'Morning of the twenty-second of July, about three-thirty A. M., while on post!'" You never talked like that in your life."

By this time the "cop" is "mad clear through."

"I'm no liar!" he retorts. "I saw the cuss pull his gun and shoot!"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" laughs the prosecutor, and Patrick, mollified with a cigar, dimly perceives the objectionable feature of his testimony.

## The Finishing Touches

About this time one of the sleuths comes in to report that certain much-desired witnesses have been located and are in custody downstairs. The assistant makes immediate preparation for taking their statements. Then one of the experts comes in for a chat about a new phase of the case occasioned by the discovery that the defendant actually did have spasms when an infant. The assistant wisely makes an appointment for the evening. A telegram arrives saying that a witness for the defense has just started for New York from Philadelphia and should be duly watched on arrival. The district attorney sends for the assistant to inquire if he has looked up the law on similar cases in Texas and Alabama—which he probably has not done; and a friend on the telephone informs him that Tomkins, who has been drawn on the jury, is a boon companion of the prisoner and was accustomed to play bridge with him every Sunday night before the murder.

Coincidentally, some private detectives enter with a long report on the various members of the panel, including the aforesaid Tomkins, whom they pronounce to be "all right," and as never having, to their knowledge, laid eyes on the accused. Finally, in despair, the prosecutor looks himself in his library with a copy of the Bible, Bartlett's Familiar Quotations and a volume of celebrated speeches, to prepare his summing up, for no careful lawyer opens a case without first having prepared, to some extent, at least, his closing address to the jury. He has thought about this for weeks and perhaps for months. In his dreams he has formulated syllogisms and argued them to imaginary yet obstinate talesmen. He has glanced through many volumes for similes and quotations of pertinency. He has tried various arguments on his friends until he knows just how, if he succeeds in proving certain facts and the defense expected is interposed, he is going to convince the twelve jurors that the defendant is guilty and, perhaps, win an everlasting reputation as an orator himself.

This superficial sketch of how an important criminal case is gotten ready for trial would be incomplete without some further reference to something which has been briefly hinted at before—preparation upon its purely legal aspect. This may well demand almost as much labor as that required in amassing the evidence. Yet careful and painstaking investigation of the law governing every aspect of the case is indispensable to success. The prosecutor with a perfectly clear case may see the defendant walk out of court a free man, simply because he has neglected to acquaint himself with the various points of law which may arise in the course of the trial, and the lawyer for an accused may find his client convicted upon a charge to

which he has a perfectly good legal defense, for the same reason.

Looking at it from the point of view of the prisoner's counsel, it is obvious that it is quite as efficacious to free your client on a point of law, without having the case go to the jury at all, as to secure an acquittal at their hands.

At the conclusion of the evidence introduced in behalf of the State there is always a motion made to dismiss the case on the ground of alleged insufficiency in the proof. This has usually been made the subject of the most exhaustive study by the lawyers for the defense, and requires equal preparation on the part of the prosecutor. The writer recalls trying a bankrupt, charged with fraud, where the lawyer for the defendant had written a book of some three hundred pages upon the points of law which he proposed to argue to the court upon his motion to acquit. But, unfortunately, his client pleaded guilty and the volume was never brought into play.

But a mastery of the law, a thorough knowledge and control of the evidence, a careful preparation for the opening and closing addresses, and an intimate acquaintance with the panel from which the jury is to be drawn are by no means the only elements in the preparation for a great legal battle. One thing still remains, quite as important as the rest—the selection of the best time and the best court for the trial. "A good beginning" in a criminal case means a beginning before the right judge, the proper jury, and at a time when that vague but important influence known as public opinion augurs success. A clever criminal lawyer, be he prosecutor or lawyer for the defendant, knows that all the preparation in the world is of no account provided his case is to come before a stupid or biased judge, or a prejudiced or obstinate jury. Therefore, each side, in a legal battle of importance, studies, as well as it can, the character, connections and cast of mind of the different judges who may be called upon to hear the case, and, like jockeys at the flag, try to hurry or delay, as the case may be, until the judicial auspices appear most favorable. A lawyer who has a weak defense seeks to bring the case before a weak judge, or, if public clamor is loud against his client, makes use of every technical artifice to secure delay, by claiming that there are flaws in the indictment, or by moving for commissions to take testimony in distant points of the country. The opportunities for legal procrastination are so numerous that in a complicated case the defense may often delay matters for over a year. This may be an important factor in the final result.

## The Judge's Charge

Yet even this is not enough, for, ultimately, it is the judge's charge to the jury which is going to guide their deliberations and, in large measure, determine their verdict. The lawyers for the defense, therefore, prepare long statements of what they either believe or pretend to believe to be the law. These statements embrace all the legal propositions, good or bad, favorable to their side of the case. If they can induce the judge to follow these so much the better for their client, for even if they are not law it makes no difference, since the State has no appeal from an acquittal in a criminal case, no matter how much the judge has erred. In the same way, but not in quite the same fashion, the district attorney prepares "requests to charge," but his desire for favorable instructions should be, and generally is, curbed by the consideration that if the judge makes any mistake in the law and the defendant is convicted he can appeal and upset the case. Of course, some prosecutors are so anxious to convict that they will wheedle or deceive a judge into giving charges which are not only most inimical to the prisoner, but so utterly unsound that a reversal is sure to follow; but when one of these professional bloodhounds is baying upon the trail all he thinks of is a conviction—that is all he wants, all the public will remember; to him will be the glory; and when the case is finally reversed he will probably be out of office. These "requests" cover pages, and touch upon every phase of law applicable or inapplicable to the case. Frequently they number as many as fifty, sometimes many more. It is "up to" the judge to decide "off the bat" which are right and which are wrong. If he guesses that the right one is wrong or the wrong one right the defendant gets a new trial.

SINCERITY TALKS  
by  
Richard Needles

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## THE HARD-ROCK MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

intentness, and it was the face of a man who is happy in his work.

Behind him on the muck-heap a "nipper-boy" lay fast asleep.

At noon came a half-hour interval, and lunch. They brought in the food on the muck-train and its advent was followed by a stampede from heading and bench. Sixty oilskin-clad, dripping men hurled themselves upon the cars, a fighting, rending mass. They surged like milling cattle. One, lighter than the rest, was forced upward by the pressure of those about him and thrown bodily among the food. Hardly was the struggle over—a brief interval of fierce eating followed, so brief that it seemed no interval at all—and they were back at their machines.

At two o'clock The Hard-Rock Man's fourteen-foot steel ran to an end in his last hole. He shut off the air, loosed the great chuck nuts, cranked back the feed screw, freed his machine a bit at the column, and turned it to one side. Then he drew forth the steel and his helper carried it away. The helper returned from the "jumbo" and the two of them unclamped the machine, loaded it on a barrow and wheeled it across the long gangway. After this they blew out the hole. They did this with the compressed air. The Hard-Rock Man coupled to the wire-wrapped hose which had fed his machine a one-inch iron pipe; the helper turned on the air from the stand-pipe; The Hard-Rock Man ran the iron pipe into each hole, raising it, lowering it, raising it again. It shrieked and bellowed terrifically, weirdly, and the muck flew from the holes in showers.

The heading boss stood amid the ruin of torn-down columns, where other runners were removing their raffle, two boxes of warmed giant-powder at his feet; on each box lay a bundle of nitro exploders, tipped with three-foot, thin, wire strands. To him The Hard-Rock Man went.

"Ten sticks," yelled the boss; it had grown so quiet with the cessation of machines that a man could make his voice heard. The Hard-Rock Man took ten for each of his holes. He slipped the smooth, warm, yellow cylinders down, one after another, ramming each with a long, wooden loading rod. The top one he slit with his pocket-knife, placing in the slit an exploder whose wire trailed from the rim of the hole. Then he tamped down the charge with loose, fine muck. The other runners did the same thing. The boss tied the exploder wires one to another, so that all the holes were connected; then coupled the wires at each end of the round to the wires of an electric-light circuit, which remained broken three hundred feet out toward the portal. By this time the place was clear of barrows and tools, and the men were leaving.

Some one took down the string of incandescents and bore them away in a glowing bundle, and there remained now the boss, The Hard-Rock Man, and the one-eyed man who had traveled up with him on the train the day before. They bore flickering candles, and by their light swiftly examined each foot of the wire circuit to see that it was properly coupled. Then they, too, went. One hundred yards out from the bench they joined the rest of the shift who stood, sombre shadows among the deeper, mantling shades.

"All out!" yelled the boss. There was no answer.

"Ready!" he yelled, and raised a long pole. On its end dangled a wire, the one strand necessary to connect the broken shooting-circuit.

"Fire!" He let the wire drop into its place. There came a faint shiver of air; away up in the blackness a red flash; the roar of the rending dynamite followed; then a gust of wind which blew out their candles.

"All in!" They followed the boss toward the heading. Pungent reek of dynamite met their nostrils as they approached the bench. They clambered up its face into a thick, blue fog. Some one coughed; then others. A man near The Hard-Rock Man gasped and staggered, his hand to his forehead; he fell and lay on the rock. Others, in distress, fought their way among the smoke wreaths, whose gases sent the blood pumping through every artery in their bodies until every

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capillary throbbed painfully. On top of the bench was chaos of rock, broken away from the face of the heading. In the clearing smoke-mists they toiled, cleaning away the debris for the erection of their columns. It was four o'clock before they had the ground uncovered for their mounting. Then the new shift came in to take their places, and they went out into the clean, white light of a sunny afternoon, dripping, black with oil, weary.

After two days of this The Hard-Rock Man went to the commissary and got new boots, oilskins and tobacco, which were charged against his wages.

A month later he and his fellows went on "graveyard" shift. "Graveyard" is the interval between twelve, midnight, and eight in the morning. It was pleasant—after the work started; until that time it was dreary indeed. The men rose at eleven in the evening; ate their breakfast by the light of lamps in the cook-house, then found their ways to the tunnel-mouth in cold darkness. A month later they worked from four in the afternoon until midnight.

They handled the giant-powder with fearful recklessness. They did all their work in this same spirit. They did not fear death; they had become too familiar with it. Sometimes it showed itself grimly, taking toll from their number, making some who saw it in action tremble for a few moments. Always it did this when the move was not expected; and always it came suddenly, from an unlooked-for direction. It got the most reverence for its power when, coming in the shape of some cataclysm, it wrought havoc in the heading and delayed the work, as it did the afternoon when Paddy Shelton vanished utterly.

Paddy Shelton ran a machine on the column to the right of The Hard-Rock Man. They had shot two hours before and were "mucking" out, to set up the columns. All of them toiled feverishly with pick or shovel.

Paddy Shelton was hacking away with a pick—thud, thud—thud, thud!—the strokes came rapidly in pairs. He was a bent little man, and his body bowed over the pick like the body of a gnome. The muck was stubborn; The Hard-Rock Man sweated at the handle of a number two shovel.

"Might as well shovel nails," he shouted into the ear of his helper. "Get me another 'muck stick.'" The helper left his side; he went on with his work.

Thud, thud—thud, thud, thud. Paddy Shelton was at it harder and faster than ever. The Hard-Rock Man's shovel stuck, tangled in broken rock. He stopped and leaned on its handle; he watched Paddy Shelton. Then he tossed the shovel from him, and turned to hurry his helper in the search for another. As he turned, a great, red wave wrapped and lifted him. There was a roar in his ears and it did not go for days.

When he awoke in the company hospital the surgeon was picking particles of rock from his back. Seven others were in the ward with him, racked with pain of broken bones and seared with burns. And eight others had been found—that is to say, enough of them had been found—for burial. Of Paddy Shelton they had found nothing; and so they surmised that his pick-point must have struck a stick of dynamite which in some manner had failed to explode with the shot.

They buried the eight on the mountain-side above the cook-house. They had a little cemetery there. Its graves were marked by wooden headboards; on these penciled legends of name, and sometimes other data—usually only name. They lay beneath the shadowing branches of black hemlocks. They were bare, without grass or flowers or any mark of care, these graves, and none visited them, save to add to their number. The Hard-Rock Man and some of the older "runners" used to gather nights round the bunk-house stove and "drive tunnel" as they called reminiscence at Snowside.

Then they would drift from the past to the future, and some of them would read newspaper items of prospective public works. One night a man told of the New York subway—he had just come from that job. It was the tail of the winter. The snow was turning gray on the mountains, and there was warmth in the air, afternoons, warmth that stirred the blood of The Hard-Rock Man. This night he felt the stirring strongly and knew what it meant. He resolved to keep his next paycheck. He had worked nine months and

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he had nothing. Playtime came once each month at Snowslide—five days of it. The first day of the month was "drag day," when a man might draw his time-slip, which was negotiable; and the fifth day of the month was pay-day, when, if he had not "dragged," he got his check. For getting the time-slip he forfeited the right to go back to work for a week. The Hard-Rock Man, like most of the older "runners," had always "dragged."

Down in the stream-bed, beneath the level of the long, gray dump, was a row of unpainted, wooden buildings, flamboyant with colored canvas signs. Each sign proclaimed the name of a saloon; and each saloon had a piano, a dance hall and gambling tables. During the most of the month they were quiet places. The bartenders blinked behind their unvarnished bars; white wrappings shrouded the gambling tables; dust gathered on the silent pianos.

One day before "drag day" the round-hatted, pasty-faced, "tin-horn" gamblers came. "Drag day" a pianist materialized in each saloon. At nine o'clock that morning the deserters from the "graveyard" shift began to straggle in, and the beady-eyed, shiny-haired bartenders began to move, while the proprietors, by the bartenders, began cashing the time-slips, each knowing that in a few days the money thus given out would be back again in his safe.

At intervals the dice clicked; between these intervals the dealers, still listless, made their peculiar sort of music, shuffling together with the long, white fingers of one hand two stacks of chips, which fell into one with a clicking sound. The pianos thumped, now and then.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the day-men began to come, and with them some of the night-shift. The dice rolled steadily; the pianos were hideous; the men of Snowslide played.

Each month The Hard-Rock Man had played for one week. And each month had seen the wages of his toil go from him. He had never regretted it. Now he was restless, and with the restlessness came dissatisfaction. He was on the "graveyard" shift, which made it worse, for no man ever gets entirely reconciled to going to work at midnight. He began to grumble to himself about the food, the tools; the slips and faults in the rock made him ugly, he bickered with his helper and cursed those about him. One night he fought over a chuck-wrench with one of the "bench runners," and they rolled together over the fourteen-foot rock wall, carrying with them a box of giant powder. When he had untangled his feet from the exploder wires The Hard-Rock Man looked up into the face of the heading boss. It was aflame with anger:

"Ye might av blowed up the whole shift an' held back the wurk fer hours!" the foreman yelled, shaking his fist.

The Hard-Rock Man growled: "I got three meals a day afore I ever seen ye."

The next day was "drag day." He departed while the morning was young, his heavy roll of blankets on his back; and two weeks later he was in New York. He was toiling again in the depths of another tunnel, beneath the level of a crowded street, again gouging away the earth, that progress might find a straight path, unchecked; doing his part, as his instinct told him, as he could no more help doing than the capitalist can help using his money to beget more works and more power, or the thinker can help using his brains—all toward the same ultimate purpose.

Several months after The Hard-Rock Man had left trains were passing through the Snowslide tunnel, and they always stopped at the west portal before entering the black hole. While they stopped passengers gathered on the platforms to gaze down the cañon over the mountain-peaks. Sometimes the eyes of these groups would fall on the litter of ruins beneath the black-topped hemlocks down by the stream-bed. Often, the question would come to the porter, the same question—What was that place which had been? And who were the men who had lived there? And the porter, who, of course, had to know all things about the country, was able to tell them but little of the place—save that it had been a construction town. Of the men who had toiled there, and had played and had gone, he was able to tell them nothing.



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## MAKING FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 10)

I get it the same way the first time I went up against Bloody Davis, of the Murray Hill gang, on a bet I'd stick out three rounds?"

Lovely Mead drew a sigh of relief. The red blood seemed to rush back into his veins once more, and his lungs to resume their appointed functions.

"September's a good month for these little things," he said hopefully.

"October's better, more snap in the air," said the Gutter Pup. "September's muggy. I remember when I was matched against Slugger Kelly; it was so hot I lost ten pounds, and the fight only went five rounds, at that."

The old provocation had roused up the old antagonism in Lovely. He hardly dared trust himself longer in the room, so he bolted and slipped down to Jock Hasbrouck's room and out into the campus.

"Gee," he said to himself, with a sigh of relief, "if I could only get at him now!"

At taps he went cautiously to the Upper, by the back way, and gained the room of Charley De Soto, where he was told to turn in on the window-seat and take it easy.

Presently Turkey Reiter and Macnooder arrived to discuss the probabilities. Then Bojo Lowry, who could play anything, sat down at the piano and performed the most wonderful variations and medleys, until Lovely forgot any future engagement in the delight of gazing from his cushioned recess on real Fourth Formers, enjoying the perquisites and liberties of the Upper House.

Suddenly Macnooder glanced at his watch and announced that it was almost midnight. Lovely sprang up feverishly.

"Here, young Sporting Life," cried Turkey, "no champing on the bit! Just a dash of calm and tranquillity."

"Easy, easy there," said De Soto, with a professional glance.

"Ready here," said Macnooder, picking up a brown satchel. "I'll bleed him if he faints."

They separated, and, on tiptoe, by various routes, departed from the Upper, making wide circles in the darkness before seeking the baseball cage. Lovely Mead supported on either side by Charley De Soto and Turkey.

They gave the countersign at the door, and were admitted noiselessly into the utter blackness of the baseball cage. Lovely waited in awe, unable to distinguish anything, clutching at Turkey's arm.

"Is the Gutter Pup here yet?" said De Soto's voice, in a whisper.

Another voice, equally guarded, replied: "Just in."

From time to time the door opened on the starry night and vague forms flitted in. Then other voices spoke:

"What time is it?"

"Midnight, Hickey."

"Lock the door; no admittance now. Egghead, show up with the light. Strike up, Morning Glory!"

A bull's-eye flashed out from one corner, and then two lanterns filled the gloom with their trembling flicker.

Out of the mist suddenly sprang forty-odd members of the Sporting Club, grouped about a vacant square in the middle of the cage which had been roped off. De Soto and Turkey pushed forward to their appointed stations, where chairs had been placed for the principals. Lovely seated himself and glanced across the ropes. The Gutter Pup was already in his corner, stripped to the waist, and being gently massaged by the Triumphant Egghead and Billy Condit, captain of the eleven.

In the middle of the ring, Hickey, in his quality of president and referee, was giving his directions in low, quick syllables. The assembled sporting gentlemen pressed forward for the advantage of position; the two front ranks assuming sitting or crouching positions, over which the back rows craned. Lovely gazed in awe at the select assembly. The élite of the school was there. He saw Wash Simmons, Glendenning, Rock Bemis and Tough McCarthy of his own house, scattered among such celebrities as Cheyenne Baxter, the Mugwump Politician, Goat Finny, who ate the necktie, and the Duke of Bilgewater, Lugs Mashon, Cap Kiefer, Stonewall Jackson, Tug Moffett, Slugger Jones, Ginger-Pop Rooker, Red Dog and Beauty Sawtelle, all silently estimating the strength of the freshman who had to go up against the veteran Gutter Pup.

Referee Hickey paid a quick visit to the contending camps, and was assured that each antagonist was restrained from flying at his opponent's throat only by the combined efforts of his seconds.

"Gentlemen of the Sporting Club," said Hickey, turning to address the gathering: "Before proceeding with the evening's entertainment, the management begs to remind you that the labors incident to the opening of the school have been unusually heavy—unusually so; and, as we particularly desire that nothing shall be done to disturb the slumbers of our dear Faculty—whom we all love—we will ask you to applaud only in the English fashion, by whispering to your neighbor, 'Oh, very well struck, indeed,' when you are moved to excitement. We gently remind you that any one breaking forth into cheers will be first slugged and then expelled."

"Gentlemen of the Sporting Club, I have the honor to present to you the evening's contestants. On the right, our well-known sporting authority, Mr. Gutter Pup Lazelle, known as the Crouching Kangaroo. On the left, Mr. Lovely Mead, a dark horse from Erie, Pennsylvania, who has been specially fed on raw beef in preparation for the encounter. Both boys are members of the Woodhull branch of this club. The rounds will be of three minutes each—and one minute intermission. Mr. Welsh Rarebit Simpson will act as time-keeper, and will return the stop-watch immediately on conclusion of the exercises. Both contestants have signified their desire to abide strictly to the rules laid down by the late Marquess of Queensberry, bless him! No fouls will be tolerated, and only one blow may be struck in the break-away."

"In the corner for the Gutter Pup, Mr. William Condit, the tiddly-winks champion, and the only Triumphant Egghead in captivity."

"In the corner for Lovely, Mr. Turkey Reiter, the Dickinson Mud Lark, and Mr. Charles De Soto, the famous crotchety expert. Doctor Macnooder, the Trenton veterinary, is in attendance, but will not be allowed to practice. The referee of the evening will be that upright and popular sportsman, the Honorable Hickey Hicks. Let the contestants step into the ring."

Lovely was shoved to his feet and propelled forward by a resounding slap on his shoulders from Turkey Reiter. He had sat in a daze, awed by the strange, imposing countenances of the school celebrities, dully submitting to the invigorating massage of his seconds, hearing nothing of the directions showered on him. Now he was actually in the ring, feeling the hard earth under his feet, looking into the eyes of the Gutter Pup, who came up cheerfully extending his hand. Surprised, Lovely took it, and grinned a sheepish grin.

"Ready—go!" came the command.

Instantly the Gutter Pup sprang back, assuming that low, protective attitude which had earned from Hickey the epithet of the Crouching Kangaroo. Lovely, very much embarrassed, extended his left arm, holding his right in readiness while he moved mechanically forward on the point of his toes. The Gutter Pup, smiling at him, chucked his arms and shifted slightly to one side. Strangely enough, Lovely felt all his resentment vanish. He no longer had the slightest desire to hurl himself on his antagonist. Indeed, it would at that moment have seemed quite a natural act to extend his hand to the joyful Gutter Pup and close the incident with a laugh. But there he was, irrevocably destined to fight before the assembled Sporting Club, under penalty of everlasting disgrace. He made a tentative jab and sprang lightly back from the Gutter Pup's reply. Then he moved forward and backward, feinting with his left and right, wishing all the time that the Gutter Pup would rush in and strike him, that he might attack with anger instead of this weakening mental attitude to which he was at present a prisoner. Twice the Gutter Pup's blows grazed his head, and once landed lightly on his chest, without his being at all moved from his calm. The call of "Time" surprised him. He went to his seconds frowning.

"What's wrong, young'n?" said De Soto.

"No," said Lovely, shaking his head. "I—I've got to get mad first."

"All right, that'll come. Keep cool and play to tire him out," said De Soto.

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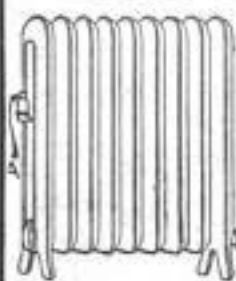
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satisfied. "Make him do the prancing around; don't you waste any energy."

"Time!" whispered the Welsh Rarebit. Again he was in the ring, experiencing once more that same incomprehensible feeling of sympathy for the Gutter Pup. The more he danced about, shaking his head and feinting with quick, nervous jabs, the more Lovely's heart warmed up to him. Wasn't he a jolly, genial chap, though? Desperately Lovely strove to remember some fault, a word or a look that had once offended him. In vain; nothing came. He liked the chap better than he had ever liked any one before. He struck out as one strikes at his dearest friend, and a low groan of disgust rose from the Sporting Club.

"Ah, put some steam in it!" "Do you think you're pickin' cherries?" "That's it—be polite!" "Sister, don't hurt little brother!" The Welsh Rarebit spoke:

"Time!"

Not a real blow had yet been struck. Lovely went to his corner perplexed.

"That's the boy," said De Soto, with a satisfied shake of his head. "That's the game! Don't mind what you hear. Play the long game. The Crouching Kangaroo style is all very pretty, but it doesn't save the wind."

"Never mind the ballet steps, Sport," added Turkey, vigorously applying the towel. "Hold in, but when you do start, rip the in'ards out of things."

"They think I'm doing it on purpose," said Lovely to himself.

"Time!" called the Welsh Rarebit.

The Gutter Pup, changing his tactics, as though he had sufficiently reconnoitred, began to attack with rapid, pestiferous blows that annoyed Lovely as a swarm of gnats annoys a dog. He shook his head angrily and sought an opportunity to strike, but the fusillade continued, light but disconcerting. When he struck, the Gutter Pup slipped away or ducked and returned smiling and professional to attack. Lovely began to be irritated by the Gutter Pup's complacency. He wasn't serious enough and his levity was insulting. Also, he was furious because the Gutter Pup would not strike him a blow that hurt. His jaw set and he started to rush.

"Time!" said the Welsh Rarebit.

Lovely went to his corner unconvinced. "Are the rounds three minutes?" he asked.

"Sure," said Turkey. "Don't worry; they'll get longer."

Lovely looked across at the opposite camp. The adherents of the Gutter Pup were patting him on the back, exulting over his work.

"What's he done?" said Lovely angrily, to himself. "That sort of work wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Time!" said the Welsh Rarebit.

Lovely walked slowly to meet the Gutter Pup, bursting with irritation. He waited, and as the Gutter Pup attacked he plunged forward, taking a blow in the face, and drove his fist joyfully into the chest before him. The Gutter Pup went back like a tenpin, staggered, and kept his footing. When he came up there was no longer a smile in his eyes.

They threw boxing to the winds. It was give and take, fast and furious, back and forth against the ropes, and rolling over and over on the ground.

"Time!" announced the Welsh Rarebit, and Hickey had to pry them apart.

Lovely thought the intermission would never end. He sat stolidly, paying no heed to his seconds' prayers to go slow, to rest up this next round, to make the Gutter Pup work. He would fight his fight his own way, without assistance.

"Time!" said the Welsh Rarebit.

Lovely started from his corner for the thing that came to meet him without yielding, exchanging blows without attempt at blocking, rushing into clinches, locking against the heaving chest, looking into the strange, wild eyes, pausing for neither breath nor rest.

Once he was rushed across the ring, fighting back like a tiger, and jammed over the ropes into the ranks of the spectators. Then he caught the Gutter Pup off his balance, and drove him the same way, his arms working like pistons. The rounds continued and ended with nothing to choose between them.

Lovely felt neither the blows received nor the rough rubbing-down of his seconds. He heard nothing but the sharp cries of "Time!" and sometimes he didn't hear

that; but a rough hand would seize him (was it Hickey's?) and tear him away from the body against him.

He went down several times, wondering what had caused it, quits for standing moments triumphantly, while the fallen Gutter Pup raised himself from the ground.

Then he lost track of the rounds; and the rows of sweaters and funny white faces about the ring seemed to swell and multiply into crowds that stretched far back and up. The lights seemed to be going out—getting terribly dim and unsteady.

Once in his corner he thought he heard some one say: "Fifteenth round"—fifteen, and he could remember only six. In fact, he had forgotten whom he was fighting or what it was about, only that some one on whose knee he was resting was shrieking in his ear:

"He's all out, Lovely. You've got him. Just one good soak—just one lovely one!"

That was a joke, he supposed—a poor joke—but he would see to that "one soak" the next round.

"Time!" cried the Welsh Rarebit.

For the sixteenth time the seconds raised their champions, steadied them, and sent them forth. One good blow would send either toppling over to the final count. So they craned forward in wild excitement, exhorting them in hoarse whispers.

The two contestants gyrated up and stood blankly regarding each other. About them rose a murmur of voices:

"Sail in!"

"Soak him, Lovely!"

"Clean him up, Gutter Pup!"

"One to the jaw!"

"Now's your time!"

With a simultaneous movement each raised his right and shot it lumberingly forward, past the hazy, confronting head, fruitlessly into the air. Renewed whispers, dangerously loud, arose:

"Now's your chance, Gutter Pup!"

"Draw off and smash him!"

"He's all yours, Lovely!"

"Oh, Lovely, hit him! hit him!"

"Just once!"

They neither heard nor cared. Their arms locked lovingly about their shoulders, and they began to settle. New cries:

"Break away!"

"Don't let him pull you down!"

"Keep your feet, Lovely!"

"They're both going!"

With a gradual, deliberate motion, Lovely and the Gutter Pup sat down, still affectionately embraced; then, wavering a moment, careened over and lay blissfully unconscious. Amazement and perplexity burst forth.

"Why, they're done for!"

"They're out—they're both out!"

"Sure enough."

"What happens?"

"Who wins?"

"Well, did you ever —"

Suddenly Hickey, standing forward, began to count:

"One, two, three —"

"What's he doing that for?"

"Aren't they both down?"

"Four, five, six, seven —"

"But Lovely went first!"

"No, the Gutter Pup."

"Eight, nine, TEN!" cried Hickey. "I declare both men down and out. The Sporting Club will register one knockout to the credit of the Gutter Pup and one to Lovely Mead. All bets off. The Welsh Rarebit will proceed to return the watch."

At seven o'clock the next morning Lovely, from his delicious bed, gazed across at the swollen head of the Gutter Pup. At the same instant the Gutter Pup, opening his eyes, perceived the altered map of Lovely's features.

"Lovely," he said, "you're the finest ever. You're a man after my own heart!"

"Razzle-dazzle," replied Lovely, choking. "you're the finest sport and gentleman in the land. I love you better than a brother."

"Lovely, that was the greatest fight that has ever been fought," said the Gutter Pup. "You are the daisy scrapper!"

"Razzle-dazzle —"

"Call me Gutter Pup."

"Gutter Pup, you've got the nerve market cornered."

"Lovely, I haven't felt so happy since the day I stood up five rounds against —"

Suddenly the Gutter Pup stopped and added apologetically: "Say, Lovely, honest, does my autobiography annoy you?"

And Lovely replied happily:

"No, Gutter Pup, honest—not now!"

Pat. June 8, 1908.

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## The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 15)

Margaret seated herself on the lounge instead. "I'll do neither," said she.

The old lady waved the end of her staff in a gesture of lofty disdain. "As you please. But, if you do not, your allowance is withdrawn."

"Certainly," said Margaret. "I assumed that."

Madam Bowker gazed at her with eyes like tongues of flame. "And how do you expect to live?" she inquired.

"That is our affair," replied the girl. "You say you are done with me. Well, so am I done with you."

It was, as Margaret had said, because she was not afraid of her grandmother that that formidable old lady respected her; and as she was one of those who can give affection only where they give respect, she loved Margaret—loved her with jealous and carping tenacity. The girl's words of finality made her erect and unyielding soul shiver in a sudden dreary blast of loneliness, that most tragic of all the storms that sweep the ways of life. It was in the tone of the anger of love with the beloved that she cried, "How dare you engage yourself to such a person?"

"You served notice on me that I must marry," replied the girl in a modified tone. "He was the chance that offered."

"The chance!" Madam Bowker smiled with caustic scorn. "He's not a chance." "You ordered me to marry. I am marrying. And you are violating your promise. But I expected it."

"My promise? What do you mean?" "You told me if I'd marry you'd continue my allowance after marriage. You even hinted you'd increase it."

"But this is no marriage. I should consider a connection between such a man and a Severance as a mere vulgar intrigue. You might as well run away with a coachman. I have known few coachmen so ill-bred—so repellent—as this Craig."

Margaret laughed cheerfully. "He isn't what you'd call polished, is he?"

Her grandmother studied her keenly. "Margaret," she finally said, "this is some scheme of yours. You are using this engagement to help you to something else."

"I refused Grant Arkwright just before you came."

"You—refused—Arkwright?"

"My original plan was to trap Grant by making him jealous of Craig. But I abandoned it."

"And why?"

"A remnant of decency."

"I doubt it," said the old lady.

"So should I in the circumstances. We're a pretty queer lot, aren't we? You, for instance—on the verge of the grave, and breaking your promise to me as if a promise were nothing."

Mrs. Bowker's ebon staff twitched convulsively and her terrible eyes were like the vent-holes of internal fires; but she managed her rage with a skill that was high tribute to her will-power. "You are right in selecting this clown—this tag-rag," said she. "You and he, I see, are peculiarly suited to each other. My only regret is that in my blind affection I have wasted all these years and all those thousands of dollars on you." Madam Bowker affected publicly a fine scorn of money and all that thereto appertained; but privately she was a true aristocrat in her reverence and consideration for that which is the bone and blood of aristocracy.

"Nothing so stupid and silly as regret," said Margaret, with placid philosophy of manner. "I, too, could think of things I regret. But I'm putting my whole mind on the future."

"Future!" Madam Bowker laughed.

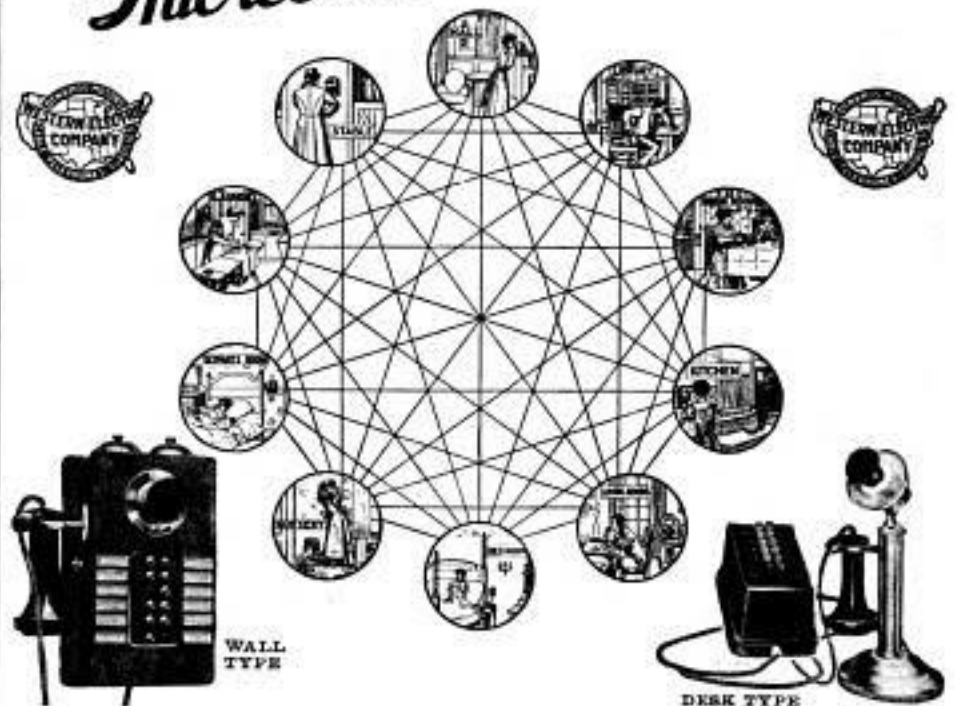
"Why, my child, you have no future. Within two years you'll either be disgracefully divorced, or the wife of a little lawyer in a little Western town."

"But I'll have my husband and my children. What more can a woman ask?"

The old lady scrutinized her granddaughter's tranquil, delicate face in utter amazement. She could find nothing on which to base a hope that the girl was either jesting or posing. "Margaret," she cried, "are you crazy?"

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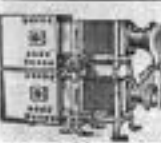
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whom one adores, is really an evidence of insanity?"

"Yes, you are mad—quite mad!" "I suppose you think that fretting about all my seasons without an offer worth accepting has driven me out of my senses. Sometimes I think so, too." And Margaret lapsed into abstracted, dreamy silence.

"Do you pretend that you—care for—this person?" inquired the old lady. "I can't discuss him with you, Grandmother," replied the girl. "You know you have washed your hands of me."

"I shall never give up," cried the old lady vehemently, "until I rescue you. I'll not permit this disgrace. I'll have him driven out of Washington."

"Yes, you might try that," said Margaret. "I don't want him to stay here. I am sick—sick to death—of all this. I loathe everything I ever liked. It almost seems to me I'd prefer living in a cabin in the backwoods. I've just wakened to what it really means—no love, no friendship, only pretense and show, rivalry in silly extravagance, aimless running to and fro among people that care nothing for one, and that one cares nothing for. If you could see it as I see it you'd understand."

But Madam Bowker had thought all her life in terms of fashion and society. She was not in the least impressed. "Balderdash!" said she with a jab at the floor with the ebony staff. "Don't pose before me. You know very well you're marrying this man because you believe he will amount to a great deal."

Margaret beamed upon her grandmother triumphantly, as if she had stepped into a trap that had been set for her. "And your only reason for being angry," cried she, "is that you don't believe he will."

"I know he won't. He can't. Stillwater has kept him solely because that unspeakable wife of his hopes to foist their dull, ugly, eldest girl on him."

"You think a man as shrewd as Stillwater would marry his daughter to a nobody?"

"It's useless for you to argue, Margaret," snapped the old lady. "The man's impossible—for a Severence. I shall stop the engagement."

"You can't," rejoined Margaret calmly. "My mind is made up. And along with several other qualities, Grandmother, dear, I've inherited your will."

"Will without wit—is there anything worse? But I know you are not serious. It is merely a mood—the result of a profound discouragement. My dear child, let me assure you it is no unusual thing for a girl of your position, yet without money, to have no offers at all. You should not believe the silly lies your girl-friends tell about having bushels of offers. No girl has bushels of offers unless she makes herself common and familiar with all kinds of men—and takes their loose talk seriously. Most men wouldn't dare offer themselves to you. The impudence of this Craig! You should have ordered him out of your presence."

Margaret, remembering how Craig had seized her, smiled.

"I admit I have been inconsiderate in urging you so vigorously," continued her grandmother. "I thought I had observed a tendency to fritter. I wished you to stop trifling with Grant Arkwright—or, rather, to stop his trifling with you. Come, now, my dear, let me put an end to this engagement. And you will marry Grant, and your future will be bright and assured."

Margaret shook her head. "I have promised," said she, and her expression would have thrilled Lucia.

Madam Bowker was singularly patient with this evidence of sentimentalism. "That's fine and noble of you. But you didn't realize what a grave step you were taking, and you—"

"Yes, but I did. If ever anything was deliberate on a woman's part, that engagement was." A bright spot burned in each of the girl's cheeks. "He didn't really propose. I pretended to misunderstand him."

Her grandmother stared. "You needn't look at me like that," exclaimed Margaret. "You know very well that Grandfather Bowker never would have married you if you hadn't fairly compelled him. I heard him tense you about it once when I was a little girl."

It was Madam Bowker's turn to redden. She deigned to smile. "Men are so foolish," observed she, "that women often have to guide them. There would be few marriages of the right sort if the men were not managed."



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Margaret nodded assent. "I realize that now," said she. Earnestly: "Grandmother, try to make the best of this engagement of mine. When a woman, a woman as experienced and sensible as I am, makes up her mind a certain man is the man for her, is it wise to interfere?"

Madam Bowker, struck by the searching wisdom of this remark, was silenced for the moment. In the interval of thought she reflected that she would do well to take counsel of herself alone in proceeding to break this engagement. "You are on the verge of making a terrible misstep, child," said she with a gentleness she had rarely shown even to her favorite grandchild. "I shall think it over, and you will think it over. At least, promise me you will not see Craig for a few days."

Margaret hesitated. Her grandmother, partly by this unusual gentleness, partly by inducing the calmer reflection of the second thought, had shaken her purpose more than she would have believed possible. "If I've made a mistake," said she, "isn't seeing him the best way to realize it?"

"Yes," instantly and emphatically admitted the acute old lady. "See him, by all means. See as much of him as possible. And in a few days you will be laughing at yourself—and very much ashamed."

"I wonder," said Margaret aloud, but chiefly to herself.

And Madam Bowker, seeing the doubt in her face, only a faint reflection of the doubt that must be within, went away content.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### "IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

(Continued from Page 5)

raw potatoes and tallow candles and tacks before an audience."

He peeped furtively at Brown, who did not appear uneasy.

"All I'm afraid of," added Smith sullenly, "is that you'll get yourself into vaudeville or the patrol wagon."

He waited, but Brown made no reply.

"Oh, very well," he said coldly. "I'll take a cab back to the boat."

No observation from Brown.

"So, good-by, old fellow"—with some emotion.

"Good-by," said Beekman Brown absently.

In fact, he did not even notice when his thoroughly-offended partner left the car, so intent was he in following the subtly-thrilling train of thought which tantalized him, mocked him, led him nowhere, yet always lured him to fresh endeavor of memory. Where had all this occurred before? When? What was going to happen next—happen inexorably, as it had once happened, or as it once should have happened, in some dim, bygone age, when he and that basket and that cat and this same hauntingly-lovely girl existed together on earth—or perhaps upon some planet, swimming far out beyond the ken of men with telescopes?

He looked at the girl, strove to consider her impersonally, for her youthful beauty began to disturb him. Then cold doubt crept in; something of the monstrosity of the proceeding chilled his enthusiasm for occult research. Should he speak to her?

Certainly it was a dreadful thing to do—an offense the enormity of which was utterly inexcusable except under the stress of a purely impersonal and scientific necessity for investigating a mental phase of humanity which had always thrilled him with a curiosity most profound.

He folded his arms and began to review in cold blood the circumstances which had led to his present situation in a cross-town car. Number one, and he held up one finger:

As it comes, at times, to every normal human, the odd idea had come to him that what he was saying and doing as he emerged from the subway at Times Square was what he had, sometime, somewhere, said and done before under similar circumstances. That was the beginning.

Number two, and he gravely held up a second finger:

Always before when this idea had come to bother him it had faded after a moment or two, leaving him merely uneasy and dissatisfied.

This time it persisted—intruding, annoying, exasperating him in his efforts to



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remember things which he could not recollect.

Number three, and he held up a third finger:

He had begun to remember! As soon as he or Smith said or did anything he recollected having said or done it sometime, somewhere, or recollected that he ought to have.

Number four—four fingers in air, stiff, determined digits:

He had not only, by a violent concentration of his memory, succeeded in recognizing the things said and done as having been said and done before, but suddenly he became aware that he was going to be able to forget, vaguely, certain incidents that were yet to occur—like the prophesied advent of the cherry-colored car and the hat, gown and wicker basket.

He now had four fingers in the air; he examined them seriously, and then stuck up the fifth:

"Here I am," he thought, "awake, perfectly sane, absolutely respectable. Why should a foolish terror of convention prevent me from asking that girl whether she knows anything which might throw some light on this most interesting mental phenomenon? . . . I'll do it."

The girl turned her head slightly; speech and the politely-perfunctory smile froze on his lips.

She held up one finger; Brown's heart leaped. Was that some cabalistic sign which he ought to recognize? But she was merely signaling the conductor, who promptly pulled the bell and lifted her basket for her when she got off.

She thanked him; Brown heard her; and her crystalline voice began to ring in little bell-like echoes all through his ears, stirring endless little mysteries of memory.

Brown also got off; his legs struck up a walk of their own volition, carrying him across the street, hoisting him into a north-bound Lexington Avenue car, and landing him in a seat behind the one where she had installed herself and her wicker basket.

She seemed to be having some difficulty with the wicker basket; beseeching six-toed paws were thrust out persistently; soft meows pleaded for the right of liberty and pursuit of feline happiness. Several passengers smiled.

Trouble increased as the car whizzed northward; the meows became wilder; mad scrambles agitated the basket; the lid bobbed and creaked; the girl turned a vivid pink and, bending close over the basket, attempted to soothe its enervated inmate.

In the Forties she managed to control the situation; in the Fifties a frantic rush from within burst a string that fastened the basket lid, but the girl held it down with energy.

In the Sixties a tempest broke loose in the basket; harrowing yowls pierced the atmosphere; the girl, crimson with embarrassment and distress, signaled the conductor at Sixty-fourth Street and descended, clinging valiantly to a basket which apparently contained a pack of firecrackers in process of explosion.

A classical heroine in dire distress invariably exclaims aloud: "Will no one aid me?" Brown, whose automatic legs had compelled him to follow, instinctively awaited some similar appeal.

It came unexpectedly; the kicking basket escaped from her arms, the lid burst open, and an extraordinarily large, healthy and indignant cat flew out, tail as big as a duster, and fled east on Sixty-fourth Street.

The girl in the summer gown and white straw hat ran after the cat. Brown's legs ran, too.

There was, and is, between the house on the northeast corner of Sixty-fourth Street and Lexington Avenue and the next house on Sixty-fourth, an open space guarded by an iron railing; through this the cat darted, fur on end, and, with a flying leap, took to the back fences.

"Oh!" gasped the girl.

Then Brown's legs did an extraordinary thing—they began to scramble and kick and shin up the iron railing, hoisting Brown over; and Brown's voice, pleasant, calm, reassuring, was busy, too: "If you will look out for my suitcase I think I can recover your cat. . . . It will give me great pleasure to recover your cat. I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of recovering—puff—puff—your—puff—puff—cat!" And he dropped inside the iron railing and paused to recover his breath. The girl came up to the railing and gazed



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anxiously through at the corner of the only back fence she could perceive.

"What a perfectly dreadful thing to happen!" she said in a voice not very steady. "It is exceedingly nice of you to help me catch Clarence. He is quite beside himself, poor lamb! You see, he has never before been in the city. I—I shall be distressed beyond measure if he is lost."

"He went over those fences," said Brown, breathing faster. "I think I'd better go after him."

"Oh—would you mind? I'd be so very grateful. It seems so much to ask of you."

"I'll do it," said Brown firmly. "I see him now!"

"W—what is he doing?"

"Squatting on a trellis three back yards away." And Brown lifted a blandishing voice: "Here, Clarence—Clarence—Clarence! Here, kitty—kitty—kitty! Good pussy! Nice Clarence!"

"Does he come?" inquired the girl, peering wistfully through the railing.

"He does not," said Brown. "Perhaps you had better call."

"Here, Clarence, darling—Betty's own little kitty-cat!"

"If he doesn't come to that," thought Brown, "he is a brute." And aloud: "If you could only let him see you; he sits there blinking at me."

"Do you think he'd come if he saw me?"

"Who wouldn't?" thought Brown, and answered calmly: "I think so."

"Of course, you couldn't get up here."

"I could. . . . But I'd better not. . . . Besides, I live only a few houses away—Number 161—and I could go through into the back yard."

"But you'd better not attempt to climb the fence. Have one of the servants do it; we'll get the cat between us then, and corner him."

"There are no servants in the house. It's closed for the summer—all boarded up!"

"Then how can you get in?"

"I have a key to the basement. . . . Shall I?"

"And climb up on the fence?"

"Yes—if I must—if it's necessary to save Clarence. . . . Shall I?"

"Why can't I shoo him into your yard?"

"He doesn't know our yard. He's a country cat; he's never stayed in town. I was taking him with me to Oyster Bay."

I came down from a week-end at Stockbridge, where some relatives kept Clarence for us while we were abroad during the winter. . . . I meant to stop and get some things in the house on my way back to Oyster Bay. . . . Isn't it a perfectly wretched situation?"

Her fascinating underlip trembled, but she controlled it.

"I'll get that cat if it takes a month!" said Brown. Then he flushed; he had not meant to speak so warmly.

The girl flushed too. "I am so grateful. But how—"

"Wait," said Brown; and, addressing Clarence in a softly-alluring voice, he now began cautiously to crawl along the fences toward that unresponsive animal. Presently he desisted, partly on account of a conspiracy engaged in by his trousers and a rusty nail. The girl was now beyond the range of his vision, around the corner.

"Miss—ah—Miss—er—er—Betty!" he called.

"Yes!"

"Clarence has retreated over another back yard."

"How horrid!"

"How far down do you live?"

She named the number of doors, anxiously adding: "Is Clarence farther down the block? Oh, please, be careful. Please, don't drive him past our yard. If you will wait I—I'll let myself into the house and—I'll manage to get up on the fence."

"You'll ruin your gown."

"I don't care about my gown."

"These fences are the limit! Full of spikes and nails. . . . Will you be careful?"

"Yes, very."

"The nails are rusty. I—I am horribly afraid of lockjaw."

"Then don't remain there an instant."


"I mean—I'm afraid of it for you."

"I—it is very generous of you to—think of me," came her voice, lower but very friendly.

"I ca—can't avoid it," he stammered, and wanted to kick himself for what he had blurted out.

"I am going to enter my house and climb up on the fence. . . . Would you mind waiting a moment?"

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"I will wait here," said Beekman Brown, "until I see you." He added to himself: "I'm going mad rapidly and I know it and don't care. What—a girl!"

While he waited, legs swinging, astride the back fence, he examined his injuries—thoughtfully touched the triangular tear in his trousers, inspected minor sartorial and corporeal lacerations, set his hat firmly upon his head, and gazed across the monotony of the back-yard fences at Clarence.

Presently, through the palings of a back yard on Sixty-fifth Street, Brown saw a small boy, evidently the progeny of some caretaker, regarding him intently.

"Say, mister," he began as soon as noticed, "you have tore your pants on a nail."

"Thanks," said Brown coldly; "will you be good enough to mind your business?"

"I thought I'd tell you," said the small boy, delightedly aware that the information displeased Brown. "They're tore awful, too. That's what you get for playin' on to back fences. Y'orter be ashamed."

Brown feigned unconsciousness and folded his arms with dignity; but the next moment he straightened up, quivering.

"You young devil!" he said; "if you pull that slingshot again I'll come over there and destroy you!"

At the same moment above the fence-line down the block a white straw hat appeared; then a youthful face becomingly flushed; then two dainty, gloved hands grasping the top of the fence.

"I am here," she called across to him.

The small boy, who had climbed to the top of his fence, immediately joined the conversation:

"Your girl's a winner, mister," he observed critically.

"Are you going to keep quiet?" demanded Brown, starting across the fence.

"Sure," said the small boy carelessly. And, settling down on his lofty perch of observation, he began singing:

"Lum' me an' the world is mi-on."

The girl's cheeks became pinker; she looked at the small boy appealingly.

"Little boy," she said, "if you'll run away somewhere I'll give you ten cents."

"No," said the terror, "I want to see him an' you catch that cat."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested Brown, inspired. "I'll give you a dollar if you'll help us catch the cat."

"You're on!" said the boy briskly. "What'll I do? Touch her up with this bean-shooter?"

"No; put that thing into your pocket!" exclaimed Brown sharply. "Now climb across to Sixty-fourth Street and stand by that iron railing so that the cat can't bolt out into the street, and," he added, wrapping a dollar bill around a rusty nail and tossing it across the fence, "here's what's coming to you."

The small boy scrambled over nimbly, ran squirrel-like across the transverse fence, dipped, swarmed over the iron railing and stood on guard.

"Say, mister," he said, "if the cat starts this way you and your girl start a hollerin' like —"

"All right," interrupted Brown, and turned toward the vision of loveliness and distress which was now standing on the top of her own back fence, holding fast to a wistaria trellis and flattering Clarence with low and honeyed appeals.

The cat, however, was either too stupid or too confused to respond; he gazed blankly at his mistress, and when Brown began furtively edging his way toward him Clarence arose, stood a second in alert indecision, then began to back away.

"We've got him between us!" called out Brown. "If you'll stand ready to seize him when I drive him —"

There was a wild scurry, a rush, a leap, frantic clawing for foothold.

"Now, Miss Betty! Quick!" cried Brown. "Don't let him pass you."

She spread her skirts, but the shameless Clarence rushed headlong between the most delicately ornamental pair of ankles in Manhattan.

"Oh-h!" cried the girl in soft despair, and made a futile clutch; but she could not arrest the flight of Clarence; she merely upset him, turning him for an instant into a furry pinwheel, whirling through mid-air, landing in her yard, rebounding like a rubber ball, and disappearing, with one flying leap, into a narrow opening in the basement masonry.

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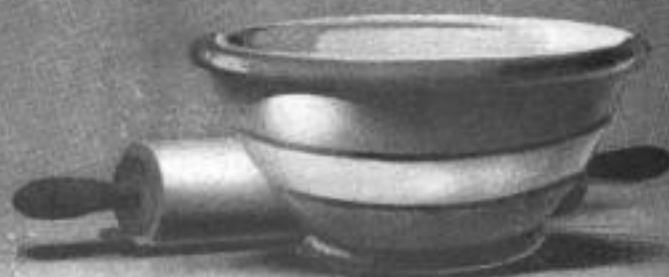
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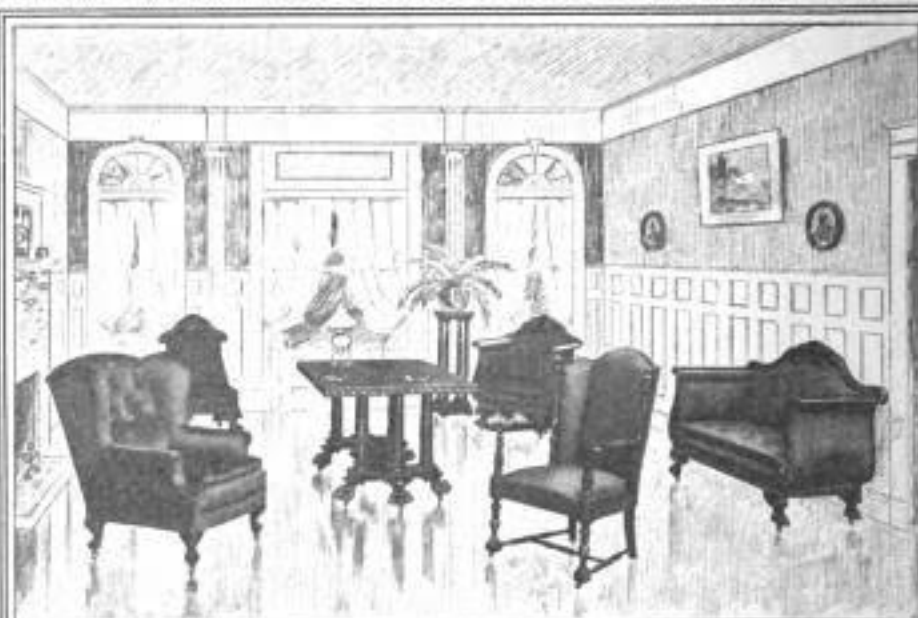
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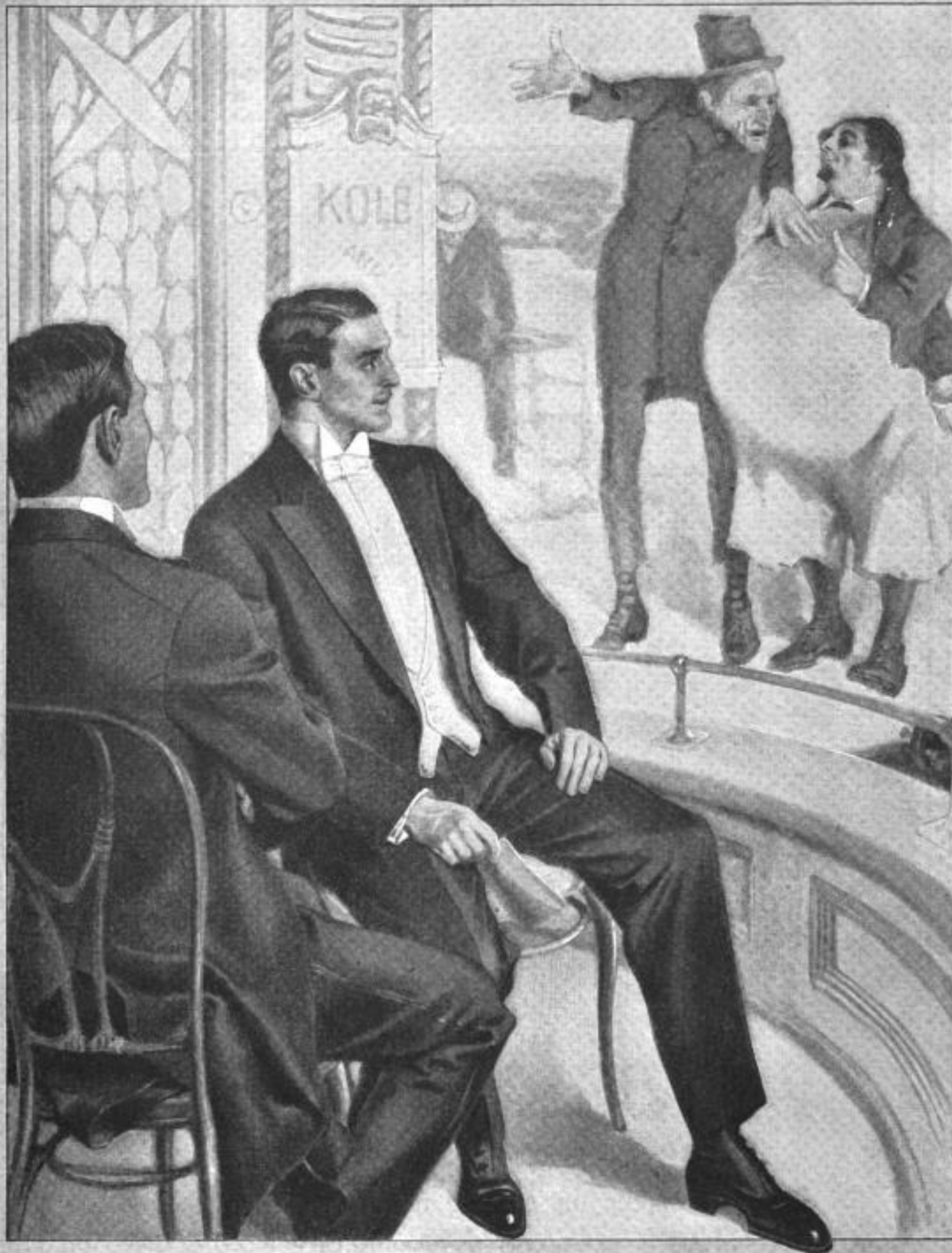
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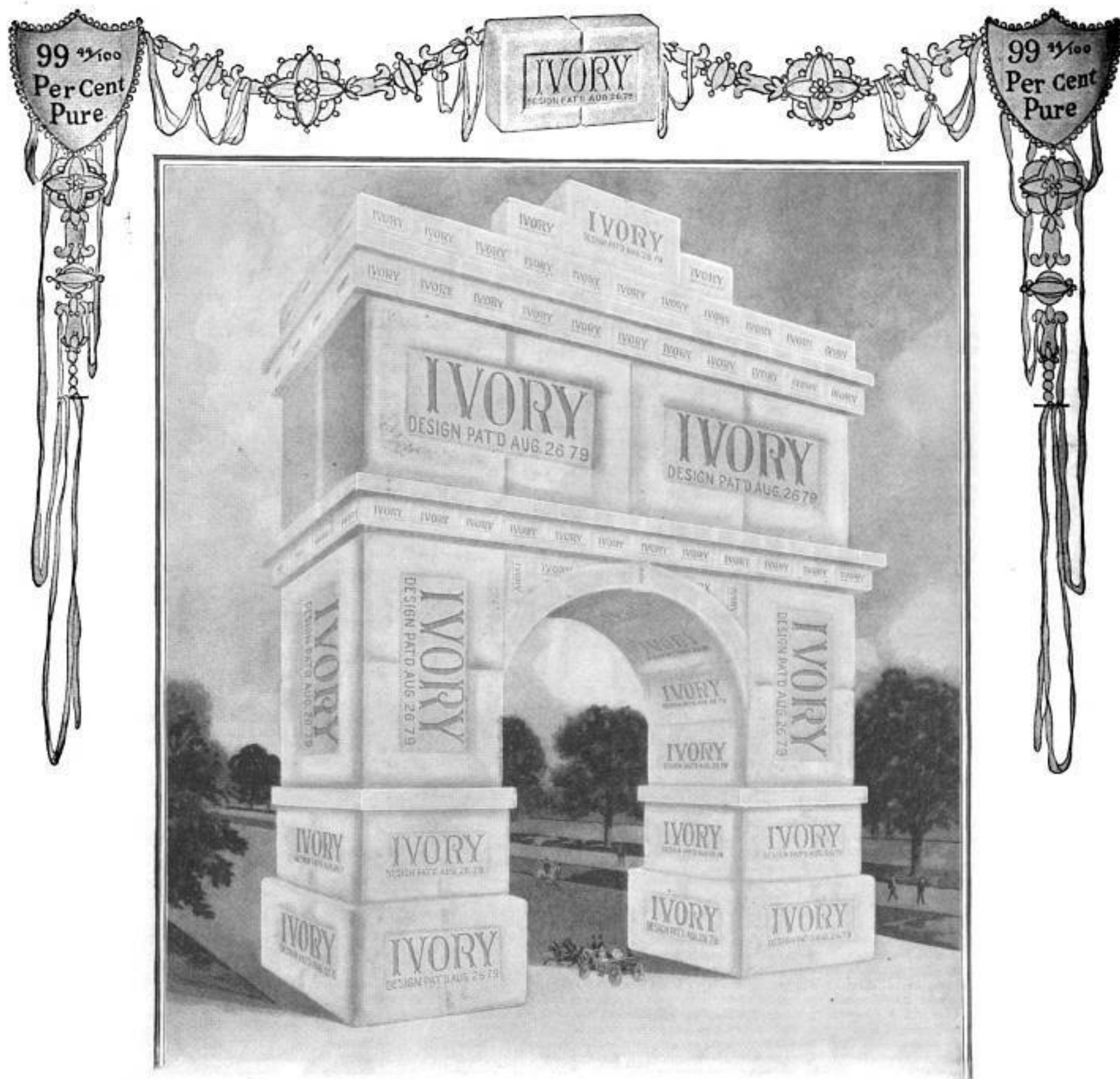
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Volume 181

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1908

Number 20



"If You'd Take Twelve  
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Sam. "That's Why  
I Quit"

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### By George Randolph Chester

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**A** NATURAL again!" exulted Jonathan Reuben Wix, as the dice bounded from his plump hand and came to rest upon the billiard-table in Leiniger's Select Café, with a five and a deuce showing. "Somebody ring the bell for me, because I'm a-going to get off."

He was a large young man in every dimension, broad of chest and big and pink of face and jovial of eye, and he chuckled as he passed the dice to his left-hand neighbor. There was a hundred dollars on the table and he gathered it up in a wad.

"Good-by, boys, and many merry thanks for these kind contributions," he bantered as he stuffed the money into his pocket. "It's me for Bunkville-amidst-the-ferry-boats, on the next Limited."

He was back in less than three days, having spent just twenty-four hours in New York. The impulsively-decided journey was nothing unusual for him, but it had an intimate bearing upon his future in that it forced upon him the confidence of secretive Clifford Gilman, who lived next door.

"Home so soon?" inquired Gilman in surprise. "They must have robbed you!"

"Robbed!" laughed Wix. "I should say not. I didn't waste a cent. Railroad ticket, sleepers, meals and extra fare on the Limited cost twenty-five each way. That left fifty. My room at the hotel cost five dollars. Breakfast was two dollars; morning drive through Central Park, four; lunch, three-fifty; matinee ticket, with cab each way, five; dinner, eight; with the ordinary champagne of commerce, theatre and cab hire, five-fifty; supper, twelve, including a bottle of real champagne at eight dollars, and the balance in tips."

Clifford gasped as he hungrily reviewed these luscious items.

Young Gilman was not one of those who had been in the game by which Wix had won a hundred. He never played dice, did young Gilman, nor poker, nor bet on a horse race, nor drank, nor even smoked; but wore curly, silken sideburns, and walked up the same side of Main Street every morning to the bank, with his lunch in a little, imitation-leather box. He walked back down the same side of Main Street every evening. If he had happened to take the other side on any morning, before noon there would have been half a dozen conservative depositors to ask old Smalley, who owned the bank, why Clifford had crossed over.

Young Gilman was popularly regarded as a "sissy," but that he had organs, dimensions and senses, and would bleed if pricked, was presently evidenced to Mr. Wix in a startling proposition.

"Look here, Wix," said Gilman, lowering his voice to a mystery-fraught undertone, "I'm going to take a little trip and I want you to come along."

"Behave!" admonished Wix. "It would be awful reckless in me to go with a regular little devil like you; and besides, sarsaparilla and peanuts tear up my system so."

"I've got three hundred dollars," stated Gilman calmly. "Does that sound like sarsaparilla and peanuts?"

"I'm listening," said Wix with sudden interest. "Where did you get it, mister?"

Gilman looked around them nervously, then spoke in an eager whisper, clutching Wix by the arm.

"Saved it up, but, like you do, I saw the wisdom of your way long ago. Old Smalley makes me put half my salary in the bank, but I pinch out a little more than that, and every time I get twenty dollars on the side I invest it in margin wheat, by mail. Most often I lose, but when I do win I keep on until it amounts to something. Of course, I'm laying myself open to you in this. If old Smalley found it out he'd discharge me on the spot."

Wix chuckled.

"I know," he agreed. "My mother once wanted me to apply for that job. I went to see old Smalley, and the first thing he did was to examine my fingers for cigarette stains. 'You won't find any,' I told him, 'for I use a holder,' and I showed him

the holder. Of course, that settled my case with Smalley; but do you know that he smokes after-dinner cigarettes away from home, and has beer and whisky and three kinds of wine in his cellar? I've got his number, all right, but I didn't have little Clifford's. Where do you hide it?"

"In the bank and here at home," returned Gilman with a snarl; "and I've been at it so long I'm beginning to curdle. You've worked in every mercantile establishment, factory and professional office in town, and never cared to hold a job. Yet everybody likes you. You drink, smoke, gamble and raise the dickens generally. You don't save a cent and yet you always manage to have money. You dress well and don't amount to a tinker's cuss, yet you're happy all day long. Come along to the Putnam County Fair and show me how."

"The Putnam County Fair!" repeated Wix. "Two hundred miles to get a drink?"

"I can't take one any closer, can I?" demanded Gilman savagely. "But the real reason is that Uncle Thomas lives there. I can go to visit Uncle Thomas when I wouldn't be allowed to 'go on the cars alone' anywhere else. But Uncle is a good fellow and his wife don't write to my mother. He tells me to go ahead; and I don't need go near him unless I'm in trouble."

"Some time I'll borrow your Uncle Tom," laughed Wix. "He sounds good to me."

Mrs. Gilman came to the door. She was a thin, nervous, little woman, with a long chin and a narrow forehead.

"Come in, Cliffy," she urged in a shrill, wheedling voice. "You must have a good, long night's rest for your trip in the morning." In reality she was worried to have her Clifford talking with the graceless Wix—though secretly she admired him.

"I must go in now," said Gilman hastily. "Go down to the train in the morning and get in on the other side, so Mother won't see you. And don't tell your mother where you've gone."

"She won't ask," responded Wix, laughing. "Nothing ever worries Mother except our name. I don't like it myself, but I don't worry over it. It isn't my fault, and it was hers."

If Wix felt any trace of bitterness over his mother's indifference he never confessed it, even to himself. Mrs. Wix, left a sufficient income by the late unloved, lived entirely by routine, with a separate, complacent function for every afternoon of the week. She was very comfortable, and plump, and placid, was Mrs. Wix, and Jonathan Reuben was merely an excrescence upon her scheme of life.

Jonathan Reuben, however, had no lack of feminine sympathy. Quite a little clique of dashing young matrons, with old or dryly pre-occupied husbands, vied with the girls to make him happy.

**II**  
**B**ACK of the Streets of Cairo, on the closing day of the fair, Wix and Gilman, hunting a drink, found a neat



"My Name is Horace G. Daw, and I Had the Pleasure of Doing  
a Little Business With You at the Putnam County Fair"



young man with piercing black eyes and black hair, who upon the previous days had been making a surreptitious handbook on the races. Just now he was advising an interested group of men that money would not grow in their pockets.

"If your eye is quicker than my hand you get my dollars," he singsonged as he deftly shifted three English walnut shells about on a flimsy folding stand; "if my hand is quicker than your eye I get your dollars. Here they go, three in a row. They're all set, and here's a double saw-buck for some gentleman with a like amount of wealth and a keen eye and a little courage. Where, oh, where, is the little pea?"

The location of the little pea was so obvious that it seemed a shame to take the black-eyed young man's money, for just as he had stopped moving the shells, Wix and Gilman, pressing up, saw that the edge of the left-hand shell had rested upon the rubber "pea" and had immediately closed over it. Notwithstanding this slip on the part of the operator, there seemed some reluctance on the part of the audience to invest; instead, with what might have seemed almost suspicious eagerness, they turned toward the newcomers. Gilman, flushed of face and muddy of eye, and hiccupping slightly—though Wix, who had drunk with him drink for drink, was clear and normal and his usual jovial, clear-eyed self—hastily pressed in before any one else should take advantage of the golden chance.

"Don't, Gilman," cautioned Wix, and grabbed him by the arm, but Gilman, still eager, jerked his arm away; and it was strange how all those who had been packed around the board made room for him.

"Here's the boy with the nerve and the money," commented the black-eyed one as he took Mr. Gilman's twenty and flaunted it in the air with his own. "Now lift up the little shell. If the little pea is under it you get the twin twenties. Lovely twins!" He laughed and kissed them lightly. "It's only a question," he shouted loudly, as Gilman prepared to make his choice, "of whether your eye is quicker than my hand."

Confidently Mr. Gilman picked up the left-hand shell, and a ludicrously bewildered look came over his face as he saw that the pellet was not under it. There was a laugh from the crowd. They had been waiting for another victim. Gilman looked hastily down at the trampled mass of straw and grass and muddy, black earth.

"The elusive little pea is not on the ground," suavely explained the brisk young man. "The elusive little pea is right here on the board, in plain sight."

To prove it he lifted up the centre shell and displayed the pellet! There was another laugh. Not one person in that crowd had seen the dexterous movement of his little finger, so quick and certain that it was scarcely more than a quiver; but, to make sure that his "quickness of hand" had not been detected, he scanned every face about him swiftly and piercingly. In this inspection his eye happened to light on that of Jonathan Reuben Wix, and met a wink so knowing, and withal so bubbling with gleeful appreciation, that he was himself forced to grin.

"How you've wasted your young life," commented Wix as he led away his still dazed companion. "I thought everybody knew that trick by this time, but I guess postmasters and bank clerks are always exempt."

"But how did he do it?" protested Gilman. "I saw that little ball under the left-hand shell as plain as day."

"That's what he meant you to see," returned Wix with a grin. "He let that one stop under the edge as if he were awkward, then he flipped it off behind on the ground. When he lifted the middle shell he shoved the other ball under it from the crook of his little finger. At the time you picked yours up there wasn't a ball under any of the three shells. There never is."

"I guess it's too late for me to get an education," sighed the other plaintively. "Smalley won't give me a chance. I don't even dare buy a new suit of clothes too often. I'd never see a bit of life if it wasn't for this wheat speculation."

Wix turned to him slowly.

"You want to let that game alone," he cautioned.

"Oh, I'm cautious enough," returned Gilman.

"You're almost in full charge at the bank now, aren't you?" observed Wix carelessly. "Smalley's over at his new bank in Milton a good deal."

"About half the time," admitted Gilman uneasily.

"He keeps a big cash reserve, don't he? Done up in bales, I suppose, and never looks at it except to count the mere bundles."

"Of course," Gilman was extremely nonchalant about it.

Wix let him change the subject, but he found himself studying Clifford speculatively every now and then. This day was another deciding step in the future of Wix.

### III

IT WAS to Jonathan Reuben that the waiters in the dining-car paid profound attention, although Gilman had the money. There was something about young Wix's breadth of chest and pinkness of countenance and clearness of smiling eye which marked him as one with whom

good food agreed, whom good liquor cheered, and whom good service thawed to the point of gratitude and gratuities: whereas Clifford Gilman, take him any place, was only background.

"Say, General Jackson," observed Wix pleasantly to the waiter, "put a quart of bubbles in the freezer while we study over this form sheet. Then bring us a dry Martini, not out of a bottle."

"I reckon you're going to have about what you want, boss," said the negro with a grin, and darted away.

He talked with the steward, who first frowned, then smiled, as he looked back and saw the particular guest. A moment later he was mixing, and Clifford Gilman gazed upon his friend with most worshipful eyes. Here, indeed, was a comrade of whom to be proud, and by whom to pattern!

They had swallowed their oysters, had finished their soup and were nibbling at caviar, with the quart of champagne in the frosty silver bucket beside them and the entrée on the way, when the steward was compelled to seat a third passenger at their table. It was the black-eyed young man of the walnut shells.

At first, as with his quick sweep he recognized in Mr. Gilman one of his victims, he hesitated, but a glance at the jovial Mr. Wix reassured him.

"We're just going to open a bottle of joy," invited Wix. "Shall I send for another glass?"

"Surest thing you know," replied the other. "I'm some partial to headache water."



"Is That You, Cliffy?"

"This is on the victim," observed Wix with a laugh, as the cork was pulled. "You see he has some left, even after attending your little party."

"Pity I didn't know he was so well padded," grinned the black-eyed one, whereat all three laughed, Gilman more loudly than any of them. Gilman ceased laughing, however, to struggle with his increasing tendency toward cross-eyes.

Wix turned to him with something of contempt.

"He don't mind the loss of twenty or so," he dryly observed. "He's in a business where he sees nothing but money all day long. He's a highly-trusted bank clerk."

Instead of glancing with interest at Mr. Gilman, the black-eyed young man sharply scrutinized Mr. Wix. Then he smiled.

"And what line are you in?" he finally asked of Wix.

"I've been in everything," confessed that jovial young gentleman with a chuckle, "and stayed in nothing. Just now I'm studying law."

"Doing nothing on the side?"

"Not a thing."

"He can't save any money to go into anything else," laughed Gilman, momentarily awakened into a surprising semblance of life. "Every time he gets fifty dollars he goes out of town to buy a fancy meal."

"You were born for easy money," the black-eyed one advised Wix. "It's that sort of a lip that drives us all into the shearing business."

Wix shook his head.

"Not me," said he. "The lawbooks prove that easy money costs too much."

The black-eyed one shrugged his shoulders.

"In certain lines it does," he admitted. "I'm going to get out of my line right away, for that very reason. Besides," he added with a sigh, "these educated town constables are putting the business on the bump-the-bumps."

They've got so they want from half to two-thirds, and put a bookkeeper on the job."

Mr. Gilman presently created a diversion by emitting a faint whoop, and immediately afterward went to sleep in the bread-platter. Wix sent for the porter of their sleeping-car, and between the two they put Mr. Gilman to bed. Before Wix returned to the shell expert he carefully extracted the money from his friend Clifford's pocket.

"He won't need it, anyhow," he lightly explained, "and we will. I'll tell him about it in the morning."

"I guess you can do that and make him like it, all right," agreed the other. "He's a born sucker. He can get to the fat money, can't he?"

Wix shook his head.

"No," he declared; "parents poor, and I don't think he has enough ginger in him to ever make a pile of his own."

The other was thoughtful and smiling for a time.

"He'll get hold of it some way or other, mark what I tell you, and you might just as well have it as anybody. Somebody's going to cop it. I think you said you lived in Filmore? Suppose I drop through there with a quick-turn proposition that would need two or three thousand, and would show that much profit in a couple of months? If you help me pull it through I'll give you a slice out of it."

Wix was deeply thoughtful, but he made no reply.

"You don't live this way all the time, and you'd like to," urged the other. "There's no reason you shouldn't. Why, man, the bulk of this country is composed of suckers that are able to lay hands on from one to ten thousand apiece. They'll spend ten years to get it and can be separated from it in ten minutes. You're one of the born separators. You were cut out for nothing but easy money."

### IV

EASY money! The phrase sank into the very soul of Jonathan Reuben Wix. Every professional, commercial and manufacturing man who knew him had predicted for him a brilliant future; but they had given him false credit for his father's patience to plod for years. Heredity had only given him, upon his father's side, selfishness and ingenuity; upon his mother's side, selfishness and a passion for luxurious comfort, and now, at twenty-six, he was still a young man without any prospect whatsoever.

Easy money! He was still dreaming of it; looking lazily for chance to throw it his way, and reading law, commercial law principally, in a desultory fashion, though absorbing more than he knew, when one day, about six months afterward, the black-haired young man landed in Filmore. He was growing a sparse, jet-black mustache now, and wore a solemn, black frock coat which fitted his slender frame like a glove. He walked first into the Filmore Bank, and by his mere appearance there nearly scared Clifford Gilman into fits.

"I guess you don't remember me," said the stranger with a smile. "My name is Horace G. Daw, and I had the pleasure of doing a little business with you at the Putnam County Fair."

"Yes, I—I—remember," admitted Gilman, thankful that there were no depositors in, and looking apprehensively out of the door. "What can I do for you?"

"I have a little business opportunity that I think would about suit you," said Mr. Daw, reaching toward his inside coat-pocket.

"Not here; not here," Gilman nervously interrupted him. "Somebody might come in at any minute, even Mr. Smalley himself. He's started for the train, but he might come back."

"When, then, can I see you?" demanded Daw, with an instant change to cold insistence, since he saw that Gilman was afraid of him. He had intended to meet the young man upon terms of jovial cordiality, but this was better.

"Any time you say, out of hours," said Gilman.

"Then suppose you come down to the Grand Hotel at from seven-thirty to eight o'clock."

"All right," gulped Gilman. "I'll be there."

Under the circumstances Mr. Daw changed his plans immediately. He had meant to hunt up Mr. Wix also, upon his arrival, but now he most emphatically did not wish to do so, and kept very closely to his hotel. Mr. Gilman, on the contrary, did wish to find Mr. Wix, and hunted frantically for him; but Wix, that day, obeying a sudden craving for squab, had gone fifty miles to dine!

Alone, then, Gilman went in fear and trembling to the Grand Hotel, and was very glad indeed to be sheltered from sight in Mr. Daw's room.

What would Mr. Gilman have to drink? Nothing, thank you. No, no wine. A highball? No, not a highball. Some beer? Not any beer, thank you. Nevertheless, Mr. Daw ordered a pitcher of draft beer with two glasses, and Mr. Gilman found himself sipping eagerly at it almost before he knew it: for after an enforced abstinence of months that beer tasted like honey. Also, it was warming to the heart and exhilarating to the brain, and it enabled him to listen better to the wonderful opportunity Mr. Daw had to offer him.

It seemed that Mr. Daw had obtained exclusive inside information about the Red Mud Gold Mine. Three



genuine miners—presumably top-booted, broad-hatted and red neck-kerchiefed—had incorporated that company, and, keeping sixty per cent. of the stock for themselves, had placed forty per cent. of it in the East for sale. As paying ore had not been found in it, after weary months of prospecting, one of the three partners brought his twenty per cent. of the stock East, and Mr. Daw had bought it for a song. A song, mind you, a mere nothing. Mr. Daw, moreover, knew where the other forty per cent. had been sold, and it, too, could be bought for a song. But now here came the point. After the departure of the disgruntled third partner the others had found gold! The two fortunate miners were, however, carefully concealing their good luck, because they were making most strenuous endeavors to raise enough money to buy in the outstanding stock, before the holders realized its value.

Mr. Gilman, pouring another amber glassful for himself, nodded his head in vast appreciation. Smart men, those miners.

Mr. Daw had been fortunate enough to glean these facts from a returned miner whom he had befriended in early years, and to secure samples of the ore, all of which had happened within the past week. Here was one of the samples. Look at those flecks! Those were gold, virgin gold!

Mr. Gilman feasted his eyes on those flecks, their precious color richly enhanced when seen through four glasses of golden beer. That was actually gold, in the raw state. He strove to comprehend it.

Here was the certified report of the assay, on the letter-head of the chemist who had examined the ore. It ran a hundred and sixty-three dollars to the ton! Marvelous! perfectly marvelous! Mr. Daw himself, even as he showed the assay, admired it over and over. As for Mr. Gilman, words could not explain how he was impressed. A real, genuine assay!

Now, here is what Mr. Daw had done. Immediately upon receiving the report upon this assay he had scraped together all the money he could, and had bought up an additional ten per cent. of the stock of that company, which left him holding thirty per cent. Also, he had secured an option upon the thirty per cent. still outstanding. That additional thirty per cent. could be secured, if it were purchased at once, for three thousand dollars. Now if Mr. Gilman could invest that much money, or knew any one who could, by pooling their stock Mr. Gilman and Mr. Daw would hold sixty per cent. of the total incorporated stock of the company, and would thus hold control. Mr. Gilman certainly knew what that meant.

Mr. Gilman did, for Mr. Smalley's Filmore Bank had been started as a stock company, with Mr. Smalley holding control, and by means of that control Mr. Smalley had been able to vote himself sufficient salary to be able to buy up the balance of the stock, so that now it was all his; but Mr. Gilman could not see where it was possible for him to secure three thousand dollars for an investment of this nature.

An investment? Mr. Daw objected. This was not an investment at all. It was merely the laying down of three thousand dollars and immediately picking it up again fourfold. Why, having secured this stock, all they had to do was to let the secret of the finding of the hundred-and-sixty-three-dollar-a-ton gold be known, and, having control to offer, they could immediately sell it, anywhere, for four times what they had paid for it. The entire transaction need not take a week: it need not take four days.

Now, here is what Mr. Daw would do—that is, after he had ordered another pitcher of beer. He had the thirty per cent. of stock with him. He spread it out before Mr.

Gilman. It was most beautifully printed stock, on the finest of bond paper, with goldleaf letters, a crimson border and green embellishments, and was carefully numbered in metallic blue. It was also duly made out in the name of Horace G. Daw. Mr. Daw would do this: In order that Mr. Gilman might be protected from the start, Mr. Daw would, upon taking Mr. Gilman's three thousand, make over to Mr. Gilman this very stock. He would then take Mr. Gilman's three thousand dollars and purchase the other thirty per cent. of stock in his, Mr. Daw's, own name, and would, in the mean time, sign a binding agreement with Mr. Gilman that their stock should be pooled—that neither should sell without the consent of the other. It was a glorious opportunity! Mr. Daw was sorry he could not swing it all himself, but, being unable to do so, it immediately occurred to him that Mr. Gilman was the very man to benefit by the opportunity.

Mr. Gilman looked upon that glittering sample of ore, that unimpeachable certified assay, those beautifully-printed stock certificates of the Red Mud Gold Mining Company, and he saw yellow. Nothing but gold, rich, Red Mud gold, was in all his safe, sane and conservative vision. Here, indeed, was no risk, for here were proofs enough and to spare. Besides, the entire transaction was so plausible and natural.

"By George, I'll do it!" said Mr. Gilman, having already, in those few brief moments, planned what he would do with nine thousand dollars of profits.

Mr. Daw was very loth to let Mr. Gilman go home after this announcement. He tried to get him to stay all night, so that they could go right down to the bank together in the morning and fix up the matter; for it must be understood that a glittering opportunity like this must be closed immediately. Mr. Gilman, as a business man of experience, could appreciate that. But there were weighty reasons why Mr. Gilman could not do this, no matter how much he might desire it, or see its advisability. Very well, then, Mr. Daw would simply draw up that little agreement to pool their stock, so that the matter could be considered definitely settled, and Mr. Daw would then wire, yet that night, to the holders of the remaining stock that he would take it.

With much gravity and even pomp the agreement was drawn up and signed; then Mr. Gilman, taking the sage advice of Mr. Daw, drank seltzer and ammonia and ate lemon peel, whereupon he went home, keeping squarely in the centre of the sidewalk to prove to himself that he could walk a straight line without wavering. Young Mr. Daw, meanwhile, clinging to that signed agreement as a mariner to his raft, sat upon the edge of his bed to rejoice and to admire himself; for this was Mr. Daw's first adventure into the higher and finer degrees of "wise work," and he was quite naturally elated over his own neatness and dispatch.



Suddenly the Fish-White Face and Staring Eyes of Gilman Were Not in the Line of Mr. Smalley's Astonished Vision

glancing apprehensively at the second-story window, where a shade was already drawn aside.

"Business!" repeated Wix. "They put midnight business in jail at daylight."

"Hush!" warned Gilman, with another glance at the window. "This is different. This is one of those lucky strokes that I have read about but never hoped would come my way," and enthusiastically, in an undertone that

Wix had to strain to hear, he recited all the details of the golden opportunity.

It was not so much experience as a natural trend of mind paralleling Mr. Daw's which made Mr. Wix smile to himself all through this recital. He seemed to foresee each step in the plan before it was told him, and, when Mr. Gilman was through, the only point about which his friend was at all surprised, or even eager, was the matter of the three thousand.

"Do you mean to say you can swing that amount?" he demanded.

"I—I think I can," faltered Mr. Gilman. "In fact, I—I'm very sure of it. Although, of course, that's a secret," he hastily added.

"Where would you get it?" asked Wix incredulously.

"Well, for a sure thing like this, if you must know," said Gilman, gulping, but speaking with desperately businesslike decision, "I am sure Mr. Smalley would loan it to me. Although he wouldn't want it known," he again added quickly, "If you'd speak to him about it

he'd deny it, and might even make me trouble for being so loose-tongued; so, of course, nobody must know."

"I see," said Wix slowly. "Well, Cliff, you just pass up this tidy little fortune."

"Pass it up!"

"Yes, let it slide on by. Look on it with scorn. Wriggle your fingers at it. Let somebody else have that nine thousand dollars clean profit from the investment of three, all in a couple of days. I'm afraid it would give you the short-haired paleness to make so much money so suddenly. Ever hear of that disease? The short-haired paleness comes from wearing horizontal stripes in a cement room."

Young Gilman pondered this ambiguous reply in silence, then out of his secret distress he blurted:

"But, Wix, I've got to do something that will bring me in some money! I've run behind on my wheat trades. I've—I've got to do something!"

Wix, in the darkness, made a little startled movement, the involuntary placing of his fingertips behind his ear; then he answered quietly:

"I told you to keep away from that game. I tried it myself and know all about it."

"I know, but I did it just the same," answered Gilman.

Wix chuckled.

"Of course you did. You're the woolly breed that keeps bucket-shops going. I'd like no better lazy life than just to run a bucket-shop and fill all my buckets with the fleeces of about a dozen of your bleating kind. It would be easy money."

The front door of the Gilman house opened a little way, and the voice of a worried woman came out into the night:

"Is that you, Cliff?"

"Yes, Mother," answered Clifford. "Good-night, old man. I want to be sure to see you before I go to the bank in the morning. I want to talk this thing over with you," and young Gilman hurried into the house.

Wix looked after him as he went in, and stood staring at the glowing second-story window. Then he suddenly went back up to his own porch and got his hat. Fifteen minutes later he was at the desk of the Grand Hotel.

"Mr. Daw," he said to the clerk.

"I think Mr. Daw's probably gone to bed by this time, Wix," the clerk protested.

"We'll wake him up then. What's the number of his room? I'll do it myself."

The clerk grinned.

"If he kicks, you know, Wix, I can't blame you for it. I'll have to stand it myself."

"He won't kick. What's his room?"

"Number one," and again the clerk grinned. Nobody ever pointblank refused young Wix a favor. There was



It Ran a Hundred and Sixty-Three Dollars to the Ton! Marvelous! Perfectly Marvelous!



that in his bigness, and in the very jollity with which he defied life and its pretended gravity, which opened all doors to him. His breadth of chest had much to do with it.

"The bridal chamber, eh?" he chuckled. "In that case send up a bottle of champagne and charge it to Mr. Daw's account. Yes, I know the bar's closed, but you have a key. Go dig it out yourself, Joe, and do it in style."

Unattended, Mr. Wix made his way to room one and pounded on the door. Mr. Daw, encased in blue pajamas and just on the point of retiring, opened a little way, and was quite crestfallen when he recognized the visitor. Nevertheless, he thawed into instant amiability.

"Glad to see you, old scout," he cried, and shaking hands with Wix pulled him into the room. "I felt as if the old homestead was no longer home when I didn't find you here to-day. Sit down. What'll you have to drink?"

"Wine, thanks," replied Wix. "They're getting it ready now. I gave them your order before I came up."

Mr. Daw gasped and batted his eyes, but swallowed quickly and had it over with.

"Well," explained Wix, as they seated themselves comfortably, "I thought, since we wouldn't have time for many drinks, that we might just as well make it a good one. I brought up this time-table. There's a train leaves for the East at 5:37 this morning and one leaves for the West at 6:10. Which are you going to take?"

"Why, neither one," said Daw in some surprise. "I have some business here."

"Yes," admitted Wix dryly; "I just saw Gilman. Which train are you taking?"

"Neither, I said," snapped Daw, frowning. "I don't intend to leave here until I finish my work."

"Oh, yes, you do," Wix informed him. "You're going about the time Gilman is washing his face for breakfast; and you won't leave any word for him."

"How do you know so well?" retorted Daw. "Look here, Mr. Wix, this proposition I'm offering Gilman is a fair and square —"

"You say that again and I'll bite you," interrupted Wix pleasantly.

"I've got a pretty good left-handed punch of my own," flared Daw, advancing a threatening step.

Wix, though much the larger man, betrayed his touch of physical cowardice by a fleeting shade of pallor, and moved over next the door. The Grand Hotel had not installed a room telephone service, still relying upon the convenient push button. To this, Wix, affecting to treat the entire incident as a joke, called attention.

"One ring, ice-water," he read from the printed card above it; "two rings, bell-boy; three rings, maid. I think about six rings will bring the clerk, the porter and the fire department," he observed; "but I don't see where we need them in a quiet little business talk like ours."

"Oh, I see!" said Daw in the sudden flood of a great white light, and he smiled most amiably. "I promised you a rake-off when I spoke about this on the train, didn't I? And, of course, I'm willing to stick with it. If I pull this across there's a thousand in it for you."

"No. It won't do," said Wix, shaking his head.

"Say fifteen hundred, then."

Once more Wix shook his head. He, also, smiled most amiably.

"I guess you want it all?" charged Daw with a sneer.

"Possibly," admitted Wix, then, suddenly, he chuckled so that his big shoulders heaved. "To tell you the truth,"

he stated, "I didn't know Gilman could put up so big a prize as all that nice money, or he wouldn't have had it loose to offer you by now. As soon as I get over the shock I'll know what to do about it. Just now, all I know is that he's not going into this real silky little joke of yours. I don't want to see the money go out of town."

"I saw it first," Daw reminded him. "I don't care where he gets it, you know, just so I get it."

"Wherever he gets it," said Wix impressively, "it will be secured in a perfectly legitimate manner. I want you to understand that much."

"Oh, yes, I understood that, anyhow," acknowledged Daw, and the two men looked quite steadily into each other's eyes, each knowing what the other thought but refusing to admit it.

It was Daw who first broke the ensuing silence.

"Suppose I can't decide to wing my onward way?" he suggested.

"Then I'll have you looking out on court-house square through the big grill."

"On what charge?"

"General principles," chuckled Wix.

"I suppose there's a heavy stretch for that if they prove it on me," returned Daw thoughtfully. There was no levity whatever in the reply. He had read the eyes of Wix correctly. Wix would have him arrested as sure as breakfast, dinner and supper.

"Just general principles," repeated Wix; "to be followed by a general investigation. Can you stand it?"

"I should say I can," asserted Daw. "What time did you say that train leaves? The one going East, I mean."

"Five-thirty-seven."

(Continued on Page 28)

# THE CUTTING OF HAM

By Harry Snowden Stabler

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

ALTHOUGH by no means rich, even well off, in this world's goods, Miss Byrd was envied by all who knew her, for she had never been, and probably never would be, troubled by that bane of modern life — the servant problem. The last of an old, slave-holding family, she had moved many years before to the big city, accompanied by two negro servants, a year or two older than herself.

They, man and wife, had scorned huge wages from all sorts of "po' white trash," and continued in her service as though they still belonged to her. Therefore it was with some apprehension that Miss Byrd looked up as the huge figure of Judy appeared in the door, head handkerchief awry, and a deep frown on her unusually good-humored face.

"Miss Sally, I can't do nuthin' wid Sawney. He say de mustud plarster you made fer 'im done bu'nt 'im up, an' de pain gits wuss an' wuss."

"Well, Judy, what do you think is the matter with him?"

"De Lawd knows, but he's sick dis time, sho 'nuff—all doubled up like er nut-cracker," she added with a picturesque touch. "An' he ain' bin foolin' roun' wid dem onery downtown niggers, nuther, 'cause I ain' smelt lickin' on 'im fer I dunno how long."

"Where is the pain—all over the stomach or just in one spot?"

"He says he feel like 'er red-hot poker done punched 'im in de right side, down hyar."

Miss Sally spoke anxiously. "You had better go for Doctor Paxton at once, and tell him I say come as soon as he can." Then she sat down to consider the probable difficulties in managing a negro with a possible case of appendicitis.

Doctor Paxton came in with his usual breezy laugh, and motioned Judy on as Miss Byrd detained him, saying: "From what Judy tells me, Sawney may have appendicitis. Now, please don't frighten him —"

The doctor's face instantly became grave. "If he really has a badly-diseased appendix he will probably die, for you know the unutterable horror with which a negro regards the hospital and the knife. He would never go to the one or submit to the other."

"Oh, if it were only Judy instead," Miss Byrd exclaimed miserably. "She is so sensible, so level-headed about most things, and strong as a horse."

The doctor shook his head. "The best of them will balk at the hospital. Some of them have actually died before consenting to go there. And I have never succeeded in getting a satisfactory reason for it from a single one of them. But," he added cheerfully, "are we not crossing the bridge before we come to it? I'll go and see."

"I needn't ask you, then, not to scare him more than you can help—I won't have it," Miss Sally replied firmly, smiling.

"It's the appendix," said the doctor, presently returning, "and a bad case, too. He should be operated upon at once."

"What on earth is to be done?" Miss Byrd questioned, grief-stricken.

"You and Judy will have to nerve him up to it, that's all, but I doubt if you can do it," was the doctor's candid

reply. "Isn't it a strange thing," he continued earnestly, "that in this enlightened age there are thousands of our fellow-beings who carry this terrible, nameless fear in their hearts? It is laughable, until we realize how pathetic it all is."

"I hadn't an idea it was as bad as that," she admitted thoughtfully; "I do not remember ever talking to either of them about it."

Judy came in response to Miss Sally's call, and stood nervously twisting her apron in both hands, her head held at a listening angle to the open door behind her.

"Sit down there," said the doctor with a cheerful smile; "I want to talk to you."

"Thanky, suh, I'd ruther stan'," she replied, folding her brawny arms, bare to the elbow, over her ample bosom, and regarding him steadily.

"Sawney is a sick man; did you know it?"

"Yassuh, I knows it, now. Whut's de matter wid 'im?"

"He has appendicitis, but —"

"Name o' Gawd! whut's dat?"

"It is a disease of what is called the vermiform appendix, which —"

"Oh, go long, Mr. Ned, dat nigger jes' de same ez other niggers. I ain' know'd 'im forty years fer nuthin'; he ain' nuvver had one o' dem things."

"But, Judy, you don't understand. Every one has an appendix, and sometimes it becomes diseased and has to be — er — to be taken out."

"How you gwine take it out? Whar is it?" she asked, with a startled, suspicious look.

"Well," the doctor replied slowly, seeking to avoid words that would shock her, "a small incision has to be made just over the place —"

Judy leaned forward, the powerful arms akimbo, the whites of her eyes beginning to roll. "Does you mean he got ter be cut?" she questioned in an awed whisper.

"Why, yes" — with a reassuring smile — "it is done — I have done it many times. It is not dangerous."

"Might do fer white folks, but not fer de nigger — leas'-ways not fer dat nigger." The turbaned head wagged slowly from side to side in positive negation. "He cum f'm Buckin'ham an' he's jes' dat foolish," she explained apologetically.

"Why, you old idiot, are you one of those niggers that believe all that stuff about the hospitals and the 'night doctors,' as you call them, catching people and cutting them up?" said Doctor Paxton with a show of irritation. "I thought Miss Sally had taught you some sense."

"I don' know nuthin' 'bout 'em," was the non-committal reply. "When I goes by dem places I don' slack my gait long 'nuff ter fin' out, nuther."



"Does You Mean He Got ter be Cut?"



"Look here, Judy," said Miss Byrd severely, "Sawney will die if he will not do as the doctor says. You must persuade him to go to the hospital and—get well. You surely believe in me, in what I tell you. Besides," she went on, noting the dawning panic in the woman's face, "where is all your boast of being 'born to see evil'?"

The white-haired little woman stood up as Judy took a step forward, gazing at her long and intently. "I b'lieves you same ez I would Lawd A'mighty, ef I heered Him speak out'n de clouds an' de lightnin'," she said solemnly.

"Then go up and tell Sawney —"

"My Lawd, Miss Sally, de dev'l an' Brown's mules couldn't pull dat nigger out'n de baid ef I wuz ter say 'hospittel' ter 'im. You is de only one kin do dat, ef ennybody kin."

The three filed up into the small back room where Sawney lay, his back bent in a bow of agony. His wits were too dulled by suffering to comprehend the careful explanation about the appendix, but at the word "operation" his groans ceased; he lay quite still, his frightened glance shifting rapidly between Judy and Miss Byrd.

"I can get you there without more pain than you are suffering now, and you —" went on the doctor kindly.

"Git me whar?" The question was almost inaudible.

"Oh! just over to the hospital; I'll go —"

"De hospittel?" he gasped, straightening out under the covers. The black, wrinkled skin became ashy, dead in hue, as he flung out both arms toward the slender figure. "Oh! Miss Sally, fer Gawd's sake," he pleaded, "tain't nuthin' de motter wid me; jes' sump'n I done et. I'll git all right by sundown."

"Look hyar, nigger, you gwine ter be daid by sundown ef you don't lis'en ter white folks," said Judy.

Sawney thought he detected a certain lack of sincerity in his wife's voice. "Whut you got ter do wid it, you big, black dev'l?" he bawled. "Oh! you is all 'ginst me!" moaning as the fierce pain began to prod him again.

"Sawney, are you ready to die?" asked Miss Sally softly.

The restless head stopped its sidewise motion. "I'd rather die right now wid-out dem—dem 'night doctors' gittin' holt o' me."

"There is no such thing as a 'night doctor,' I tell you. They are all good, kind men like Doctor Paxton here, whom you have known for twenty years. Can't you take my word for it and his? Why, I have been over to the hospital many times."

"I'll fix you up myself, Sawney; nobody shall touch you but me," said the doctor heartily.

Ignoring the latter entirely, Sawney studied the beloved features as Judy had done. "I reckon you ain't nuvver tol' er lie in yo' life," he said haltingly, between gasps. "An' I see know'd you sence you wuz so high"—a wrinkled, shaking hand was held out over the floor—"sence yo' Pappy sout me ter you dat day wid de little red shoes. Does you 'member dat time?" The tightening in the slender throat held his old mistress speechless, but the brimming eyes gave eloquent token of a good memory. "I ain't fergot it," he went on, "cause I went wid de shoes. An' I bin follerin' yo' feet uvver sence." Pausing for breath, he continued slowly: "You done bin over dar, is you? Would you go wid me? 'Cause ain't nobody gwine ter git me out'n dis room less'n you says you will. My time done cum, I reckon, but you got ter promise ter git me 'way f'm dat place when dey git done wid me."

"You foolish old thing, of course I will go, Judy and I, and stay with you as long as—as I can," she replied.

"Fine!" exclaimed Doctor Paxton. "I'll go and 'phone for an ambulance."

"Good Gawd!" Sawney shuddered, his mind on the black "hurry-up wag'n" and its clanging bell. "Miss Sally done said she'd go wid me, an' she ain't gwine ter ride in no 'death wag'n.' Whut you talkin' 'bout, man?"

"Of course you will meet us at the hospital," said Doctor Paxton in an undertone. "A carriage would exhaust him; these infernal cobblestones, you know?"

"No, I'll go with him, as I promised—in the ambulance, if necessary," was the firm reply. "He is liable to go wild with fright, even now."

"But that is totally unnecessary. You will appear ridiculous."

"What do I care," the little woman exclaimed, with a passionate stamp of her foot. "The man is more than my servant; he is my friend. Fidelity is a poor word for him and Judy, and you know it. Can I be less to them in their time of trouble? Oh, hurry!"

And the surgeon bowed his head in obedience and homage to the spirit of this woman as unconquerable as it was beautiful.

Ignoring alike the doctor's warning and the men with the stretcher, Judy picked up her light-weight spouse, and carried him downstairs as though he had been a quarter-sack of flour. "Shet yo' eyes an' keep 'em shet," she commanded. "Miss Sally's goin' wid you," as the latter, dressed for the street, opened the door for them.

The amazed stare of the young doctor in charge of the ambulance, as Miss Byrd climbed in behind her two servants, was met by the curt intimation that they were ready, if he was. "And don't you ring that bell, young man, not once," she ordered, as the driver, with a broad grin, clucked to his horses. Doctor Paxton followed in his buggy.

"Oh, my Gawd, dey gwine ter take de senses 'way f'm me!" he stammered, thrusting out an appealing hand to Miss Sally.

"You old idiot!" she exclaimed scornfully. "How can they—they—er—stop your pain if they don't? Do you want to die right off?"

"Git me 'way f'm hyar!" he bellowed. "Whar's Judy?"

Miss Sally stood over the terrified man and simply berated him, pouring upon him every sarcastic, scornful invective in her very limited vocabulary. She invoked the open derision, anger and authority of those about her in vain.

Sawney just stared, apparently in open-mouthed wonder at the suddenly developed powers of his old mistress along lines hitherto unheard of.

"Come, Sawney," she appealed, taking another tack, "do you think I would allow them to do you any harm? See here," she added desperately, as the sufferer began to writhe, "I'll hold your hand."

A chair was pushed under her; she took the crooking fingers in her own.

"Now," said the interne, lifting the saturated, cone-shaped towel, "just take a couple of long breaths into this; it won't hurt you. Tha-a-at's good."

"Oh, Lam' o' Gawd, I cum-m-m-m."

Strong hands seized him—a few choking coughs, and the black fingers released their crushing grasp. Miss Sally,

pale and faint from the sweetish, sickening odor, was escorted out on the rear porch to get a breath of fresh air.

She glanced about for Judy, but the latter was wandering restlessly about the lower bend of the corridor.

Presently the big woman paused before the open door of a small room, to stiffen like a pointer in the stubble as she gazed on the long, keen blades, saws, pincers and other paraphernalia of the surgeon—their shining, horrible shapes enough to send a chill down any one's spine.

"Good Lawd!"

Cool, quiet and capable, the young nurse, laying down a roll of iodoform gauze, looked up at the horror-struck countenance and laughed outright.

"Whut you gwine ter do wid—dem?"

asked Judy, backing off, as the girl paused in front of the elevator with a tray of instruments.

"They are for one of the doctors to operate with." She laughed again and disappeared up the shaft.

Having been "sort o' balky" from the beginning, now, with her mind's eye on the tray of instruments and their possible victim, Judy was fast losing her nerve, hitherto braced by the moral support of Miss Sally. Starting up to seek her mistress, the big woman turned the corner of the corridor and beheld, coming straight for the elevator, the young doctor, the nurse and the orderly, who pushed a rubber-tired truck, on which lay something covered with a long, white cloth.

Judy knew instinctively what lay beneath that "windin' sheet." She took a couple of halting steps forward, barring its progress, every nerve in her huge body strung to breaking. All the latent superstition, the unnamed horror of the place and its evil reputation shone in her thick features.

The young doctor, hastily coming forward to remove her, brushed against the cloth, and Judy—saw.

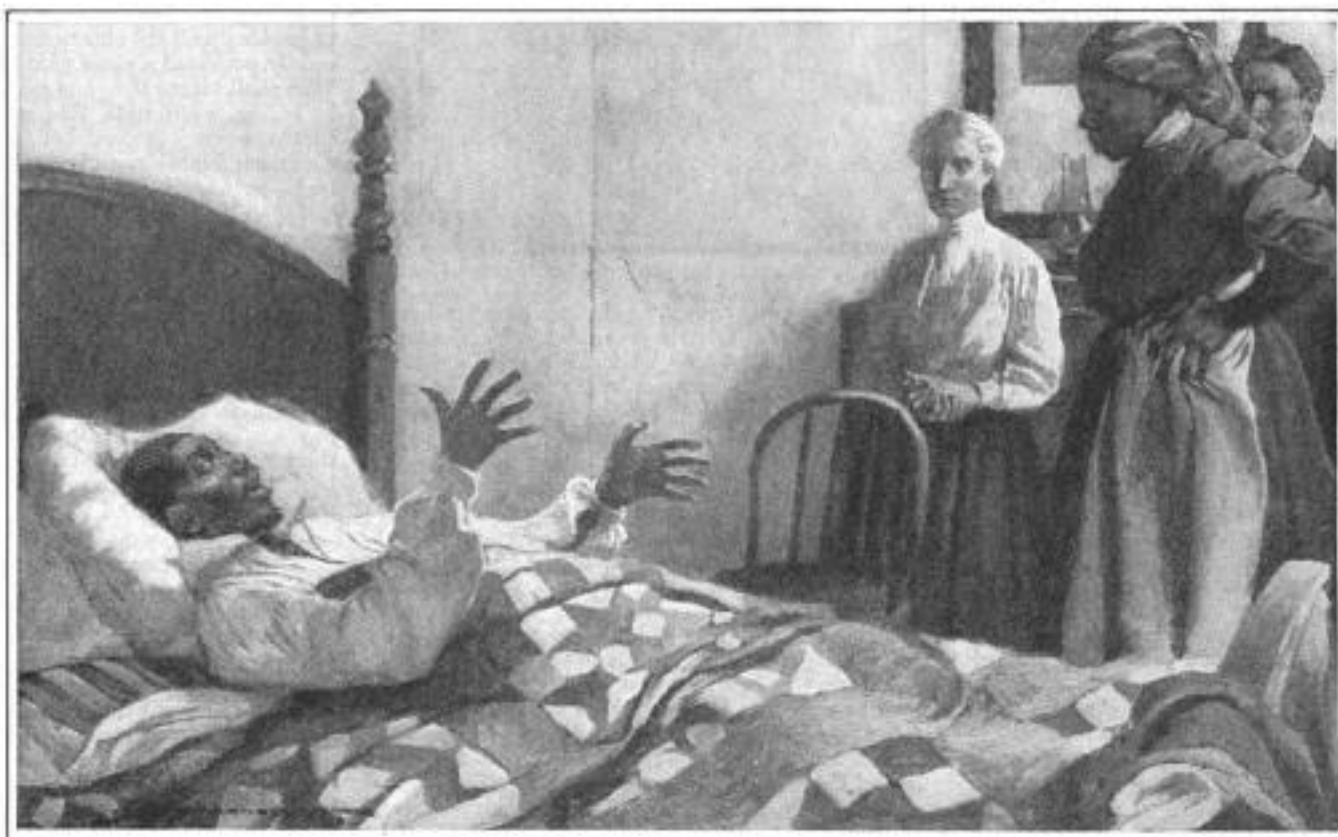
"You sha-n-t—!" The voice trailed off into nothing, the jaw dropped, the eyes glazed, and she crumpled up on the floor in a dead faint.

"Take that woman out on the back porch and throw a bucket of water on her," said the house surgeon, coming up. "First time I ever saw a negro faint." He laughed.

Judy came to, looking straight into the anxious face of Miss Sally.

"Judy Mason, I am ashamed of you, and you 'born to see evil,' too."

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"'Tain't Nuthin' de Motter Wid Me; Jes' Sump'n I Done Et. I'll Git All Right by Sundown"

As the pain in a tooth ceases when the dentist's door-bell is actually rung, Sawney's single glance at the dreaded "hospittel" held him numb and speechless.

Passing into the big hallway, Judy leaned over the stretcher and whispered: "Look, Sawney, dis can't be no death place." And Sawney beheld the beautiful statue of Christ, the Healer, with hand outstretched above him.

"Oh! Lam' o' Gawd," he prayed pitifully.

When they reached the patient's room Doctor Paxton spoke in a low tone to the assistant: "You will have to etherize him down here. He would balk at the operating-room to a certainty. I will hurry up and get ready." Then Miss Byrd and Judy backed out, followed by Sawney's imploring gaze.

The two women had been seated but a few minutes in a small waiting-room at the end of the corridor when the assistant surgeon appeared, swearing under his breath. "Madam, that darky absolutely refuses to be etherized, and it is against the rules of this institution to force any one. What shall I do? He is almost beside himself, yelling for you and for her, I suppose," indicating Judy with a jerk of his thumb.

"Sit still, Judy," Miss Byrd commanded. "I will go with you, sir, and see if —"

"But—er—you cannot—that is—er—it is against —"

"Tut, tut, young man, don't talk to me. I knew the founder of this hospital, and, besides, my servant's life is in question." And Miss Byrd stalked down the corridor, five feet two inches of clean grit and determination.

Two nurses and an orderly stood aside as she beheld Sawney, covered from neck to heels with a sheet, his eyes bulging with terror, his face streaming with perspiration.



# How They Do Business in Japan

## SOME PITFALLS FOR THE UNWARY FOREIGNER

By I. K. Friedman



THE mountains stood like sentinels around the superb gardens of the Hotel Fujiya at Miyanoshta to keep out the care, the fret and the clamor of the world; and seated on a bench near a companionable waterfall I was enjoying the solace and restfulness of it all when there approached a rotund little guide who carried a bald head that was seemingly larger and squarer than the shoulders on which it rested. He slipped his right hand in the opening of his light-colored kimono, sucked in his breath—a mark of respect second to none in a land inhabited by the most respectful people on earth—and, bowing very low, said in good English:

"Sir, you are an eminent man. You are an erudite man. You are an ornament to journalism, that noblest of all professions, in which you are engaged. Your fame, it pleases me to say, has reached Miyanoshta ahead of you and I am delighted to pay you honor." He paused, as if searching in his mind for the something, whatever it was, that this flourishing prologue was meant to introduce, bowed low again, and sucked in his breath.

Being human, the flattery would have been grateful to me if the flatterer only would have been a little more adroit in the concealment of the trowel with which he was laying it on. Its very obvious intrusion had a tendency to ruin the illusion that otherwise might have gone down, tool, plaster and all. I sat wondering whither it was all drifting when he again salaamed profoundly and continued:

"Since, highly respected sir, your powers of expression are so great and writing comes so natural to you, I thought I might make myself bold enough to ask you to write a letter to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of your honorable country, recommending my services as a guide."

"And why particularly to Mr. Carnegie?"

He put his hand up to his mouth mysteriously and, looking around the garden cautiously, half-whispered, half-said: "At last I have found just such another golden pagoda as Mr. Harriman bought when he visited our honorable country."

### The Episode of the Golden Pagoda

I WAS going to inquire into the nature of that evidently so remarkable pagoda when a chance acquaintance sauntered along and suggested that we climb Sengen-yama hill, just back of the hotel, and get a glimpse of silvery Fuji, disclosing itself with fanlike symmetry to the clear air of the superb morning. Before I had the opportunity to accept or reject the invitation, the fat guide withdrew discreetly, waddling down the graveled walk in his noiseless sandals.

Early that afternoon I left for Tokyo; it was the last time that I ever beheld the unctuous, obsequious guide, and I might have forgotten him forever if I had not learned when I traveled on to Nikko—Nikko that permits not the use of the word magnificent until one's eyes have rested on its glories of scenery, temple and grove—that the story of Mr. Harriman and the golden pagoda had become a sort of sacred legend of the place. The facts around which the legend had crystallized were commonplace and unromantic enough. Mr. Harriman had come to Nikko, visited one of its famous curio shops, and fallen in love at first sight with a gold pagoda that reared its fantastic head aloft in a prominent corner. The price demanded for the entire structure, foundation and topmost roof included, was fifty thousand yen, which is equal to just half that many American dollars. The prospective purchaser offered thirty thousand yen.



The pagoda-owner, knowing a lovesick man when he saw him, stood firm at fifty thousand. Mr. Harriman left the shop carrying the pagoda off in his heart if not in his hands, and the shrewd Japanese let him go, well aware of the dramatic pretenses of lovers. Enter Mr. Harriman the second day, as the curio dealer knew he would, looks at everything else in the shop save his heart's desire, which the king of the curios knew he would do, having insight into the ways of those lovers who assume indifference to the fair one they want by courting those whom they don't. Finally the smitten one walks over to the pagoda—I am telling the story as it was told to me—and, yawning, offers to take it away for thirty thousand yen. He has plenty of other pagodas at home; he doesn't care particularly for this one, but, then, being in Nikko, and the pagoda happening to be there, too, he might just as well as not take it—if the price were made commensurate with its value.

The vendor admired the yawn of the American captain of industry. He had seen others yawn before that selfsame pagoda and come back to yawn again under the shadow of its nine slanting, belled roofs. A French shopkeeper, if the ornament and the customer had been his, might have torn his hair, might have squeezed out a salt tear or two, and exclaimed at the top of a voice broken with melancholy: "My dear sir, how can you offer me such a price? Is it possible that you have the heart? Would you have me deprive my invalid wife of her bed in the hospital? Would you have me turn my needy children into the street? No, no; it is not possible. I cannot sell that glorious and magnificent pagoda for any less. Look at it! Admire its lofty and fine proportions; examine carefully its detail, its artistic workmanship. There is not another one like it in all the world. I am ashamed to sell it for such a price. I dare not face my invalid wife and starving children and tell them I have snatched the bread out of their mouths by my folly. If the pagoda is not worth ten times what I ask come back and call me a villain, a liar, a scoundrel, a thief, what you will! Thirty thousand francs, did you say? Well, seeing it's you and that you have such an exceptional appreciation of the artistic, I will compromise on forty thousand. But you must promise to keep the price secret and tell nobody; otherwise, I should lose my reputation."

### The Curio Dealer's Fancy Profit

BUT in Japan they do things differently. The curio dealer said simply, quietly and firmly: "Fifty thousand yen for that pagoda; not one sen more and not one sen less." Then he turned on his heel carelessly to chase an adventuresome fly off an ivory box priced at twenty yen. "Very well," assented the American, believing by this time that he was up against a dealer who was to curios what Roosevelt was to railroad policies. And so, that momentous transaction being concluded, Mr. Harriman left for parts unknown, and the shopkeeper, not reflecting



or caring whether the captain of industry might return to gobble up all the enterprises of Japan out of vengeance, calmly pocketed a clean gain of thirty-five thousand yen. Who shall blame the good people of Nikko if they rejoice in telling, even unto this very day, how one of their simple townfolk matched wits with the greatest of American financiers and came off first best in the encounter? Or who is there that will blame the humble guides of Japan if they lie awake o' nights dreaming of the time when they may lead another American multi-millionaire to the shambles or the pagodas of another curio shop, thereby reaping fit percentages for acting as accessories before the crime?

But one thing is certain, whether you be disposed to condone or to blame, namely, that honor and honesty are qualities to which the Japanese mere men of business, on the whole and in the long run, are more apt to pay obeisance in the breach than in the observance thereof. That it should be so, if you are willing to go back to origins, is no more than natural; indeed, no more than inevitable. And why?

### The Conditions and Their Causes

IN THE first place, trade was despised for centuries on centuries in the history of the land of the rising sun, and the trader was relegated to the lowest place among the four classes into which its feudal régime was divided. He ranked lower even than the tiller of the soil and the humble artisan who supported himself by the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow. What more logical, commerce being despised, than that those who gained their bread by it should not be overnice in their practices, knowing full well that, no matter how praiseworthy their conduct, they would still be treated with scorn and looked at askance. What more unfair than to expect that, in the forty years marking the nation's advance from the feudal to the modern system, she should rid herself, over night, as it were, of the taint acquired in the slow course of sluggish time, and that she should free herself of the habits shoved securely into place by leisurely custom and long-reverenced precedent? In fact, the prejudice against trade still exists in Japan to a certain degree; the brains of the country, contending for the honors that rank highest in the eyes of the people, are not in business, but in the service of the Government, in the offices, in the army and the navy. An American professor on the Faculty of the Tokyo University told his students but a short while ago that they could best serve the interests of their country, not by seeking petty preferment that paid starvation wages, but by going into trade, elevating its normal standards, and so forcing a greater respect for it.

And—I continue my argument—when the ports of Japan were first opened by treaty to commerce from across seas, what a class of foreigners had swept thither, scenting booty from afar, to teach honor by the absence of example! Freebooters, gentlemen unafraid, adventurers, sharpers, all casting the last die for fortune, and not above loading the dice to win the game. And to meet them were Japanese from the lowest stratum of society, men willing to venture anything but their reputations, which had been lost long before their arrival, and who, coming at a time when intercourse with the foreigner was considered degrading, and when contact with him passed for defilement, looked on the stranger as one to be plucked, with no more mercy than the stranger was ready to pluck him. Since this hated foreigner—and where has not the foreigner been hated and considered in the light of an easy



and proper victim from the days of the clan, when fair dealing was insisted upon for its own members only?—amassed fortunes, and since he lived in a style strikingly extravagant when compared with the simple manner of the Japanese, it was inevitable that the natives should come to think big profits had been extracted from their pockets, and equally inevitable that they should leave no questionable stone unturned to induce those same profits to flow back whence they had come.

Moreover, finally, is not modern sociology there to tell us that honesty has been acquired by the long and bitter experience of the race, and to demonstrate that dishonesty was tried by the primitive peoples of the earth until they had learned that honesty was the better policy? What our rude forebears learned was the wiser and more expedient method of procedure has been handed down to succeeding generations as a sentiment and a moral duty, to be pursued for their own sake.

#### Curio Selling a Fine Art

CURIO dealers, too, it is no more than fair to say, are not distinguished anywhere in the world by the fine distinctions they choose to draw between what constitutes honor and dishonor—and one of the main industries of Japan is curios. Japanese pride may not be disposed to admit that fact, but take out of the Island Empire the globe-trotter and the curios with which he trots off and, undoubtedly, you cut away a large slice from the revenue of its people. Japanese sellers of curios may go their European brethren one better, but then there are more of them. They have factories in Osaka and Tokyo for turning out old things, and they turn them out far older and far quicker than the original makers of the genuine articles. It used to be said that they couldn't duplicate the prints of the master artists, that they couldn't get the peculiar softness of the paper and the color, but that bit of disparagement is unjustified. For, nowadays, they put the copies through an aging process that reproduces the original, down to the very moth and worm holes. Once it was boldly claimed that you could always tell, by the application of a match, the difference between tortoise shell and the celluloid facsimile they make of it; but recently they have acquired the trick of mixing acid with the celluloid so that this substance will now resist fire, and the only difference is that your reputed tortoise shell is celluloid that won't burn. Should not a progressive nation take advantage of modern discovery and invention?

But there are, none the less, in Japan curio dealers who have the artistic sense deeply ingrained, who dearly love old things and who will not consent to palm off spurious copies of them, no matter what the lure of illegitimate profits. And it is this same artistic feeling of the nation that makes the larger shops of Japan the most attractive of any on earth. There are times when, stepping into one of them, you experience the sensation of visiting an art gallery rather than a place where things are sold. A certain amount of awe attaches itself to any institution when custom requires that you remove your shoes and put on sandals, provided in their stead, before you step on its cool, clean matting, and the illusion of the non-commercial is furthered when the proprietor and all his clerks gather on the doorstep, bow low and bid you welcome. And with what taste and with what rare sense of fitness are the admirable objects of virtu displayed! Each thing stands in its place, apart and by itself. Nothing is cluttered and huddled together, as with us, among a thousand and one articles of its kind. In the midst of your purchasing and before your bargaining is concluded tea may be served, with an outlook over a garden that is in itself a gem, a triumph of art and a perpetual wellspring of pleasure.

And there, amid the rockeries and the flowering azaleas, beside miniature cascades and purling streams, stand the larger statues of stone and bronze, shown amid the setting that their sculptors intended they should adorn. When you leave, there again on the doorstep are the master of the establishment and his clerks, bowing low and repeating in chorus, "May your honorable patronage be continued to be deserved." Under circumstances like these one is tempted to buy more than one can afford, shopping becomes a veritable passion, and many a tourist, exhausting his letter of credit, is forced to cable for funds to take him home.

What they do to you inside these Japanese galleries of illusions is quite another thing and quite beside the question. Fixed prices are far more the exception than the rule in Japan, and you can never be sure after prolonged haggling, which may end in the dealer taking off all the way from one-half to one-third of what he asked to start with, whether you have paid double what your purchase was worth or whether you captured it at a half less than the next fellow might. Possibly the element of speculation may add to the enchantment; at any rate, you need never go off conscience stricken, thinking that you have paid less than you should.

A tourist, taking a fancy to those grotesques the Japanese make, in the shape of manikin tobacco-boxes, started out by buying one of them in a Tokyo shop. The next day, fascinated by the trifle, he returned to purchase three more, and he persisted in the practice until he had accumulated a collection of a dozen. Each time he wanted the lively little curiosities for a trifle less than those he had purchased the previous visit, and each time the dealer insisted that he ought to charge a trifle more. "I can't understand your process of reasoning," insisted the customer; "you ought to give me them cheaper; look at the number I am buying."

"True," returned the dealer, "but if you buy all of them I shall have none left to sell others, and then I must make some more."

And this tourist, like a thousand and one others, railed inveterately against the lack of the one-price system in Japan, leaving out of consideration the one thing he should have taken into account most—the vast difference in system between doing business in the Occident and the Orient.

#### The Oriental Aptitude for Bargaining

THE Oriental loves to bargain. It is his existence. He would be disappointed if you paid him the price he asked, so cheating him out of one of the chief pleasures earth holds for him, and he would think you a fool into the bargain. Buying and selling is with him a game of chess; a battle of wits against wits. Life is slower across the Pacific; people have plenty of time on their hands and they are in no hurry to consummate anything. To-morrow does just as well with them as to-day and a great deal better, because it gives them the opportunity of putting things off until the next day thereafter. It is very much as if the Oriental shopkeeper said to his customer: "Friend, let us be in no hurry to conclude this little bit of business. The day is long. Let us sit down, make ourselves perfectly comfortable, drink a cup of tea, smoke a pipe or two, and learn who has the sharper intellect, you or I. Let us amuse ourselves by trying to read each other's mind, discover what is going on inside each other's brain and see who comes out of this the best. If you make your purchase for half of what it is worth I sha'n't complain. If, on the other hand, you pay double its value, you shouldn't indulge in harsh language. Otherwise, why has the good Lord endowed us with a mind, tongue and eyes?" And for a long time, it may be observed parenthetically, it was

customary in Japan to fix prices according to the purse of the purchaser, rather than the intrinsic value of the purchase; so much for the poor man, so much more for the rich, and somewhere between the two for the man neither rich nor poor. The system was just, highly to be recommended for the impecunious, but death to volume of business or speed in the transaction of it.

Nor is the curio dealer the only person who imitates in Japan, it would seem, in lieu of a better national sport. There was a time in the history of Japan—the rage for imitating foreign manners and customs was then at fever-heat—when it was seriously argued pro and con whether "April Fool's Day" should be calendared among the Empire's festivities. Nothing, or next to it, escapes the passion. Trade-marks, patent-marks and labels of well-known foreign goods, established in the marts of the world at the cost of untold thousands in advertising, all fall prey to the voracious appetite of Japanese sharks. Soaps that have made the manufacturer famous in London are put on the Tokyo market with but a letter of the renowned name changed; and pencils that have enjoyed the favor of several generations are subjected to the same heartless treatment. And what holds true of pencils and soaps includes every article of which one can think, from ketchups to whiskies and from whiskies to biscuits. Sometimes the theft is clumsily and humorously perpetrated, as when the well-known label of a certain English beverage was transformed into "Pale Ales & Co."

#### The Nourishing Bath Soap

RECENTLY, in this connection, probably one of the most laughable incidents known to the recorded history of commerce occurred. A Japanese soap-maker, wishing to fool the public by leading them to believe that his brand—he chose to call it the Toilette Bath—was made abroad, hired one of his countrymen to describe the superior qualities of his wares in sufficiently glowing and poetic English. The translator, arising to the occasion with an enthusiasm equal to everything but his knowledge of our idiom, took refuge in an English circular devoted to setting forth the toothsome of a long-established, popular chocolate, and simply substituted Toilette Bath in his copy every time that the name of the dainty appeared in the original. Now and then he boldly essayed the strength of his own wings in the rarefied atmosphere of English undefiled, and the result of his combined temerity and timidity is one of the curiosities of advertising literature. He begins by stating that the factory was started in the year so-and-so, in a town near Paris, for the making "of music toilette of superior quality," which sounds very much as though he were booming a phonograph instead of a soap. Then he adds, leaning on his borrowed crutch: "The Toilette Bath Soap is a wholesome and agreeable food and a stimulating product," which proves beyond a doubt that his devotion is not to phonographs. He continues: "The Toilette Bath used by Messrs. So-and-So (the chocolate dealers) are imported direct from Nicaragua or where the best are grown." The best, it needs no weird flight of the imagination to discern, refers to beet roots, for a little lower down he asserts in curiously misspelled words: "The cultivators round Noisiet, near Paris, supply several sugar mills with beet roots, for the manufacture of the sugar used in the preparation of the Toilette Bath." Once, nodding like Homer, his pencil tires from the emotional strain, forgets to perform the highly-necessary substitution, and we find: "All the prize medals have been awarded to Messrs. So-and-So for the extension they have given to their manufacture and for their commercial activity, which have so powerfully contributed to the extension of chocolate all over the world." Confront his muse with the deadly parallel and it must come to a





sudden and sheepish halt before these deadly columns, which are reproduced, mistakes and all:

## ORIGINAL

The So & So chocolate being remarkable for the fineness of its paste, it is proper to observe that although in winter it breaks smooth and fine, it sometimes assumes a rough and whitish appearance in summer. This difference, which has no influence whatever on its quality, solely arises from the temperature at the time when it is put into the mould.

SOLD EVERYWHERE  
ASK FOR THE GENUINE  
NAME

## IMITATION

The music Toilet being remarkable for fineness of its paste, it is proper to observe that, although in winter it breaks smooth and fine, it sometimes assumes a rough and whitish appearance in summer. This difference, which has no influence whatever on its quality, solely arises from the temperature at the time when it is put into the mould.

SOLD EVERYWHERE  
ASK FOR THE GENUINE  
NAME

Of course, those boasting of even the slightest smattering of English are not to be caught by any such absurd and

blundering forgeries, and it is only the Japanese themselves who are deceived into thinking that they buy the foreign-made article when the home-manufactured rubbish is palmed off on them. Nevertheless, the mischief works untold injury to well-known foreign goods all through the far East, especially in China, Manchuria and Japan itself.

So much for the obverse of a reprehensible and unworthy practice; for the reverse let it be said, in all justice, that the supposedly much more honest Chinese were long guilty of this same nefarious sort of imitation, and that it ceased only after a hot contest on the part of the Powers working in alliance. Furthermore, even in America and on the Continent, infringement on patents and trade-marks and on copyrights are not so rare as to have passed into the realm of the unknown and the obsolete. Our methods are less crude, but our experience has been longer.

Yet the bitterness aroused by these Japanese forgeries is as nothing when compared to the rage of the foreigners—and rage is the word—awakened by their utter disregard of the inviolability of contracts. A contract in the eyes of many Japanese is something to be kept when convenient, and to be broken when profitable. The "godowns" or storehouses of the treaty ports of Japan are filled with goods delivered on order and rejected by expediency. A

member of a large importing and exporting firm which has its headquarters in Seattle told me in Kobe that a year or so ago he had sold a cargo of dried fish to a house in Yokohama, and the stuff was no sooner delivered than he received a bitter letter of complaint, stating that it was rotten to the core and unfit for use. The writer declared he was astonished, nay, thunderstruck, to learn that people of the reputation for integrity enjoyed by the Seattle firm would insult their customers by shipping such inferior goods. And he closed his epistle with the curt information that the consignment was relegated to the "godown" and might stay there until advice was received from the consignee concerning what disposition he wished to make thereof. It was the turn of the shipper to be astonished, nay, thunderstruck, for he knew, absolutely, that never in all his business career had he sent a more select lot of fish across the Pacific. Acting on the fullness of his knowledge he sat down and dictated a letter stating that it was impossible for him to grasp what had happened, that there must have been a sad mistake somewhere along the circuit, and that he was asking, on even date, the United States Consul to look into the matter. Shortly afterward came the formal report of the consul to the effect that the

(Concluded on Page 34)

# WHICH MAN WAS RIGHT?

By HENRY M. HYDE

DECORATION BY H. T. DUNN

JUST common business honesty . . . ? Is business a thing apart—a great game, with rules and standards of conduct, and a code of honor of its own? Or does business stand on a level with the rest of life? Should a man in business be bound by the same fine standards of honesty and honor which govern him in his social relations with his neighbors, or even with the members of his own family?

On a memorable occasion, when Mr. E. H. Harriman was being cross-examined, a presumptuous lawyer asked a question which cast sad doubts on the great man's motives and his personal good faith. Instantly, one of his legal retainers pointed a withering finger to stop the scribble: "Sir!" he thundered, "you must remember that Mr. Harriman moves on a higher plane!"

If, then, the great figures which move majestically across this high table-land of business, trailing clouds of adulation and envy as they come, are not to be judged by the common standards of honor and square dealing, who shall say how far below the timber-line the ten commandments and the golden rule do go, literally, into effect? One has but to remember how the small boys of the fourth grade baseball nine carry, tightly wadded in the pockets of their knickerbockers, the book of rules which governs the players of the National League, then one will understand that the brawny thumb and two fingers which Butcher Schmidt casually rests on the scale-pan when he is weighing one's sirloin, merely represents his crude but sincere attempt to realize for himself the rebate—promoter's profit—underwriter's percentage—which the stars in the National League of Business have taught him is perfectly proper under the rules.

Blake came out of the West—a bold Lochinvar of finance—and carried away on his saddle-bow half a dozen big company promotions. He played the game with a reckless dash and a joyous assurance that were contagious. He was both crafty and courageous. Gentlemen who broke through the barbed-wire entanglements, and escaped the figure-four traps which he set along the trail, found that Blake was equally ready to bite, gouge and slug when the umpire wasn't looking. So he won largely. Presently the financial editors of several metropolitan newspapers discovered him, and referred to him in their columns as "a new power in the Street." He awoke one morning and found himself—respectable. This heavy feeling acted as a narcotic to his sense of humor. Hitherto, in a pleasant condition of solution, financially speaking, he then determined to crystallize into something solid.

He would start a big trust company. That would serve as a common centre into which he could weave the ragged ends of his various enterprises. Besides, he rather fancied the idea of "the well-known financier, John Blake," behind a long, mahogany table, in a long, black coat, uttering solemn platitudes for the instruction of an open-mouthed world. He even looked forward to the day when he should create something of a sensation in the world of finance by discovering the Pentateuch. Best of all, he knew just the man to manage his new trust company.

Back in the metropolis of the Western State, from which place Blake had started on his invasion of the East, lived his old classmate and friend, Addison Hart. Twenty years of hard work and square dealing as a banker had won for Hart a reputation for probity and honor. Blake called him the "only absolutely honest man I ever knew." He knew also that Hart was ambitious, and poor.

Hart was made cashier of the new Western Trust Company and invested his total capital—twenty-five thousand dollars—in its stock. Under his management the new concern prospered. Once or twice Hart blocked Blake's attempts to put some of the bank's money into his various enterprises, and Blake gave way, with fairly good grace, feeling that it was part of the price he paid for his new position as "one of the bulwarks of finance." Hart's policy was so far justified that, at the end of two years, the stock of the Western Trust was selling at two hundred, and Blake had even given out an interview or two, denouncing stock-gambling as the greatest infamy of the age.

Then, gentlemen with their ears to the ground felt the first faint tremors of the panic of 1907—Blake among the earliest. Before the common herd had even begun to be suspicious, Blake knew that the great International Wireless Electric Corporation, in which he was largely interested, was almost certain to go into the hands of a receiver. He did his best to unload his stockholdings, but the market was not responsive. Then the scaffolding which upheld the tall structure of the Milkweed Rubber Trust—Blake's pet promotion—began to creak and groan. If both or either of these great Blake properties went crashing down into bankruptcy, Blake fearfully knew what would happen to the Blake Western Trust Company. He saw the stock of the trust company dropping to below par—his atrophied imagination stirred sufficiently to picture a great crowd of depositors massed in front of the Roman temple in which the bank was housed. It would mean utter ruin.

The next morning John Blake left his long, black coat at home. He came to the bank in a checked business suit. That should have been enough to rouse suspicion, if any one had dreamed all that the heavy garments of conservative respectability had come to mean to him. For two or three days Blake was very busy, holding conferences at his club and in various lawyers' offices. Then he called in one of the assistant cashiers, an associate of the days of big promotions, and that worthy spent the afternoon preparing a bundle of stock certificates for the final signatures.

On a Friday morning the bundles were laid on the table in Blake's private room, and Cashier Hart was called in to face his chief.

"Addison," Blake began, "I have sold all my stock in the Western Trust and here are the certificates, ready for you to sign. Old man Elkins is at the head of a syndicate which buys my interest."

"Why, what are you selling out for?" Hart asked in astonishment.

"Because I can get a million for what cost me half that two years ago," Blake answered easily.

"I thought this was to be our lifework," Hart put in anxiously. "I don't understand it at all. My investment is small—but it's all I've got."

Then Blake made his mistake. It all looked so very clear to him. He forgot, for the moment, why he had picked out Hart to manage the bank.

"Of course, Addison, I'll take care of you, too. Your stock goes in with mine. There's a check for fifty thousand dollars waiting for you now over at my lawyers'."

"I've got to know the real reason why we are selling out. What's behind it all?"

Blake leaned far over the table. "Because it's our only chance to get out with a cent—that's why. Inside of a week the International Wireless will go into a receiver's hands. Milkweed Rubber will go with it. That means a big run on the bank—a run that no bank in the world can stand."

"Elkins knows this, and yet is ready to buy our stock?"

"I don't know whether he knows or not," Blake answered. "Anyway, we're not running an orphan asylum—that's his own lookout. He's been trying to buy me out for months."

"Tell him the facts and then let him decide."

Blake jumped up. "Addison, we've got to think of the effect on the financial world, as well as of ourselves and Elkins. If I'm still owner of this bank when my companies go into the hands of a receiver, no power on earth can save it from going down with them in the crash. If it is given out to-morrow that we've sold the bank to Elkins the failure of two of my other companies may not affect it. At any rate, it will have a chance to pull through."

"Yes. There's something in that. Only Elkins must know what he is going up against before he buys."

Blake tore out an angry oath. "Don't be a fool, Addison! Elkins would steal candy from a baby. He's going into this thing with his eyes open. Now, sign my certificates. Do just as you please about your own."

Hart rose. "I will not sign those certificates until Elkins has been told the truth," he said.

Then, in a flash, Blake realized the mistake he had made, and, in the same instant, changed his attitude. "Sit down a moment, Addison," he said, "and wait until I think this thing over."

Hart sank back into his chair. Blake sat silent, his eyes cast down, his hands in his lap. "You know, John," Hart said, presently, "anything in the world I can do, I'd do in a minute for you. But this is dishonest."

"You're right, Addison," Blake answered. "I hadn't looked at it that way. It wouldn't be giving old man Elkins a square deal. I suppose we must stick and fight the thing out. Well! what to do now? I wish you could look into the affairs of the International for me?"

"Why can't I?" Hart answered, grasping at the chance to show his sense of obligation. "I might run down to New York for a few days. I could get away to-night."

With the hearty acquiescence of his chief, Hart took the evening flyer for the East. Next morning, when he was safely outside the State, the certificates of stock which conveyed the Blake interest in the bank to Elkins were signed by the vice-president, in the absence of the cashier. Hart saw an announcement of the transfer in the New York papers. Before he could get back home, the creditors of the International, alarmed by the same report, had precipitated the failure of the International. On Tuesday morning Hart arrived at the bank to face a run and the furious anger of Elkins, who had taken control only the day before. The run lasted a week before the bank went to the wall. In the forced settlement with depositors the stockholders fared badly. Hart finally realized seven thousand dollars on his holdings and went back to his old home in the West, to begin life over again, under something of a cloud. Blake had done nothing illegal. So far as the bank was concerned he had misrepresented nothing. Elkins' lawyers told him he had no ground of action against Blake. They quoted the doctrine of *caveat emptor*. The old man was forced to face and swallow the loss himself.



Hart was a fool, of course. Under the prevailing rules of the game he was entirely justified in getting out with a whole skin while he could. More than that, he should have realized that only by the sale of the Blake interest was there a chance to save the bank. He should have considered the plight of the innocent widows and orphans who were minority stockholders. Finally, he was an employee of Blake. If by refusing to sign the certificates of stock he had caused his employer and benefactor to lose a million dollars, he would have been guilty of base and shocking disloyalty. Fortunately, by the action of another, the loss was prevented.

Hart, who now makes a living by selling farm lands in Nebraska, does not attempt to defend his action. "I was a fool," he admits, "and I'm glad of it."

Horace Wilkins had a new degree of mining engineer and ten thousand dollars. Parish had been superintendent of a copper smelter. They formed a partnership and leased a smelter in Arizona. At the same time they made a contract with the owner of a newly-developed mine in the vicinity to buy all of his crude ore at a figure which insured them a handsome profit on the finished copper billets. This contract ran—as did the lease of the smelter—for ten years. If the owner sold the mine during the life of the lease the contract was to become void. Wilkins & Parish invested every cent of their capital in the enterprise, the senior partner opening an office as a mining engineer in Chicago, while the junior went to work as superintendent of the smelter.

At the end of the first year the net profits of operating the smelter were twelve thousand dollars, of which Wilkins, under the firm agreement, got two-thirds and Parish the rest, in addition to a handsome salary.

One summer afternoon in the second year of the lease Parish called at the little frame shack, where the local manager of the mine made his office, to urge him to double his production of ore. Parish and Thompson, the local manager, were on very friendly terms.

"We've got the two new stamps up and ready to start, Jack," Parish said, "and, beginning with Monday, we'll be ready to handle just twice what you're giving us now."

"All right, Billy," Thompson answered smilingly. "I guess old Henricks won't kick so long as you double the size of his monthly check."

Henricks was the man who owned the mine. He lived in St. Louis.

Just as Thompson turned to call up the mine foreman on the phone, the red-headed McCarthy girl, daughter of the station agent, stumbled in. "Say, Mister Thompson," she gasped, badly out of breath from her long climb up the mountain side, "here's a telegraph and paw says it's important."

Thompson took the yellow envelope, tore it open and read the message.

"Not bad news, I hope?" Parish put in.

Thompson glanced around with a look of something like suspicion in his eyes.

"Oh, no," he answered with lightness. Thompson smoothed out the telegram and carefully laid it, face down, on the top of his desk. "Just excuse me a minute."

Parish nodded. From where he stood he could see Thompson enter the telephone booth.

Parish's left eye closed in a sort of automatic wink and the left corner of his mouth curled upward at the same instant. With the fingers of his right hand he beat a nervous tattoo on the door. Then, with a deep breath, he threw his head up, stepped over to the desk, picked up the telegram, ran his eyes quickly over it, and replaced it with careful exactness.

It was twenty minutes before Thompson came back, but the time seemed short to Parish.

"Sorry to keep you waiting so long, Billy," he said.

"Oh, that's all right, Jack," Parish answered. "You'll double the force on Monday, then?"

Thompson hesitated a moment, while Parish watched him narrowly from the corners of his eyes. "Monday's a little quick, I'm afraid, Billy," he said finally. "Don't know just how long it will take to get things arranged."

Parish looked at his watch. "By George, I must be going," he said easily. "So-long, old man."

Parish went to the smelter, hurriedly wrote something on a sheet of paper, and started a Mexican to carry it down the gulch to the railroad station, by a route on which he would not at any time come within the view of Thompson's office windows.

Horace Wilkins was just getting ready to leave his office on the nineteenth floor of a Chicago skyscraper when a shifty-eyed messenger boy came in with a telegram. Wilkins read it, dismissed the messenger and sat down heavily on the top of his flat desk. For an instant he stared, unseeing, out of the window, down on to the roofs of lower buildings, where, from a score of tall chimneys, the signal-fires of the savages of commerce were rising into the

thick air. Then he telephoned his apartment to have his suitcase sent downtown, reserved a berth on the nine-o'clock flyer to St. Louis, and went over to the club to eat dinner. At the station he stopped long enough before taking his train to send a wire to Parish in Arizona.

Next morning he called on Henricks, in St. Louis, and spent more than an hour in the private office of the mine owner. That night he returned to Chicago, and the second morning after he looked up from his desk to see his partner, Parish, standing with a look of inquiry on his face.

"It's all right, Billy," he smiled. "I thought I could fix old Henricks, and I did. He wouldn't take a million in cash for his old hole in the ground, right now."

"Bully, old man. I was afraid we were done, for sure. How'd you fix him?"

"Close the door, there. Now have a cigar and sit down. Well, . . . you know how mine owners are. All any one of them needs is a little encouragement to make him think that he's got the Calumet and Hecla backed off the boards. That's what I figured on when I went to St. Louis to see the old man. You know I'd never met him, personally. So, when the boy showed me into his private room, I opened up with, 'Mr. Henricks, I'm Wilkins, of Wilkins & Parish, who hold the ore-contract on that King copper mine of yours in Arizona.' I could see by the old fellow's eyes that he expected me to do some tall pleading

chance of its pinching out.' The old man just laughed. 'Four hundred thousand nothing,' he snorted. 'Pinching out, heh? Huh! Nobody's million dollars looks as good to me as the King mine this very minute, I'll tell you that, son. I'm too old a bird.' Well, I collapsed in the chair, Billy. I did it well, too. 'Mr. Henricks,' I said, finally, 'since you feel that way about it I don't mind telling you that, in my opinion, you're right. I think the King mine is the best copper proposition in the world to-day. I hope there're no hard feelings about our trying to get hold of it cheap?' The old fellow was too tickled at his own shrewdness to do anything but grin. 'Not a bit, young man,' he said. 'There's been others trying to get it away from me for nothing, too, as I told you. But they can't any of 'em get the better of your Uncle Hiram.' And you know, Billy, I think he was just getting ready to sell to the Guggenheims when I came in and swelled him all up."

"Horace!" cried Parish, getting up and holding out his hand to be clutched by his partner. "It's the greatest ever! If you hadn't turned the trick we'd both been broke this minute. Why, when I saw that wire from the Guggenheims the other day I would have sold out for ten —"

"You saw the telegram, then?" Wilkins interrupted. "How on earth did you get a look at that?"

Parish shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I was in Thompson's office when the message came. He opened it, read it and looked at me in a way that made me sure there was a big hen on. Then he laid the message on his desk, face down, and went out to call old Henricks on the 'phone. While he was out I picked up the message and read it—that's all."

"So that's the kind of a partner I've got!" Wilkins burst out bitterly. "Reading people's correspondence on the sly, eh? I suppose you know, Parish, how gentlemen look on that sort of thing?"

Parish was silent, astonished at Wilkins' sudden outbreak of wrath. Now, with a wave of his clenched fist and an oath, he stepped forward.

"You're a fine bird, to roast me about reading a telegram, ain't you?" he sneered. "Haven't you just got back from bluffing and lying and deceiving old man Henricks? Didn't your lies lead the old man to refuse more money than we or anybody else is ever likely to offer him again? Oh, hush!" he went on savagely, as Wilkins tried vainly to interrupt. "What do you know about the value of the King copper mine? Nothing! Neither do I. It may pinch out in a month, and you know it. Don't get pious so quick, Horace. It ain't becoming to your complexion."

Parish had raised his voice so high that Wilkins was sure it could be easily heard in the outer office. And he felt that differences between partners were not matters in regard to which outsiders should be enlightened. He pulled a chair up close to his desk and, controlling himself with an evident effort, asked Parish to sit down. It was absolutely necessary to his own self-respect to point out the essential difference between what he had done and the heinous offense of which his partner had been guilty.

"Billy," he began, "business is the greatest game in the world and I'm a business man. In business a man may do anything, so long as he obeys the rules of the game. They are unwritten rules, but generally understood by the whole business community. I have done nothing which

any business man will not justify. Stealing a chance to read a man's private correspondence, on the other hand —" Wilkins made a gesture of disgust. . . .

What finally happened was that, within a few months, Horace Wilkins got rid of Parish as a business partner, because, as he said, after that telegram episode, he could never trust the man again nor feel quite safe in his society. As for himself, he carried out his contract with old man Henricks to the letter—and to the end of the ten-year term—and cleaned up a profit which has become the foundation of one of the considerable fortunes of the country.

Just common business honesty! In the first case, one man breaks with a lifelong friendship and sacrifices his fortune and his prospects to satisfy a delicate and imperious sense of personal honor; while the other man, keeping well within the law, adds half a million to his wealth, and much to his reputation for great business shrewdness. In the second case, one who does not scruple to play the part of a spy and sneak to get important business information is properly cast off by his high-minded partner, whose own successful coup is, at the same time—whether or not it is, in itself, defensible—entirely based upon this same bit of tainted information.

In either case, which man was right—judged by the common standards of business? And each business man, as he answers the question for himself, will do well, also, to reflect on the demoralizing influence of an unwritten code which leaves fundamental questions of right and wrong open to sincere differences of opinion.



"So That's the Kind of a Partner I've Got!"

and begging. 'Mr. Parish and I,' I went on, 'have concluded that we could make things run a little more smoothly and easily for all parties if we bought the mine outright.' You'd have laughed to see the surprised and puzzled look which came into his eyes. 'And what did you callate to pay for it?' he asked. 'We're ready to pay two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash,' I snapped back in a way that half took his breath."

"And we've got just twelve thousand dollars in the bank," gurgled Parish, grinning and leaning forward.

"Well, you know as well as I do that there wasn't the slightest danger of his calling that bluff. You should have seen the cunning look that came into the old man's face."

"And you want to buy it just to make things run easily and smoothly for me, eh?" he sneered. "For all of us, Mr. Henricks," I answered. "And the fact that she's the richest copper lode in the country hain't got a thing to do with your offer either, I suppose?" Then I knew that I had him.

"Of course we all know she's a good mine," I admitted. "What do you say to an even quarter of a million and call it a bargain?" Old Henricks swung round to his roll-top, pulled out a telegram and slammed it down on his desk.

"Why, I've been offered that for it by the Guggenheims—the greatest judges of mining values in the world to-day," he roared. Then I pretended to go all to pieces. "Mr. Henricks," I stammered, "my partner and I will pay you four hundred thousand dollars, cash down, for the King mine, and that's all it's worth to anybody. Look now! That's ten times what you paid for it, and we stand all the



# "IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

Part II

WHERE is he?" asked Brown, precariously balanced on the next fence.

"Do you know," she said, "this is becoming ghastly. He's bolted into our cellar."

"Why, that's all right, isn't it?" asked Brown. "All you have to do is to go inside, descend to the cellar, and light the gas."

"There's no gas."

"You have electric light?"

"Yes, but it's turned off at the main office. The house is closed for the summer, you know."

Brown, balancing cautiously, walked the intervening fence like an amateur on a tight-rope.

Her pretty hat was a trifle on one side; her cheeks brilliant with excitement and anxiety. Utterly oblivious of herself and of appearances in her increasing solicitude for the adored Clarence, she sat on the fence, balancing with one hand and pointing with the other to the barred ventilator into which Clarence had darted.

A wisp of sunny hair blew across her crimson cheek; slender, active, excitedly unconscious of self, she seemed like some eager, adorable little gamin perched there, intent on mischief.

"If you'll drop into our yard," she said, "and place that soap-box against the ventilator, Clarence can't get out that way!"

It was done before she finished the request. She disengaged herself from the fence-top, swung over, hung an instant, and dropped into a soft flower-bed.

Breathing fast, disheveled, they confronted one another on the grass. His blue suit of serge was smeared with whitewash; her gown was a sight. She felt for her hat instinctively, repinned it at hazard, looked at her gloves, and began to realize what she had done.

"I—I couldn't help it," she faltered; "I couldn't leave Clarence in a city of five m-million strangers—all alone—terrified out of his senses—could I? I had rather—rather be thought—anything than be a-cruel to a helpless animal."

Brown dared not trust himself to answer. She was too beautiful and his emotion was too deep. So he bent over and attempted to dust his garments with the flat of his hand.

"I am so sorry," she said. "Are your clothes ruined?"

"Oh, I don't mind," he protested happily—"I really don't mind a bit. If you'll only let me help you corner that infern—that unfortunate cat I shall be perfectly happy."

She said, with heightened color: "It is exceedingly nice of you to say so. . . . I—I don't quite know—what do you think we had better do?"

"Suppose," he said, "you go into the basement, unlock the cellar door and call. He can't bolt this way."

She nodded and entered the house. A few moments later he heard her calling, so persuasively that it was all

## By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

he could do not to run to her, and why on earth that cat didn't he never could understand. At intervals for the next ten minutes her fresh, sweet, fascinating voice came to him where he stood in the yard; then he heard it growing fainter, more distant, receding; then silence.



He Said "Betty!" Several Times, More or Less Distinctly

Listening, he heard a far, rushing sound from the depths—like a load of coal being put in—a frightened cry.

He sprang into the basement, ran through laundry and kitchen. The cellar door swung wide open above the stairs which ran down into darkness; and as he halted to listen Clarence dashed up out of the depths, scuttled around the stairs and fled into the silent regions above.

"Betty!" he cried, forgetting in his alarm the lesser conventions, "where are you?"

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" she wailed. "I am in such a dreadful plight. Could you help me, please?"

"Are you hurt?" he asked. Fright made his voice almost inaudible. He struck a match with shaking fingers and ran down the cellar stairs.

"Betty! Where are you?"

"Oh, I am here—in the coal."

"What?"

"I—I can't seem to get out; I stepped into the coal-pit in the dark and it all—slid with me and over me and I'm in it up to the shoulders."

Another match flamed; he saw a stump of a candle, seized it, and, holding it aloft, gazed down upon the most heartrending spectacle he had ever witnessed.

The next instant he grasped a shovel and leaped to the rescue. She was quite calm about it; the situation was too awful, the future too hopeless, for more tears. What had happened contained all the dignified elements of a catastrophe. They both realized it, and when, madly shoveling, he at last succeeded in releasing her she leaned her full weight on his arm, breathing rapidly, and suffered him to support and guide her through the semi-darkness to the culinary regions above.

Here she sank on a chair in utter collapse. Then she resolutely steadied her voice:

"Could anything on earth more awful have happened to a girl?" she asked, lips quivering in spite of her. She stretched out what had once been a pair of white gloves, she looked down at what had been a delicate summer gown of white.

"How," she asked with the terrible calmness of despair, "am I to get to Oyster Bay?"

He dropped on to a kitchen chair opposite her, clasping his coal-stained hands between his knees, utterly incapable of speech.

She looked at her shoes—once snowy white; with a shudder she stripped the soiled gloves from elbow to wrist and flung them aside. Her arms and hands formed a startling contrast to the remainder of the ensemble.

"What," she asked, "am I to do?"

"The thing for you to do," he said, "is to telephone immediately to your family at Oyster Bay."

"The telephone has been disconnected. So has the water—we can't even w-wash our hands!" she faltered.

He said: "I can go out and telephone to your family to send a maid with some clothes for you—if you don't mind being left alone in an empty house for a little while."

"No, I don't; but," she gazed uncertainly at the black opening of the cellar, "but, please, don't be gone very long."

He promised fervidly. She gave him the number and her family's name, and he left by the basement door.

He was gone a long time, during which, for a while, she paced the floor unaffectedly wringing her hands and contemplating herself and her garments in the laundry looking-glass.

At intervals she tried to turn on the water, hoping for a few drops at least; at intervals she sat down to wait for him; then, the inaction becoming unendurable, musing goaded her into motion, and she ascended to the floor above, groping through the dimness in futile search for Clarence. She heard him somewhere in obscurity, scurrying under furniture at her approach, evidently too thoroughly demoralized to recognize her voice. So, after a while, she gave it up and wandered down to the pantry, instinct leading her, for she was hungry and thirsty; but she knew there could be nothing eatable in a house closed for the summer.

She lifted the pantry window and opened the blinds; noon sunshine flooded the place, and she began opening cupboards and refrigerators, growing hungrier and hungrier as the moments sped on.

Then her eyes fell upon dozens of bottles of Apollinaris, and with a little cry of delight she knelt down, gathered up all she could carry, and ran upstairs to the bathroom adjoining her own bed-chamber.

"At least," she said to herself, "I can cleanse myself of this dreadful coal!" and in a few moments she was reveling, elbow deep, in a marble basin brimming with Apollinaris.

As the stain of the coal disappeared she remembered a rose-colored morning gown reposing in camphor in her bedroom; and she found more than that there—rose stockings and slippers and a fragrant pile of exquisitely fine and more intimate garments, so tempting in their freshness that she hurried with them into the dressing-room; then began to make rapid journeys up and down stairs, carrying dozens of quarts of Apollinaris to the big porcelain tub, into which she emptied them, talking happily to herself all the time.

"If he returns I can talk to him over the banisters! . . . He's a nice boy. . . . I wonder if I've time for just one delicious plunge?" She listened; ran to the front windows and looked out through the blinds. He was nowhere in sight.

Ten minutes later, delightfully refreshed, she stood regarding herself in her lovely rose-tinted morning gown, patting her bright hair into discipline with slim, deft fingers, a half-smile on her lips, lids closing a trifle over the pensive violet eyes.

"Now," she said aloud, "I'll talk to him over the banisters when he returns; it's a little ungracious, I suppose, after all he has done, but it's more conventional. . . . And I'll sit here and read until they send somebody from Sandcrest with a gown I can travel in. . . . And then we'll catch Clarence and call a cab!"

A distant tinkling from the area bell interrupted her. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I quite forgot that I had to let him in!"

Another tinkle. She cast a hurried and doubtful glance over her attire. It was designed for the intimacy of her boudoir.

"I—I couldn't talk to him out of the window! I've been shocking enough as it is!" she thought; and, fingertips on the banisters, she ran down the three stairs and appeared at the basement grille, breathless, radiant, forgetting, as usual, her self-consciousness in thinking of him, a habit of this somewhat harebrained and headlong girl which had its root in perfect health of body and wholesomeness of mind.

"I found some clothes—not the sort I can go out in!" she said, laughing at his astonishment, as she unlocked the grille. "So, please, overlook my attire; I was so full of



"Do You Know That This is a Most Heavenly Luncheon?" She Said



coal-dust! and I found sufficient Apollinaris for my necessities. . . . What did they say at Sanderest?"

He said very soberly: "We've got to discuss this situation. Perhaps I had better come in for a few minutes—if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind. . . . Shall we sit in the drying-room?" leading the way. "Now tell me what is the matter? You rather frighten me, you know. Is—anything wrong at Sanderest?"

"No, I suppose not." He touched his flushed face with his handkerchief. "I couldn't get Oyster Bay on the 'phone."

"W-why not?"

"The wires are out of commission as far as Huntington; there's no use—I tried everything! Telegraph and telephone wires were knocked out in yesterday's electric storm, it seems."

She gazed at him, hands folded on her knee, left leg crossed over, slender foot swinging.

"This," she said calmly, "is becoming serious. Will you tell me what I am to do?"

"Haven't you anything to travel in?"

"Not one solitary rag."

"Then—you'll have to stay here to-night and send for some of your friends—you surely know somebody who is still in town, don't you?"

"I really don't. This is the middle of July. I don't know a woman in town."

He was silent.

"Besides," she said, "we have no light, no water, nothing to eat in the house, no telephone to order anything —"

He said: "I foresaw that you would probably be obliged to remain here, so when I left the telephone office I took the liberty of calling a taxi and visiting the electric-light people, the telephone people and the nearest plumber. It seems he is your own plumber—Quinn, I believe his name is; and he's coming in half an hour to turn on the water."

"D-did you think of doing all that?" she asked, astonished.

"Oh, that wasn't anything. And I ventured to telephone the Plaza to serve luncheon and dinner here for you —"

"You did?"

"And I wired to Dooley's Agency to send you a maid for to-day —"

"That was perfectly splendid of you!"

"They promised to send one as soon as possible. . . . And I think that may be the plumber now," as a tinkle came from the area bell.

It was not the plumber; it was waiters bearing baskets full of silver, china, table linen, ice, fruits, confections, cut flowers, and, in warmers, a most delectable luncheon.

Four impressive individuals commanded by a butler formed the procession, filing solemnly up the basement stairs to the dining-room, where they instantly began to lay the table with dexterous celerity.

In the drying-room below Betty and Beekman Brown stood confronting each other.

"I suppose," began Brown with an effort, "that I had better go now."

Betty said thoughtfully: "I suppose you must."

"Unless," continued Brown, "you think I had better remain—somewhere on the premises—until your maid arrives."

"That might be safer," said Betty, more thoughtfully.

"Your maid will probably be here in a few minutes."

"Probably," said Betty, head bent, slim, ringless fingers busy with the sparkling drop that glimmered pendent from her neck-chain.

Silence—the ironing-board between them—she standing, bright head lowered, worrying the jewel with childish fingers; he following every movement, fascinated, spellbound.

After a moment, without looking up: "You have been very, very nice to me—in the nicest possible way," she said. . . . "I am not going to forget it easily—even if I might wish to."

"I can never forget you! . . . I d-don't want to."

The sparkling pendant escaped her fingers; she picked it up again and spoke as though gravely addressing it:

"Some day, somewhere," she said, looking at the jewel, "perhaps chance—the hazard of life—may bring us to—together—to acquaintance—a more formal acquaintance than this. . . . I hope so. This has been a little—irregular, and perhaps you had better not wait for my maid. . . . I hope we may meet—sometime."

"I hope so, too," he managed to say, with so little fervor and so successful an imitation of her politely-detached interest in convention that she raised her eyes.

They dropped immediately, because his quiet voice and speech scarcely conformed to the uncontrolled protest in his eyes.

For a moment she stood, passing the golden links through her fingers like a young novice with a rosary. Steps on the stairs disturbed them; the recessional had begun; four solemn persons filed out the area gate. At the same moment, suave and respectful, her butler *pro tem*, presented himself at the doorway:

"Luncheon is served, madam."

"Thank you." She looked uncertainly at Brown, hesitated, flushed a trifle.

"I will stay here and admit the plumber and then—then—I'll g-go," he said with a heartbroken smile.

"I suppose you took the opportunity to lunch when you went out?" she said. Her inflection made it a question.

Without answering he stepped back to allow her to pass. She moved forward, turned, undecided.

"Have you lunched?"

"Please don't feel that you ought to ask me," he began, and checked himself as the vivid pink deepened in her cheeks. Then she freed herself of embarrassment with a little laugh.

"Considering," she said, "that we have been chasing cats on the back fences together and that, subsequently, you dug me out of the coal in my own cellar, I can't believe it is very dreadful if I ask you to luncheon with me. . . . Is it?"

"It is ador—it is," he corrected himself firmly, "exceedingly civil of you to ask me."

"Then—will you?" almost timidly.

"I will. I shall not pretend any more. I'd rather lunch with you than be President of this Republic."

The butler *pro tem*, seated her.

"You see," she said, "a place had already been laid for you." And with the faintest trace of malice in her voice: "Perhaps your butler had his orders to lay two covers. Had he?"

"From me?" he protested, reddening.

"You don't suspect me, do you?" she asked, adorably mischievous. Then, glancing over the masses of flowers in the centre and at the corners of the lace cloth: "This is deliciously pretty. But you are either dreadfully and habitually extravagant or you believe I am. Which is it?"

"I think both are true," he said, laughing.

And a little while later, when he returned from the basement after admitting Mr. Quinn, the plumber:

"Do you know that this is a most heavenly luncheon?" she said, greeting his return with delightfully-fearless eyes. "Such Astrakhan caviar! Such oyster crabs! Everything I care for most. And how on earth you guessed I can't imagine. . . . I'm beginning to think you are rather wonderful."

They lifted the long, slender glasses of iced Ceylon tea and regarded one another over the frosty rims—a long, deep, curious glance from her; a straight gaze from him, which she decided not to sustain too long.

Later, when she gave the signal, they rose as though they had often dined together, and moved leisurely out through the dim, shrouded drawing-rooms where, in the



"I-I Couldn't Help It," She Faltered: "I Couldn't Leave Clarence in a City of Five M-Million Strangers—All Alone"

golden dusk, the odor of camphor hung.

She had taken a great cluster of dewy Bride's roses from the centre-piece, and as she walked forward, sedately youthful, beside him, her fresh, young face brooded over the fragrance of the massed petals.

"Sweet—how sweet they are!" she murmured to herself, and as they reached the end of the vista she half-turned to face him, dreamily, listless, confident.

They looked at one another, she with chin brushing the roses.

"The strangest of all," she said, "is that it seems all

right—and—and we know that it is all quite wrong. . . . Had you better go?"

"Unless I ought to wait and make sure your maid does not fail you. . . . Shall I?" he asked evenly.

She did not answer. He drew a linen-swathed armchair toward her; she absently seated herself and lay back, caressing the roses with delicate lips and chin.

Twice she looked up at him, standing there by the boarded windows. Sunshine filtered through the lattice-work at the top—enough for them to see each other as in a dull afterglow.

"I wonder how soon my maid will come," she mused, dropping the loose roses on her knees. "If she is going to be very long about it perhaps—perhaps you might care to find a chair—if you have decided to wait."

He drew one from a corner and seated himself, pulses hammering his throat.

Through the stillness of the house sounded at intervals the clink of glass from the pantry. Other sounds from above indicated the plumber's progress from floor to floor.

"Do you realize," she said impulsively, "how very nice you have been to me? What a perfectly horrid position I might have been in, with poor Clarence on the back fence! And suppose I had dared follow him alone to the cellar? I—I might have been there yet—up to my neck in coal."

She gazed into space with considerable emotion. "And now," she said, "I am safe here in my own home. I have lunched divinely, a maid is on the way to me, Clarence remains somewhere safe indoors, Mr. Quinn is flitting from faucet to faucet, the electric light and the telephone will be in working order before very long—and it is all due to you!"

"I—I did a few things I almost w-wish I hadn't," stammered Brown, "b-because I can't, somehow, decently t-tell you how tremendously I—I—" He stuck fast.

"What?"

"It would look as if I were presuming on a small service rendered, and—I can't say it; I want to, but I can't."

"Say what? Please, I don't mind what you are—are going to say."

"It's—it's that I—"

"Y-es?" in soft encouragement.

"W-want to know you most tremendously now. I don't want to wait several years for chance and hazard."

"O-h!" as though the information conveyed a gentle shock to her. Her low-breathed exclamation nearly finished Brown.

"I knew you'd think it unpardonable of me—at such a time—to venture to—to—ask—say—express—convey —"

"Why do you—how can I—where could we —" She recovered herself resolutely. "I do not think we ought to take advantage of an accident like this. . . . Do you? Besides, probably, in the natural course of events—"

"But it may be years! months! weeks!" insisted Brown, losing control of himself.

"I should hope it would at least be a decently-reasonable interval of several weeks —"

"But I don't know what to do if I never see you again for weeks! I c-care so much—for—you."

She shrank back in her chair, and in her altered face he read that he was disgraced.

"I knew I was going to," he said in despair. "I couldn't keep it—I couldn't stop it. And

(Continued on Page 24)



"I Wonder if I've Time for Just One Delicious Plunge?"



# The Complete Muckraker

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



## FOREWORD

THE Literature of Exposure, once virile and vociferous, has vanished from the periodicals of the present. Vast and hideous pools of corruption, never shamed by our leading shame specialists, remain undisturbed in cities, in politics, in business, in society, in financial circles, in the Government, and elsewhere.

Anxious that the Literature of Exposure shall not perish, and desirous that young reformers, many of whom must feel deeply on these subjects but lack experience in the proper and recognized modes of expressing those feelings, shall profit thereby, The Complete Muckraker has been prepared, after long and arduous study of original and typical manuscripts, in the hope that the models here exhibited shall so instruct and encourage reformers now voiceless that we may soon observe in our favorite periodicals trenchant assaults on these various iniquities, similar to those that formerly roused us from our sodden contentment with things as they are.

## How to Muckrake a City

THERE are several things a conscientious young muckraker, a city muckraker, should know. In the first place, it is absolutely essential to diagnose appalling corruption as soon as you jump off the train that brings you to the city you intend to dissect. That must be done at all hazards. Then, too, it must be remembered that all civic officials, all boards of aldermen, all city councils, all political leaders, are dishonest; are grafters, to use the right word. Proceeding on this hypothesis, if you discover an honest official dismiss him as one too simple and unsophisticated to demand his part of the swag. What you are striving to do is to help the reformers, who are out and want to get control. Bear in mind that every man who is out is a reformer. Only the ins are corrupt.

Your articles will always be preceded by an "Editorial Note" in which the editor will voice his astonishment that these things can be, but piously express his great joy at being able to present the facts to the public through

the medium of his fearless exposé, obtained at a marvelous cost. The editor will say that the article is presented in its naked truth in the hope that the people will arise, as to a call to arms, and do something. He will not care what they do, only they must do something, and now is the time to subscribe. Usually, the editor will write this note himself, in order to grab all the credit, but it is not a bad plan to write an "Editorial Note" and paste it at the top of your article, in the hope it may get in, in which case you can say a few words about yourself that you may have omitted to put in the article.

In collecting your articles in a book great care should be taken to reprint only those in which you made no predictions of what the outcome of your exposures must inevitably be. It is extremely annoying to be obliged to follow your articles, when collected in book form, with postscripts stating that, owing to local conditions, or the failure of the people to be aroused, or for some other reason, the fool citizens did not overthrow the grafters, and they continued audaciously in power, notwithstanding your efforts.

With these few basic facts in mind, attention may now be called to the following exemplification of How to Muckrake a City. The best model is the work of that fearless young muckraker, Mr. Blinken Biffens, who has taken apart several cities to see what made them tick.

The city chosen is Constantinople. Always get a striking title, thus:

## CONTAMINATED CONSTANTINOPLE

By Blinken Biffens

Author of *Benighted Budapest*, *The Sin of Sacramento*, *Putrescent Podunk*, *Lawless Livonia*, etc.

The people are not innocent. I found that out in the United States, and I am finding it out here. I came to Constantinople with the firm determination of discovering and heralding to the world just what all these stories about the corruption of this city mean, and I am more than ever convinced that the people are not innocent. They are guilty. For centuries they have gone along and allowed this vast net of corruption to encircle them and hold them submissive.

I now raise my voice and call them "Cowards!" I say to them: "Why have you not cast off the thralls that bind you?" I ask them this. They do not answer. I don't know how to tell you how I feel about this. I suppose I can't. I can hardly credit the amazing indifference to my clarion call. I suppose I wouldn't credit it at all if I had not observed something of the kind elsewhere. I can see that these people need no sympathy. I shall give them none. I am here to expose the horrid facts. It is my duty. I have always done my duty. What I have made other cities stand for I shall make this city stand for. I have never exaggerated. Always, I have understated my facts. Nor shall I

exaggerate here. My purpose is to see if the shameful facts, set forth in all their shamelessness, will not shame somebody into being ashamed. I don't care who. Somebody must be ashamed of all this shame. But not the people. The people: I know what they will put up with—I am still writing—what they will stand, how easily they are fooled, how cheaply they are bought and how dearly they are sold, how easily intimidated.

For example. They tell me here that Constantinople is the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Think that over! The Ottoman Empire! I had always supposed an ottoman is a thing to put your feet on. It is. I am right. Here, these poor, deluded people call an ottoman an empire, misled, no doubt, by scheming politicians and grafters.

I am appalled at what I find. When I chased Minneapolis off the map, when I tore St. Louis wide apart, when I massacred Pittsburg I was also appalled. I am easily appalled. It is my business. But I never have been so appalled as I am at this moment. So careless are the people in this great city of their rights, so careless of the kind of government they get, so careless of the frightful conditions surrounding them, that they do not investigate. They never attend meetings of the Constantinople Common Council. I doubt if they know any of their aldermen by name. Furthermore, they never put a Citizens' Union ticket in the field. They never work for the uplift. They do not vote even. Can you beat that?

What is the result? I have found it, and I here proclaim it to the world. Constantinople is the most corrupt city on the Straits of the Bosphorus. I say it boldly. I say everything boldly. Constantinople is the most corrupt city I ever saw, although I have one or two in waiting for future articles, so be prepared. The corruption is so great that when the council passes an ordinance to pave a street with asphalt, they do not put in inferior asphalt, as we do, and keep the difference in price. They do not pave the street at all. Many a Turkish ward-boss is living in affluence on the proceeds of steals like this. And the people—the people, apparently, do not care.

Business men here, as elsewhere, have failed in politics and in citizenship. They are interested in barter and trade, but not in the uplift of their city. That's what's the matter with them. I talked with one of the big bazar keepers. "Why," I said, "do you allow these conditions to prevail?"

"What conditions?" he asked.

"These conditions," I said. "All this robbery, all this corruption, all this stealing from the people?"

I impressed him. I usually do.

"How can we remedy them?" he asked, in a hopeless, pathetic sort of way.

"Why," I said, "go out and turn over the city. Run an independent ticket for everybody, from mayor down to constable in the wards. Organize an uplift movement. Cut loose from these bosses who have been delivering you. Get out, and get busy."

"Good," he said. "It is well. I am glad you reminded me of it. All we need, to do what you have outlined, is a constitution, a city charter, a political system, an overthrow of social conditions, and a revolution."

"Piff!" I said. "Mere trifles."



And They Took John J. Pasha off to a Dungeon



I left him thinking deeply—not, however, until he had sold me a rug.

Is it possible to rouse these people to a sense of their shame? I do not know. I can only try, but, I may say, if I do not rouse them, it will be the first time I have failed in such a project. I have been overwhelmed with the evidence presented to me of the political corruption in Constantinople. I found boodle in Minneapolis, police graft in St. Louis, machine rule in Pittsburg, general civic rottenness in Philadelphia, but here, in Constantinople, a situation that is unparalleled. I knew it was here, and I found it. That is what I came for.

Let us be concrete. I desire to be concrete. I am always concrete. For several days after my arrival in Constantinople I made a quiet investigation, and at the end of that time was ready to go ahead. It was soon apparent to me that the place to look for graft was at the top, and not at the bottom.

So I went to the Sultan. "Mr. Sultan," I said, "how about these stories that you are padding pay-rolls with favorites, raising the tax rate without allowing the people representation, collecting money for public improvements and never making them; in fact, grafting all along the line?"

The Sultan was visibly annoyed.

"Where have you learned all this?" he asked stiffly.

"Oh," I replied, "I have not been idle during the few days I have been here. Did you or did you not hold up that Constantinople and Scutari trolley franchise until the company settled with you?"

The Sultan winced, but he was cornered. "Well," he said, "I did not grant the franchise until they paid a few million piasters into the imperial purse."

"But," I persisted, "that money was not yours. If the company was to pay anything for a franchise, the money belonged to the people."

"The people?" repeated the Sultan, with a puzzled air. "How could it belong to the people when I had it?"

Finding it impossible to make any headway with a man who had such a crude realization of his municipal responsibilities, I sought out Izzet Bey, head of the civil administration and in active charge of the city government.

"Mr. Izzet," I said, "I am credibly informed that Constantinople is the most corruptly-governed city in the world."

"You flatter me," said Izzet Bey, bowing. "I had no idea we were so far advanced in our civilization."

"I understand," I continued, "that the graft you extort from the corporations and from the people amounts to hundreds of millions of piasters a year."

Izzet Bey was surprised. "You amaze me," he said. "If it is as much as that I am not getting it all. I shall investigate."

I was astounded. "Do you mean to say," I asked him, "that your only concern over this condition of affairs is whether you are getting it all?"

"Certainly," he replied. "What other concern could I have?"

That's it, you see. The citizens of Constantinople have gone along for centuries and allowed a few men to boss them. They have taken no pains to organize against these vultures who have fed on them. It is the same old story. Carelessness, indifference, or, perhaps, criminal participation, and there you are. They are shameless. Even I cannot shame them.

Take that matter of the Constantinople and Scutari trolley franchise. John J. Pasha, an eminent Young Turk and an enterprising business man, decided to build a road between these points. He formed a company and applied to Izzet Bey for a franchise. The matter was taken under consideration and he was told he could have a franchise for two million piasters. John J. Pasha demurred, but

he was told if he did not pay this sum the money would be taken from him, anyway, and he paid it. Then he asked for his franchise.

At that moment Michael F. Abdul, a relative of the Sultan's, appeared and asked Mr. Pasha what he intended to do. Pasha said he had paid for a franchise for a trolley road. "Paid whom?" asked M. F. Abdul.

"Izzet Bey," replied John J. Pasha.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Abdul, "do you not know that day before yesterday the franchise-granting power was taken from the hands of Izzet Bey and reposed in me by His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan?"

"I did not," confessed John J. Pasha.

"Tis even so, and, of course, you cannot build the road unless you pay me four million piasters, which is the price His Imperial Majesty has put on the franchise."

John J. Pasha was nonplused. He protested, but in vain. "Pay," said M. F. Abdul, "or you do not get the franchise."

He paid, and was told to call again next day. When he did call he was ushered into an audience chamber, where he was met by William R. Amhid, of the Sultan's personal suite.

"Mr. Pasha," said Amhid, "I regret to inform you that since your visit here another bid has been made for that franchise. A company of our most progressive Middle-aged Turks has offered us fourteen million piasters for it, and it has pleased our Imperial Master, the Sultan, graciously to grant it to them for that sum."

"But," protested John J. Pasha, "it is mine. I paid for it."

"My dear sir," said William R. Amhid, "it is apparent you did not pay enough."

"Then return me my money," insisted John J. Pasha.

"Your money?" inquired Amhid. "How can money that is in the imperial treasury be your money?"

(Concluded on Page 40)

# The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



XII

MARGARET made it an all but inflexible rule not to go out, but to rest and repair, one evening in each week; that was the evening, under the rule, but she would have broken the rule had any opportunity offered. Of course, for the first time since the season began, no one sent or telephoned to ask her to fill in at the last moment. She half-expected Craig, though she knew he was to be busy; he neither came nor called up. She dined moodily with the family, sat surily in a corner of the veranda until ten o'clock, hid herself in bed. She feared she would have a sleepless night. But she had not eaten much; and, as indigestion is about the only thing that will keep a healthy human being awake, she slept dreamlessly, soundly, not waking until Selina slowly and softly opened the inner blinds of her bedroom at eight the next morning.

There are people who are wholly indifferent about their surroundings, and lead the life dictated by civilized custom only because they are slaves of custom. Margaret was not one of these. She not only adopted all the comforts and luxuries that were current, but also spent much time in thinking out new luxuries, new refinements upon those she already had. She was through and through the luxurious idler; she made of idling a career—pursued it with intelligent purpose where others simply drifted, yawning when pastimes were not provided for them. She was as industrious and ingenious at her career as a Craig at furthering himself and his ideas in a public career. Like the others of her class she left the care of her mind

to chance. As she had a naturally good mind and a birdlike instinct for flitting everywhere, picking

out the food from the chaff, she made an excellent showing even in the company of serious people. But that was accident. Her person was her real care. To her luxurious, sensuous nature every kind of pleasurable physical sensation made keen appeal, and she strove in every way to make it keener. She took the greatest care of her health, because health meant beauty and every nerve and organ in condition to enjoy to its uttermost capacity.

Because of this care it was often full three hours and a half between the entrance of Selina and her own exit, dressed and ready for the day. And those three hours and a half were the happiest of her day usually, because they were full of those physical sensations in which she most delighted. Her first move, after Selina had awakened her, was to spend half an hour in "getting the yawns out." She had learned this interesting, pleasant and amusing trick from a baby in a house where she had once spent a week. She would extend herself at full length on the bed, and then slowly stretch each separate muscle. This stretching process was accompanied by a series of prolonged, profound, luxurious yawns.

The yawning exercise completed, she rose and took before a long mirror a series of other exercises, some to

strengthen her waist, others to keep her back straight and supple, others to make firm the contour of her face and throat. A half-hour of this, then came her bath. This was no hurried plunge, drying and away, but a long and elaborate function at which Selina assisted. There had to be water of three temperatures; a dozen different kinds of brushes, soaps, towels and other apparatus participated. When it was finished Margaret's skin glowed and shone, was soft and smooth and exhaled a delicious odor of lilacs. During the exercises Selina had been getting ready the clothes for the day—everything fresh throughout, and everything delicately redolent of the same essence of lilacs with which Selina had rubbed her from hair to tips of fingers and feet. The clothes were put on slowly, for Margaret delighted in the feeling of soft silks and laces being drawn over her skin. She let Selina do every possible bit of work, and gave herself up wholly to the joy of being cared for.

"There isn't any real reason why I shouldn't be doing this for you, instead of your doing it for me—is there, Selina?" mused she aloud.

"Goodness gracious, Miss Rita!" exclaimed Selina, horrified. "I wouldn't have it done for anything. I was brought up to be retiring about dressing. It was my mother's dying boast that no man, nor no woman, had ever seen her, a grown woman, except fully dressed."

"Really?" said Margaret absently. She stood up, surveyed herself in the triple mirror—back, front, sides.



"So many women never look at themselves in the back," observed she, "or know how their skirts hang about the feet. I believe in dressing for all points of view."

"You certainly are just perfect," said the admiring Selina, not the least part of her admiring satisfaction due to the fact that the toilette was largely the creation of her own hands. "And you smell like a real lady—not noisy, like some that comes here. I hate to touch their wraps or to lay 'em down in the house. But you—It's one of them smells that you ain't sure whether you smelt it or dreamed it."

"Pretty good, Selina!" said Margaret. She could not but be pleased with such a compliment, one that could have been suggested only by the truth. "The hair went up well this morning, didn't it?"

"Lovely—especially in the back. It looks as if it had been marcelled, without that common, barbery stiffness-like."

"Yes, the back is good. And I like this blouse. I must wear it oftener."

"You can't afford to favor it too much, Miss Rita. You know you've got over thirty, all of them beauties."

"Some day, when I get time, we must look through my clothes. I want to give you a lot of them. . . . What does become of the time? Here it is, nearly eleven. See if breakfast has come up. I'll finish dressing afterward."

It had. It was upon a small table in the rose-and-gold boudoir. And the sun, shining softly in at the creeper-shaded window, rejoiced in the surpassing brightness and cleanness of the dishes of silver and thinnest porcelain and cut glass. Margaret thought eating in bed a "filthy, foreign fad," and never indulged in it. She seated herself lazily, drank her coffee, and ate her roll and her egg slowly, deliberately, reading her letters and glancing at the paper. A charming picture she made—the soft, white Valenciennes of her *matinée* falling away from her throat and setting off the clean, smooth healthiness of her skin, the blackness of her vital hair; from the white lace of her petticoat's plaited flounces peered one of her slim feet, a satin slipper upon the end of it. At the top of the heap of letters lay one she would have recognized, she thought, had she never seen the handwriting before.

"Sure to be upsetting," reflected she; and she laid it aside, glancing now and then at the bold, nervous, irregular hand and speculating about the contents and the writer.

She had gone to bed greatly disturbed in mind as to whether she was doing well to marry the obstreperous Westerner. "He fascinates me in a wild, weird sort of a way when I'm with him," she had said to herself before going to sleep, "and the idea of him is fascinating in certain moods. And it is a temptation to take hold of him and master and train him—like bronco-busting. But is it interesting enough for—marriage? Wouldn't I get horribly tired? Wouldn't Grant and humdrum be better, less wearying?" And when she awakened she found her problem all but solved. "I'll send him packing and take Grant," she found herself saying, "unless some excellent reason for doing otherwise appears. Grandmother was right. Engaging myself to him was a mood." Once more she was all for luxury and ease and calmness, for the pleasant, soothing, cut-and-dried thing. "A cold bath or a rough rub-down now and then, once in a long while, is all very well. It makes one appreciate comfort and luxury more. But that sort of thing every day—many times each day—" Margaret felt her nerves rebelling as at the stroking of velvet the wrong way.

She read all her other letters, finished her toilette, had on her hat, and was having Selina put on her boots when she opened Craig's letter and read:

I must have been out of my mind this afternoon. You are wildly fascinating, but you are not for me. If I led you to believe that I wished to marry you pray forget it. We should make each other unhappy and, worse still, uncomfortable.

Do I make myself clear? We are not engaged. I hope you will marry Arkwright; a fine fellow, in every way suited to you, and, I happen to know, madly in love with you. Please try to forgive me. If you have any feeling for me stronger than friendship you will surely get over it. Anyhow we couldn't marry. That is settled. Let me have an answer to this. I shall be upset until I hear.

No beginning. No end. Just a bald, brutal casting-off, with a hint—more than a hint—of a fear that she would try to hold him in spite of himself. She smiled—small, even teeth clenched and eyelids contracted cruelly—as she read a second time, with this unflattering suggestion obtruding. The humiliation of being jilted! And by such a man!—the private shame—the public disgrace—She sprang up, crunching her foot hard down upon one of Selina's hands. "What is it?" said she angrily at her maid's cry of pain.

"Nothing, miss," replied Selina, quickly hiding the wounded hand. "You moved so quick I hadn't time to draw away. That was all."

"Then finish that boot!"

Selina had to expose the hand. Margaret looked down at it indifferently, though her heel had torn the skin away from the edge of the palm and had cut into the flesh.

"Hurry!" she ordered fiercely, as Selina fumbled and bungled.

She twitched and frowned with impatience while Selina finished buttoning the boot, then descended and called Williams. "Get me Mr. Craig on the telephone," she said.

"He's been calling you up several times to-day, ma'am—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Margaret, eyes flashing with sudden delight.

"But we wouldn't disturb you."

"That was right," said Margaret. She was beaming now, was all sunny good humor. Even her black hair seemed to glisten in her smile. So! He had been calling up! Poor fool, not to realize that she would draw the correct inference from this anxiety.

"Shall I call him?"

"No. I'll wait. Probably he'll call again soon. I'll be in the library."

She had not been roaming restlessly about there many minutes before Williams appeared. "He's come, himself, ma'am," said he. "I told him I didn't know whether you'd be able to see him or not."

"Thank you, Williams," said Margaret very sweetly. "Order the carriage to come round at once. Leave Mr. Craig in the drawing-room. I'll speak to him on the way out."

She dashed upstairs. "Selina! Selina!" she called. And when Selina came: "Let me see that hand. I hurt you because I got news that went through me like a knife. You understand, don't you?"

"It was nothing, Miss Rita," protested Selina. "I'd forgot it myself already."

But Margaret insisted on assuring herself with her own eyes, got blood on her white gloves, had to change them. As she descended she was putting on the fresh pair—a new pair. How vastly more than even the normal is a man's disadvantage in a serious interview with a woman if she is putting on new gloves? She is perfectly free to seem occupied or not, as suits her convenience; and she can, by wrestling with the gloves, interrupt him without speech, distract his attention, addle his thoughts, give him a sense of imbecile futility, and all the time offer him no cause for resentment against her. He himself seems in the wrong; she is merely putting on her gloves.

She was wrong in her guess that Arkwright had been at him. He had simply succumbed to his own fears and forebodings, gathering in force as soon as he was not protected from them by the spell of her presence. The mystery of the feminine is bred into men from earliest infancy, is intensified when passion comes and excites the imagination into fantastic activity about women. No man, not the most experienced, not the most depraved, is ever able wholly to divest himself of this awe, except, occasionally, in the case of some particular woman. Awe makes one ill at ease; the woman who, by whatever means, is able to cure a man of his awe of her, to make him feel free to be himself, is often able to hold him, even though he despises her or is indifferent to her; on the other hand, the woman who remains an object of awe to a man is certain to lose him.

At the outset of an acquaintance between a man and a woman his awe for her as the embodiment of the mystery feminine is of great advantage to her; it often gets him for her as a husband. In this particular case of Margaret Severance and Joshua Craig, while his awe of her was an advantage, it was also a disadvantage. It attracted him; it perilously repelled him. He had the unmistakable, the terrifying feeling of daredevil sacrilege. What were his coarse hands doing, dabbling in silks and cobweb laces and embroideries? Silk fascinated him; but, while he did not like calico so well, he felt at home with it. Yes, he had seized her, had crushed her madly in the embrace of his plowman arms. But that seemed now a freak of courage, a drunken man's deed, wholly beyond the nerve of sobriety.

Then, on top of all this awe was his reverence for her as an aristocrat, a representative of people who had for generations been far removed above the coarse realities of the only life he knew. And it was this adoration of caste that determined him. He might overcome his awe of her person and dress, of her tangible trappings, but how could he ever hope to bridge the gulf between himself and her intangible superiorities? He was ashamed of himself, enraged against himself, for this feeling of worm gazing up at star. It made a mockery of all his arrogant, noisy protestations of equality and democracy.

"The fault is not in my ideas," thought he; "they're all right. The fault's in me—snob that I am!"

Clearly, if he was to be what he wished, if he was to become what he had thought he was, he must get away from this sinister influence, from this temptation that had made him, at first onset, not merely stumble, but fall flat and begin to grovel. "She is a superior woman—that is no snob notion of mine," reflected he. "But from the way I falter and get weak in the knees, she ought to be super-human—which she isn't, by any means. No, there's only one thing to do—keep away from her. Besides, I'd feel miserable with her about as my wife." My wife! The very words threw him into a cold sweat.

So the note was written, was feverishly dispatched.

No sooner was it sent than it was repented. "What's the matter with me?" demanded he of himself, as his courage came swaggering back, once the danger had been banished. "Why, the best is not too good for me. She is the best, and mighty proud she ought to be of a man who, by sheer force of character, has lifted himself to where I am and who is going to be what I shall be. Mighty proud! There are only two realities—money and brains. I've certainly got more brains than she or any of her set; as for money, she hasn't got that. The superiority is all on my side. I'm the one that ought to feel condescending."

What had he said in his note? Recalling it as well as he could—for it was one, the last, of more than a dozen notes he had written in two hours of that evening—recalling phrases he was pretty sure he had put into the one he had finally sent, in despair of a better, it seemed to him that he had given her a wholly false impression—an impression of her superiority and of his fear and awe. That would never do. He must set her right, must show her he was breaking the engagement only because she was not up to his standard. Besides, he wished to see her again to make sure that he had been victimized into an engagement by a purely physical, swiftly-evanescent imagining. Yes, he must see her, must have a look at her, must have a talk with her.

"It's the only decent, courageous thing to do in the circumstances. Sending that note looked like cowardice—would be cowardice if I didn't follow it up with a visit. And, whatever else I am, surely I'm not a coward!"

Margaret had indulged in no masculine ingenuities of logic. Woman-like, she had gone straight to the practical point: Craig had written instead of coming—he was, therefore, afraid of her. Having written he had not fled, but had come—he was, therefore, attracted by her still. Obviously the game lay in her own hands, for what more could woman ask than that a man be both afraid and attracted? A little management and she not only would save herself from the threatened humiliation of being jilted—jilted by an uncouth nobody of a Josh Craig—but also would have him in durance, to punish his presumption at her own good pleasure as to time and manner. If Joshua Craig, hardy plodder in the arduous pathway from plowboy to President, could have seen what was in the mind so delicately and so aristocratically entempered in that graceful, slender, ultra-feminine body of Margaret Severance's, as she descended the stairs, putting fresh gloves upon her beautiful, idle hands, he would have borrowed wings of the wind and would have fled as from a Gorgon.

But as she entered the room nothing could have seemed less formidable except to the heart. Her spring dress—she was wearing it for the first time—was of a pale green, suggesting the draperies of islands of enchantment. Its lines coincided with the lines of her figure. Her hat, trimmed to match, formed a magic halo for her hair; and it, in turn, was the entrancing frame in which her small, quiet, pulid face was set—that delicate, sensitive face, from which shone, now softly and now brilliantly, those hazel eyes a painter could have borrowed for a wood nymph. In the doorway, before greeting him, she paused.

"Williams," she called, and Craig was thrilled by her "high-bred" accent, that seemed to him to make of the English language a medium different from the one he used and heard out home.

"Yes, ma'am," came the answer in the subtly-deferential tone of the aristocracy of menialdom, conjuring for Craig, with the aid of the woman herself and that aristocratic old room, a complete picture of the life of upper-class splendor.

"Did you order the carriage, as I asked?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's at the door."

"Thank you." And Margaret turned upon an overwhelmed and dazzled Craig. He did not dream that she had calculated it all with a view to impressing him—and if he had the effect would hardly have been lessened. Whether planned or not, were not toilette and accent, and butler and carriage, all realities? Nor did he suspect shrewd calculations upon snobbishness when she said: "I was in such haste to dress that I hurt my poor maid's hand as she was lacing my boot"—she thrust out one slender, elegantly-clad foot—"no, buttoning it, I mean." Oh, these ladies, these ladies of the new world—and the old—that are so used to maids and carriages and being waited upon that they no more think of display in connection with them than one would think of boasting two legs or two eyes!

The advantage from being in the act of putting on gloves began at the very outset. It helped to save her from deciding a mode of salutation. She did not salute him at all. It made the meeting a continuation, without break, of their previous meeting.

"How do you like my new dress?" she asked, as she drew the long part of her glove up her round, white arm. "Beautiful," he stammered.

From the hazel eyes shot a shy-bold glance straight into his; it was as if those slim, taper fingers of hers had



twanged the strings of the lyre of his nerves. "You despise all this sort of trumpery, don't you?"

"Sometimes a man says things he don't mean," he found tongue to utter.

"I understand," said she sympathetically, and he knew she meant his note. But he was too overwhelmed by his surroundings, by her envelope of aristocracy, too fascinated by her physical charm, too flattered by being on such terms with such a personage, to venture to set her right. Also, she gave him little chance; for in almost the same breath she went on: "I've been in such moods!—since yesterday afternoon—like the devils in Milton, isn't it?—that are swept from lands of ice to lands of fire?—or is it in Dante? I never can remember. We must go straight off, for I'm late. You can come, too—it's only a little meeting about some charity or other. All rich people, of course—except poor me. I'm sure I don't know why they asked me. I can give little besides advice. How handsome you are to-day, Joshua!"

It was the first time she had called him by his first name. She repeated it—"Joshua—Joshua"—as when one hits upon some particularly sweet and penetrating chord at the piano, and strikes it again, and yet again.

They were in the carriage, being whirled toward the great palace of Mrs. Whitson, the latest and grandest of plutocratic monuments that have arisen upon the ruins of the old, old-fashioned American Washington. And she talked incessantly—a limpid, sparkling, joyous strain. And either her hand sought his or his hers; at any rate, he found himself holding her hand. They were almost there before he contrived to say, very falteringly: "You got my note?"

She laughed gayly. "Yes—and your own answer to it, Joshua—my love"—the "my love" in a much lower, softer tone, with the suggestion of sudden tears trembling to fall.

"But I meant it," he said. He would not dare look himself in the face again if he did not make at least a struggle before surrendering.

"We mean many things in as many moods," said she. "I knew it was only a mood. I knew you'd come. I've such a sense of implicit reliance on you. You are to me like the bur that shields the nut from all harm. How secure and cozy and happy the nut must feel in its bur. As I've walked through the woods in the autumn I've often thought of that, and how, if I ever married—"

A wild impulse to seize her and crush her, as one crushes the ripe berry for its perfume and taste, flared in his eyes. She drew away to check it. "Not now," she murmured, and her quick breath and flush were not art, but nature. "Not just now—Joshua."

"You make me—insane," he muttered between his teeth. "I do love you!"

They were arrived; were descending. And she led him, abject and in chains, into the presence of Mrs. Whitson and the most fashionable of the fashionable set. "So you've brought him along?" cried Mrs. Whitson. "Well, I congratulate you, Mr. Craig. It's very evident you have a shrewd eye for the prizes of life, and a strong, long reach to grasp them."

Craig, red and awkward, laughed hysterically, flung out a few meaningless phrases. Margaret murmured: "Perhaps you'd rather go?" She wished him to go, now that she had exhibited him.

"Yes—for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. He was clutching for his braggart pretense of ease in "high society" like a drowning man scooping armfuls of elusive water.

She steered him in her gentle, quiet, easeful manner toward the door, sent him forth with a farewell glance and an affectionate interrogative, "This afternoon, at half-past four?" that could not be disobeyed.

The mutiny was quelled. The mutineer was in irons. She had told him she felt quite sure about him; and it was true, in a sense rather different from what the words had conveyed to him. But it was of the kind of security that takes care to keep the eye wakeful and the powder dry.

she hastened to add, with veiled eye and slightly tremulous lip, "I'm ready to take whatever comes."

"That's right! That's right!" exclaimed Mrs. Whitson, a tender and dreamy sentimentalist except in her own affairs. "Love is best!"

"Love is best," echoed Margaret.

### XIII

IN THAT Administration the man "next" the President was his Secretary of the Treasury, John Branch, cold and smooth and able, secreting, in his pale-gray soul, an icy passion for power more relentless than hot passion ever bred. Life presented itself to him as a series of mathematical problems, as an examination in mathematics. To pass it meant a diploma as a success; to fail to pass meant the abysmal disgrace of obscurity. Otherwise

Branch was the most amiable of men; and why should he not have been, his digestion being good, his income sufficient, his domestic relations admirable, and his reputation for ability growing apace?

It was to John Branch that Madam Bowker applied when she decided that Joshua Craig must be driven from Washington. She sent for him, and he came promptly. He liked to talk to her because she was one of the few who thoroughly appreciated and sympathized with his ideas of success in life. Also, he respected her as a personage in Washington, and had it in mind to marry his daughter, as soon as she should be old enough, to one of her grand-nephews.

"Branch," said the old lady, with an emphatic wave of the ebony staff, "I want that Craig man sent away from Washington."

"Josh, the joke?" said Branch with a slow, sneering smile that had an acidity in it interesting in one so even as he.

"That's the man. I want you to rid us of him. He has been paying attention to Margaret, and she is encouraging him."

"Impossible!" declared Branch. "Margaret is a sensible girl and Josh has nothing—never will have anything."

"A mere politician!" declared Madam Bowker. "Like hundreds of others that wink in with each Administration and wink out with it. He will not succeed even at his own miserable political game—and, if he did, he would still be poor as poverty."

"I don't think you need worry about him and Margaret. I repeat, she is sensible—an admirable girl—admirably brought up. She has distinction. She has the right instincts."

Madam Bowker punctuated each of these compliments with a nod of her haughty head. "But," said she, "Craig has convinced her that he will amount to something."

"Ridiculous!" scoffed Branch, with an airy wave of the hand. But there was in his tone a concealment that set the shrewd old lady furtively to watching him.

"What do they think of him among the public men?" inquired she.

"He's laughed at there as everywhere."

(Continued on Page 36)



"I Do Not," He Replied Arrogantly. "Your Granddaughter Wants to Marry Me"

She felt she did not have him yet where she could trust him out of her sight and could herself decide whether the engagement was to be kept or broken.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Whitson, "he positively feeds out of your hand! And such a wild man he seemed!"

Margaret, in the highest of high spirits, laughed with pleasure.

"A good many," pursued Mrs. Whitson, "think you are throwing yourself away for love. But as I size men up—and my husband says I'm a wonder at it—I think he'll be the biggest figure of all at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue or the other. Perhaps, first one end then at the other."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," cried Margaret, with the keen enthusiasm with which, in time of doubt, we welcome an ally to our own private judgment. "But,"



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## A Street-Car Ride for Three Cents

RANK overcapitalization of street railways has, perhaps, given rise to a popular misconception.

In some cities the traction companies, charging a five-cent fare, earned returns upon stocks and bonds far in excess of the value of the property—vastly to the profit of the promoters who printed and sold the watered securities. Obviously a lower fare would have paid dividends on an honest capitalization. In view of the promoters' profits an opinion was formed that the traction business, at a five-cent fare, was a mine of wealth which might well be tapped for the benefit of the public by reducing fares.

In Cleveland the experiment of a three-cent fare has been on trial for some months—not, however, under very favorable conditions. Much discontent has been expressed over the service given for that fare, and the recent referendum vote shows great dissatisfaction with that service. In Chicago, a board of city engineers reports that of each nickel collected by the companies, 2.24 cents goes for wages and 1.26 cents for materials and taxes.

The local transportation companies of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis, charging a five-cent fare, carry over two and a half billion passengers a year, or three times as many as all the steam railroads of the country carry. A cut of one cent in the fare means a reduction of twenty per cent.

In some cities agitation for three-cent fares is more or less popular, but it is a subject to be dealt with cautiously.

## In the Wake of a Constitution

ONE critic of the proposed Chinese constitution objects that it consists mainly of "a lot of palaver about the divinity and majesty of the Emperor." This, however, raises a favorable presumption which such other reports as have come to hand do not bear out. A constitution containing nothing more harmful than a lot of palaver would be much nearer perfection than any which has yet been devised. It is unfair to expect from inexperienced Chinese so great an improvement over Western models.

The document, however, if correctly reported, does contain one highly-important departure. It begins by declaring that the dynasty shall reign over China for a thousand generations. We think any good constitutional lawyer will hold that this opening clause limits the life of the constitution; it contemplates that, at the end of a thousand generations, the people of China may desire to make considerable changes in the structure and functions of their government—a generous concession to posterity which nearly all Occidental constitutions omit.

In another respect the constitution is quite Western—namely, there is, they say, as great a diversity of opinion among the Chinese over its meaning as among United States Senators and Federal judges over the meaning of our Constitution. Having adopted a constitution, China will probably take to silk hats, trusts, bucket-shops and other Western inconveniences.

## A Popular Vote on Policies

THE referendum must eventually make its way in this country. Already there is a beginning. The "little ballot," in Illinois and elsewhere, by which voters express their preference in respect to two opposing policies has

been useful in making government more nearly responsive to the will of the governed.

No possible outcome of the last Presidential campaign could fairly have been construed as a conclusive expression of the popular will upon any single question of national policy. This is a sad waste of opportunity when the aim purports to be a government of the people by the people.

Practically the sharpest division between the two parties was as to the guaranty of bank deposits; but nobody knows what place that issue had in the thoughts of those who voted for Mr. Bryan. Unquestionably nearly all of them would have voted for him just the same on quite other grounds if that issue had never been raised. And it was held out during the campaign that, even if Bryan were elected, a Republican Senate wouldn't let him do anything. Neither candidate could have come to the Presidency with an indubitable mandate from the people, such as Congress would have been compelled to respect, in order to carry out any particular policy.

This is a waste of opportunity. Nowadays, we think, not even a Republican Senate would stand out against a clear, unquestionable expression of the popular will in favor, for example, of deposit insurance or jury trial in contempt cases. The referendum, by which people may vote upon policies, is bound to make its way.

## A Sizable Shrinkage

A YEAR ago the president of the Distillers' Securities Corporation, colloquially known as the whisky trust, opined that prohibition laws do not diminish the consumption of liquor, but merely change the method of distribution.

This year's report, issued the other day, is silent upon that subject. It shows that in the fiscal year, 1908, the production of all kinds of distilled spirits in the United States was only one hundred and twenty-seven million gallons, against one hundred and sixty-eight million gallons the year before. The decrease amounted to twenty-five per cent. This year's output was the smallest since 1902, but greater by one-third than that of 1899.

Consumption, no doubt, is more nearly reflected by withdrawal of liquor from bond than by the total output. Withdrawals from bond this year were slightly under one hundred and twenty million gallons, against a hundred and thirty-four million gallons last year. The decrease here is only about ten per cent.—which the trust attributes to reaction in business generally.

Outside of Distillers' stockholders, however, the fact that there were made forty-odd million gallons less of liquor will be quite cheerfully regarded.

## Trying to Tax the Tourist

THE proposal to swell Paris' municipal revenue by taxing foreign visitors is rather surprising—although the cable report ingeniously adds that "dogs and other luxuries are already taxed"—with a soothing implication that American tourists shouldn't object if the dogs do not. Landlords raise the obvious objection that while tourists may be luxuries they have power of locomotion, and, if Paris taxes them, they will go somewhere else.

In this view it would be policy not to tax the tourists, but to tax merely whatever the tourists consume. Instead of directly adding two per cent. to the foreign guests' hotel bill for the benefit of the city, Paris should tax the landlord two per cent. of his gross receipts. Then the landlord would simply raise his charges to the tourist five per cent., and the latter would be spared a venetian consciousness of having to contribute to the support of the government.

That, very often, is the way we manage it here. The tariff is one notable example; the common practice of taxing mortgages is another. Some time ago we mentioned a Western reform in the latter particular, and in several Southern States, where capital is wanted, a vigorous effort is afoot to tax directly the man who eventually has to pay the taxes anyway. That man, of course, is the consumer of the taxed article.

Taxes, aside from those that support the Federal Government, amount to fourteen dollars a head for the whole country, ranging from under five dollars in some Southern States to nearly twenty-five on the Pacific Coast. This considerable burden is a subject well worth study.

## Winning the Honorary Degree

THE London Times is responsible for a somewhat quieting statement that, at the conclusion of his African hunting trip, Mr. Roosevelt will deliver a lecture at Oxford, after which the university will confer an honorary degree upon him. Either the lecture or the degree might have been taken as a matter of course. It is the linking of the one to the other in a sequential manner that gives us some concern.

Heretofore, in the case of eminent men, the practice has been, in this country at least, to confer the degree and take the lecture for granted; or, rather, politely to leave it out of account. The phrasing of the Times' report,

however, raises suspicion of an intention on the part of the great English university to emphasize a connection between its honorary degree and scholarship. The connection, of course, would be only relative, not absolute—that is, undoubtedly, the President will not be "flunked" and refused his degree even if the lecture falls below a strict academic standard; the Faculty will not condition him and blandly bid him try again.

But even a relative connection may be somewhat disconcerting. If the subject of the lecture is really "romance," as the cable editor facetiously makes it, we imagine Mr. Roosevelt, by his ruddy campfire in the jungle, dutifully cramming the Arthurian legends and Amadis of Gaul—and abstractedly shoeing mosquitoes.

Perhaps American universities will fall in line, and the next time Mr. Morgan or the King of Italy receives the honorary degree of one of our institutions of learning he will be gently requested to send in a treatise on irregular Greek verbs or differential calculus—not as a strict test, but merely as an exhibition of good faith.

## The Man Who is Out of Work

"ENGLAND," says a recent report, "is facing the most serious condition of unemployment in her history; unless relief is provided on an unprecedented scale, bread riots may be expected."

Intermittently, for more than forty years, the English Government has been dealing with this subject in various acute phases. During our Civil War, when the cotton famine caused great industrial distress in Lancashire, twelve hundred thousand pounds in money was appropriated for special relief work and some thirty-eight thousand persons derived support from the fund. After the Boer War unemployment was recognized as one of the standing problems of government.

In 1904 the labor department of the Board of Trade investigated two thousand families fairly representative of a large working class and found the average family income to be \$8.96, while the cost of food (3.6 children, on the average, living at home) was \$5.47, not including liquor or tobacco. That does not, after paying the rent and buying some clothes, leave a very wide margin for a rainy day.

In every industrial country, even the United States, there is rarely a time when some men cannot find work. Any shock to the industrial organization multiplies their number rapidly. Unemployment, in fact—meaning involuntary idleness of men willing and able to work—is, in some degree, a pretty constant factor. Some countries attempt to deal with it by supporting government employment agencies. In Germany and Switzerland societies write insurance against unemployment.

The ancient notion—faintly preserved in cartoons and stock newspaper jokes—that the man out of work was necessarily a "sturdy beggar" and rogue—disappears under scientific investigation.

What to do with him is always a sad and sometimes a pressing problem.

## Smoke Doesn't Pay

"SMOKE is expensive because it increases laundry bills, ruins cloth, necessitates more frequent painting and greater use of artificial light, destroys vegetation, wastes coal and injures Chicago as a market by making it less attractive to out-of-town buyers."

So concludes a municipal commission which has been investigating the subject for some months; and one alderman declares that the actual damage done "runs into hundreds of millions of dollars."

An impression to that effect has been more or less current in Chicago for twenty-odd years; but latterly, it seems, the city has been getting a really comprehensive grip upon the proposition that smoke doesn't pay. So, presently, no doubt, the smoke nuisance will be done away with.

The singular fact is that the evil condition which is defended upon economic grounds is almost always found upon investigation not to pay. Twenty years ago, even in large cities, grade crossings of railroad tracks were the rule and the roads were explaining that they couldn't afford track elevation. They know better now.

Putting wires underground and fenders on street cars, automatic brakes and couplers and so on, resisted at first as bad investments, have proven very good investments; and it has been demonstrated that thick smoke is a sign of waste in the boiler-room, to say nothing of the waste it causes outside.

Even the nuisance of traffic congestion in city streets may yet disappear because it is economically wrong. In New York a hundred-million-dollar project to distribute freight underground, and make a profit by doing it, has lately been broached.

We should hardly hesitate to say that any evil condition whatever will prove, under proper examination and investigation, to be actually bad business in the strictest utilitarian sense.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## The Missouri Lion

WHEN it comes to roaring, Champ Clark has the fierce Numidian lion rolling a hoop and playing dead. He will roar you at any time, on any subject, from the ultimate influence of the orthodox exegesis to the equipedency of equipedal equines; from the proper way to pick Ben Davis apples to the exact way a hen should lay an egg.

Coming from Missouri, where the motto is "Show me," Champ has reconstructed that disconcerting tenet to a more affable one, which fits his case, and his personal reading is: "I'll show you." Whereupon he shows you, and everybody else, with rumblings like distant thunder, and with roarings that make you think you have strayed into the animal tent while they are feeding the wild beasts of the forest with raw-r-r meat, which spectacle is free to all those who have purchased reserved seats of the gentlemanly attendants at the door.

It is but the simple truth that Champ eats 'em alive. He crunches 'em, and hunches 'em, and munches 'em. Every time he goes into action he fills the hospitals, overcrowds the ambulances and sends a few scattered ones, too badly mangled to be identified, to the morgue. He is ferocious—fee-ro-shus, to be exact, and to put it the way he says it—and whenever he is working the boys around the tiger's cage would better get out of the way. G-r-r-r! G-r-r-r-r! Woof! Woof! Wow-w-w! Scat! Oh, 'tis a fearsome sight to see Champ Clark wading up and down the aisles in Congress or stomping back and forth in the lyceum, seeking whom he may devour and devastate, and devouring and devastating all whom he seeks.

You see, Champ is like a geyser. He never spouts until he is at the boiling point. Carrying out this beautiful figure of speech to its rounded perfection, he is always at the boiling point, so he is continually spo—but let us be just, above all things. He has to sleep, doesn't he? Or does he? Anyhow, during his waking hours there never is a minute when Champ isn't ready to go into action and devastate the Opposition.

One would think, if one thought of it at all, that Champ, from his mild, not to say benign appearance, his white tie, his beaming eye, his long frock coat, was of ministerial tendencies. But be not deceived, be not deceived! You shall learn the truth. That white tie, that benign appearance, that beaming eye are parts of his elaborate decoy. Many a person, misled thereby, has picked out Champ for a kindly and complaisant person, has prodded him a bit, trod on his toes and jerked at the tail of his coat. Thereupon, it immediately began to rain human fragments in that vicinity, and Champ was the rainmaker.

Fierce? Gemini! he is so fierce he is scared of himself. If he didn't keep the emergency brake on all the time it is quite likely that, when he had finished one of his assaults on the bulwarks of the scoundrels of the Opposition, who, by mere force of numbers, are playing it low down on Justitia and Lex and all the rest of the boys and girls of their glorious company, there would be not one, not a single, solitary one of the other side left to tell the tale, except, of course, that considerable number that had gone down, as soon as he began his speech, to help George Southwick educate in the Education Committee, or Henry Loudenslager pension in the Pension Committee, or to assist Aleck McDowell straighten out the documents in the cedar chest in the little room back of the Clerk's office. Why, he's so fierce the official stenographers have to put on ear-muffs when he is demolishing those fiends in human form who inhabit the majority chairs, so the growls will be tempered a bit to their shorn ears.

### When the Lion's Roars Reverberate

WHOOOP, says Champ; whoop-te-doodle-doo! Rausmit 'em! Standing here—no, here (moving down a few rods)—I take the charge made by the gen-t-le-man-n—Mr. Speaker, conformance with parliamentary procedure forbids me to call him what I might—I take the char-r-r-ge of the gen-t-le-man-n-n (fine roaring effect) f-r-r-om (growl here) Pennsylvania and cast it back—CAST IT BACK (loud pedal on here) in his dungasted, gum-dasted, dum-gum-gum-dum t-e-eth-eth-eth (has his own clenched), and I say to you—I SAY TO YOU (puts his arms up in the air, as if he were going to say it with them, but thinks better of it) that the perfidy of the man who endeavors to put the onus of this dastardly proceeding (going fine now) on us (see?—onus—on us) is only equaled by the Stygian blackness of the hear-r-r-ts (bully roar) that prompted the senile minds of the majority of the Committee on Rules (million dollars' worth of scorn here) to adopt this studied infamy, and put him forward as a mouthpiece. Mr. Speaker-r-r-r—Gr-r-r-r! Woof! (roaring business ad lib.).



It is But the Simple Truth That Champ Eats 'Em Alive. He Crunches 'Em, and Hunches 'Em, and Munches 'Em.

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Well, it's great. Usually it's coming to them, too, and Champ is the boy who can put it over, if anybody should roll up in a taxicab and ask you. Once, in a debate in the House, he said he had an ambition, when he was a lad, to be a prize-fighter. Fate played it low down on him and made him a college president, but it is only fair to say that, if Champ had achieved his ambition and gone into the fist arena—which is the correct sporting term—he would have been a champion of champions; for, even if his antagonists had been handier with the mitts, Champ would have had them on the mat with the referee counting ten over them as soon as he let out a few roars. He'd frighten anybody. Too bad he wasn't a prize-fighter, for he is a likely-looking chap, even now, and might have had a punch.

Coming back to that college president affair. After they thwarted (strangled would be better) that desire to be a prize-fighter they jammed Champ into school. They were not playing much football in those days and he had to utilize his lust for battle in other ways. So he went through Kentucky University and the Cincinnati Law School—he was born in Kentucky—and took a crack at farming, clerking in a country store, and editing a country newspaper. In 1873 and 1874 he was president of Marshall College, in West Virginia, and for twenty-two years held the record for being the youngest college president in the country, being twenty-three years old when the boys first began to call him Prex. Along in Cleveland's second Administration some board of trustees put a mature person, aged twenty-one, across on Champ as a college president, and he lost his record, which was a sad blow.

Champ moved to Missouri after he quit being a college president and first dawned on Washington in the Fifty-third Congress. He has been dawning ever since. Every time any person pokes a finger at him he dawns. Then he breaks into effulgent noonday, and nobody has yet observed the time when he set. Moreover, he has been a very hefty member of the Democratic side, the best rough-and-tumble debater they have, and has worked along to the Ways and Means Committee, where he is prepared to roar incessantly when they get to revising or devising a tariff. If the next House of Representatives is Democratic—it was an "if" when this was written, but will not be when it is read—Champ will be Speaker. As soon as John Sharp Williams retired and concluded to seek the more umbrageous shade of the Senate, Champ thriftily laid in enough votes to assure that. He has those votes elaborately tagged and laid away in a safe place.

And if that next House is Democratic, just think of Champ, up there on the rostrum, with a gavel in one hand and a fine bunch of assorted roars in readiness! Why, say, it will be worth while to go up to the House then. "The Chair rules—woof—woof—that the gentleman—gr-r-r—is out of order. SIT DOWN!" Bang!

"This," said Champ, when he was presiding over the Democratic convention at St. Louis four years ago, "is a great historical occasion and this is going to be a great historical speech." Of course, it wasn't Champ's fault that they didn't let him exude more than a few paragraphs of that speech, but it proved he knew a great historical occasion, all right, as any person who will read the Parker election returns will testify. However, if—remember that "if," please—the House is Democratic and if Champ is Speaker, we'll have a few more historical occasions, no doubt.

Mr. Speaker! Woof! Woof! W-o-w-w-w!

### A Little Hippicanarious

"HOW do you feel this morning, Mr. Coolidge?" asked a reporter of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

"A little hippicanarious this morning," Coolidge replied. "A little hippicanarious."

"Dan," said the reporter to one of the negro messengers outside the door, "what does hippicanarious mean?"

"Why," replied Dan very solemnly, "that's African for imposmonious."

### Why the Limited was Stopped

CHAIRMAN F. H. HITCHCOCK, of the Republican National Committee, was coming East on the Twentieth Century Limited some time ago, and asked the officials to stop the train for him at Utica, New York, so that he could get off and see James S. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, who lives there. The officials consented and the train was stopped. As Hitchcock's party was leaving, one of his secretaries said to the porter: "Rather unusual, isn't it, to stop the train like this?"

"Oh," replied the porter, "you ain't so much. We stopped it a few days ago at Tarrytown to let John D. Rockefeller get a newspaper."

### The Paramount Issue

AN INDIANA political leader visited Republican National Headquarters in New York about the time the baseball battle was fiercest.

He was shown into Chairman Hitchcock's room.

"Ah," said Hitchcock, "glad to see you. I have been waiting to see a man from out your way. What's the sentiment in your State?"

"Well," said the Indiana political leader, "we think New York is making a good, game fight, but, of course, our sympathy is with the Cuba."

### Not the Water Wagon

"MR. TAFT'S position on the bank guarantee issue," said an Iowa judge, "with the Western Republicans declaring for it and he opposing it in the East, reminds me of a man named Casey I knew when I was a boy."

"Casey went to town with an ox-team one day and drank much hard liquor. He started home with the ox-team and fell asleep in the wagon. In some way the oxen got loose from the wagon and went along, leaving Casey asleep in the wagon in the middle of the road."

"He woke up at daylight, rather fuddled, and looked for his oxen. They were gone. Then he soliloquized: 'Bedad, an' who are ye? If ye are Casey ye have lost a yoke av oxen, and if ye are not Casey ye have found a wagon.'"

### The Hall of Fame

William H. Taft does not smoke. Nor does President Roosevelt or W. J. Bryan.

Admiral George Dewey, of the Navy, affects pearl gray fedoras and light box coats.

Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario, invented his own high hat, and it looks the part.

Paymaster-General Sniffen, of the Army, was one of the private secretaries of General Grant when Grant was President.

Major-General Henry C. Corbin, retired, of the Army, has built himself a big country house on the outskirts of Washington, which he calls Highwood.

Colonel J. W. Zevely, the leading Democratic politician of the Indian Territory, and probable Senator from the new State of Oklahoma, once sought fame as superintendent of the Yosemite National Park.





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# INNER-PLAYER

(The title adopted to describe exclusively the piano)

**B**EFORE you buy a piano containing a player mechanism, investigate the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos.

These instruments contain our famous *INNER-PLAYER* action which is different than any other device used to make piano playing easy.

Many player pianos are deficient in one vital point—they do not give *human expression* to the music, no matter how skilfully you manipulate them.

That is why the *INNER-PLAYER* is superior. It is not only easy to operate, but it enables you to play with the interpretation of the composer or to put your own individuality into the music to any desired degree.

The tones you get from an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano are like those you hear when a skilled musician plays by hand—and yet you do not have to touch the keys; you require no skill in fingering, no knowledge of technique.

After inserting a music roll, you simply pump the pedals and move three little levers in front of the keyboard.

The *INNER-PLAYER* causes the piano hammers to strike the strings and produce the desired tones. But *you control the effects*, because the *INNER-PLAYER* is so sensitive and responsive that every impulse is correctly transmitted. Thus, by means of this device, any interpretation of the composition may be obtained.

Of course, if you wish to play on an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano by hand you

## REMEMBER THESE POINTS

The name *INNER-PLAYER* belongs exclusively to the player device manufactured by us. Our pianos containing this device, we call *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos.

We do not sell the *INNER-PLAYER* for use in any other maker's pianos, nor do we grant to any other manufacturer in the United States, the right to use any of its patented features.

But sometimes ordinary player pianos are, through error, called "Inner-Player" Pianos.

Therefore, remember that a player piano is not an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano unless you find the word *INNER-PLAYER* and the name of **The Cable Company** on its frontboard.

## SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE *INNER-PLAYER* PIANOS

Note the patented devices found *only* in *these* instruments. It is these devices which make it easy for you to play with natural expression and which give the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos their musical superiority.

The patented **Transposing Device** enables you to instantly shift the music roll to make compensation for expansion or contraction of the paper, due to weather changes. It also enables you to change from one key to another, or to raise or lower the key, thus increasing or diminishing the brilliancy of the composition. Simply turning a little knurled wheel with your finger is the only operation necessary.

The patented **Miniature Keyboard**, which is placed inside of the case, transmits the motion just as it would be transmitted by the impact of the fingers on the keys. It makes possible the elasticity of touch which characterizes the best manual playing.

The patented **Solo-Aid** enables you to play the melody louder than the accompaniment. The pressure of your little finger on a small tilting tablet produces the desired result.

The **Key-Lock** is a little device which prevents motion of the keys and, by taking their weight off the action, makes better repetition.

The patented **Wrist-Rest** supports your wrists while you are playing and prevents fatigue. When the instrument is out of use it acts as a protective cover to the levers and conceals the only part of the mechanism that would otherwise be visible.

The **Tempo Indicator** is placed close to the music roll and in direct line of vision to facilitate reading of guide marks.

The patented **Pedal Lever Action** makes it easy to pump the pedals. No other player piano is so easy to pedal as the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos.

The powerful **Six Unit Motor** makes the movement of the music roll positive and smooth and it has no "dead centers." Compare this with the three or four unit motors used in many other player pianos.

**Ball Bearings** for the roll mechanism reduce friction and insure even movement of the music roll.

The direct **Motor Drive** dispenses with the use of chains for the player mechanism. The only chain used is for rewinding the music roll.

The patented **Sectional Bellows** and the patented **Tilting Superstructure** give the piano tuner easy and immediate access to strings and pins.

The **Pedals** are released for use or folded back into the case by a touch of the foot. You need not soil your hands nor pinch your fingers.

**Fibre Bearings** and pivot points give immense durability to parts subject to friction, and prevent rattling.

Notice the **quality** of construction:

Case work and mechanism made with much greater strength than is necessary for the ordinary piano—because these instruments are used much oftener and harder.

Back frames of massive build.

Joints so skilfully made that you cannot see the seams.

Veneers that will not peel.

## EVERY PART IS MADE IN OUR OWN FACTORY

The *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are not made up of parts obtained from different makers.

We control all the conditions under which our instruments are produced. The *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are designed and built "from the ground up" by our own workmen under the direction of critical, experienced superintendents. That is why they are uniform in quality and why we can guarantee them for five years.

This matter of construction is important. Bear it in mind when you are comparing these instruments with others.

## USED BY MUSICAL COLLEGES

*INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are used for illustrative lectures on musical form and analysis by the Northwestern University School of Music, Evanston, Ill., the Chicago Conservatory, the Centralizing School of Music, Chicago, and the Columbia School of Music, Chicago.

**TO PIANO DEALERS:** The *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos puts his player business at your disposal. You cannot afford to give your path and consequent uncertainty as to Every *INNER-PLAYER* Piano you sell. Our guarantee is back of you and yours.

**The Cable Co.**

Manufacturers of *INNER-PLAYER* Famous Conover, C.



# PLAYER

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## THREE PIANOS

PLAYER Piano  
PLAYER Piano  
PLAYER Piano

can use it just as you do any other piano. The player device does not require any change or omission of any of the parts of the regular instrument. The *INNER-PLAYER* is placed within the case and is an integral part of the piano, but it is independent of the keyboard. And one of these instruments which you can use either for manual playing or with the player device costs but little more than a piano of the same grade.

The *INNER-PLAYER* action was all worked out to its full efficiency before the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos were offered to the public. Every part was designed, shaped, adjusted, tested rigidly by experts until we knew that the *INNER-PLAYER* was a device with which any person, inexperienced in music, could play any selection with *human expression*. And every expectation has been justified by the many instruments we have sold during the past five years in all parts of the United States. The test of practical usage in the home has proved that even a novice in musical knowledge can produce the most pleasing effects.

If an ordinary piano is useless to you, why not get an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano which will give you command of practically the entire field of music? If you are a skilled musician, use it for preliminary practice, with music rolls, to acquire familiarity with the new compositions. It gives you all that any other piano gives, with the additional feature of the remarkable *INNER-PLAYER* device. At least write to us, or send coupon for information about these instruments.



### WHAT ARTISTS SAY

**Constantino** "The *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are the most perfect instruments of the kind I have ever seen."

"Your *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are wonderful instruments, remarkable for their beauty of tone quality and the musical effects which can be obtained on them, as well as for the ease with which they can be operated."

**Alice Nielsen** "They give by far the most artistic effects I have ever heard from instruments of this type."

**Sophie Brandt** "The device which enables anyone to play the best music in the best way is wonderful in its simplicity and utility. There is now no reason why any home should be without music of the highest character."

**Joseph Sheehan**

### GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS

Every *INNER-PLAYER* Piano is guaranteed for five years and the guarantee applies to both the piano and the player device.

Some player mechanisms are not guaranteed at all, while others have only one year's warranty.

Our guarantee provides that if within five years, any part of the *INNER-PLAYER* Piano you may buy shows a defect in quality of material or workmanship, we will make it good without cost to you.

We could not afford to give such a guarantee as this unless we made these instruments to give perfect service and to stand hard usage. Making repairs free of charge would simply mean a loss to us.

But because we make every part of the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos in our own factory and because we rigidly test every instrument, we know that we are safe in this offer. We know exactly what kind of material and workmanship goes into them. It is to our interest to make every part so durable that you will have no claim to make upon us.

Note that you get this guarantee from the makers. We do not ask your dealer to assume any responsibility that should rest upon us, and we are always ready to carry out the terms of this warranty.

To you, our guarantee means that when you buy an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano you get an instrument as nearly perfect in constructive merit as it can be made. Is there any reason why you should buy another kind?

### AT LEAST INFORM YOURSELF

We are telling you here as simply and clearly as possible about the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos and their points of superiority.

But we want you to satisfy yourself that our claims are founded not on our enthusiasm, but on facts.

We want you to see the instruments. Compare and test them side by side with others of the same general type.

Examine every feature we specify here. See how it works. Notice how easily you can get musical expression with the *INNER-PLAYER*.

Then examine the construction. Look at it outside and inside and note the class of workmanship on every detail. Then you will understand why we can give a guarantee for five years—a period of time much longer than necessary for you to prove the qualities of the instrument.

You will find no makeshifts nor experiments about an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano. You will not find an ordinary piano with a player mechanism inserted in the case. You will see an instrument made in its entirety to fulfil its particular purpose.

It will cost you nothing to make this investigation and comparison. It will give you profitable information.

### LEADING DEALERS HAVE THEM

Prominent piano houses in most cities sell the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos. If you do not find them, however, write to us and we will send you the name of the nearest dealer who carries them. We will see that you have the opportunity to satisfy yourself of the merits of these instruments.

### SEND FOR CATALOG

Sign the coupon and mail it to us and we will send you a richly illustrated catalog fully describing the special features of the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos. Write now while the matter is before you.

### The Cable Company, Chicago:

Gentlemen: Please send catalog describing your *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos:

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## THRIFT Incubating the Nest Egg

A NEW YORK editor has a family of three—himself, his invalid wife and a daughter of twenty. Until a year ago the family had a cook—or rather, it had a succession of cooks. Now it would be a green Irish girl, then a German, then a Hungarian, who insisted on cooking succotash in the can. The last was a Finn who understood not a word of English. To get eggs for breakfast it was necessary to make a noise like a hen. When the disturbances in Finland grew acute this treasure was greatly moved. She brooded and brooded. The wrongs of her native land sank into her soul. Finally she arose and, personally, threw off the yoke.

Then the editor made a proposition to his daughter. The latter had done little except study, up to that time. Having finished High School her father offered to engage her as cook on the following terms:

First, she was to be paid the cook's wages, five dollars a week.

Second, all grocery, butcher and other trade bills were gone over for a period of several months, and an average sum agreed upon as the fair cost of maintaining the table at its present standard. Whatever saving the amateur cook might effect on this item was to be hers.

Third, the same was done with coal, gas and water bills—the latter being measured by meter.

It was hard work for a girl just out of school, accustomed to having things done for her, and with leisure for pleasure. Her father had in mind chiefly the development of his daughter, rather than money saving. The girl stuck to the arrangement three months, however, and the plan paid very good dividends.

Right at the outset there was a saving of about two dollars a week, representing the cook's board. Then, as servants had been extravagant in food and fuel, it was possible to reduce the table bills further. One ton of coal was saved during the experiment, and both gas and water bills shaved down.

Figures of gross saving, with wages, for three months were as follows:

Bridget's wages (thirteen weeks)	\$ 65.00
Her board	26.00
Saved on table	29.60
Coal, gas and water	10.89
	<b>\$131.49</b>

From this, though, there were some expenditures. The cook had done the family washing, and that the daughter sent out, at a cost of \$2.25 per week. During the last six weeks she tired of washing dishes, and so a little girl came in daily to do this for her, at \$1.25 a week.

Family washing	\$29.25
Cinderella	7.50
	<b>\$36.75</b>

That left a net income for the whole period of \$94.74, or an average of \$7.28 per week. It was a good return. But the daughter has quit, like all the other cooks, and is now spending some of her money on a course of domestic science, with a view to saving by better management of a hired cook.

Thrift ought to be a habit, like winding the clock, and persons who want to acquire it as a habit will do well to pay some attention to its three important stages.

First, the beginning, which almost everybody makes at one time or another, and which many persons mistake for the whole thing.

Second, keeping it up and setting aside the same amount regularly. Haphazard church collections, for instance, have put furrows in the brow of many a clergyman. Church finance was never solved until somebody hit upon the little envelope for a regular weekly offering—no matter how small, so long as it was regular. Now, if several hundred persons, dropping change in the plate as the spirit moves them, cannot create an average that will finance a church, it is not likely that one lone individual will be successful in financing himself that way.

Third, comes something even harder than making thrift regular, and that is going on—continuing to be thrifty with an accumulation of spare money. For the man who has saved a year or two will have money in the bank, and will find it natural to

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measure things by this surplus. If he has a thousand dollars ahead, and a two-hundred-dollar luxury tempts him, he is surely going to look at it as something that he might buy, and still have eight hundred in the bank. If he had to earn two hundred dollars it might look too hard, and he wouldn't consider it long.

There was a young man in Philadelphia who had got safely through the first and second stages of economy, and had twelve hundred dollars tucked away in a bank, and was down with the third stage. Every day, it seemed, he saw something that could be bought for twelve hundred dollars or less. To put his nest egg in a safe place, therefore, and make it earn a good, big margin of interest, and at the same time help him save more, he adopted a plan that has been followed by thrifty Philadelphia Germans for many years.

Small houses at low rent are scarce, even in the Quaker City, and are getting scarcer every year. Nobody can build, very profitably, dwellings to rent at six or eight dollars a month. People who live in tenements at that price have to put up with old ones. Old tenements are continually being torn down to make room for factories, and that keeps up the demand to such a degree that properties of this character are seldom empty.

This young man invested one thousand dollars in a tenement that housed four families. The price paid was twenty-eight hundred dollars, eighteen hundred being carried on mortgage at five per cent. The four dwellings brought in a combined rent of thirty dollars a month, two of the tenants paying eight-fifty and the others six-fifty. Very little money is spent on repairs with property of this sort, so that in a year the transaction worked out about like this:

Total rent received . . . . .	\$360.00
Interest on mortgage . . . . .	\$ 90.00
Repairs, taxes, etc. . . . .	80.00
Balance . . . . .	\$190.00

That paid nineteen per cent. interest on his own investment of one thousand dollars. No allowance was made for depreciation. Tenements of this sort are patched up with minor repairs from year to year, and kept habitable until the rising value of the land eventually takes care of capital and mortgage.

Tenants are usually newly-arrived foreigners who do not ask anything in the way of appearance, so long as there is a tight roof over their heads. They are earning money and saving some—a cheerful lot, with plenty of children, cultivating scraps of land in the rear, and needing no sympathy.

Such a rate of interest, of course, implies some personal attention to the properties, keeping tenants in them and selecting those who are prompt in paying rent—this is a matter, chiefly, it is said, of selecting the right nationalities.

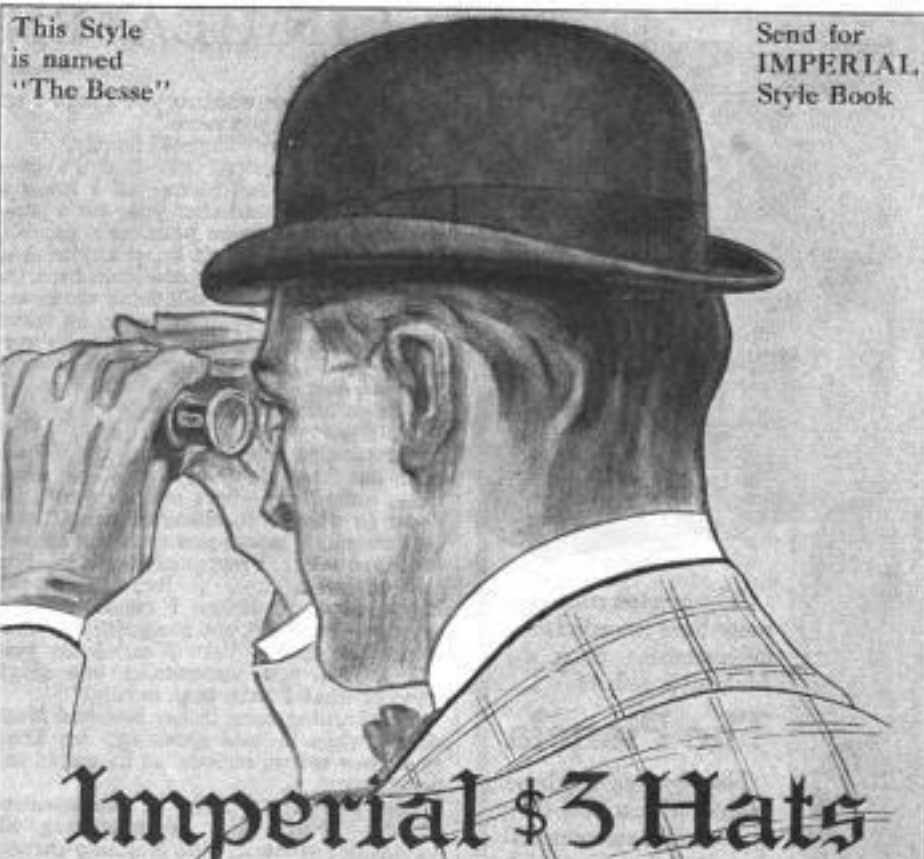
It implies bargain-hunting, too. Instead of purchasing through real-estate agents, the owner watches newspaper advertisements, and buys of somebody who is willing to make a close price for ready money. A trust company would loan the money on mortgage at six per cent., but by looking up private lenders a rate of five per cent. is obtainable.

This young man does not pay off the mortgage, because the high earnings on his own capital are, of course, made possible by the fact that he is doing business on the lender's money. Earnings are added to his savings account. When another thousand dollars is accumulated he buys another cheap tenement. A thrifty German in Philadelphia will sometimes acquire five such properties, and then make them pay off the mortgage on one, doing this until he owns them all.

This plan is said to be applicable only to cheap dwellings, because when extended to property of a higher class the competition for tenants is keener, cost of up-keep greater, and a slenderer margin of profit is yielded.



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## "IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

(Continued from Page 13.)

now that you see what sort of a man I am I'm going to tell you more."

"You need not," she said faintly.

"I must. Listen! I—I don't even remember your full name—all I know is that it is Betty, and that your cat's name is Clarence and your plumber's name is Quinn. But if I didn't know anything at all concerning you it would have been the same. I suppose you will think me insane if I tell you that before the car, on which you rode, came into sight I knew you were on it. And I—cared—for—you—before I ever saw you."

"I don't understand —"

"I know you don't. I don't. All I understand is that what you and I have done has been done by us before, sometime, somewhere—part only—down to—down to where you changed cars. Up to that moment, before you took the Lexington Avenue car, I recognized each incident as it occurred. . . . But when all this happened to us before I must have lost courage—for I did not recognize anything after that except that I cared for you."

Do you understand one single word of what I have been saying?"

The burning color in her face had faded slowly while he was speaking; her lifted eyes grew softer, serious, as he ended impetuously.

She looked at him in retrospective silence. There was no mistaking his astonishing sincerity, his painfully-earnest endeavor to impart to her some rather unusual ideas in which he certainly believed. No man who looked that way at a woman could mean impertinence; her own intelligence satisfied her that he had not meant and could never mean offense to any woman.

"Tell me," she said quietly, "just what you mean. It is not possible for you to—care—for—me. Is it?"

He told her, beginning briefly with his own name, material and social circumstances, a pocket edition of his hitherto uneventful career, the advent that morning of the emissary from The Green Mouse, his discussion with Smith, the strange sensation which crept over him as he emerged from the tunnel at Forty-second Street, his subsequent altercation with Smith, and the events that ensued up to the eruption of Clarence.

He spoke in his most careful attorney's manner, frank, concise, convincing, free from any exaggeration of excitement or emotion. And she listened, alternately fascinated and appalled, as, step by step, his story unfolded the links in an apparently inexorable sequence involving this young man and herself in a predestined series of episodes not yet ended—if she permitted herself to credit this astounding story.

Sensitively intelligent, there was no escaping the significance of the only possible deduction. She drew it and blushed furiously. For a moment, as the truth clamored in her brain, the self-evidence of it stunned her. But she was young, and the shamed recoil came automatically. Incredulous, almost exasperated, she raised her head to confront him; the red lips parted in outraged protest—parted and remained so, wordless, silent—the soundless, virginal cry dying unuttered on a mouth that had imperceptibly begun to tremble.

Her head sank slowly; she laid her hands above the roses heaped in her lap.

For a long while she remained so. And he did not speak.

First the butler went away. Then Mr. Quinn followed. The maid had not yet arrived. The house was very still.

And after the silence had worn his self-control to the breaking point he rose and walked to the dining-room and stood looking down into the yard. The grass out there was long and unkempt; roses bloomed on the fence; wistaria, in its deeper green of midsummer, ran riot over the trellis where Clarence had basely dodged his lovely mistress, and, after making a furry pinwheel of himself, had fled through the air-hole into Stygian depths.

Somewhere above, in the silent house, Clarence was sulkily dissembling.

"I suppose," said Brown, quietly coming back to where the girl was sitting in the golden dusk, "that I might as well find Clarence while we are waiting for your maid. May I go up and look about?"

And taking her silence as assent, he started upstairs.

He hunted carefully, thoroughly, opening doors, peeping under furniture, investigating clothes-presses, listening at intervals, at intervals calling with misleading mildness. But, like him who died in malmsey, Clarence remained perjured and false to all sentiments of decency so often protested puringly to his fair young mistress.

Mechanically Brown opened doors of closets, knowing, if he had stopped to think, that cats don't usually turn knobs and let themselves into tightly-closed places.

In one big closet on the fifth floor, however, as soon as he opened the door there came a rustle, and he sprang forward to intercept the perfidious one; but it was only the air stirring the folds of garments hanging on the wall.

As he turned to step forth again the door gently closed with an ominous click, shutting him inside. And after five minutes' frantic fussing he realized that he was imprisoned by a spring lock at the top of a strange house, inhabited only by a cat and a bewildered young girl, who might, at any moment the telephone was in order, call a cab and flee from a man who had tried to explain to her that they were irrevocably predestined for one another.

Calling and knocking were dignified and permissible, but they did no good. To kick violently at the door was not dignified, but he was obliged to do it. Evidently the closet was too remote for the sound to penetrate down four flights of stairs.

He tried to break down the door—they do it in all novels. He only rebounded painfully, ineffectively, which served him right for reading fiction.

It irked him to shout; he hesitated for a long while; then sudden misgiving lest she might flee the house seized him and he bel-lowed. It was no use. And for once in real life, as it always is in fiction, the situation was "desperate."

The pitchy quality of the blackness in the closet aided him in bruising himself; he ran into a thousand things of all kinds of shapes and textures every time he moved. And at each fresh bruise he grew madder and madder, and, holding the cat responsible, applied language to Clarence of which he had never dreamed himself capable. There he was wrong; heroes in romance don't do it.

Then he sat down. He remained perfectly still for a long while, listening and delicately feeling his hurts. A curious drowsiness began to irritate him; later the irritation subsided and he felt a little sleepy.

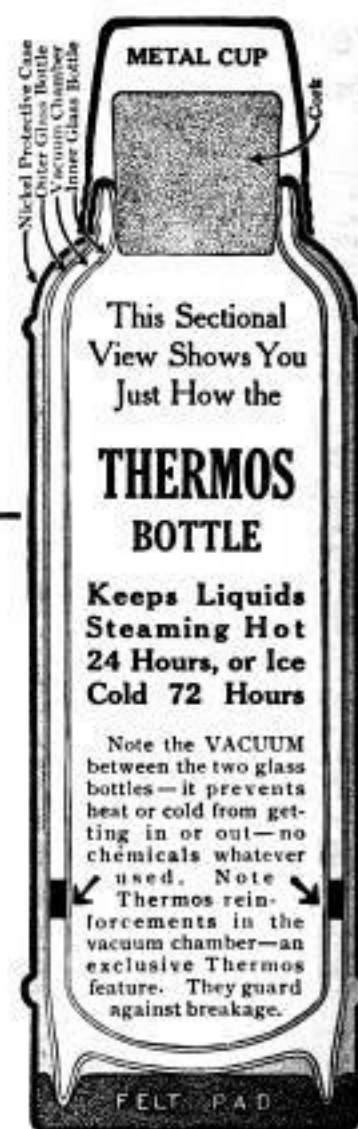
His heart, however, thumped like a cheap clock; the cedar-tainted air in the closet grew heavier; he felt stupid, aching as he rose. No wonder, for the closet was as near air-tight as it could be made. Fortunately he did not realize it.

And, meanwhile, downstairs, Betty was preparing for flight.

She did not know where she was going—how far away she could get in a rose-silk morning gown. But she had discovered, in a clothes-press, an automobile duster, cap and goggles; on the strength of these she tried the telephone, found it working, summoned a coupé, and was now awaiting its advent. But the maid from Dooley's must first arrive to take charge of the house and Clarence until she, Betty, could summon her family to her assistance and defy The Green Mouse, Beekman Brown and Destiny behind her mother's skirts.

Flight was, therefore, imperative—it was absolutely indispensable that she put a number of miles between herself and this young man who had just informed her that Fate had designed them for one another.

She was no longer considering whether she owed this amazing young man any gratitude, or what sort of a man he might be, agreeable, well-bred, attractive; all she understood was that this man had suddenly stepped into her life, politely expressing his conviction that they could not, ultimately, hope to escape from each other. And, beginning to realize the awful import of his words, the only thing that restrained her from instant flight on foot was the hidden Clarence. She could not abandon her cat. She must wait for that maid. She waited. Meanwhile she hunted up Dooley's Agency in the telephone book



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and called them up. They told her the maid was on the way—as though Dooley's Agency could thwart Destiny with a whole regiment of its employees!

She had discarded her roses with a shudder; cap, goggles, duster lay in her lap. If the maid came before Brown returned she'd flee. If Brown came back before the maid arrived she'd tell him plainly what she had decided on, thank him, tell him kindly but with decision that, considering the incredible circumstances of their encounter, she must decline to encourage any hope he might entertain of ever again seeing her.

At this stern resolve her heart, being an automatic and independent affair, refused to approve, and began an unpleasantly irregular series of beats which annoyed her.

"It is true," she admitted to herself, "that he is a gentleman, and I can scarcely be rude enough, after what he has done for me, to leave him without any explanation at all. . . . His clothes are ruined. I must remember that."

Her heart seemed to approve such sentiments, and it beat more regularly as she seated herself at a desk, found in it a sheet of notepaper and a pencil, and wrote rapidly:

Dear Mr. Brown:

If my maid comes before you do I am going. I can't help it. The maid will stay to look after Clarence until I can return with some of the family. I don't mean to be rude, but I simply cannot stand what you told me about our—about what you told me. . . . I'm sorry you tore your clothes.

It is unendurable for a girl to think that there is no freedom of choice in life left her—to be forced, by what you say are occult currents, into—friendship—with a perfectly strange man at the other end. So I don't think we had better ever again attempt to find anybody to present us to each other. This doesn't sound right, but you will surely understand.

Please do not misjudge me. I must appear to you uncivil, ungrateful and childish—but I am, somehow, a little frightened. I know you are perfectly nice—but all that has happened is almost, in a way, terrifying to me. Not that I am cowardly; but you must understand. You will—won't you? . . . But what is the use of my asking you, as I shall never see you again.

So I am only going to thank you, and say ("with all my heart" crossed out), very cordially, that you have been most kind, most generous and considerate—most—most—

Her pencil faltered; she looked into space, and the image of Beekman Brown, pleasant-eyed, attractive, floated unbidden out of vacancy and looked at her.

She stared back at the vision curiously, more curiously as her mind evoked the agreeable details of his features, resting there, chin on the back of her hand, from which, presently, the pencil fell unheeded.

What could he be doing upstairs all this while? She had not heard him for many minutes now. Why was he so still?

Scarcely knowing what she did she mounted on tiptoe to the second floor, listening. The silence troubled her; she went from room to room, opening doors and clothes-presses. Then she mounted to the third floor, searching more quickly. On the fourth floor she called to him in a voice not quite steady. There was no reply.

Alarmed now, she hurriedly flung open doors-everywhere, then, picking up her rose-silk skirts, she ran to the top floor and called tremulously.

A faint sound answered; bewildered, she turned to the first closet at hand, and her cheeks suddenly blanched as she sprang to the door of the cedar press and tore it wide open.

He was lying on his face amid a heap of rolled rugs, clothes-hangers and furs, quite motionless.

She knew enough to run into the servants' rooms, fling open the windows and, with all the strength in her young body, drag the inanimate youth across the floor and into the fresh air.

Then, ashy of lip and cheek, she took hold of Brown and, lashing her memory to help her in the emergency, performed for that inanimate gentleman the rudiments of an exercise which, if done properly, is supposed to induce artificial respiration.

It certainly induced something resembling it in Brown. After a while he made

unlovely and inarticulate sounds; after a while the sounds became articulate. He said "Betty!" several times, more or less distinctly. He opened one eye, then the other; then his hands closed on the hands that were holding his wrists; he looked up at her from where he lay on the floor. She, crouched beside him, eyes still dilated with the awful fear of death, looked back, breathless, trembling.

"That is a devil of a place, that closet," he said faintly.

She tried to smile, tried wearily to free her hands, watched them, dazed, being drawn toward him, drawn tight against his lips—felt his lips on them.

Then, without warning, an incredible thrill shot through her to the heart, stilling it—silencing pulse and breath—nay, thought itself. She heard him speaking; his words came to her like a dream:

"I cared for you. You give me life—and I adore you. . . . Let me. It will not harm you. The problem of life is solved for me; I have solved it; but unless some day you will prove it for me—Betty—the problem of life is but a sorry sum—a total of ciphers without end. . . . No other two people in all the world could be what we are and what we have been to each other. No other two people could dare to face what we dare face." He paused:

"Dare we, Betty?"

Her eyes turned from his. He rose unsteadily, supported on one arm; she sprang to her feet, looked at him, and, as he made an awkward effort to rise, suddenly bent forward and gave him both hands in aid.

"Wait—wait!" she said; "let me try to think, if I can. Don't speak to me again." But, at intervals, as they descended the flights of stairs, she turned instinctively to watch his progress, for he still moved with difficulty.

In the drawing-room they halted, he leaning heavily on the back of a chair, she, distrustful, restless, pacing the polished parquet, treading her roses underfoot, turning from time to time to look at him—a strange, direct, pure-lidded gaze that seemed to freshen his very soul.

Once he stooped and picked up one of the trodden roses bruised by her foot; once, as she passed him, pacing absently the space between the door and him, he spoke her name.

But: "Wait!" she breathed. "You have said everything. It is for me to reply—if I speak at all. Can't you wait for me?"

"Have I angered you?"

She halted, head high, superb in her beauty.

"Do I look it?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I. Let me find out."

The room had become dimmer; the light on her hair and face and hands glimmered dully as she passed and repassed him in her restless progress—restless, dismayed, frightened progress toward a goal she already saw ahead—close ahead of her—every time she turned to look at him. She already knew the end.

That man! And she knew that already he must be, for her, something that she could never again forget—something she must reckon with forever and ever while life endured.

She paused and inspected him almost insolently. Suddenly the rush of the last revolt overwhelmed her; her eyes blazed, her hands tightened into two small, clenched fists—and then tumult died in her ringing ears, the brightness of the eyes was quenched, her hands relaxed, her head sank low, lower, never again to look on this man undismayed, heart-free, unafraid—never again to look into this man's eyes with the unthinking, unbelieving tranquillity born of the most harmless skepticism in the world.

She stood there in silence, heard his step beside her, raised her head with an effort.

"Betty!"

Her hands quivered, refusing surrender. He bent and lifted them, pressing them to his eyes, his forehead; then lowered them to the level of his lips, holding them suspended, eyes looking into hers, waiting.

Suddenly her eyes closed, a convulsive little tremor swept her, she pressed both clasped hands against his lips, her own moved, but no words came—only a long, sweet, soundless sigh, soft as the breeze that stirs the crimson maple buds when the snows of spring at last begin to melt.

From a dark corner under the piano Clarence watched them furtively.

(THE END)

# SINCERITY TALKS

by  
Mabel D. Reed

WHAT YOU PAY AND WHAT YOU GET.

IF the average man doesn't get his money's worth he'll change dealers. That's business. We'll do the same thing ourselves.

Take overcoats as an example. The value of an overcoat (as of a suit) is not what you pay for what you get; it is what you get for what you pay. If you would only get your wife or mother to help you buy your overcoat or suit, or your college boy's, you'd get the biggest overcoat-value and suit-value you ever knew, and you'd get the "Sincerity" kind. A woman never looks at the price mark first and the garment next. She looks at the garment, and knows about what the price should be.

You don't want to pay an outlandish price, even if you are buying the best overcoat in the world—and that's the point we are coming to. When you buy a "Sincerity" overcoat for yourself or your college boy you are getting more for your money than you get in any other overcoat—same as you get more in a "Sincerity" suit.

We think we know overcoats and overcoat-making; and there's a whole lot to know about them. An overcoat gets rougher wear than a suit. It is slammed around and jammed around; it gets the toughest and trying treatment of the worst weather of the year—and it has to be mighty good to hold its shape and hold its own.

That's why we are confident that you will want a "Sincerity" overcoat. If you bought one last winter it still looks good and is good and ready for another winter with you. None of our overcoats are skimpy; all of them are stoutly made and have a distinctiveness you will admire. And the goodness of fit and fashion is made in the garment—put there to stay put.

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## Oddities and Novelties Of Every-Day Science

What Kills in the Mines

**K**NOWLEDGE in regard to the causes of mining disasters is being reduced, nowadays, to a scientific basis. One fact ascertained, for example, is that the much-dreaded "firedamp," long regarded as mysterious, is simply natural gas—the stuff which people in Pittsburgh and elsewhere utilize commonly for culinary and other purposes.

A mixture of eight per cent. of this gas with atmospheric air, in an inclosed space, is the most dangerous possible combination. If the percentage be less or greater the peril is diminished. Such a mixture is readily ignited by the so-called "safety-explosives" which are largely employed in coal mines at the present time. That such is the case has been proved only recently by experiments made by Professor J. A. Holmes at the fuel-testing plant of the United States Geological Survey in Pittsburgh.

For tests of this kind use is made of a specially-constructed apparatus, consisting most importantly of a metal cylinder, one hundred feet long and six feet in diameter. At one end of the tube is a huge block of concrete, in the middle of which a small cannon is embedded. An observer, stationed sixty feet away, fires the cannon by an electric spark, causing it to discharge a small load of dynamite through the cylinder. In order that the latter may not burst it is provided along its length, on the top, with a series of iron lids, which are thrown up and back by the explosion, permitting the expanding gases to escape.

By experiments with this apparatus it has been satisfactorily proved that coal dust really does explode—a fact which hitherto has been in dispute. In the light of knowledge thus gained it seems beyond a doubt that the disaster at Monongah, West Virginia, last December, which was the greatest mining catastrophe in the history of this country, costing 356 lives, was caused by a coal-dust explosion. Apparently, an original ignition of firedamp turns coal dust into coal gas, which takes fire, the explosion following it.

Such an accident, however, may easily result from a "blown-out shot"—that is to say, from a charge of explosive which, as occasionally happens, instead of rending apart the coal, is thrown out into the mine. This kind of accident is purposely imitated by the discharge of the dynamite from the cannon. So far as the experiments have gone, however, it would appear that bituminous, rather than anthracite, coal dust responds explosively in this manner.

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These sheep are known as Karakul, or Bokhara sheep. They are a variety of the fat-tailed race, which is supposed to have originated in Syria. Of medium size, their fleece is very thick and coarse, and grayish-brown in color. But the new-born lambs have silky and glossy wool, arranged in little ringlets, closely set and tightly curled. It is they that supply the much valued furs.

Between the dull and coarse fleece of the mothers and the delicate, jet-black wool of the lambskins the contrast is remarkable. The beauty of the latter does not last long, however. Four or five days after the birth of the lamb its fleece loses its gloss and pretty curliness, wherefore it is necessary to kill the unlucky animal as quickly as possible after it comes into the world in order to get the fur in its most valuable condition.

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Other cars have *three brakes*—one set of two acting on the rear wheels—and the other *single* brake (the one most used) acting on the power transmission.

The cars with three brakes throw most of the braking strain on the very shaft and gears where the constant driving strain is greatest.

And the only excuse for the three-brake car is that three brakes are cheaper to install than four.

But the economy stops when the car is built. For that single transmission brake, doing the work of two brakes, and throwing its strain on the driving mechanism will cost you many times, in the end, what an extra set of brakes on the wheels would have cost at the outset.

The question is: Do you want a car whose makers "skimp" and "pinch" on quality in order to make an attractive first-cost price?

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Instead, more than \$300 worth of extra automobile value has been added. A \$150 Splitdorf Magneto—extra large tires—and other features that add to the comfort, economy, certainty and safety of motoring.

The Mitchell car has four rear-wheel brakes—and no transmission brake.

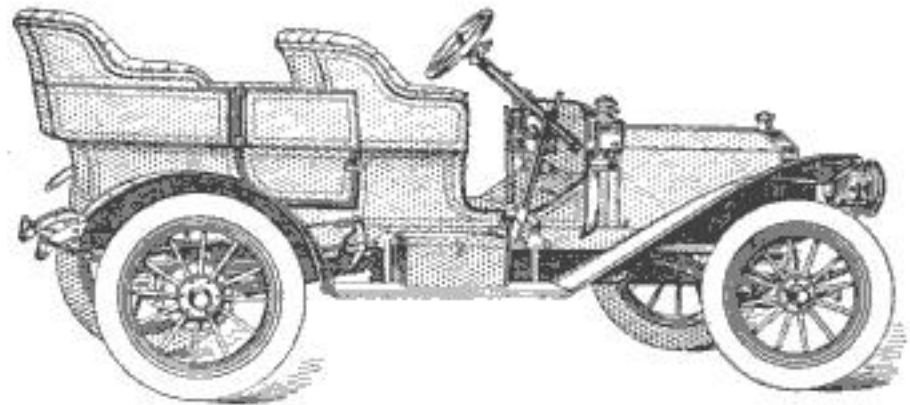
But the brakes are merely an illustration.

There are countless other ways in which some manufacturers cheapen their cars. And countless other cases where the Mitchell has adopted the costliest construction because it is the best.

Please examine all the other cars at near the Mitchell price; see how ingeniously some makers have cheapened their cars—at your expense.

Cylinders cast in one piece, instead of separately—important bearings omitted—insufficient tires furnished—a hundred other "economies" that must eventually come out of the car owner's pocket.

Then see the splendid \$1500 Mitchell and judge for yourself which car you want.



## Avoid "Automobile Troubles" by Buying the Right Car

The way to avoid automobile troubles is to avoid buying the wrong car.

Tire trouble, for example, is frequently due not to the tires themselves but to the fact that manufacturers, in order to economize, equip their cars with tires that are too small for the strains which they must stand.

You can avoid this needless tire trouble by buying the \$1500 Mitchell car described here.

This car is equipped with 32x4 inch tires when, theoretically, 30x3½ inch tires would be big enough.

Another common automobile trouble is ignition trouble.

Many manufacturers skip their cars by equipping them with a battery of dry cells costing 70 cents—and by providing a place for you to attach the right kind of sparking device when, by painful road experience, you find that the dry cell battery will not do.

The new \$1500 Mitchell car comes to you equipped, not only with the dry cell battery, but with a \$150 Splitdorf Magneto direct connected with the engine.

Such equipment is a guarantee against ignition troubles.

Still another common automobile trouble is the trouble of overheated engines—caused by insufficient lubrication—inefficient water cooling.

We build the \$1500 Mitchell to stay cool on the desert sands of Nevada. We use the best method of lubrication that can be found in any car regardless of price. We pump just twice as much water through the water jackets, per minute, as any other car. That is why the Mitchell engine stays cool—that is why it will run cheerfully and smoothly through the most trying ordeal you will ever give it.

There are axle troubles, there are carburetor troubles, transmission troubles, crank shaft troubles—troubles uncounted—that beset the man who buys the wrong car.

But in the Mitchell, just as we have eliminated possible brake trouble, possible tire trouble, possible ignition trouble, possible overheated engine trouble—just so have we eliminated all of the other troubles which eight years of motor car experience have developed.

In these eight years we have built more than 8,000 Mitchell cars. \$11,000,000.00 worth of Mitchell cars now in active, satisfactory service on the road.

And the result is a car at a low price, containing perfections, refinements, superiorities of the kind that come only with experience.

And more.

It is not enough for us to know that our design is right, that our material is perfect, that our workmanship is of the best.

It is not enough for us to know that the 8,000 cars that we have made are right.

We must know that the particular car you buy is right.

So we test it as though we were making a car a year, instead of fifteen cars a day.

We test it on the roughest roads of eastern Wisconsin—we give it actual road punishment of from 100 to 250 miles—over hills—through sand—on straight stretches—the kind of a test you would give it if you were testing it yourself.

Compare this four-cylinder, five-passenger \$1500 Mitchell with any of the other cars at near the Mitchell price. Or compare it with the best American cars, no matter what their cost or pretensions.

You will not find in any of them more vanadium or nickel steel. You will not find more perfect engines. You will not find a proven superiority which this \$1500 Mitchell lacks.

This \$1500 Mitchell is an imposing looking car.

It has a wheel base of 105 inches. The body is wholly of metal. The upholstery is luxurious. The wheels are big—32 inches—fitted with detachable rims and four-inch tires.

The engine is housed under a big, handsome hood. The four cylinders are cast separately, as the best engines always are. 28-30 horsepower.

Aluminum castings are employed wherever possible—only we go to the trouble and expense of strengthening them with bronze where there is wear and strain.

There are two complete ignition systems—the \$150 Splitdorf magneto, geared direct to the engine, and a regular battery system.

The lubricating system is the best that we have found in eight years of experience—certain in operation—economical in oil.

The transmission is of the selective sliding gear type—as in \$5000 to \$7000 cars.

The battery and tool boxes, made of baked enamel steel, are furnished without extra expense to you.

The tonneau is detachable—and you have your choice of either tonneau, surrey body rumble seat roadster, or runabout deck at the \$1500 price.

Complete specifications and photographs of the working parts will be gladly sent.

Don't buy any car until you know all about this wonderful \$1500 Mitchell K. Please use the coupon.

**Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.**  
Standard Manufacturers, A.M.C.M.A.

You may send me a detailed description of your new \$1500 Model K.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

81 A







*The*  
**Florsheim**  
**SHOE**  
LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

## The Argyle Lace Boot

Choral Patent Collar, Perforated  
Uppers, Heavy Extension Sole



If you never have worn the Florsheim Shoe, get acquainted with its merits. Whether you consider style first—or comfort—or service—the Florsheim Shoe will meet each and every requirement. Florsheim "natural shaped" lasts mean utmost comfort while Florsheim style is the kind that leads and never follows. Most styles \$5 and \$6.

Write for style book

The Florsheim Shoe Co.  
Chicago, U. S. A.

"I've paid you over a thousand dollars rake-off. I suppose you saved the rest of it?"

Again Gilman nodded his head.

"Well, bring me that six hundred or whatever it is."

Gilman mechanically produced it, all in one-hundred-dollar bills folded very flat.

That morning Wix faced the business anew with six hundred dollars, and felt keenly his limited capital. His severe losses had been a good advertisement, and every man who had won a dollar was prepared to put it back. Wix, with a steady hand at the helm, stood through this crisis most admirably, refusing trades from buyers until he had sellers enough to offset them, and refusing excess trades from sellers until he had buyers to balance. Within two weeks he had a comfortable little sum, but now the daily division of spoils brought no balm to Gilman. He was suddenly old, and upon his face were appearing lines that would last him throughout his life. Upon the florid countenance of Wix there was not even the shadow of a crease.

"Good money, boy," said he to Gilman, upon the day he handed over the completion of five hundred dollars. "This business is like a poker game. If the players stick at it long enough the kitty will have all the money."

"I don't want it all," replied Gilman wearily. "Wix, if I ever get back the twenty-five hundred dollars that it will take to make me square, I swear before my Maker," and he held up his trembling, white hand, "never to touch another investment outside the bank as long as I live."

"Your liver must be the color of a sick salmon," retorted Wix, but nevertheless he was himself disillusioned. The bucket-shop business was not what he had imagined it to be. It was not "easy money!" It had fluctuations, must be constantly watched, was susceptible to bankruptcy—and meant work! The ideal enterprise was one which, starting from nothing, involved no possible loss; which yielded a large block of cold cash within a short time, and which was then ended. Daw's idea was the most ideal that had come under his observation. That was really an admirable

scheme of Daw's, except for one very serious drawback. It was dangerous. Now, if as clever a plan, and one without any menace from the law, could only be hinged upon some more legitimate business—say a bucket-shop concern.

There is no analyzing a creation, an invention. It is not deliberately worked out, step by step. It is a flash of genius. At this moment young Wix created. The principle he evolved was, in fact, to stand him in good stead in a score of "safe" operations, but, just now, it was a gaudy new thing, and its beauty almost blinded him. The same idea had been used by many men before him, but Wix did not know this, and he created it anew.

### VIII

"SAM," said Wix to the cigar-store man next morning. "I want you to invest in The La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company."

"Not any," declared Sam. "You have two hundred of my money now."

"Not the entire roll," denied Wix. "I only got twelve and one-half per cent."

"If you'd take twelve and a half per cent, eight times you'd have it all," retorted Sam. "That's why I quit. I stood to lose two hundred dollars on a seven-point drop, or win a hundred and seventy-five on an eight-point raise. When I finally figured out that I had the tweezers into my hair going and coming, I didn't wish any more."

"But suppose I'd offer you a chance to stand on the other side of the counter and take part of the change?"

"I'd let you stand right here and talk a while. What's the matter?"

"Haven't capital enough," explained Wix. "I think I refused to take a trade of yours one time, just because I had to play safe. I had to be in position to pay off all my losses or quit business."

"How much are you increasing?" asked Glidden, interested.

"A twenty-five-thousand-dollar stock company: two hundred and fifty shares at a hundred dollars each."

"I might take a share or two," said Sam.

"You'll take twenty," declared Wix, quite sure of himself. "I want four

## Push the Button-and Rest



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**FREE**  
Booklet,

"A Revelation in Comfort," containing 85 designs from \$9.00 to \$50.00, that tells why there is no chair like the

## "Royal" Morris Chair

"The Push Button Kind"

By simply pushing a button you can place the back at any of the nine comfortable and restful inclinations, moving the back either up or down—no rod to fall out, no getting up to change the back. Made with or without foot rest. 200,000 now in use. You can tell a "Royal" by the push button and by the trademark and guarantee on every chair.

Deep, luxurious springs, upholstered in fabric or leather or made with loose cushions.

An ideal gift for a man or woman. Sold by furniture dealers everywhere.

If your dealer will not supply you we will ship you direct. Send for booklet today.

Royal Chair Co., Dept. E, Sturgis, Mich.

## THE "BEST" LIGHT

MAKES it possible for everyone to own their own light works. Better than electricity—less expensive. If you can afford kerosene lamps you can afford the "Best" light. Full guarantee. Over 200 styles. Catalog free. Agents wanted. Write THE BEST LIGHT CO. 5-25 E. 5th St. Canton, Ohio.



# Free Instruction in Loose Leaf Record Keeping

This book, Moore's Modern Methods, contains 160 pages of instruction and information. Illustrates 40 different ledger and record forms, and shows exactly how they are used. Explains how the Loose Leaf System of accounting and record-keeping is adaptable to every office, factory, professional or individual use.

## MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS

### COMPACT AND CONVENIENT

The books, uniform in size, are held in sectional cabinets. The cabinet in the accompanying picture contains 20,000 live accounts. It occupies a space only 5 x 2 feet, 9 inches deep. The records are instantly accessible. One clerk has everything within arm's reach. By what other system of account keeping can such compactness and convenience be even approximated? This feature alone makes this Loose Leaf System of peculiar value to large business houses where it is necessary to keep large numbers of accounts.

### CHEAPER THAN CARDS OR BOUND BOOKS

They are cheaper both in original cost and in cost of maintenance. Fewer clerks can do a given amount of record keeping than by either of the above systems, as it takes less time to find a record and less time to make an entry. The books are indexed by alphabetical index sheets with projecting tabs along the upper or lower edge. They may also be cross indexed by movable metal markers along the side edges according to dates. This enables you to call any page to your attention on any particular day.

### RELIABLE

They are more reliable than cards. Cards must be removed from a drawer and taken to the desk or table every time an entry is made. How easy it is for one to be lost or misfiled when replaced. With Loose Leaf Books the page need not be removed to make an entry. Full information on "How to start the system and how to keep the records" is contained in the book above described. It is worth sending for.



20,000 ACCOUNTS IN THIS CABINET

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Office and Factories, 538 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN 100 PRINCIPAL CITIES IN U. S. AND CANADA



Popular outfit to start with

It is worth sending for.





"AFTER a fashion"—  
that's how some  
suits are made—and they  
look it. But not

### Michaels-Stern Clothes

because the people who  
make them help to make  
the fashions;—hence their  
correctness.

Priced within reason.

*The smartest men's models  
should be on sale in your city.  
If not, we'll tell you where to  
obtain them and will also for-  
ward you one of our handsome  
portfolios of styles if you send us  
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Makers of High Grade Clothing  
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Made in our own workshop in Saint Paul, Minnesota, the fur center of America, out of skins purchased by us direct from the trappers. We give you genuine, high-class furs at lower prices than you pay for ordinary, common-place furs that have none of the Albrecht skin and distinctive quality. In buying furs, as you have the guarantee of the maker back of every purchase.

We illustrate our 1908 Model Inland Seal Coat.

Looks exactly like genuine Alaska Seal. Lining best Sable or Seal; made only in highest grade and workmanship. Guaranteed perfect fit, and exactly as represented, or money refunded. Special Price for thirty days only, \$87.50.

Also made in Coat Seal at special price of \$40.50; Hudson Seal \$70.50; Blended River Mink \$49.50. We pay express charges if sent accompanied order. (In ordering give best measure and waist length, height and weight.) Write for prices in Alaska Seal, Otter, Persian Lamb, Beaver, etc.

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Send for it by stamp. Most complete fur fashion book ever published. Shows 150 latest styles in garments; 534 models in neckwear; 140 styles of muffs. Full description of all furs.

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9th & Minnesota Streets, Station F  
St. Paul, Minnesota

incorporators besides myself, and I want you to be one of them."

"Is that getting me the stock any cheaper?"

"Fifty per cent.; two thousand dollars' worth for a thousand. After we five incorporators are in we'll raise the price to par and not sell a share for a cent less."

"How much do you get out of this?" he asked, with a leer of understanding.

"Ten per cent. for selling the stock, and have the new company buy over the present one for ten thousand dollars' worth of shares."

"I thought so," said Glidden with a grin. "Fixtures, established business and good will I suppose."

Wix chuckled.

"You put it in the loveliest words," he admitted.

"You're a bright young man," said Glidden admiringly. "You'd better pay for those fixtures and put in the whole business at five hundred."

"What do you suppose I'm enlarging the thing for except to increase my income?" Wix demanded. "With ten thousand dollars' worth of stock I'd only get two-fifths of the profit, when I've been getting it all heretofore. As a matter of fact, I'm doing pretty well not to try to capture the majority."

They both laughed upon this, and Glidden capitulated. Within forty-eight hours Wix had his four directors, all ex-traders, who would rather make money than gamble, and each willing to put in a thousand dollars. As soon as they were incorporated they paid Wix his hundred shares for the old business, and that developing financier started out to sell the balance of the stock, on commission.

It was an easy task, for his fellow-directors did all the advertising for him. Practically, all he had to do was to deliver the certificates and collect. It was while he was engaged in this pleasant occupation that he went to Gilman with a blank certificate for twenty-five shares.

"I think you said, Gilman, that if you could get your remaining twenty-five hundred dollars out of the La Salle you'd be satisfied, didn't you?"

"Satisfied!" gasped Gilman. "Just show me how it can be done!"

"Here's twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of stock in the new company I've incorporated from the old one, and it's selling—at par—like beer at a German picnic."

"That would ruin me," he said. "You must sell it for me or I'm gone. Why, Wix, this new State bank inspection law has just gone into effect, and there may be an inspector at the bank any day."

"I see," said Wix slowly, looking him straight in the eye, "and they may object to Smalley's having loaned you that money on insufficient security. Well, I'll see what I can do."

Nevertheless, he let Gilman's stock lie while he sold the treasury shares, and, the market being still so eager that it seemed a shame not to supply it, he sold his own.

There was now time for Gilman, and Wix, with an artistic eye for dramatic propinquities, presented his proposition to no less a person than Smalley, grinning, however, as he went in.

"I couldn't think of such a thing, sir," squeaked that gentleman. "I'll have nothing to do with gambling in any way, shape or form."

"No," agreed Wix, and carefully closed the door of Smalley's private office. "Well, this isn't gambling, Mr. Smalley. It's only the people outside who gamble. The La Salle doesn't propose to take any chances; it only takes commissions," and he showed to Mr. Smalley, very frankly, a record of his transactions, including the one disastrous period for the purpose of pointing out the flaw that had brought it about.

Smalley inspected those figures long and earnestly, while Wix sat back smiling. He had penetrated through that leathery exterior, had discovered what no one else would have suspected: that in Smalley himself there ran a long-leashed gambling instinct.

"But I couldn't possibly have my name connected with a matter of this sort," was Smalley's last citadel of objection.

"Why should you?" agreed Wix, and then a diabolical thought came to him, in the guise of an exquisite joke. He had great difficulty in repressing a chuckle as he suggested it. "Why not put the stock in Gilman's name?"

"It might be a very bad influence for the young man," protested Smalley virtuously, but clutching at the suggestion. "He is thoroughly trustworthy, however, and I suppose I can explain it to him as being a really conservative investment that should have no publicity. I think you said, Mr. Wix, that there are only twenty-five shares remaining to be sold."

"That's all," Wix assured him. "You couldn't secure another share if you wanted it."

"Very well, then, I think I shall take it."

"I have the certificate in my pocket," said Wix, and he produced the identical certificate that he had offered Gilman some days before. It had already been signed by the complacent Sam Glidden as secretary. "Make this out to Gilman, shall I?" asked Wix, seating himself at Smalley's desk, and poised his pen above the certificate.

"I believe so," assented Smalley, pursing up his lips.

With a smile all of careless pleasure with the world, Wix wrote the name of Clifford M. Gilman, and signed the certificate as president.

"Now, your check, Mr. Smalley, for twenty-five hundred, and the new La Salle Company is completely filled up, ready to start in business on a brand-new basis."

With his lips still pursed, Smalley made out that check, and Wix shook hands with him most cordially as he left the room.

Outside the door he chuckled. He was still smiling when he walked up to the cashier's wicket, where young Gilman sat tense and white-faced. Wix indorsed the check, and handed it through the wicket.

"Here's your twenty-five hundred, Cliff," said he. "You can turn it over on the books of the bank as soon as you like."

Gilman strove to voice his great relief, but his lips quivered and his eyes filled, and he could only turn away speechless. Wix had gone out, and Gilman was still holding in his nerveless fingers the check that had saved him, when Smalley appeared at his side.

"Ah," said Smalley; "I see you have the check I gave Mr. Wix. Did he deposit?"

"No, sir," replied Gilman, in a low voice; "he took currency."

Mr. Smalley visibly winced.

"A bill of exchange might have done him just as well," he protested. "No non-employing person has need of actual currency in that amount. I'm afraid young Wix is very extravagant—very. By the way, Mr. Gilman, I have been forced, for protection and very much against my will, to take some stock in an enterprise with which I cannot have my name associated for very obvious business reasons; so I have taken the liberty of having the stock made out in your name," and, before young Gilman's eyes, he spread his twenty-five-share certificate of The La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company.

Gilman, pale before, went suddenly ghastly. The blow of mockery had come too soon upon the heels of his relief.

"I can't have it," he managed to stammer through parched lips. "I must refuse, sir. I—I cannot be connected in any way with that business, Mr. Smalley. I—I abhor it. Never, as long as I live."

Suddenly the fish-white face and staring eyes of Gilman were not in the line of Mr. Smalley's astonished vision, for Gilman had slid to the floor, between his high stool and his desk. Sam Glidden, coming into the bank a moment after, found Smalley working feverishly over the prostrate form of his feebly-reviving clerk.

IX

JUST as Jonathan Reuben Wix reached his home a delivery man was taking in at the front door a fine dresser trunk. On the porch stood a new alligator traveling-bag, and a big, new suitcase of thick sole leather, trimmed profusely with the most expensive knobs and clasps, and containing as elaborate a toilet set as is made for the use of men. In the hall he found five big pasteboard boxes from his tailor. He had the trunk and the suitcase and the traveling-bag delivered up to his room; the clothing he carried up himself.

That morning he had dressed himself in new linen throughout. Now he took off the suit he wore and put on one of the new business suits. He opened half a dozen huge bundles of haberdashery that he had purchased within the past week, and began packing them in his trunk. Underwear,

(Continued on Page 32.)

## Darnomore Hose

### For Men and Women

are unusually comfortable as well as exceptionally strong and durable. They are right from top to toe, being made of the best selected yarns and dyed with the best non-fading colors. A special treatment gives the yarn triple strength, which means that no darning is required—and that is why DARNOMORE Hose are

### Guaranteed 6 Months

You get a new pair free if a hole appears within that time. Even if they were not guaranteed Darnomore Hose would more than equal other hose at the same price. Six pairs in a box—men's or women's sizes—cost you \$2.00. In Black, Tan, Greys, light and medium weight and with white feet for men. Medium weight for women. Darnomore Hose, like silk hose, are shaped in the knitting and not artificially shaped on a board. As a test—a trial box of 3 pairs for \$1, guaranteed for 3 months, is sure to convince you.

Lisle silk sock, light weight, box of six, \$3.

Order at your dealer's,  
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Representatives  
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have no equals. Ask your dealer to show you some bearing that label. They are made from the highest quality silks and perfectly finished. They are

### Pinhole Proof

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That means no holes when your scarf pin is removed. Superba silk is crushless, has a beautiful sheen and wears like iron.

\$1.00 Superbas are the best made for the money.

If your dealer hasn't Superbas, send us his name and 50 cents and we will send you a Superba tie in any shade.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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CRAVATS**

## Winter Sports

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Quality Sporting Goods.

We have in stock ready to ship charges prepaid, Snowshoes and Moccasins made here by the St. Regis Indians. Exceedingly strong, light and durable.

No. 4 Youth's Club Snowshoes, Size 10½ x 30 ins. . . . \$4 Pair  
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No. 6 Men's Club Snowshoes, Size 14 x 42 ins. . . . \$6 Pair  
(Things with all snowshoes without extra charge.)

First Quality, Indian, Hand-Made, High Lace Moose Moccasins. Men's Sizes 6 to 12, \$2.50 Pair. Ladies' and Boys' Sizes 1 to 5, \$2 Pair. (Laces Free.) Money returned for any reason. Ask for descriptive price list of celebrated Proctor Toboggans, known as the standard for strength and speed. Liberal Discount to Dealers.

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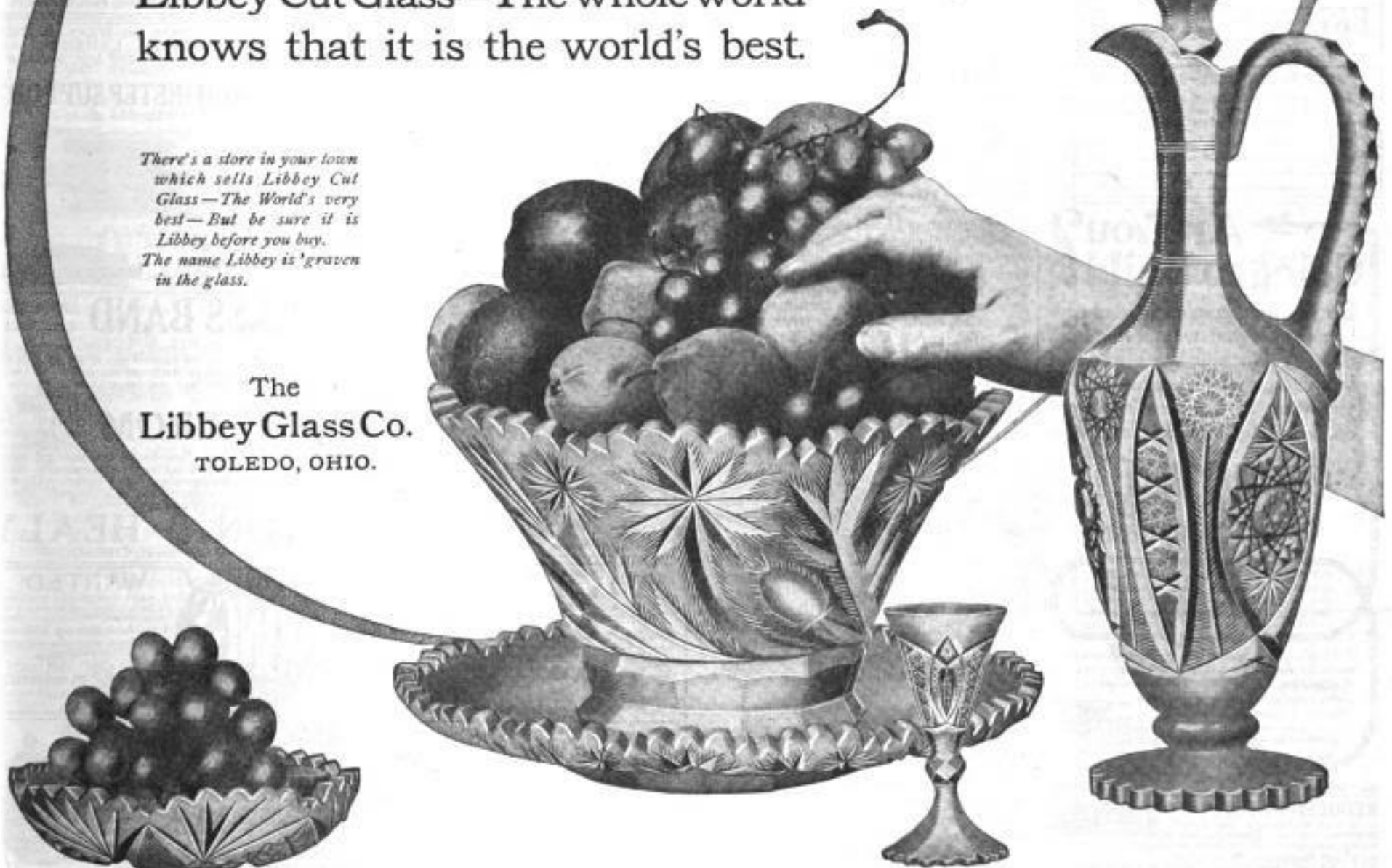
"THE WORLD'S BEST"

The highest and finest form of giving is to find something which has in its class no superior and no equal.

All America admits the precedence of Libbey Cut Glass—The whole world knows that it is the world's best.

*There's a store in your town which sells Libbey Cut Glass—The World's very best—But be sure it is Libbey before you buy. The name Libbey is 'graven in the glass.*

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Tell us what you are going to build and let us send you information that applies. Years of experience has given us a fund of information of great value to the man about to build.

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shirts, socks, collars, cravats, everything brand new and of the choicest quality. He packed away the other new business suit, the "Prince Albert," the tuxedo, the dress suit—the largest individual order his tailor had ever received—putting into his trunk and suitcase and traveling-bag not one thing that he had ever worn before; nor did he put into any of his luggage a single book or keepsake, for these things had no meaning to him. When he was completely dressed and packed he went to his mother's room and knocked on the door. It was her afternoon for the Women Journalists' Club, and she was very busy indeed over a paper she was to read on "The Press: Its Power for Evil." Naturally, interruptions annoyed her very much.

"Well, what is it, son?" she asked in her level, even tone as he came into the room. Her impatience was very nicely suppressed, indeed.

"I'm going to New York on the 6:30," he told her.

"Really, I don't see how I can spare any money until the fifteenth," she objected.

"I have plenty of money," he assured her.

"Oh," she replied with evident relief, and glanced longingly back at her neatly-written paper.

"I can even let you have some if you want it," he suggested.

"No, thank you. I have sufficient, I am sure, portioned out to meet all demands, including the usual small surplus, up to the fifteenth. It's very nice of you to offer it, however."

"You see," he went on, after a moment's hesitation, "I'm not coming back."

She turned now, and faced him squarely for the first time.

"You'd better stay here," she told him.

"I'm afraid you'll cost me more away from home than you do in Filmore."

"I shall never cost you a cent," he declared. "I have found out how to make money."

She smiled in a superior way.

"I am a bit incredulous; but, after all, I don't see why you shouldn't. Your father, at least, had that quality, and you should have inherited something from him besides"—and she paused a trifle—"his name." She sighed, and then continued: "Very well, son, I suppose you must carve out your own destiny. You are quite old enough to make the attempt, and I have been anticipating it for some time. After all, you really ought to have very little trouble in impressing the world favorably. You dress neatly," she surveyed him critically, "and you make friends readily. Shall I see you again before you go?"

"I scarcely think so. I have a little downtown business to look after, and shall take dinner on the train; so I'll just say good-by to you now."

He shook hands with her and stooped down, and they kissed each other dutifully upon the cheek. Mrs. Wix, being advanced, did not believe in kissing upon the mouth. After he had gone, a fleeting impression of loneliness weighing upon her, as much as any purely sentimental consideration could weigh, his mother looked thoughtfully at the closed door, and a stirring of the slight maternal instinct within her made her vaguely wistful. She turned, still with that faint tugging within her breast which she could not understand, and it was purely mechanical that her eyes, dropping to the surface of the paper, caught the sentence: "Mental suggestion, unfit for growing minds, is upon every page." The word "Mental" seemed redundant, and she drew her pen through it, neatly changing the "s" in "suggestion" to a capital.

A cab drove past Wix as he started down the street and he saw Smalley in it. He turned curiously. What was Smalley doing there? He stopped until he saw the cab draw up in front of Gilman's house. He saw Smalley assist young Gilman out of the cab, and Gilman's mother run out to meet them. He was thoughtful for a moment over that, then he shrugged his shoulders and strode on.

X

ON THE train that night as he swaggered into the dining-car, owning it, in effect, and all it contained, he saw, seated alone at a far table, no less a person than Horace G. Daw, as black and as natty as ever, and with a mustache grown long enough to curl a little bit at the ends. "Hello, old pal," greeted Daw. "Where now?"

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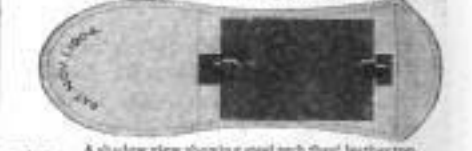
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"I'm going out alone into the cold, cold world, to make fortunes and spend them."

"Half of that stunt is a good game," commented Mr. Daw.

Wix chuckled.

"Both ends of it look good to me," he stated. "I've found the recipe for doing it, and it was you that tipped off the plan."

"I certainly am the grand little tipper-off," agreed Daw, going back in memory over their last meeting. "You got to that three thousand, did you?"

"Oh, no," said Wix. "I only used it to get a little more. Our friend Gilman has his all back again. Of course, I didn't use your plan as it laid. It was too raw, but it gave me the suggestion from which I doped out one of my own. I've got to improve my system a little, though. My rake-off's too small. In the wind-up I handled twenty-one thousand dollars, and only got away with eight thousand-odd of it for myself."

"You haven't it all with you?" asked Daw, a shade too eagerly.

Wix chuckled, his broad shoulders heaving and his pink face rippling.

"No use, kind friend," said he. "Just dismiss it from your active but greedy mind. If anybody gets away unduly with a cent of this wad, all they need to do is to prove it to me, and I'll make them a present of the balance. No, my dark-complected brother, the bulk of it is in a safe place in little old New York, where I can go get it as I need it; but I have enough along to buy, I think. It seems to me you bought last," and they both grinned at the reminiscence.

"I wasn't thinking of trying to annex any of that coin," lied Mr. Daw glibly, and changing entirely his attitude toward Mr. Wix as his admiration grew; "but I was thinking that we might cook up something together. I'll put up dollar for dollar with you. I've just been harvesting, myself."

Again Wix chuckled.

"Declined with thanks," he returned. "I don't mind trailing around a bit with you when we get to New York, and also meeting the carefully-assorted selection of dead-sure-thing geniuses who must belong to your set, but I'll go no further. For one thing, I don't like the idea of a partner. It cramps me to split up. For another thing, I wouldn't like to hook up in business with you. You're not safe enough; you trifle too much with the law, which is not only foolish but unnecessary."

"Yes?" retorted Daw. "How about this eight thousand or so that you committed mayhem on Filmore to get?"

"Good, honest money," asserted Wix. "I hate to boast about your present companion, but I don't owe Filmore a cent. I merely worked up a business and sold my share in it. Of course, they didn't know I was selling it, but they'll find out when they go over the records, which are perfectly straight. If, after buying the chance to go into business, they don't know what to do with it, it isn't my fault."

A traveling man who had once been in the office of The La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company for an afternoon's flyer, and who remembered the cordial ease with which Wix had taken his money, came over to the table.

"Hello, Wix, how's tricks?" he hailed.

Wix looked up at him blankly but courteously.

"Beg pardon," he returned.

The face of the traveling man fell.

"Aren't you Mr. Wix, of Filmore?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Wix, smiling with great cordiality, nevertheless. "Very sorry to disappoint you, old man."

"Really, I beg your pardon," said the traveling man, perplexed. "It is the most remarkable resemblance I ever saw. I would have sworn you were Wix. He used to run a brokerage shop in the Grand Hotel in Filmore."

"Never was in the town," lied Wix.

The man turned away. Daw looked after him with an amused smile.

"By the way, Wix, what is your name now?"

"By George, I haven't decided! I'll tell you in a minute," and on the spur of the moment he invented a quite euphonious name, one which was to last him for a great many years.

"Wallingford," he announced. "How does that hit you? J. Rufus Wallingford!"

Editor's Note.—This is the first of six stories dealing with the early adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. The next story of the series will appear in an early number.



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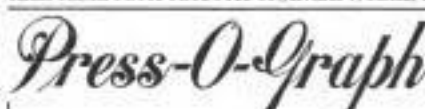


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## HOW THEY DO BUSINESS IN JAPAN

(Concluded from Page 10)

fish might have been all right when they left the shores of America, but—well, the odor in the "godown" wasn't exactly comparable to attar of roses. The importer, more puzzled than ever, not wishing, as it were, to question the intelligence of the American representative's nostrils, and still being as sure of his fish as of his name, dispatched a long letter to his Japanese business agent instructing him, regardless of time and cost, to probe the affair down to the bottom. Judging by the weeks he devoted to this duty, the said agent must have used a fine-tooth comb instead of a probe, but in the end, after running down clues enough to entitle him to a place beside Sherlock Holmes, he was enabled to state that the Japanese had purchased a ton or two of rotten fish and mixed them in with the perfect piscatorial cargo forwarded by his employer from Seattle.

Caught between hammer and anvil, the Yokohama firm was obliged to settle the bill in full; but, not being content to believe that the game was worthless, simply because it had failed to work once, they adapted it to slightly different circumstances, and tried it a second time, on another correspondent. It failed, as before, ignominiously, and then, concluding that one wide-awake American man of business was just as bad as another, they went back to their Seattle house, and have dealt honestly with them ever since.

When the Japanese manufacturer purchases machinery he wants the most expensive automatic apparatus that money will buy, not because he really needs it or because his operators are competent to run it, but because he wants to make little of his competitor. Let one man build over his factory a chimney sixty feet in height, and his rival, not relishing the thought of being left behind in the opinion of the community, will tear down his old chimney and erect one that will tower seventy-five feet in the air, not caring the price of a single brick whether or not it creates a draft copious enough to pull the stoker through the boiler. And their national policy is quite the same as their individual procedure. In Tokyo, for instance, they are spending millions of yen to elevate their railroad tracks and build a union station. And why? Not because the necessity of the case warrants the expenditure, for the old Shimbashi station, which is to be relegated to the baser uses of freight, answers every practical purpose under the sun, but because the other great capitals of the world have union stations, and Japan says to herself: "They've got one, and we will look small in the eyes of the nations if we don't follow suit."

"What Japan seems to forget," the Far Eastern representative of one of the foremost commercial concerns of modern times said to me in Dalny, "is, that the nations whom she is imitating have gone through the pioneer stage before they attained their present mercantile power and prowess. Look around you here and see the magnificent docks, office buildings, bridges and stations she has erected for the South Manchurian Railroad, long before she has found out whether or not the traffic will bear the expenditure. In America we would have started by building pine sheds and, if the thing panned out, unpretentious, brick stations would supersede the humble structures, and imposing stone edifices like these would finally come to stay. But pine stultifies the pride and conceit of Japan, and nothing will do her but to start where the rest of the world has left off. The same careless, extravagant management employs, I should say, something like forty-five hundred hands to run the railroad, whereas our American captains of industry would get the same results with four or five hundred."

Not content to wisely husband its own slender resources and to rest satisfied with a slow but sure growth, the Japanese Government, carrying paternalism to a maternalistic excess, applies the incubating process to all of its enterprises, and tries to force, artificially, the results that other nations have obtained by toiling patiently for centuries in harmony with the laws of natural development. The Imperial mills at Moji, a concern in which

the Government has sunk fifty-six millions, have an actual capacity of thirty thousand tons and manage only to turn out seven, although twelve are claimed for it, and of these seven, forty per cent, has to be rejected as not up to mark. An American could run those same mills, and get out of them what they were constructed to yield, with six thousand men; the Japanese employ seven thousand and are rewarded with a fraction of the possible profit. It is told you that when Jacob Schiff visited Japan he looked over the mills at Moji with the view of making a loan on them, and the Japanese, with the view of enticing much-needed shekels from the pockets of this astute financier, dined, wine and toasted him. But in vain; the festivities failed to suffuse that "look" with the glamour and the roseate hues they were employed to radiate. The shekels, up to date of writing, are still Schiff's; likewise, the wines and the dinners. He was not in the market for steel pagodas.

The Japanese Government subsidizes its cotton mills, subsidizes those magnificent steamers that cross the Pacific with mere handfuls of passengers and scarcely enough freight to pay for the coal they consume, and it subsidizes nearly everything else. Recently a scheme was on foot to form the larger hotels of the island, which cater to European patronage, into a combination and so secure a promised government subsidy; but the scheme fell through owing to the unwillingness of one of the wealthiest proprietors to lend allegiance to it. And whence come the subsidies that the Government keeps pouring and pouring into these adventures? From the taxes levied on an already overburdened and sorely-pressed people.

Japan proper can be lifted up and set down inside the State of California; its arable plots of land, if carefully collected and pieced together, could be transplanted in snug little Maryland and still leave the ragged edges sticking out. And yet on this territory over forty millions are struggling like mad, from sunrise until sunset, for enough rice to keep body and soul together. In other words, on a third or fourth class income Nippon is trying to keep up a front and maintain itself as a first-class power. She is living extravagantly to support her outward signs of glory. What will the end be?

Japan herself doesn't seem to stop long enough in her headlong career to ask. The philosophy of the Japanese man of business is the same as that of Omar Khayyam of vinous memory; in his vocabulary there is no such word as to-morrow. He runs his machinery and his operators day and night, failing to see that his impatience for profits is cutting down the natural life and earning capacity of both. The shareholders in their stock companies clamor for immediate profits and insist on the future taking care of itself and the company too, perhaps wisely so; for in 1896, when the speculating craze was at its height, out of the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand yen, for which new corporations were capitalized, only sixty-eight hundred yen was paid in, and most of that in the shape of promissory notes. A rather lurid example may illustrate how things go. For a period, distressing to anxious investors, one of the more important brewing companies paid no dividends, its funds being devoted to the importation of new bottles into which to pour its beer. And not only did the beer keep pouring into the bottles but the dividends of the stockholders as well; for the canny directors, on seeing where the money was drifting, put their heads together, formed a separate syndicate for purchasing the bottles and sold them at an inordinate profit to the brewery. "The brewery business," said one of them, "is vulgar; you take it. But the bottle business; ah, that's a gentleman's business; I'll take it. Last year it netted a clear profit of six hundred per cent."

Probably the abiding, overweening faith the Japanese put in the power of to-morrow to lift them over the difficulties and problems of to-day may have its source in the million and one superstitions that beset the Orient and play such an unhallowed part in the transaction of business in the Far East.

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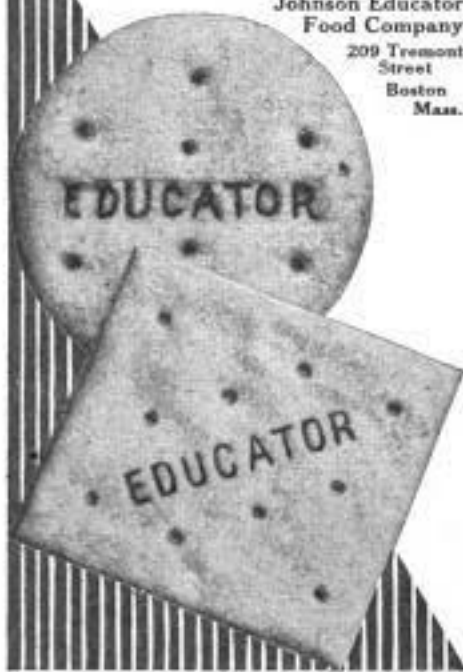
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## THE FASHIONABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA CRAIG

(Continued from Page 17)

Her vigilance was rewarded; as Branch said that, malignance hissed, ever so softly, in his suave voice. Old Madam Bowker had not lived at Washington's great green tables for the gamblers of ambition all those years without learning the significance of eyes and tone. For one politician to speak thus venomously of another was sure sign that that other was of consequence; for John Branch, a very Machiavelli at self-concealment and usually too egotistic to be jealous, thus to speak, and that without being able to conceal his venom—"Can it be possible," thought the old lady, "that this Craig is about to be a somebody?" Aloud she said: "I knew it. He is a preposterous creature. The vilest manners I've seen in three generations of Washington life. And what vanity, what assumptions! The first time I met him he lectured me as if I were a schoolgirl—lectured me about the idle, worthless life he said I lead. I decided not to recognize him next time I saw him. Up he came, and without noticing that I did not speak he poured out such insults that I was answering him before I realized it."

"He certainly is a most exasperating person."

"So Western! The very worst the West ever sent us. I don't understand how he happened to get about among decent people. Oh, I remember, it was Grant Arkwright who did it. Grant picked him up on one of his shooting trips."

"He is insufferable," said Branch.

"You must see that the President gets rid of him. I want it done at once. I assure you, John, my alarm is not imaginary. Margaret is very young, has a streak of sentimentality in her. Besides, you know how weak the strongest women are before a determined assault. If the other sex wasn't brought up to have a purely imaginary fear of them I don't know what would become of the world."

Branch smiled appreciatively but absently. "The same is true of men," said he. "The few who amount to anything—at least in active life—base their calculations on the timidity and folly of their fellows rather than upon their own abilities. About Craig—I'd like to oblige you, but—well, you see, there is—there are certain political exigencies—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the old lady. "I know the relative importance of officials. A mere understrapper like Craig is of no importance."

"The fact is," said Branch with great reluctance, "the President has taken a fancy to Craig."

Branch said it as if he hardly expected to be believed, and he wasn't. "To be perfectly frank," he went on, "you know the President, how easily alarmed he is. He's afraid Craig may, by some crazy turn of this crazy game of politics, develop into a Presidential possibility. Of course, it's quite absurd, but—"

"The more reason for getting rid of him."

"The contrary. The President probably reasons that if Craig has any element of danger in him the nearer he keeps him to himself the better. Craig, back in the West, would be free to grow."

"What a cowardly, shadow-fighting, shadow-dodging set you men are!" commented Madam Bowker. Though she did not show it, as a man certainly would, her brain was busy with a wholly different phase of the matter they were discussing.

"Isn't Stillwater going to retire?" she asked presently.

Branch was startled. "Where did you hear that?" he demanded.

The old lady smiled. "There are no secrets in Washington," said she. "Who will be his successor?"

Branch's cold face showed annoyance. "You mustn't speak of it," replied he, "but the President is actually thinking of appointing Craig—in case the vacancy should occur. Of course, I am trying to make him see the folly of such a proceeding, but—" Branch checked himself abruptly. It was not the first time he had caught himself yielding to Washington's insidious custom of rank gossip about everything and everybody; but it was about his worst offense in that direction. "I'm getting to be as leaky as Josh Craig is—as he seems to be," he muttered.

"So it is to be Attorney-General Craig," said the old lady, apparently abstracted but in reality catlike in watchfulness, and noting with secret pleasure Branch's anger at this explicit statement of the triumph of his hated rival. But she had lost interest in the conversation. She rid herself of Branch as speedily as the circumstances permitted. She wished to be alone, to revolve the situation slowly from the new viewpoint which Branch, half-unconsciously and wholly reluctantly, had opened up. She had lived a long time, had occupied a front bench overlooking one of the world's great arenas of action; and, as she had an acute if narrow mind, she had learned to judge intelligently and to note those little signs that are, to the intelligent, the essentials, full of significance. She had concealed her amazement from Branch, but amazed she was, less at his news of Craig as a personage full of potentiality than at her own failure, through the inexcusable, manlike stupidity of personal pique, to discern the real man behind his mannerisms. "No wonder he has pushed so far, so fast," reflected she; for she appreciated that in a man of action manners should always be a cloak behind which his real campaign forms. It must be a fitting cloak, it should be a becoming one; but always a cloak. "He fools everybody, apparently," thought she. "The results of his secret work alarm them; then, along he comes, with his braggart, offensive manners, his childish posings, his peacock vanity, and they are lulled into false security. They think what he did was an accident, that will not happen again. Why, he fooled even me!"

That is always, with every human being, the supreme test, necessarily. Usually it means nothing. In this case of Cornelia Bowker it meant a great deal; for Cornelia Bowker was not easily fooled. The few who appear in the arena of ambition with no game to play, with only sentiment and principle to further, the few who could easily have fooled her cynical, worldly wisdom, could safely be disregarded. She felt it was the part of good sense to look the young man over again, to make sure that the new light upon him was not false light. "He may be a mere accident in spite of his remarkable successes," thought she. "The same number sometimes comes a dozen times in succession at roulette." She sent her handy man, secretary, social manager and organizer, *maitre d'hôtel*, companion, scout, gossip, purveyor of comfort, J. Worthington Whitesides, to seek out Craig and to bring him before her forthwith.

As Mr. Whitesides was a tremendous swell, in dress, in manner and in accent, Craig was much impressed when he came into his office in the Department of Justice. Whitesides' manner, the result of Madam Bowker's personal teaching, was one of her chief assets in maintaining and extending her social power. It gave the greatest solemnity and dignity to a summons from her, filled the recipient with pleasure and with awe, prepared him or her to be duly impressed and in a frame of mind suitable to Madam Bowker's purposes.

"I come from Madam Bowker," he explained to Craig, humbly conscious of his own disarray and toiler's unkemptness. "She would be greatly obliged if you will give her a few minutes of your time. She begs you to excuse the informality. She has sent me in her carriage, and it will be a great satisfaction to her if you will accompany me."

Craig's first impulse of snobbish satisfaction was immediately followed by misgivings. Perhaps this was not the formal acceptance of the situation by the terrible old woman as he had, on the spur, fancied. Perhaps she had sent for him to read him the riot act. Then he remembered that he was himself in doubt as to whether he wished to marry the young woman. All his doubts came flooding back, and his terrors—for, in some of its aspects, the idea of being married to this delicate flower of conventionality and gentle breeding was literally a terror to him. If he went he would be still further committing himself; all Washington would soon know of the journey in the carriage of Madam Bowker, the most imposing car of state that appeared in the streets of the Capital, a vast, lofty affair, drawn by magnificent horses,



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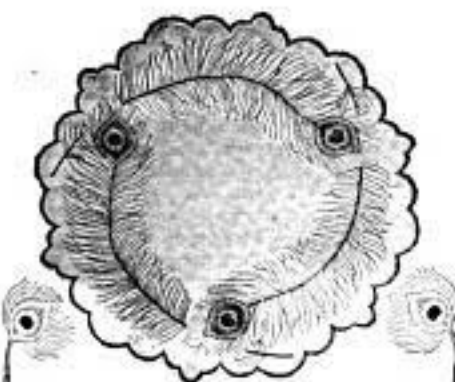
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"No, thanks," said Josh, in his most bustling-bourgeois manner. "Tell the old lady I'm up to my neck in work."

Mr. Whitesides was taken aback, but he was far too polished a gentleman to show it. "Perhaps later?" he suggested.

"I've promised Margaret to go out there later. If I get through here in time I'll look in on Mrs. Bowker on the way. But tell her not to wait at home for me."

Mr. Whitesides bowed, and was glad when the outer air was blowing off him the odor of this vulgar incident. "For," said he to himself, "there are some manners so bad that they have a distinct bad smell. He is 'the limit'! The little Severence must be infernally hard-pressed to think of taking him on. Poor child! She's devilish interesting. A really handsome bit, and smart, too—excellent ideas about dress. Yet somehow she's been marooned, overlooked, while far worse have been married well. Strange, that sort of thing. Somewhat my own case. I ought to have been able to get some girl with a bunch, yet I somehow always just failed to connect—until I got beyond the marrying age. Devilish lucky for me, too. I'm no end better off." And Mr. Whitesides, sitting correctly upon Madam Bowker's gray silk cushions, reflected complacently upon his ample salary, his carefully built-up and most lucrative commissions, his prospects for a "smashing-good legacy" when her majesty deigns to pass away.

At four Madam Bowker, angry yet compelled to a certain respect, heard with satisfaction that Craig had come. "Leave me, Whitesides," said she. "I wish to be quite alone with him throughout."

Thus Craig, entering the great, dim drawing-room, with its panel paintings and its lofty, beautifully-frescoed ceiling, found himself alone with her. She was throned upon a large, antique gold chair, upon a sceptre in one hand, the other hand white and young-looking and in fine relief against the black silk of her skirt; she bent upon him a keen, gracious look. Her hazel eyes were bright as a bird's; they had the advantage over a bird's that they saw—saw everything in addition to seeming to see.

Looking at him she saw a figure whose surfaces were, indeed, not extraordinarily impressive. Craig's frame was good; that was apparent despite his clothes. He had powerful shoulders, not narrow, yet neither were they of the broad kind that suggest power to the inexperienced and weakness and a tendency to lung trouble to the expert. His body was a trifle long for his arms and legs, which were thick and strong, like a lion's or a tiger's. He had a fine head, haughtily set; his eyes emphasized the impression of arrogance and force. He had the leader's beaklike nose, a handsome form of it, like Alexander's, not like Attila's. The mouth was the orator's—wide, full and flexible of lips, fluent. It was distinctly not an aristocratic mouth. It suggested common speech and common tastes—ruddy tastes—tastes for quantity rather than for quality. His skin, his flesh, were also plainly not aristocratic; they lacked that fineness of grain, that finish of surface, which are got only by eating the costly, rare, best and best-prepared food. His hair, a partially disordered mop overhanging his brow at the middle, gave him fierceness of aspect. The old lady had more than a suspicion that the ferocity of that lock of hair and somewhat exaggerated forward thrust of the jaw were pose—in part, at least, an effort to look the valiant and relentless master of men—perhaps concealing a certain amount of irresolution. Certainly those eyes met hers boldly rather than fearfully.

She extended her hand. He took it, and with an effort gave it the politician's squeeze—the squeeze that makes Hiram Hanks and Bill Butts grin delightedly and say to each other: "B'gosh, he ain't lost his axe-handle grip yet, by a darn sight, has he?—dog-gone him!"

Madam Bowker did not wince, though she felt like it. Instead she smiled—a faint, derisive smile that made Craig color uncomfortably.

"You, young man," said she in her cool, high-bred tones—"you wish to marry my granddaughter."

Craig was never more afraid nor so impressed in his life. But there was no up-flaming of physical passion here to betray him into yielding before her as he had before her granddaughter. "I do not,"

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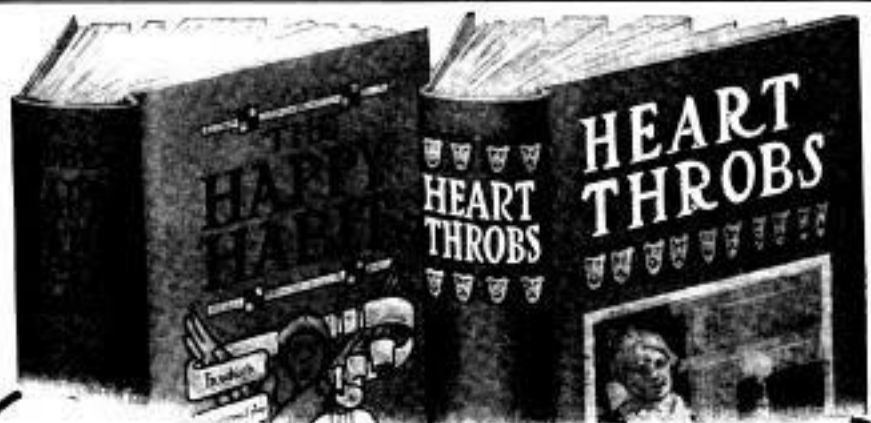
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replied he arrogantly. "Your granddaughter wants to marry me."

Madam Bowker winced in spite of herself. A very sturdy-looking specimen of manhood was this before her; she could understand how her granddaughter might be physically attracted. But that rude accent, that common mouth, those uncouth clothes, hand-me-downs or near it, that cheap look about the collar, about the wrists, about the ankles—

"We are absolutely unsuited to each other—in every way," continued Craig. "I tell her so. But she won't listen to me. The only reason I've come here is to ask you to take a hand at trying to bring her to her senses."

The old lady, recovered from her first shock, gazed at him admiringly. He had completely turned her flank, and by a movement as swift as it was unexpected. If she opposed the engagement he could hail her as an ally, could compel her to contribute to her own granddaughter's public humiliation. On the other hand, if she accepted the engagement he would have her and Margaret and all the proud Severance family in the position of humbly seeking alliance with him. Admirable! No wonder Branch was jealous. "Your game," said she pleasantly, "is extremely unkempt, but effective. I congratulate you. I owe you an apology for having misjudged you."

He gave her a shrewd look. "I know little Latin and less Greek," said he, "but, *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*." And I've got no game. I'm telling you the straight truth, and I want you to help save me from Margaret and from myself. I love the girl. I honestly don't want to make her wretched. I need a sock-darner, a wash-counter, a pram-pusher, for a wife, as Grant would say, not a dainty piece of lace embroidery. It would soon be covered with spots and full of holes from the rough wear I'd give it."

Madam Bowker laughed heartily. "You are—delicious," said she. "You state the exact situation. Only I don't think Rita is quite so fragile as you fancy. Like all persons of common origin, Mr. Craig, you exaggerate human differences."

Craig winced and reddened at "common origin," as Madam Bowker expected and hoped. She had not felt that she was taking a risk in thus hardly ignoring her own origin; Lard had become to her, as to all Washington, an unreality like a shadowy reminiscence of a possible former sojourn on earth. "I see," pursued she, "that I hurt your vanity by my frankness—"

"Not at all! Not at all!" blustered Joshua, still angrier.

"Don't misunderstand me," pursued she tranquilly. "I was simply stating a fact without aspersion. It is the more to your credit that you have been able to raise yourself up among us—and so very young! You are not more than forty, are you?"

"Thirty-four," said Craig surlily. He began to feel like a cur that is getting a beating from a hand beyond the reach of its fangs. "I've had a hard life—"

"So I should judge," thrust the old lady with gentle sympathy. It is not necessary to jab violently with a red-hot iron in order to make a deep burn.

"But I am the better for it," continued Craig, eyes flashing and orator lips in action. "And you and your kind—your granddaughter Margaret—would be the better for having faced—for having to face—the realities of life instead of being pampered in luxury and uselessness."

"Then why be resentful?" inquired she. "Why not merely pity us? Why this heat and seeming jealousy?"

"Because I love your granddaughter," replied Craig, the adroit at debate. "It pains, it angers me to see a girl who might have been a useful wife, a good mother, trained and set to such base uses."

The old lady admired his skillful parry. "Let us not discuss that," said she. "We look at life from different points of view. No human being can see beyond his own point of view. Only God sees life as a whole, sees how its seeming inconsistencies and injustices blend into a harmony. Your mistake—pardon an old woman's criticism—your mistake is that you arrogate to yourself divine wisdom and set up a personal opinion as eternal truth."

"That is very well said, admirably said," cried Craig. Madam Bowker would have been better pleased with the compliment had the tone been less condescending.

"To return to the main subject," continued she. "Your hesitation about my

granddaughter does credit to your manliness and to your sense. I have known marriages between people of different station and rank to turn out well—again—"

"That's the second or third time you've made that insinuation," burst out Craig. "I must protest against it, in the name of my father and mother, in the name of my country, Mrs. Bowker. It is too ridiculous! Who are you that you talk about rank and station? What is Margaret but the daughter of a plain human being of a father, a little richer than mine and so a little nearer opportunities for education? The claims to superiority of some of the titled people on the other side are silly enough when one examines them—the records of knavery and thievery and illegitimacy and insanity. But similar claims over here are laughable at a glance. The reason I hesitate to marry your granddaughter is not to her credit, or to her parents' credit—or to yours."

Madam Bowker was beside herself with rage at these candid insults, flung at her with all Craig's young energy and in his most effective manner; for his crudeness disappeared when he spoke thus, as the blackness and roughness of the coal vanishes in the furnace heat, transforming it into the beauty and grace of flames.

"Do I make myself clear?" demanded Craig, his eyes flashing superbly upon her. "You certainly do," snapped the old lady, her dignity tottering and a very vulgar kind of human wrath showing ugly in her blazing eyes and twitching fingers.

"Then let us have no more of this caste nonsense," said the young man. "Forbid your granddaughter to marry or to see me. Send or take her away. She will thank you a year from now. My thanks will begin from the moment of release."

"Yes, you have made yourself extremely clear," said Madam Bowker in a suffocating voice. To be thus defied, insulted, outraged, in her own magnificent salon, in her own magnificent presence! "You may be sure you will have no further opportunity to exploit your upstart insolence in my family. Any chance you may have had for the alliance you have so cunningly sought is at an end." And she waved her ebony sceptre in dismissal, ringing the bell at the same time.

Craig drew himself up, bowed coldly and haughtily, made his exit in excellent style; no prince of the blood, bred to throne-rooms, no teacher of etiquette in a fashionable boarding-school, could have done better.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## VANISHED ARMIES

Somewhere, afar off, there's a region  
Whence comes, faintly borne to my ear,  
The tramp of the Wooden Sword Legion,  
But, oh, such a distance from here!  
And out of the years and their dreaming,  
With music so stirringly played,  
With helmets and banners all gleaming,  
The tread of the old Lath Brigade!

Somewhere sounds a trumpet's shrill warning,  
Somewhere sounds a clatter and din,  
A babel of cries through the morning,  
With officers shouting "Fall in!"  
And bare-legged soldiers go thrilling  
To drums that are strummingly played,  
The Wooden Sword Legion is piling,  
Hurrah for the old Lath Brigade!

Then down through the stubble went stepping  
The finest Grand Army of all,  
With corporals "Hep," "Hep" and "Hep-  
ping,"  
With drum-beat and shrill bugle call;  
With lads marching, sturdy as yeoman,  
With banners so proudly unfurled,  
An army that had not a foe man  
In all of the merry-day world!

I know, if the dust is not scattered  
By passing of years and of feet,  
The paths that their bare feet have pattered  
Are there in the old village street.  
And in some weed clump in that region  
I might find an unrusty blade  
Once borne by the Wooden Sword Legion,  
Once swung by the old Lath Brigade!

What banners we marched proudly under!  
What laurels we won us and how!  
And sometimes I sit here and wonder  
What battles those soldiers fight now.  
The drums that we marched to are battered,  
Our weapons with rubbish are laid,  
The Wooden Sword Legion is scattered,  
And where is the old Lath Brigade?

—J. W. Foley.

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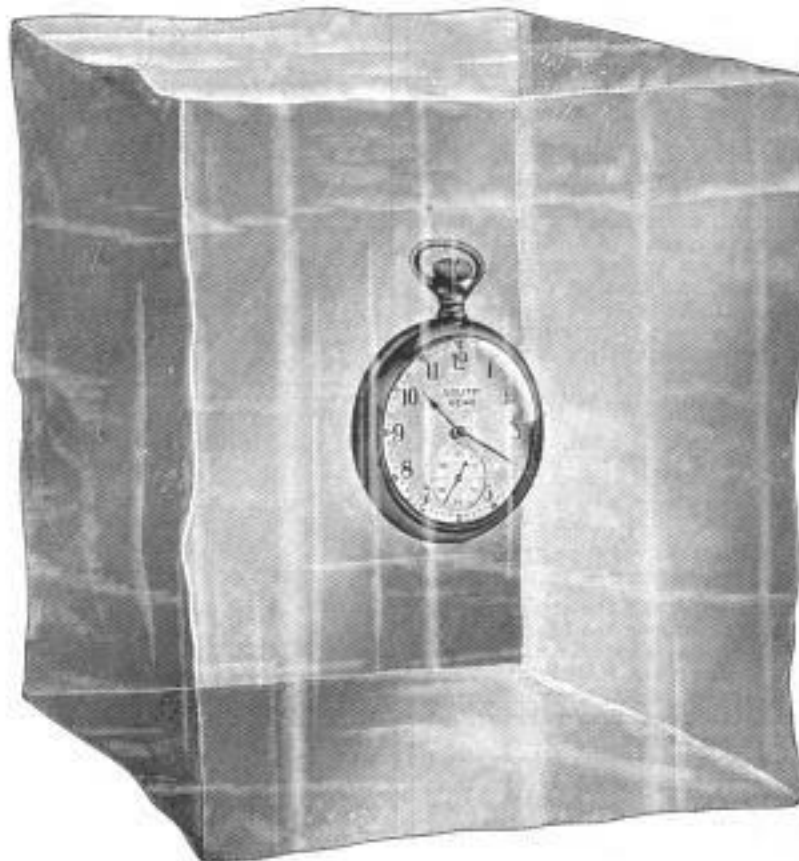
Then go to that jeweler and let him explain to you, as he will gladly do, how SOUTH BEND watches adjust themselves *automatically* to every temperature, why they stand strains and tests which other makes of watches you can buy may not stand successfully. Let him tell you why, because of this superior care in manufacture and adjustment, a SOUTH BEND watch is the best watch for you to buy for every day use, the watch that will give you the greatest amount of timekeeping service for your money.

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## THE COMPLETE MUCKRAKER

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Moreover," continued Amhid, "I have here an imperial irade fining you another million plasters for attempting to corrupt the Department of Internal Affairs; and here is a memorandum showing you owe us a small sum for brokerage."

"For brokerage?" inquired the now thoroughly-disheartened John J. Pasha.

"Brokerage on what?"

"Brokerage for the sale of your franchise to the other company." And they took John J. Pasha off to a dungeon, where he probably is yet, unless he has paid.

I thought when I told of the Central Traction deal in St. Louis, and the Quay-Ashbridge franchises in Philadelphia, I had uncovered two deals that made the people of the cities in which they were perpetrated look like sheep, but they pale into insignificance beside this one.

And did the people of Constantinople protest? They did not. Not a mass-meeting was held. Not a petition was sent in. Dumbly they sat and allowed the authorities to rob them of what was really theirs, to take toll of enterprise, to sell their streets forever.

It is monstrous. I consider it all of that. And I could go on and on, showing how the people of this great city are robbed, coerced, how they are made a laughing-stock, how they sit silent and watch their own rights hawked about by a gang of unscrupulous politicians and worse.

They deserve no pity, and they shall get none from me. They have sat, supine, and watched this system grow. For several hundred years they have been robbed right and left and, it is probable, until I arrived, never heard a clear voice calling them to arouse.

However, I am calling now. Awake, Constantinople, and cast off the shackles that bind you! Form Good Government clubs. Have a voice in your own affairs. You must solve the problem of municipal government. You must!

I say you must. That settles it.

## THE CUTTING OF HAM

(Concluded from Page 7)

"I done got mo'n my sheer. You ain' see what I seen," was the reply, as the weak tears trickled over the black face.

Miss Sally tried to explain as best she might, and then they talked about old times until almost sunset, when, at last, a nurse came, smiling, and said the patient was ready to see them.

Sawney was still excitedly inhaling and expelling the air from the released lungs as he caught sight of them. "Well, I'm hyar yit, ain't I?" he panted. "Feel me, ooman, feel me," holding out an arm to Judy. "Dey say dey done cut me open an' sewed me up agin, fer sho! But I'm hyar yit; feel me!"

Everybody burst out laughing but Judy. "Gret Day! nigger, you ain' gittin' proud a'ready, is you?" she asked, with comical solemnity; "'cause, lemme tell you, hit look ter me you is jes' dat lucky, ef you wuz ter fall in de water you wouldn't git wet."

"That's true," said Doctor Paxton, coming in. "You have got to keep quiet here a few days until that place heals up, and if ever you go drinking any more of those 'five-cent shorts,' I may have to cut that other appendix out."

"Lawd, Lawd!" exclaimed Sawney, with solemn emphasis, "ef I once gits 'way f'm hyar you ain' nuver gwine ter git de chance at it." He turned to Miss Sally, a long gaze of utter confidence and admiration on his wrinkled face. "You wuz right dar wid me, wa'n't you, when I went down in de 'Valley o' de Shadder'?" he asked proudly.

She nodded. "Now, you must do as these good people say—"

"Yas'm," he interrupted simply, staring at her wide-eyed, like a child.

"You are not afraid to stay, now?"

"No'm—I reck'n not."

"Judy will come to see you every day; and remember what Doctor Paxton said."

"Yas'm, 'bout dem 'shorts.'" He closed his eyes. "Now, git me de Good Book, somebody; I'm gwine ter take de plaige."

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### Savo Air Moistener

Prevents Colds, Grippe, Pneumonia and insures good health by keeping the air moist where steam or hot water heat is used. Ask Your Physician. It hangs on back of any radiator, out of sight. Saves your furniture, piano, pictures, etc., from shrinking or the finish cracking. The Savo is recognized as the best air moistener made. 30 Days' FREE Trial. Use the Savo 30 days and if not satisfactory return and your money refunded. Order today. SAVO MANUFACTURING CO. 59th St. and So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill. Dealers—Our offer will interest you.

### PREVENTS EVAPORATION

**Sengbusch Self-Closing INKSTAND**  
Closes automatically after each dip. Always a uniform dip. No spilling. No blot. No ink fingers or soiled linen. Absolutely prevents evaporation. Keeps ink in best writing condition. Nothing like it ever on the market before.

**Attractive for Xmas**  
No. 2—3 inch square cut glass—\$2.00  
No. 5—3 inch round shape glass—\$1.50  
Order now. If after trying ten days you are not satisfied return at our expense. We will refund money.  
SENGBUSCH SELF-CLOSING INKSTAND CO. 516 Montgomery Building, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

### Great Fun For 10c

**SPECIAL OFFER!** To introduce my Big Catalogue of Toys, Games and Musical Novelties I will, on receipt of 10c, send you, all charges prepaid, the latest, sweetest, and funniest Musical Novelty you ever heard. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
STRAUSS, The Toy King  
393 Eway, Dept. 3, New York

### Ample Safe 6% Bonds

We sell strictly safe OKLAHOMA School, County, Municipal and Street Improvement Bonds. We pay 4% on deposits. Your Savings Guaranteed by STATE LAWS OF OKLAHOMA. Write for Bond Circular A10.  
Oklahoma Trust Co., Capital \$200,000, Muskogee, Oklahoma



# A Gift

for you if you do something for us

If you are one of the several million users of Pompeian Massage Cream we will be pleased to send you a 2-oz. jar of our cream for the small favor asked below. As you know, this size is sold by druggists for 50 cents. (See "INSTRUCTIONS" below.)

A 50c Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream to Users, or  
A 10c Special Sample Jar to those unacquainted with its merits and benefits.

If you are not one of the several million users of Pompeian Massage, and wish to learn its peculiar merits and benefits we will be pleased to send you a quarter oz. jar for the small favor asked below. This special quarter oz. sample jar is ordinarily sent by us for 10 cts. to cover cost of postage and packing. It is not sold in the stores. (See "INSTRUCTIONS" below.)

Even if you are not a regular Pompeian user, it is very easy to get a 50c jar free. Just buy a jar of Pompeian instead of the face cream you are now using; then follow directions below; 50 cents is worth saving, especially when you have a chance to discover why Pompeian is the most popular face cream made.

# Pompeian Massage Cream

"It Makes and Keeps People Good-Looking"

**For Her** Wrinkles and crow's feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double chins reduced by its use. Thus the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin, and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what Pompeian Massage Cream will do. Massage for a few minutes each day with Pompeian Massage Cream is all that is necessary. It aids nature in nature's own way and gives wholesome, natural beauty—a thousand times better than the artificial "beauty" given by cosmetics. It substitutes curves for angles, firm flesh for flabbiness and double chins, and fullness for hollows. Moreover, being a non-grease cream, it will not—CAN-NOT—grow hair on the face.

**For Him** To cure shaving soreness and for cleanliness, men should use Pompeian Massage Cream. It takes out pore dirt that mere soap and water washing cannot remove. But it also takes away all after-shaving discomfort. It gradually strengthens the skin and enables you to shave frequently without ill effect. It also flexes the muscles, removes wrinkles and banishes the drawn expression caused by the concentrated thinking and working of to-day. It gives the skin the ruddy, healthy, athletic look that all normal men desire. After a day of work, travel or sport nothing refreshes like a Pompeian Massage. Tell the barber "Pompeian" and let him give you no other. Or massage yourself at home—easy with POMPEIAN Massage Cream.

## What Women Say:

**Note:** These endorsements were sent to the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine. This publication, noted for its discriminating class of readers, wished to find out what its subscribers thought of products advertised in its pages. That Pompeian Massage Cream stands high in their estimation is evident from the few of the many letters we have space to reproduce (exactly as written except the underlining). Obviously, we are not at liberty to give the names of the writers of these unusual endorsements. People who do use Pompeian are certainly enthusiastic.

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous clearing qualities. I have seen a woman go to her room looking haggard, weary and worn, and leave therefrom a short time after looking as if she had discovered the fountains of youth, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable.  
Mrs. —, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to be clean "cell deep" I like Pompeian Massage Cream. The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath.  
Mrs. —, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream certainly works wonders for one who uses it perseveringly. I have fairly scoured my skin with soap and water, then after using Pompeian Cream was able to rub off what looked like dirt. It gives me a sense of freshness and cleanliness unparalleled by anything I have ever used.  
Mrs. —, Bristol, R. I.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream with gratifying results. I know it will remove all facial blemishes, smooth out all lines and wrinkles, and so on absolutely

necessary article on the toilet table of any refined woman.  
Mrs. —, Columbia, Tenn.

I went out with my sister one morning and saw one whole side of a front window of a drug store decorated with nothing but Pompeian Massage Cream. We purchased a supply. She writes to know if I am still growing young while, of course, I am. It is one of the business of my life. It goes so far as to make me feel at ease with all the world.  
Mrs. —, Orwell, N.Y.

Pompeian Massage Cream all the time at the hairdress, and I have enjoyed its use, too. I have been in these Cleveland factory and am acquainted with some of the firm so that I feel I can speak with experience as to its merits as a cream and its wonderful skin-clearing and softening qualities.  
Mrs. —, Detroit, Mich.

Recently I sent to the Pompeian Mfg. Company in answer to the advertisement in Good Housekeeping, for a sample of Massage Cream. It was received promptly. Will say that I am pleased with it and consider it all that is claimed to be.  
Mrs. —, South Willington, Conn.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream for three or four years and could write volumes on its excellent qualities—space, however, forbids.  
Miss —, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream leaves the skin soft, cool, and healthy. My husband uses it almost after shaving. We began to use through advertisement in Good Housekeeping.  
Mrs. —, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream and can truthfully say that I believe it will do all that is claimed for it. It will persist in its use.  
Miss —, Salem, Oregon.

Pompeian Massage Cream is excellent for the skin, giving it a soft, healthy look.  
Miss —, Massillon, Canada.

We have used and like Pompeian Massage Cream. It has excellent article and does not need the use of powder after its use.  
Mrs. —, Omaha, Neb.

This Coupon is Worth 50c

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I, the undersigned, have conscientiously distributed the six certificates, as directed, to six people. I enclose their names and addresses; also a label from a Pompeian jar. Please send without cost to me your 50c jar. As proof of my sincerity I sign my name hereto. Write on margin if necessary.

Name.....

Address.....



Exact Size. Either Free  
If you do something for us

## What the Men Say:

We have used Pompeian Massage Cream in our family for some time, and all are equally pleased with its beneficial effects. My son, who is just beginning to shave, was greatly troubled with his face until some friend recommended him to try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving, and the trouble disappeared entirely after its use and has not returned. My young daughter has been troubled with freckles for some time, but since using the cream they are hardly to be noticed.  
Mr. —, Denver, Col.

The skin feels delightfully refreshed after the use of Pompeian Massage Cream, and looks clean and healthy. A 50c jar lasts a long time.  
Mr. —, Denver, Col.

I find your cream to be very good after a shave. It makes the face feel better and does away with the stinging, itchy feeling. I have procured a couple of bottles.  
W. A. McNeil, Richmond, Va.

I state with pleasure that I have been using your massage cream a very long time, and heartily recommend it to all, as I think it is the best made and the best ever will be made. I think a gentleman's cabinet is not complete without it. It is very refreshing and healing, especially when a man shaves. It instantly relieves that sore and itchy feeling. I am more than pleased with it.  
Chas. J. Hromatka, 928 Perry St., Allegheny, Pa.

**Note:** Last two endorsements taken from the hundreds of unsolicited ones on file in our office.

## Certificates Below—Cut Off and Give to Friends

**1 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream**  
This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

**2 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream**  
This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

**3 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream**  
This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

**4 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream**  
This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

**5 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream**  
This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

**6 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream**  
This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

## Instructions. How to Get Gift

**To get the 50c Jar Free:** Cut off the 6 certificates, "1" to "6". Distribute them to six grown people (no two in same family). They will be glad to learn about Pompeian Massage Cream. Give us the names and addresses of these six friends or relatives, and when writing us enclose the 50c coupon (in the upper right-hand corner of this page) along with the label from the Pompeian jar you have in your house. (Warm water applied to the label will bring it off quickly.) You are, hence, to send us the label, the 50c coupon, and 6 names and addresses, for only with the latter can we check up the plan. The Cream will be forwarded promptly and postpaid. The same person can obtain only one free jar, and 50c Coupon must be enclosed when writing us for free 50-cent jar.

**To get 10c [Sample] Jar Free:** Cut off any three of the six certificates, "1" to "6". Distribute them to 3 grown people (no two in same family). They will be just as interested to learn about Pompeian as you are. Give us the names and addresses of these 3 friends or relatives, and when writing us enclose the 10c coupon in the lower right-hand corner of this page. Be sure to give us the exact names and addresses of the 3 people to whom you give the coupons, as only with the latter can we check up the plan. The Cream will be sent you promptly and postpaid. The same person can obtain only one free jar and the 10c coupon must be enclosed when writing us for free 10c jar.

**The Pompeian Mfg. Co.**  
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

This Coupon is Worth 10c



# Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The best results in shaving come from the constant use of Williams' Shaving Stick.

No other yields the same thick creamy lather; no other keeps the face so soft and smooth.

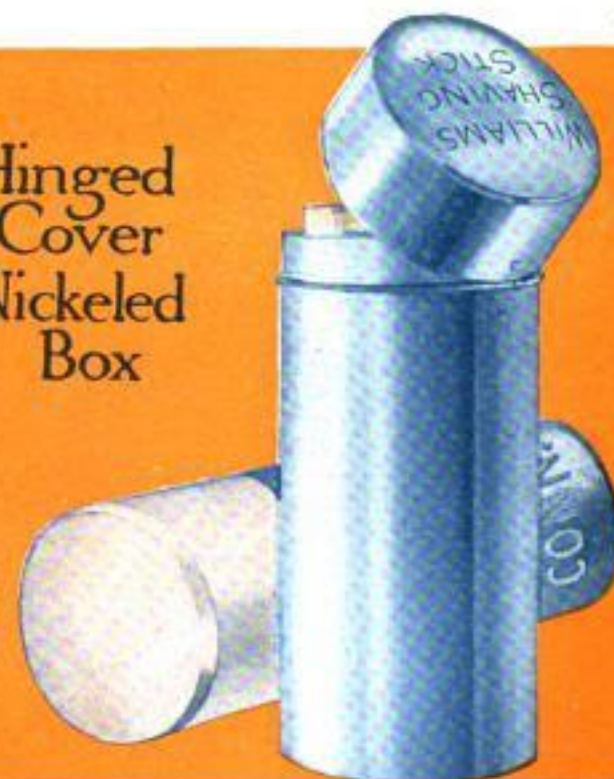
Some one of the many good qualities of Williams' Shaving Stick may be found in other sticks, but no other shaving stick combines all of them.

Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the Nickeled Box, Hinged Cover.

It can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box as formerly. Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c, if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Hinged  
Cover  
Nickeled  
Box



# Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

The daily use of Williams' Jersey Cream Soap insures soft, smooth hands and face and a clear, healthful condition of the skin.

Prove this for yourself by using it for a week or two if you are troubled with roughness, irritation and chapping incident to the winter months. (Jersey Cream Soap possesses the peculiarly soft, cream-like, soothing and refreshing qualities which have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous.)

## A Handsome Soap Box Free

As an inducement to a thorough trial of this soap, for a limited time, any druggist will give a purchaser of four cakes, without extra charge, a handsome, nickeled, hinged-cover soap box. Invaluable in traveling, camping or at home.

If your druggist fails to supply you, send 60 cents in stamps and we will send the four cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

# Williams' Violet Talcum Toilet Powder

Because of its great purity, almost impalpable fineness, velvety smoothness and its dainty and sweet perfume, Williams' Talcum Powder perfectly fulfills the requirements of a Toilet and Face Powder.

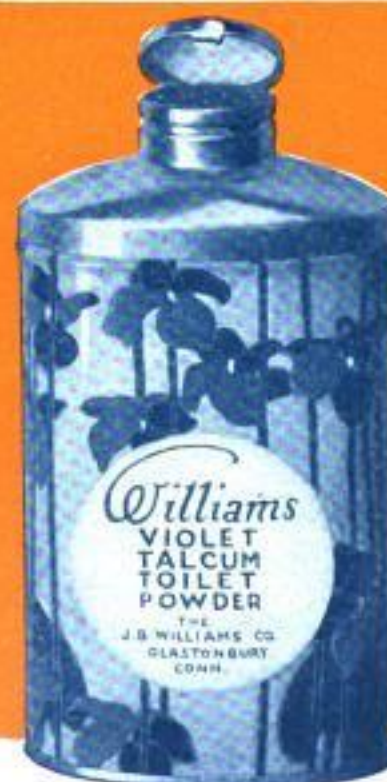
Two odors, Violet and Carnation. A full sized can of either sent on receipt of 15 cents in stamps if your dealer does not supply you.

An original and unique feature of Williams' Talcum Powder is the box with the hinged top. It's quick and handy and prevents all leaking and sifting of the powder.

The new cap does away with all the objectionable features of the old revolving top. Our hinge-cap will not spring open in the bag or trunk, but can be raised by a slight touch of the thumb.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

New  
Hinged  
Top





# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

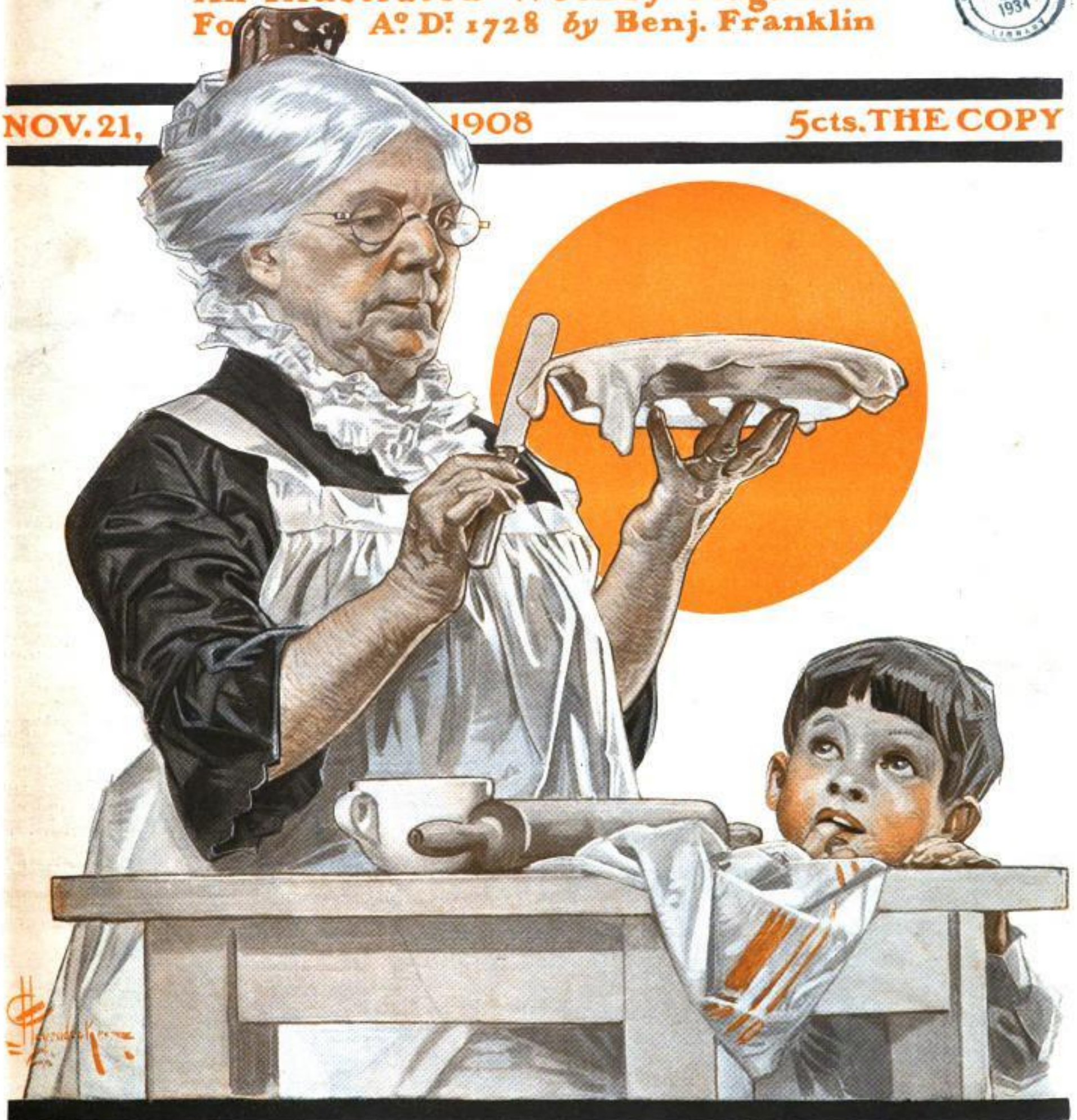
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine  
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin



NOV. 21,

1908

5cts. THE COPY



## THANKSGIVING NUMBER



# Glide

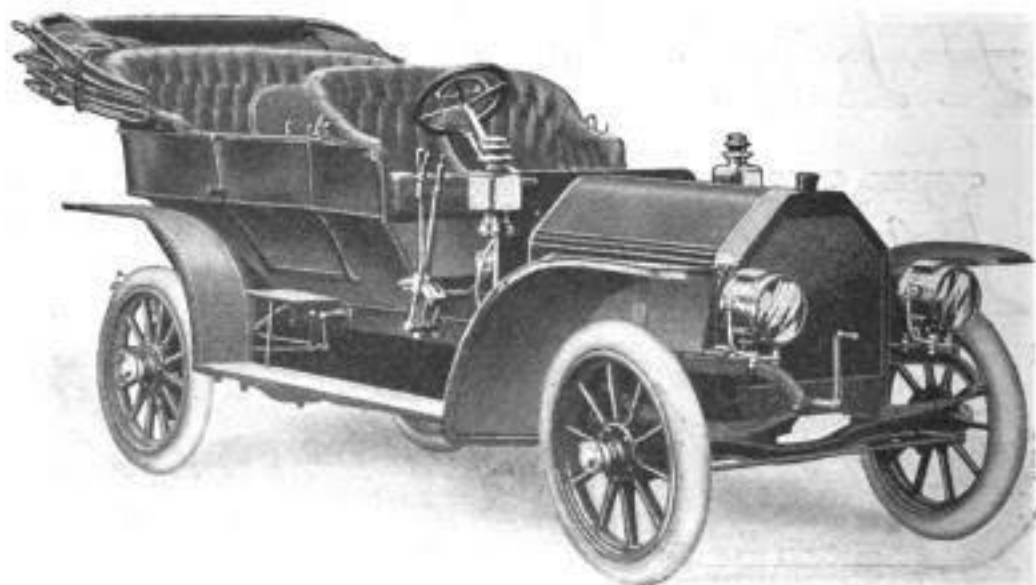
1909  
Model "G"  
Special

**\$2500**

Cars equipped with side lamps, tail light, horn, coat rail and tool kit.

## Extras: Touring Car or Roadster

Bosch High Tension Magneto, making double ignition system **\$150**  
Fine Pantasote Top, with side joints and straps **\$100**  
9-Inch Rushmore Searchlights, with generator **\$ 50**



# Don't Pay Too Much or Too Little—A Standard American Car Should Sell for a Standard Price

**E**XTRAVAGANT claims are made for the *very low-priced car*.  
—Extravagant claims are made for the *very high-priced car*.  
—Between the two you will find THE GLIDE—and the *right price*.  
—A full dollar of automobile value for every dollar of price.  
—The *very low-priced* may be a *very good car* for the price, but it is *absurd* to consider its claims to rank with the *best car*.  
—For at its price you must sacrifice *two or more inches of road clearance—vital* when touring.  
—You must sacrifice *ten to twenty inches of wheel base—and the equivalent in comfort*. On the other hand—  
—The *very high-priced* may be a *very good car*; indeed it may

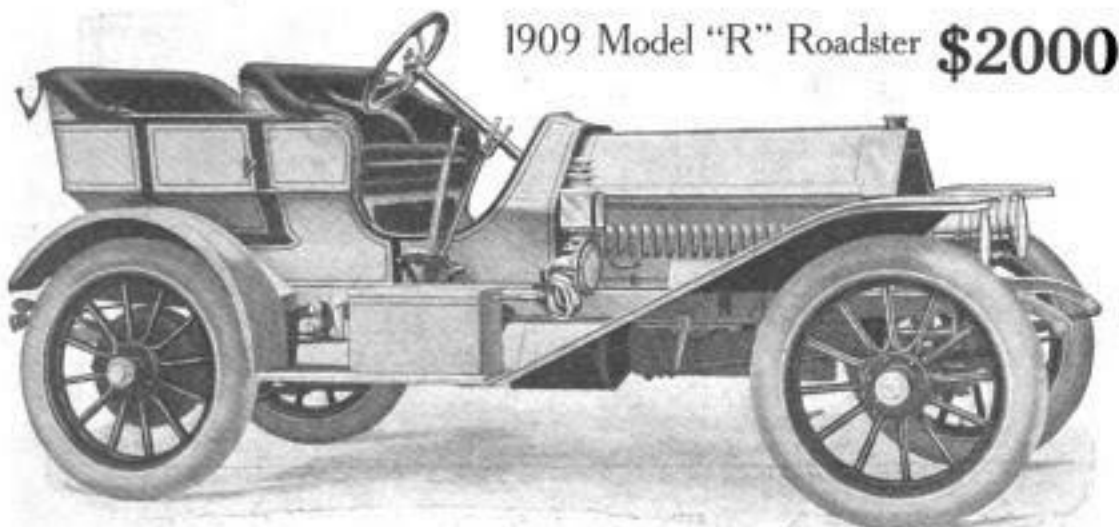
be as good as THE GLIDE. "It costs enough—it ought to be."  
—But for every *dollar* of automobile value that it gives—you pay another dollar for—*extravagant methods*. You pay other extra dollars for *bills* incurred in *expensive track races*, which is *sport* not *business*. They have never and can never aid in the development of the *all-purpose touring car* you wish to buy.  
—The *Glide* is this *all-purpose touring car*, perfected *beyond* the point of *experiment*.  
—There are no apologies to be made for the price of the *Glide*, \$2,500. This price is represented by \$2,500 of automobile value.  
—You cannot get as much for less. You cannot get more for twice.

## Let Us Reason Together

—The *Glide* motor, 4 cylinders, cast separately, develops 45 actual horsepower, not *theoretical*. A combination never found in the *very low-priced cars*. The *Glide* price makes them possible.  
—We manufacture our own axles from our own design and they never break, wear out or cause trouble. We make our own selective sliding gear type transmission. The gears are 1 1/2-inch face, of the very best steel properly tempered.  
—The ideal mounting for any engine is that which does away with *vibration*. The *Glide* power plant is mounted on a sub-frame so placed and braced as to *eliminate all vibration* even at high speed.  
—Such a feature cannot be "thrown in"—it must be *built in*—made an *integral part* of the car. The *Glide* price makes this possible.  
—The *Glide* is built and tested for power, speed and reliability. The power plant of the *Glide* and its properly proportioned driving gear make it the greatest hill climber in the world today.  
—The selective type of transmission is standard—as used in the *Glide* it differs in one *important particular*.  
—Our own improvement makes it impossible to start with a neck-breaking jerk, (how often you have noticed fine cars start that way) it is impossible to stop with a shock.  
—*Glide* transmission changes quickly, yet there is a *gradually increasing or diminishing momentum* in starting or stopping, which helps to make the *Glide* what its name implies.  
—Can you get such a feature "thrown in"? The *features* of the *Glide* are *all built in*—integral parts of the car such as—  
—The long, finely tempered, vanadium steel springs,

affording the maximum of comfort and further emphasizing the name *Glide*.  
—The bevel driving gear on its special bearings.  
—The floating type of axles.  
—The entire absence of loose keys.  
—The improved type of multiple disc clutch.  
—The double hinged hood.  
—The 120-inch wheel base of the touring car.  
—The 106-inch wheel base of the roadster.  
—The roomy tonneau—luxuriously upholstered—seating seven—touring car.  
—The double brake system—internal expanding and external contracting. Brake drum 16 inches in diameter—3-inch face.  
—From crank handle to tail light, the *Glide* is built to give full value at the price—\$2,500. No sum of money will buy a more serviceable, more thoroughly tested or more satisfactory touring car.  
—No car exceeds in beauty the graceful lines of the *Glide*.  
—Previously formed notions defeat the impartial selection of the best car.  
—Do not pay too little in the first cost.  
—Do not pay too much in the first cost.  
—Buy a car which represents full value—and which gives you *all you want* in a car.  
—Constant level oiling system, eliminating piping and automatically maintaining lubricating oil at the proper level in crank case. You have this satisfaction, you can never over-oil.  
—Five Main Bearings for Crank Shaft, which preserve absolute perfect alignment to the shaft and prevent breakage.

—The expansion of one cylinder does not affect the other. The valves do not beat each other and the motor is easier to cool.  
—Absolutely nothing cheap or slighted in its make-up. It is a top-notch. It is designed by an engineering department that has made eminently good.  
—*Glide* cars have less weight per cylinder area than any other stock car and yet weight is so scientifically distributed as to give ample allowance for safety element.  
—Timken Roller Bearings of ample size on all journals—they wear longest, can be adjusted and therefore are superior.  
—All parts are made in our own factory, the motor excepted.  
—We machine-cut and harden our own gears.  
—The Rutenber motor long held the *world's record* of 1,004 3/16 miles in 24 hours, proving the *maximum* of power—absolutely perfect carburetion and *indisputable* mechanical efficiency.  
—Only one universal joint of our own design manufactured in our own shop. They are made from drop forgings that do not wear out, break or cause trouble.  
—Tires 34 x 4 1/2 on the touring car; 36 x 4 on the roadster. Our cars are easy on the tires because they do not over-hang the rear axle, and further because the tires are of ample dimensions to carry the car and the load the tires are intended to work under. In making the comparison of prices for cars, don't over-look tire equipment.  
—Roadster speed, 2 to 60 miles per hour with regular gear ratio. Faster with special gear.  
—Standard color: Touring Car—Rich Dark Green Body, Cream Running Gear. Roadster, Special Automobile Gray Body, Red Running Gear; other colors at the option of the purchaser.



1909 Model "R" Roadster **\$2000**

The *Glide* may be seen at many agencies. Our descriptive literature will interest you.

Remember that at its price the *Glide* is a startling innovation. Much detailed information of great economic interest to the prospective buyer is contained in our free literature. May we have your name and address, please, today.

Established 1882. Incorporated 1893.  
Remember the price, Touring Car, \$2500. No more no less.  
Remember the price, Roadster, \$2000. No more no less.  
Terms, cash with order, \$250, balance on delivery.  
We will extend agency contracts for 1909 in unoccupied territory.

## The Bartholomew Co.

(Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.)

601 Glide Street, Peoria, Illinois

Philadelphia, Pa. — O. Y. Bartholomew, 229 S. 2nd St.  
Boston, Mass. — Crown Motor Car Co., Motor Mart.  
New York City — Geo. J. Scott Motor Co., 1720 Broadway.  
New Orleans, La. — Glide Motor Car Co., 327 Baronne St.  
Fargo, N. D. — D. B. Rea.  
Minneapolis, Minn. — Henry G. Goodman, The Motor Inn, 1023 1st Ave. South.  
Foreign Representative — P. Aubeck, 2-4 Stone St., New York, N. Y.





# An Income for Your Wife

Whole  
Life  
Plan.

Payable to her *Monthly* for twenty years or for life, if you should be taken from her; or

Endow-  
ment  
Plan.

An Income payable to *Yourself Monthly* for twenty years or for life, to support you in your declining years, if you live—are the great features of the

## New Monthly Income Policy

issued by

# The Prudential

A Monthly Income coming with absolute certainty will enable the mother to keep the family together and the children at school—

The Income cannot be encumbered or depreciated. All worry about safe investment is eliminated.

### COST OF "WHOLE LIFE PLAN"

At age 30, for \$167.35 a year, during your life (a saving of \$13.95 a month) your Family Will Receive after your death **\$50.00 Every month for 20 years, or \$12,000 in all!**

At slightly higher cost, the income would continue for life!

## THE COST IS LOW

Write for Rates at Your Age and Learn How You can Provide an Absolute, Guaranteed Income for Your Family, or for Yourself after 20 Years. State Plan Preferred.

Address Dept. M.

## The Prudential Insurance Co. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office, Newark, N. J.



Receiving her Monthly Income Check from The Prudential Insurance Co.



# The car for which you paid \$3,000.00 last year was probably worth it, then—but last year's standard of values collapses when confronted by the *Cadillac* Thirty.

Five years ago all the automobile factories in America combined were able to build just forty-four 4-cylinder cars in an entire season.

This year the *Cadillac* Company will build ten thousand four-cylinder cars—each an exact duplicate of the other down to the most minute measurement it is possible to make with the micrometer.

Isolate this stupendous fact for a moment from all the others printed on this page. Study it in all its significance, and you will begin to understand why it is possible for the *Cadillac* Company to do what it is impossible for other plants to do. Then pass on to the next paragraph which will make the situation very much clearer.

Each of the ten thousand *Cadillac* cars could not be a replica of the other if they were not manufactured cars in the very strictest sense.

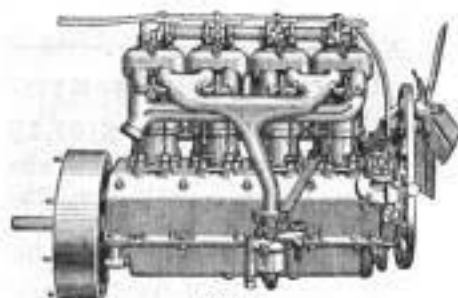
To build even one perfect high-powered car, the synchronization of parts must be absolute—down to the closest possible degree of fineness and "fit."

To build ten thousand such cars demands a degree of standardization so scrupulously fine that there will not be a hair's-breadth discrepancy in any one of the multitudinous parts—from the first car to the ten thousandth.

Otherwise you have a car that is no stronger than its weakest or loosest part.

Otherwise you have not got a high-grade car; because some of the parts are out of harmony with the whole.

Under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club, of London, England, this summer in the most



Motor

The Cadillac Thirty motor is of the four cylinder four cycle type, 4 inch bore by 4 1/2 inch piston stroke and by dynamometer tests develops 30 actual horse-power. It is the product of that department of our plant which during the past eight years has made more high grade gasoline motors than any other establishment in the world.

This motor is not new. It is simply an evolution. It retains basic principles which have made Cadillac motors famous the world over. The cylinders are cast individually as are also the valve chambers, the motor being attached to the former by right and left threaded nipples. The system of copper jacketing the cylinders, which was originated by us and which has always been a feature of Cadillac motors, was retained in the Thirty.

remarkable standardization test ever conducted anywhere in the world, three *Cadillac* cars were torn down; the parts thrown into a conglomerate heap; certain parts cast aside and new parts substituted; and the three cars built up again piece by piece out of the pile of parts—to run perfectly without hitch, skip, looseness or break in the 500-mile race on the Brooklands Track in which the average speed per hour was 31 miles.

Standardization is what makes cars run without trouble; standardization is what eliminates repair expense; standardization is what gives a car long life; standardization plus engineering genius and good material is what constitutes a high-grade car—and standardization is impossible in any assembled car.

And the ability of the *Cadillac* plant to standardize ten thousand cars as easily as ten cars—makes possible the magnificent *Cadillac* Thirty at a popular price.

Now—suppose we tried to build ten thousand high-grade cars without perfect standardization. What would be the result? Well, first of all, we would buy the parts from several makers. That would carry with it two absolutely fatal results—

First of all, you would be certain to have an unsound car; because the parts—coming from half a dozen

makers—could not and would not be made with a perfect conception of their relation to each other.

That takes you out of the high-grade class without going any further.

Secondly, if you buy your parts from a dozen different makers you've got to do one of two things. You've either got to pay a profit to these dozen different makers or you've got to cheapen their product. If you cheapen their product you've lost the right, a second time, to call yours a high-grade car.

If you don't cheapen their product and you do pay them a profit—you can't sell your car at a popular price without losing money. Now look at the reverse side. Buying for ten thousand *Cadillac* Thirties brings the cost of material down to the last and lowest notch. Absolute standardization means a complete elimination of waste. Manufacturing all the parts cuts out every cent of profit that usually goes to the parts-maker.



Cylinder

So you get in the *Cadillac* Thirty—thanks to the ten thousand output, the perfect standardization and



Piston



Transmission

The Transmission used on the Cadillac Thirty is of our own design and manufacture. It is the selective type of sliding gear, with three forward speeds and reverse. The gears, shafts and high speed clutch parts are made of chrome nickel steel, the greatest care being exercised in cutting and finishing them according to the Cadillac system of limit gauges which insures hair's-breadth accuracy. These parts are then treated by a special process which gives them extreme strength, toughness and wearing qualities.

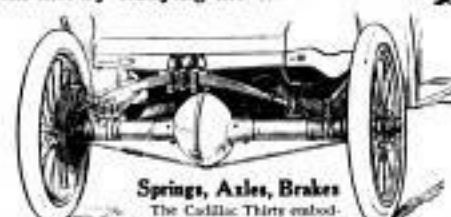
the manufacture of all parts—a car which no plant of lesser equipment can match in material and market for less than double or treble the price.

The Cadillac Thirty steering mechanism is of our own design and manufacture of the worm and worm gear sector type accurately cut and hardened, fitted with two ball thrust bearings. The teeth in the middle of the sector naturally perform the greatest service, and are therefore most susceptible to wear. To compensate for this the outer teeth are cut on a slightly less pitch radius so that this wear may be taken up without causing the upper or lower teeth to load in turning a corner. This provision for adjustment is greater than will probably ever be required. The adjustment of most steering gears requires the services of an expert while the adjustment of this one is a simple operation.



Steer

Your dealer has received his first allotment of *Cadillac* Thirties. Verify everything we have said herein first by studying the character of the *Cadillac*



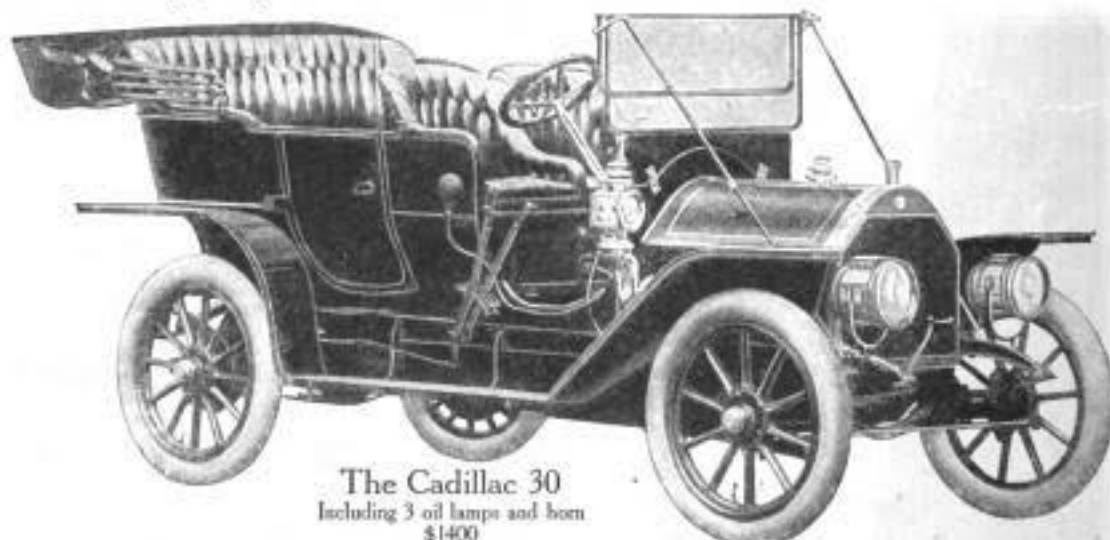
Springs, Axles, Brakes

The Cadillac Thirty embodies the most scientific spring suspension ever developed in automobile construction. The forward suspension consists of two semi-elliptical springs 36 inches long by 2 inches wide, and the rear suspension is the platform type.

The Cadillac Thirty has two pairs of powerful double acting brakes—the regular service brakes brought into action by a foot lever contact upon the larger rear wheel hub drums; and the emergency brakes applied by a hand lever expanded within the latter.

The front axle is made of cold drawn seamless steel tubing with drop forged steel poles electrically welded. The rear axle housing is also made of cold drawn seamless steel tubing of ample strength, with cast steel level gear and differential housing.

Thirty construction as illustrated in the parts-pictures shown herewith; and secondly by personal observation and a practical demonstration of what this wonderful car will do.



The Cadillac 30  
Including 3 oil lamps and horn  
\$1400

**Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.**  
Members of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## LITTLE CORKY

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

**H**IS name was James Edward Rudolph Corkingham, but no one ever called him that. Tremont folk knew him as Little Corky—that is, folk outside of Consolidated Traction. Within that corporation he was known as Mr. Corkingham, and it was important how you said it, for he was General Superintendent and a man to be respected. Genevieve had been broken to call him Jamie—but that anticipates.

There had been a Big Corky in Tremont—and Tremont had not forgotten, had given the diminutive quickly to the son. Corky père had been a man of wit and wisdom, had snatched victory out of defeat in the great strike of '88, had proved himself so brilliant, so subtle a general, that even those who had hated him in battle came, with the others, to whisper respectfully as he passed: "That's Big Corky of the horse-cars." And after years had come to pass, and the horse-cars, the mutinous drivers and Big Corky were gone, Tremont still remembered him. But this is not his story. It is preface to point the way for Corky fils, the man who was called Little in supreme disregard of truth and stature.

It was Little Corky's rôle to live up to traditions. He lived up to each of them. He went ahead, hammer and tongs, hitting hard, but never hitting foul, and old Jim Connaughton, the General Manager of Consolidated Traction, away up at the top, watched the son of his comrade come climbing up the ladder. Big Corky come to life again! The gaunt frame of that general, the fearless blue eyes, the straight, thin mouth—Big Corky was reincarnate in the flesh and blood of his son—the man that Tremont called Little, because it knew him not.

It is a shaky ladder that leads atop, but the General Superintendent was Corkingham, and trod it fearlessly. When he was close to Jim Connaughton he paused to catch his breath. General Superintendent of Consolidated Traction—\$7500 a year—seven thousand men under him—that was climbing some! He became introspective. For the first time in his busy life he realized that he was lonely. He was really quite alone in the world, and his hair was growing thin upon his temples. He decided that it was time for him to marry.

Little Corky started out to pick a wife as he would pick an automobile or a suit of clothes—something that would fit well. He measured and laid his plans carefully, and, as it was beginning to be an unsatisfactory process, he met Genevieve. She was not within his plans, but what were such material things as plans when Genevieve came? She had little tendrils of hair that hung lovingly to her pretty neck, and Little Corky fell in love with each tendril, he loved her big, brown eyes, he loved the tiny, laughing mouth—he loved her separately, collectively, individually, wholly—he loved her in the madness of a man who has been cheated out of love many years of his life. He reshaped those precious plans and remade them to include



Every Time She Saw That Empty Chair Across the Gayly-Set Table She Grew More Furious at Little Corky

Genevieve. He was not a bad sort, this Little Corky, and \$7500 was big money in Tremont. He asked her to marry him.

At this point it may be stated that Little Corky's plans had an upset. The brown eyes and the dancing hair-tendrils had plans of their own—plans that ran tangent to those of the General Superintendent of Consolidated Traction—plans for a lifelong devotion to mamma, plans for teaching Cherokee Indians, plans that taxed all of Little Corky's patience. Still, it was noticed that she did not let go of him entirely. She liked him far too well for that. She knew him better and better all the while, and all the while he grew upon her.

But Little Corky had his faults. For one thing, he was very uncertain. He took frightful risks. On the night of the Assembly he never showed up at all—a fearful offense. When he came to her and explained that one of their big engines down at Beverly Docks had burned out that evening, she listened coldly. Little Corky felt chilled. Yet if it had been any other man in Tremont, or out, he would never have been forgiven.

He was duly contrite for a long time after that fiasco, trying to regain his lost ground. But things went from bad to worse. It was a hard winter for Consolidated Traction; engines kept breaking down, there were hours when the busy, hill-climbing lines stood still and Corky worked like a beaver—and kept breaking his engagements with Genevieve.

She gave a dinner at which he was to meet some awfully nice Boston folk, and Corkingham arrived just in time for the dessert, flustered and blurring out something about a snarl in the cable-roads.

Why merely repeat instances? On the afternoon of her tea Corky never showed up—the board of directors, or some other frumpish thing, was holding a special session, the phone told her, but that meant little to her exasperated soul. On Tremont's one great night of opera Genevieve turned down three men in his favor, and then never went at all. The telephone related some excuse about how the General Superintendent had to go before an aldermanic committee and tell those solons just what you could do and could not do handling trolley-cars on an eight per cent. hill. Genevieve tore off her evening gown in anger. Other men were not the same. They were bankers or lawyers—anything save railroad men—able to plan their time carefully and keep their engagements to the minute. Young Denning was a physician, but he never had patients that made him keep exacting young women in a constant fear of disappointment. Nicholas Vane Shipney, the architect, even boasted of his systematic methods in this regard. Once he had kept the Hon. Jerry O'Connor—Tremont's most spectacular millionaire—who was seeking his professional services, waiting for an hour, while he had taken Genevieve for a drive, according to previous appointment.

Shipney was the particular fly in Corkingham's ointment. Little Corky underrated him. He underrated Shipney



because he was very much afraid of Shipney. He regarded Shipney as a calm and flaccid thing in trousers—good-mannered, good-looking, amiable, able—but stodgy. Everything being equal, Little Corky thought that Shipney would have little chance; but things were not equal when one man had only to throw down his pencil and go home, while the other had a big and debilitated transportation system on his shoulders.

They were being weighed in the balance and Corkingham felt that he was on the heavy side of the scales. So he hated Shipney cheerfully, hated his calm, agreeable manners, the smooth set of his shiny tile, his absolute certainty—confound a man who is stodgy, anyhow!

Corky had been good all summer, because Consolidated Traction, which reserved most of its capers for winter, had been good. He had gained great ground with Genevieve and the calm Shipney began to

be somewhat alarmed; there seemed to be one particular spot in Tremont where Corky was not Little.

"Can't you care yet?" Corky demanded of her, just as he had demanded many times before.

She poked the toe of her tiny slipper out from under the skirt of her gown and studied it intently. Perhaps she had discovered for the first time that she owned that little foot and tiny slipper.

"I do care," she said to the slipper. "I care a whole lot."

Corkingham took that to himself. A thousand paces gained!

"Then you will marry me?" he pleaded, seeking to lead her further up and on. She gave him one of her pretty hands, but still she talked to her slipper.

"Not quite so quickly—dear." She just breathed that last word, but Little Corky's heart thumped joyously. She paused, and he proceeded to follow up his advantage.

"Do—dear," he shot back at her. He became reminiscent, and rumbled on in a low voice: "You know what Tremont has called me—Little Corky."

"No. You are Big Corky," she corrected. "You have accomplished so much."

"No, no," he contradicted in turn. "There can never be but one Big Corky, and he has been. It's not easy living up to as big a man as the pater was. Other things have not made it easier. I used to think that when the pater died and we found that he had put all his savings in those wildcat mining-stocks that some one had hit me. It didn't seem as if I were going to get half a chance. Now I know that it was that very thing that made me strike ahead, to try and model myself after the pater. I thought—"

But Little Corky suddenly realized that he was talking too much, and he halted.

"Don't stop," said Genevieve.

"I am not going to stop—now," he replied.

She pursed her pretty mouth in an assumption of vexation, but Corkingham was not easily daunted and again



demanded answer to his all-important question. A little time, she pleaded—so important a thing—and a little time she was granted. A week? Oh, no, that would have been an eternity to Little Corky. Four days? three days? two? Genevieve told him that he might come to her on the following evening.

"We'll have a little dinner *tête-à-tête*. I'll ship mamma over to Aunt Kitty's"—Genevieve managed her mamma perfectly—"and we'll be alone."

She broke all the sage rules of etiquette set down for the guidance of young ladies, and went with him to the door. The little hand found its resting-place again.

"Good-night, dear," she said, and never gave even a fleeting glance toward that tiny slipper.

He could not answer. He was too happy for speech.

"Don't fail me to-morrow night," she laughed. "To-morrow night, of all nights!"

"Of all nights, dear," he pledged himself gallantly, as he drew the little hand, ever and ever so gently, to his lips.

Slowly that next day dragged to its dusk. It was the second day of October, and Little Corky knew that he would remember seconds of October until the end of his life. He dawdled with the work upon his desk, and the fascinating problems of railroading lost their fascinations for him. Getting folk up and down the hills and along the flats, the chesswork of moving hundreds of cars, all the brisk, little puzzles of his work became as mere drudgery to him. He was within a greater, far more joyous puzzle of life.

So he went through the long hours of the day, his eyes reverting every few minutes to the little clock upon his desk, signing his name in the wrong place on every blank that was handed to him, jumbling, tumbling, confusing, like a man whose wits had taken sail into another land.

Maxfield, his chief clerk, came in to him with freshly typewritten sheets for him to sign. Little Corky reached mechanically for his pen, but Maxfield halted him.

"You have written the same letter to these folks three times to-day," said the chief clerk. Maxfield's tone seemed to demand apology.

"Beg your pardon," snapped the General Superintendent. "I'm thinking out a big proposition and so I grew a bit careless."

Five o'clock and close to the hour that was appointed for Little Corky to go up upon the hill-top for his answer. Five o'clock and no sixty-dollar-a-month clerk ever quit work more promptly than the General Superintendent of Consolidated Traction—whose every move was supposed to be an incentive and an example to the thousands beneath him—quit work on that second of October.

The second hand on the regulator above Maxfield's head in the outer office had not again encircled its monotonous round before the door of the inner room opened and Corkingham, hatted and ready to hurry to his rooms to dress for the all-important dinner, stood within it. Before he could close the door his desk telephone began ringing, violently—insistently.

"Car's smashed a milk-wagon or Jim Connaughton wants me to come over to the club and eat with him," were the excuses that came to his mind, but he lingered a moment later in the door, deciding whether to go to the 'phone or to cut and run. It kept up its incessant ringing and Little Corky yielded—Maxfield saw the door shut again in front of his chief.

Corkingham snatched up the receiver quickly, as if he begrudged each precious second that he lost now.

"Well, well, this is Corkingham," he shouted. "What do you want?"

Then the receiver began speaking into his ear.

Genevieve was positive that she had told Corkingham to come at sharp half after six, and here it was nearly seven,



The Door That Carried Him Into the Unknown Carried Him to Safety

and the dinner—that dinner that was to have been so great an event to each of them—was growing cold. She sat in a big chair in the library, restless and nervous to a degree, for it had been a long, hard day for her, too, and watched the cold minute-hand of the clock reach the hour.

Seven. Past seven. Five minutes past seven, then ten, then fifteen. She was reduced, first to despair, then to anger. What business had Corkingham trifling with such an engagement as this? Had he not learned his lesson yet, after all those grievous falls? If he should fail her this time there would be absolutely no forgiveness for—the very dearest fellow in all the world.

These thoughts, the creeping hand of the clock, gave her mind no rest. She stirred herself into a deeper resentment, that almost boiled and frothed. Once her love for the fellow became uppermost, and she tiptoed to the street-door, opened it and stood there for a

moment, a picture, framed in the light from within. It was very quiet without. The street was filled with trees and the shadows lay heavy. Off in the distance she caught a faint glow upon the sky, as if thrown there by a far-away fire, and once she caught the faint whistle of a speeding fire-engine. All else was very still and she turned in again, shut the door behind her and found

her way to the dining-room. The clock in the library struck eight. "You may serve dinner, Harrison," said Genevieve.

By a supreme effort she held herself in check as she nibbled at a few half-spoiled dishes. She kept herself admirably in check, for the butler's eyes never seemed to leave her. But it was all effort, as studied as the efforts of an actress upon the stage. Every time she saw that empty chair across the gayly-set table she grew more furious at Little Corky. She knew now that she hated him thoroughly, and, knowing that, did not know of that great, deep love within her heart that a passing snow had hidden for a moment.

Harrison—whose real name was Dooley and a bar to perfection in house service thereby—did not understand. He thought he understood. He had never liked that Corkingham from the beginning, he had quite frowned upon the affair between Miss Cowles and the General Superintendent of Consolidated Traction. Harrison—having come up from below—had little use for others who trod the same ladder. He had particularly little use for Corkingham, who had been known to be uncertain before this. Now Miss Genevieve would have a bit of a lesson.

So it was with no small sense of satisfaction that, an hour later, he carried a square envelope, much waxed and impressed, to the messenger call at the drug store. Like a model servant he stopped beneath the arc-light at the corner to note the address upon the envelope: Nicholas Vane Shipney. Now, there was a gentleman! Mr. Shipney did not forget his manners or his engagements. Mr. Shipney had a proper respect for Harrison, who was born Dooley. Mr. Shipney was worth a thousand of these upstart Corkinghams!

Genevieve summoned her mother hurriedly. Mamma drove up to the big house among the trees just as Shipney's letter went slipping down the hill toward Shipney's apartments. Mamma was not given too much to understand; in fact, as it was, she was given considerably more than she could easily understand. But she had long since learned that protests were useless. She listened to the torrent of talk that was poured upon her and dimly realized that she was passing through a memorable day.

As for Genevieve, the second day of October would remain in her memory for years. She would not easily forget a single one of the events that came into her life that memorable Tuesday.

Seven words came into the ears of Little Corky over that telephone receiver:

"County Line's afire. They can't check it."

Those seven words told an entire story to the General Superintendent.

County Line afire! He knew what that meant. Their biggest car-barn, and the most ramshackle old bit of fuel that Consolidated owned, was doomed to go. For Little Corky had known for years that, if a fire ever started in these old, wooden sheds, that was the beginning and the ending of the story.

He hung up his telephone receiver with a quick twist of his wrist and was out of his office—waiting for no plodding elevator—but down the stairs, two and three steps at a time, out into the street. Jim Connaughton's big touring-car stood there at the curb.

"Mr. Connaughton's in at a board meeting. You've got to take me out to County Line in double-quick."

Connaughton's chauffeur had never been told to take orders from Mr. Corkingham, but it would have been folly for him to have refused this one. Corky threw himself into the deep tonneau of the automobile, the chauffeur pulled levers, swirled around his steering wheel, and they were off for the hills.

A quick thought of Genevieve, now that they were under way. He could get to a 'phone as soon as they reached County Line and she would understand—she must understand how much was at stake with the big barns all afire. If the thing were exaggerated and the fire of no consequence—a pretty improbable "if"—he might come to her only a little later. But she must understand—as if so pretty a girl would ever understand the mere importance of a car-barn to the operation of a big street-railroad.

They made the long hill-climb and were up on the terraced plateau, which forms the upper and newer portion of Tremont. Others were bound for the fire down that same avenue. In the distance an engine shrieked its alarms and sent clouds of sparks trailing in its plume behind. Another engine was overhauling them, whistling its hoarse commands to clear the way. Doors were open, windows up, and hatless folk were running to the avenue to see the danger. Most of them saw little, nothing save the wicked splotch of light off toward the edge of the city, the whirling procession of fire apparatus and automobiles whipping their way down the smooth pavement of the avenue.

County Line barn covered an entire square. It was a collection of sheds and stables—relics of horse-car days in Tremont—and Little Corky had been nagging at Jim Connaughton to tear them down and rebuild, in modern construction, ever since he came to have authority in Consolidated. The place was used chiefly for storage of out-of-service cars: winter cars in summer, open cars in winter.

"If we lose our closed cars out in that tinder-box," Corkingham thought, as the big car jounced him unmercifully, for they were off the asphalt now and making their speed on cobble, "it will be bad for Consolidated this winter. Our power troubles won't be a circumstance to hauling Christmas shoppers in open cars."

He found Starrett, the fire chief, in front of the blaze, directing the work of his men. That authority did not lean to Corkingham's suggestion to pull out the winter cars.

"We can't do it, Mr. Corkingham. It's got too big a start on us. You can't get out your cars."

Little Corky turned on him like a tiger.

"Damn it, man," he snapped. "You can't say 'can't' to me, now. Do you realize what it means if we lose those cars? They're our winter equipment."

But Starrett was well used to such protests and he smiled as he said:

"Too late, Mr. Corkingham."

"Too late—not a bit of it. If we don't get those cars out of that bonfire we'll kill off half Tremont with pneumonia within six months."

"I wouldn't ask any of my men to risk their lives pulling out a bunch of old trolley cars," Starrett replied, making off as an indication that the matter was closed with him. But Little Corky was not convinced.

"If your men can't, mine can," he retorted.

But that was easier said than done. The squad at County Line seemed, for the moment, paralyzed with fear. Holstetter, the day depot-master, sat on a pile of rails across the road and cried like a little child. Old Peter Schmidt, who relieved Holstetter on the night trick, was of a different fibre.

"I'll do it and they'll follow me," he said.

If the sturdy-hearted old German was not afraid of that great, roaring blaze, then neither was Little Corky. So with these two to lead, the little corps of street railroad men, their brass controller-handles in hand, went in through the clouds of blackness that rolled down under the brilliancy of flame, and caught a last look at the awestruck crowd against the police lines.

It was impenetrably dark there—like the blackness of the nether world—but old Peter Schmidt could have made his way around County Line with his eyes shut, and he led the three—Little Corky and two motormen who were not afraid.

The winter cars stood in long rows in the part of the barn as yet unreached by the spread of the flames, although



their painted sides were beginning to blister. The work of the four men was to jump aboard their front platforms and run them out into the street, where more cautious souls were ready to take them farther from danger. Then the four men, always led by old Peter Schmidt, would go back again into the smoke-filled cavern and bring out another quartet of the bulky, helpless cars.

They must have worked for fully a half-hour, there in the blackness of a humid world, for Starrett was doing his part by concentrating his water on the shed where they worked, the only part of County Line from which they stood even a chance of removing the cars. There were perhaps two dozen streams upon the very building in which they worked, and one of these knocked one of Little Corky's helpers flat upon his back. They picked up his limp and unconscious form, put it on a car platform, and sent it out into the places of fresh air and safety.

The other motorman came to Little Corky.

"I've a wife an' three kids," he began, "an' I——"

"I understand," Corkingham interrupted. "You've done your duty. I can spare you."

Then they could only move two cars at a time—Little Corky and old Peter Schmidt—and all the while the hungry flames were closer upon them.

Two cars—four cars—six cars.

Then it was that Little Corky lost sight of the old German. He was shouting, but the flames were shouting, too, and the smoke rolled in upon them thicker than ever before. Little Corky jumped up on the front platform of a long double-trucker, slipped his controller-handle into place, when, of a sudden, he saw flame where there had been naught but smoke, and he knew that the last car had gone from that door—the fire was already across the entrance.

He dropped from the car, and as he did so he could watch the tiny, hungry, yellow tongues run along the dry timbers of the girdered roof of the shed. Then he realized the worst.

At that moment Genevieve came into his thoughts, and he knew that he must escape from the trap. There had never before been such an incentive for him to save his life. He looked about him for ways and means, for the avenue of escape.

Then he halted. Where was old Peter Schmidt?

Little Corky knew that he could not go out of the barn and leave the old man to his fate. He proceeded carefully alongside the cars on the next track, thankful for the instant that the flames that were eating the roof above his head made the barn suddenly light. He turned the end of that row of cars and in an instant caught sight of the old man at the front end of the place, running the gauntlet of the entrance through to safety.

But that was his final glimpse of Peter Schmidt. For he lost sight of the figure of the old German in a cloud of thick, black smoke that came pouring in upon him and made the place, that had been lighted momentarily, again the nether world.

Little Corky knew full well the meaning of that smoke. The oil storage at County Line was in a tiny room close by the entrance of the big shed in which they had been working, and the oil had no longer been proof against the terrific pressure about.

He plunged across the tracks, hoping to reach the side wall of the shed. He knew that his only hope lay there—and that hope was all but beyond him. There were deep pits between the rails of each track, where the inspectors might work beneath the cars that rested in the shed, and these were already filled with water. He crossed the first track and went waist-deep into the water. He crossed the pit, pulled himself up again on to the floor—then another track and another watery pit.

After that he took stock of the situation for an instant. The rear of the roof was already beginning to crash in and Little Corky's chance to reach the brick wall was to be numbered in seconds. A long wire overhead, loosened by the steady progress of the flames, came dropping just behind, and when it struck the watery pit there was a blinding flash, and he realized that the current had been left on in the shed to help him get the cars out.

Another flash, and a wire fell in front of him. Little Corky bumped against it in the pit, but it was already grounded and helpless, and he breathed a prayer at that.

The third track and pit—the fourth—the fifth—and then Corkingham began to wonder how many more before he reached the brick wall that offered the remotest possibility of safety to him. He was thinking of Genevieve all the while. Her dinner must be cold by this time and she would be wondering why he did not come for his answer.

He wondered what her answer was to be. He knew that it could be but one thing, eventually. He would have her now if he had to go to the far ends of the earth for her. When he really wanted anything he wanted it with his whole heart—for he was a whole-hearted man. He saw no future for him save a future with Genevieve or a future spent in reaching through a burning hell for safety placed at an infinite distance.

The sixth track—the seventh—more blinding flashes of blue light—the whole of the overhead wiring was tumbling down upon him—then—bump—the wall. Then—crash—another section of the roof was down.

The smoke was rolling about him; everything was molten to his fingers, but he was feeling his way along the hot brick wall—the one possibility of salvation. It seemed to Little Corky as if he must have gone a mile along that furnace wall before he came to a door—although it was, in reality, scarce ten feet. But it was a door—and that was something.

Where it led was beyond his ken. A door must lead somewhere, and anywhere would be better than the where in which he was. He pounded with might and main against the heavy door, for it was barred and bolted. The hand of God Almighty must have pushed behind

Jim Connaughton came stumbling up to Starrett.

"You've got to get him out, Pete," he said.

Holstetter might have been forgiven for sitting and crying at the loss of County Line, for here was the stern, old chief of Consolidated, tears trickling down his sooty, grimy face.

"He said you'd have to have the closed cars," grunted Starrett.

"I'd rather have lost every car in Tremont—than him," said old Jim. He had known of Genevieve, and now he was thinking of a young girl, and of a young girl's broken heart—this stern, old executive whom the papers sometimes deemed heartless. He caught Starrett savagely.

"For God's sake, Pete, don't stand there and do nothing," he cried at the chief.

But Starrett only replied by signaling Jim Connaughton to listen. The roof of that last shed was crashing in, section upon section, crash upon crash. The flames rolled higher and the black smoke grew thicker, and Starrett knew that it was all over, although he did not dare tell Jim Connaughton that.

But the minutes grew into a quarter of an hour, and then Jim Connaughton knew, too. For an instant he thought of telephoning Genevieve, but then—Jim Connaughton had a deal of courage in his stout, old soul, but there are some things at which even a Spartan might hesitate.

A man, who was lying on the hot metal surface of a broken door, opened his eyes. He might have been asleep for centuries, it seemed to him. It was awfully hot about him and smoke curled and rolled overhead; flame lighted every detail of his surroundings.

But Little Corky, conscious again, was instantly aware of everything that had happened. The door that carried him into the unknown carried him to safety. Outside that particular shed at County Line was a sand-pit, and when the door gave way it coasted him gently down into the soft bottom of the hole, where water stood and safety reigned.

He drew himself to his feet. It was not an easy task, for he was singed and burned and sore. But he made definite—very great—effort, and, by dint of that great effort, he painfully climbed out of the sand-pit and back toward the outer world again.

Connaughton was asking Starrett in a low voice when he would be able to search the ruins, when the chief put a dirty finger squarely over old Jim's mouth, and pointed to a figure of a man coming toward them from down along the smouldering ruin of the burned barn.

"From out of the tomb," he whispered, and then he caught the arm of the General Manager to keep him from falling.

For Jim Connaughton's eyes were not too tear-filled to see Little Corky—Big Corky's big son—coming toward them. He met the boy as he might have met his own son, embraced him, clasped him to his heart as a mother might clasp the boy whom she had given up for dead and whom God in His infinite goodness had returned to her.

There was a little saloon across the way from where County Line stood, and to it old Jim led Little Corky, while reporters and other privileged folk filled the place. There Connaughton violated all rules, precedents and examples and poured brandy down his Superintendent's throat until the greasy barroom began slowly to sway about Corky's head, and the lights grew misty.

One thing did not swing nor sway—the clock over the bar.

It said "eleven-thirty" to Little Corky, and it was an awful reminder to him that he had again missed an engagement with a lady—the most important engagement of his life.

## II

LITTLE CORKY slept late on the third of October. The flowers that filled his big desk were beginning to wilt before the General Superintendent, bearing many souvenirs of the fire—that fresh young surgeon had insisted on placing a big sticking-plaster on his forehead—came to receive the congratulations. They made him nervous with their talk, and he was glad when he was alone again so that he might get Genevieve on the wire. Never before was the telephone quite as exasperating as upon



They Were Being Weighed in the Balance, and Corkingham Felt That He was on the Heavy Side of the Scales

Little Corky as he fought against that door, for, of a sudden, it crashed under his attack and he went tumbling over with it into the unknown.

Starrett, the big chief, caught old Peter Schmidt as he came rolling out of the broad entrance doors of the burning County Line.

"No more cars," gasped the old German, and he would have fallen if the chief had not caught him and given him to one of the young ambulance surgeons.

"Damn the cars," roared Starrett. "Where's Corkingham?"

The old German twisted his hand back toward the inferno just behind him. "In there," he whispered.



that very day. Though Central called and called, the report "Don't answer" came so repeatedly as to alarm Little Corky. Then he comforted himself with the reflection that in all probability the wire was out of order, and he planned to make a quick run up to the top of the hill to make his amends. He doubted if this would be so difficult this time. Surely Genevieve had read the morning papers—with all that bosh about his part at the fire.

His quick run was repeatedly postponed. Jim Connaughton—offering to back him to do all things possible and some things impossible—the board of directors, with a set of fool resolutions—all these kept him busy until after dinner. Then there was a quick run to the doctor's—he did not want to burst in upon Genevieve with that ugly plaster on his forehead. But there was nothing quick at the doctor's—a long waiting-line, and the M. D. himself off at a surgical case in the East End. Little Corky stood that until a quarter after eight and then he slipped out, despite the protests of the attendant. Better nasty old sticking-plasters all over his face than that Genevieve should wait another unnecessary minute.

He went up to Genevieve's on a car—was off the car before it came to a full stop—and hurrying down the street. At last he was close to his answer—twenty-four hours late, to be sure, but then, County Line could not be expected to burn more than once in a lifetime.

The house was quite dark from the street, and he did not like that. He rang for a long time without answer, and he liked that less. He pounded upon the door, and finally, when he was reduced to despair and profanity, a man next door came and told him that he did not think any one was home. Pressed for details, this neighbor could not, or would not, give more. He saw that Little Corky looked like a tramp and advanced little information. If he did not move on the neighbor would telephone for the police.

Corkingham sat a time on Genevieve's door-step—defeated and discouraged. Passing folk who saw him in the shadows of the foliage stared curiously. They would have stared even more curiously if they had realized that the forlorn figure, chin in hands, hat over forehead, was the man who had been the chief figure of the morning's news.

After a time he got up and faced the issue squarely. Despair with him was a thing to be measured in minutes,



The Fire was Already Across the Entrance

not in hours. A little while ago, and while his life hung on a slender thread, he had vowed to fight his way through an eternity of fire and smoke to Genevieve. Here he was—spared by something that must have been the grace of God—spared, perhaps for Genevieve—strong and free again, and despairing.

Slowly he began formulating his plans. Give up? He could not. He had wanted the girl and he would go after her if he had to go around the world to catch her. Jim Connaughton had promised to back him to the limit. But the world is a pretty big place and a great many paths lead out of Tremont. He was puzzled to discover which bore the marks of Genevieve's tiny heels.

If he could get in touch with that disagreeable butler of Genevieve's—that snip of a Harrison. But that was easier said than done. It was quite apparent that there was no one about the house, and Genevieve and her mamma had few family connections in Tremont. Yes—there was Aunt Kitty—Genevieve's Aunt Kitty. He went into a drug store and telephoned Aunt Kitty's house.

Sarah, Aunt Kitty's maid, answered the phone. Sarah knew Mr. Corkingham, likewise she kept her pretty ears open to family gossip, so Little Corky was at no disadvantage. Aunt Kitty had gone to New York that day, and so had Aunt Kitty's husband. Sarah knew nothing of the Cowleses and seemed astonished to know that they were not in town. Where might they have gone? Really, Sarah did not know. She thought they had relatives in Richmond, or New Orleans, or Montreal. Sarah was not much satisfaction.

Did she happen to know, then, where Harrison lived? She did not. Cook might know. Would she ask cook? So cook was summoned and expressed an opinion that Harrison lived in Livermore Street, no number proffered, although cook thought it was a small, brick house with a porch. Little Corky groaned. Livermore Street was lined with a monotony of small, brick houses with porches. Still a small clew was better than none, and he thanked the girl hastily, after she began inquiries as to his health—for they read the newspapers at each end of Aunt Kitty's house.

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In Primitive Communities the Sense of Fun is Ill-Developed

IT IS one of the most marked peculiarities of this new century that we are all engaged in an effort to learn more about the rest of the world. The Germans are curious about the French, the French are trying to understand the British, and the Americans are striving to find out wherein we differ from the Europeans in general. We want to see ourselves as others see us, and to see others as they see themselves. We are spying out the secrets of the other nationalities, in the hope that we may learn more about our own essential Americanism. The enterprise is interesting, and the result cannot but be instructive if we make use of all the means of comparison which lie open to us. And in this discussion of national differences and of racial distinctions, perhaps nothing is more helpful than the consideration of national and racial types of humor.

Show me what a man laughs at and I will tell you what manner of man he is. The deepest thinker, seeking to solve this problem of national individuality, would profit by a comparison of the comic papers that flourish in the several countries. He will find himself possessed of precious information after he has set over against each other the Kladderadatsch of the Germans and the Charivari of the French, the British Punch or the London Charivari and the American Life and Puck. Perhaps this comparison of humorous weeklies is of more immediate significance even than a contrasting of the great masters of the comic, of the creator of Falstaff with the creator of Tartuffe, of the chronicler of Mr. Pickwick with the chronicler of Tom Sawyer.

But, first of all, we must make again the needful distinction between two qualities often confounded because we have no fit names to keep them apart. We must again remind ourselves that humor is one thing, and quite another that precious gift we have to call the sense of

# AMERICAN HUMOR

## No National Monopoly of Jokes and Jests

### By BRANDER MATTHEWS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

humor. Humor, itself, is positive; it is what makes us laugh. The sense of humor is negative; and by its possession we prevent others from laughing at us. The two gifts are as distinct as may be, and they are not often to be found in the same man. More than one positive humorist who has moved the world to inextinguishable mirth has not had

the negative ability which would restrain him from making himself ridiculous. In other words, the professed humorist is sometimes so lacking in the sense of humor that he takes himself too seriously, as Dickens did when he aired in public his private quarrel with the mother of his children. Probably there are few situations more annoying and more humiliating than that in which a man finds himself when he discovers that he who has made his fellows laugh again and again has, at last, given them cause to laugh at him, rather than with him.

The invaluable sense of humor is an individual possession; it is in no ways rational or racial. This negative quality can be found among the French and the Germans, as well as among the British and the Americans. But positive humor varies from one language to another. The wit of Berlin could be born only on the banks of the Spree, and the esprit of Paris flourishes best by the borders of the Seine. The "wheeze" of the London music-hall may fall flat in New York, just as the rapid-fire patter of the American variety-show may evoke only a blank stare in England. After all, the jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it. There is no profit in making a joke that is not taken; and no international clearing-house has yet been established for exchanging the merry jests of the several peoples. Often a quip which passed current in the land of its birth is nailed to the counter as spurious when it ventures to cross the sea.

As George Eliot suggested, "a difference of taste in jests is a great strain on the affections"; and it may yet happen that a nation will see a cause of war in the refusal of some other nation to accept its merry jests at their face

value. The English insist that it needs a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman; but the Scotchman, who happens to have the sense of humor, can retort that the knife is needed only for an English joke, and that the Scotch have a pawky wit of their own. So we Americans sometimes complain that the British are slow on the trigger in their apprehension of humor; but it is only our American humor that the British are sluggish in appreciating, not their own—and also, not the bolder and deeper humor which has universal currency, because it does not bear the mint mark of any one people.

In every country where the inhabitants have discovered the hygienic value of laughter, most of the merry jests which amuse them are local and temporary; and only a few are universal and durable in their appeal to the risibilities of mankind. What seems to us funny here to-day will, quite possibly, not seem funny to us here to-morrow, and it may not seem funny, even now, to anybody else anywhere else. Americans are as prone to this ephemeral and evanescent joking as any other people; and we have no right to expect any other people to be amused by that which amuses us. We ought to reserve our displeasure until we find the stranger unmoved to mirth by those finer specimens of our humor which transcend the accidents of American life and attain to the universality of abiding human nature. For example, we are fully justified in pitying any individual or any people that fails to see the fun in the early pages of Tom Sawyer recording how that type of the eternal boy let the contract for whitewashing his aunt's fence. But, perhaps, we have no right, really, to look down on those who do not laugh at the Jumping Frog, since that masterpiece of narrative is more emphatically American in its method, in the imperturbable gravity with which an impossible happening is set forth.

Many of the best jokes made by Americans might have been made by foreigners—that is to say, they are not essentially American; they have little or no flavor of the soil. They are specimens of humor by an American and



not specimens of American humor. When Colonel Higginson declared that Henry James was not a true cosmopolitan, "because a true cosmopolitan is at home even in his own country," the witty remark has a point and a polish which may be described as French in its felicity, and which recalls to memory Voltaire's assertion that the English hanged an admiral, now and then, merely "to encourage the others." When Mr. Choate described woman as "an afterthought and a side issue," he was uttering a witticism that might be attributed to any of the British wits, to Douglas Jerrold or to Sydney Smith. There was even a French dexterity in his answer to an important question—that, if he could not be himself he would "like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband." Indeed, it was, perhaps, this Gallic subtlety which was disconcerting to the casual Englishman who happened to hear the smart saying, and who promptly asked: "Ah—but who was Mrs. Choate's second husband?" And this recalls the comment of another Englishman on another witticism made by an American, although not characteristically American. The British stranger had quoted to him the clever remark that "the true purpose of the Waldorf-Astoria was to supply exclusiveness to the masses." He listened solemnly; he pondered gravely; and then a smile irradiated his ruddy face: "I see—'exclusiveness to them asses!'—good, very good indeed!" Playing with words without regard to the ideas underlying them still seems to be inexhaustibly pleasing to our British cousins.

#### The Gallic Wit of Aldrich

ONE of the wittiest of Americans was the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose talk was continually lightened by flashes of fun. Yet many of his best things were lacking in any essential Americanism. When Matthew Arnold made his first visit to America, Aldrich invited the best talkers in Boston to dine with him, and put Doctor Holmes on the right of his distinguished guest. The genial autocrat began dilating whimsically upon the possibility of meeting unexpected people. "What would you do," he asked at large, "if you were to meet a cannibal on Beacon Street?" and Aldrich promptly responded: "I think I should stop to pick an acquaintance." This was a merry jest that might have been made by a clever Briton, by Sheridan or by W. S. Gilbert. Again, when we were once chatting about a certain London man of letters, who has read voluminously, putting abundant information into his many books and yet not growing in wisdom himself, Aldrich summed up the case by saying, "He is like a gaspipe, no richer for all the illumination it has conveyed." This might have been said by a Frenchman, by Voltaire or Beaumarchais. Now and again Aldrich's clever things had a suggestion of his native land in their unabashed exaggeration. He was going to see Lawrence Barrett, and as he approached the theatre he saw a festoon of arc lights suspended over the entrance, and his quick comment was: "I see Barrett has hung up his footlights to dry!" When the tax assessors raised the valuation of a country house he once had on the New England coast, where only a thin carpet of soil covered the rocks, Aldrich declared that if his tax was not reduced he would "roll up the place and carry it away!"

Lowell appreciated this imaginative enlargement of the mere fact, and he liked to think that it was not uncommon in New England. He once quoted the remark of a Yankee rustic that a certain negro was so black "that charcoal made a chalk-mark on him." In his own writing Lowell often exemplified this same magnifying power of overstatement for humorous effect, as when he declared that Carlyle was "forever calling down fire from Heaven when he couldn't lay his hand on the match-box." When Mark Twain was staying at the Bear-and-Fox Inn, the rooms of which were divided off only by walls of burlap, he complained that the partitions were so thin that he could "hear the young lady in the next room change her mind."

The late William R. Travers once took the only vacant place in a Fifth Avenue omnibus, letting his son sit on his knee; and when a pretty girl got in and had to stand, he said: "J-Jack, g-g-get up and let that young lady have your s-s-seat." When the late Leonard Jerome was once walking down Fifth Avenue, just in from the country, he was accosted by a bunco-steerer, who greeted him as "Mr. Brown, of Schenectady?" Jerome waved the man aside, saying: "You fool, don't you see I'm working this side of the street myself?"

An imaginative exaggeration, a trick of magniloquent overstatement, is distinctly characteristic of American



Show Me What a Man Laughs at and I Will Tell You What Manner of Man He Is

humor; and yet we can find the same inflated distortion of the fact in not a few foreigners. The Travers joke might have been made by Charles Lamb, for example, whose humor is often very American in its savor, and who described himself "a matter-of-lie man." And when we remember that Lamb also had an impediment in his speech, we almost wonder how it was that the Englishman did not anticipate the American's retort when a friend met him, after his removal to New York, and told him that he stuttered more than he had done in Baltimore—"New York is a b-b-bigger place." The remark of Mark Twain about the young lady changing her mind is similar in its essential quality to a quip of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's. At a country house he had unwillingly agreed to take an elderly lady for a walk, and he was delighted when a sudden shower prevented their going out. After the rain ceased the lady caught him sneaking out of the front door. "It has cleared up, Mr. Sheridan," she said. "Y-yes," he responded, "it has cleared up enough for one but not enough for two."

Sheridan was an Irishman, and this ingenious excuse, for all its American flavor, may be a specimen of Hibernian readiness. Perhaps this might even be taken as evidence in behalf of Mr. Taft's suggestion that the humor of the American race owes much to the plentiful infusion of the Irish in our population. The suggestion is interesting, and it may be valid; but it overlooks the fact that Celtic fun is rooted in melancholy and flowers out of sadness, whereas the American is more lighthearted and carefree. We are optimistic almost to the verge of fatalism, whereas the Irish have ever a tear near the smile. Thackeray pointed out that the rollicking and boisterous tales of Lever and of Lover are fundamentally sorrowful, even if they are superficially laughter provoking. This is not true of American humorous narratives, which may be grim enough at times, but which are only infrequently melancholy. There is no underlying sadness in the robust fun



"J-Jack, G-g-get Up and Let That Young Lady Have Your S-s-seat"

of the earlier Southern comic story-tellers, in Judge Longstreet's Georgia Scenes, for example, although there may be not a little of the crude violence and hard coldness of Smollett. There is scant melancholy in John Phoenix and in Artemus Ward, in Petroleum V. Nasby or in Orpheus C. Kerr, in Frank R. Stockton or in Joel Chandler Harris. As for Josh Billings, he is, primarily, a wit rather than a humorist, a maker of maxims, a follower of La Rochefoucauld rather than of Rabelais, as the London Spectator showed when it translated some of his aphorisms out of his misfit orthography: "It is easy to be a fool; many a man is a fool and doesn't know it."

It is true, of course, that there was a strain of sadness in Lincoln, one of the foremost of American humorists and one of the most typical. And Mark Twain's fun is sustained by the deep seriousness of a strong nature, wherein pathos and humor are intertwined. His tale of the Blue

Jay, for example, has a pathetic aspect, if we care so to consider it; and there is manly emotion, firmly controlled, in many a chapter of Huckleberry Finn and Pudd'nhead Wilson. But, after all, pathos is not melancholy; and Mark Twain has less of the sadness of Lincoln than he has of the unshakable common-sense of Franklin. In the beginning, the author of the Innocents Abroad was a follower of John Phoenix; and the account of his ascent of Vesuvius is quite in the manner of the more elementary makers of comic copy for the newspapers. Only after he had captured the ear of the public by this easy funmaking was it that he found himself, and that his genius ripened until he outgrew absolutely the journalistic



It is Only Our American Humor That the British are Sluggish in Appreciating. Not Their Own

humorists with whom he was classed at first, and until he revealed, at last, the richness of his gift, which now gives him his assured position in the greater group headed by Cervantes and by Molière.

Mark Twain's humor is characteristically American, in that it is founded on good humor. It represents a more advanced stage of civilization even than that of Cervantes, who callously involves his noble hero in unshrinking practical jokes, which seem to us now quite unworthy of him. In primitive communities the sense of fun is ill-developed and it is aroused most easily by physical misadventure. To the savage the simplest retort is the swift hurling of the stone axe. If that reaches its aim, it accomplishes its purpose more satisfactorily than the keenest epigram. Even now the uncivilized among us who laugh over the alleged comic supplements of the Sunday papers take delight in the misfortunes of hapless caricatures of our common humanity. In these figures of fun there is really little American humor, but only the unhesitating brutality of an earlier stage of human progress. These contorted parodies of mankind have no right to exist in the era of the telephone and the electric light and the aeroplane; they are survivals from the stone age, when our remote ancestors had not yet forgotten the tricks inherited from progenitors accustomed to hang by their prehensile tails from the boughs of the forest primeval.

#### The Grim Humor of Hay and Field

AMERICAN humor, the humor that is truly typical of the American race, is not cold-hearted, even though it can be grim on occasion. Grim it certainly is, now and again; grim, in spite of its geniality. Consider, for example, John Hay's *Mystery of Gilgal*:

*They carved in a way that all admired,  
Till blood drained iron at last, and fired.  
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,  
Which caused him great surprise.*

*They piled the stiffs outside the door;  
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.  
Girls went that winter, as a rule,  
Alone to spellin'-school.*

Grimness there is again in Eugene Field's *Little Peach*:

*Under the turf where the daisies grew  
They planted John and his sister Sue,  
And their little souls to the angels flew—  
Boo hoo!*

*What of that peach of the emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through,  
Adieu!*

But the grimness of American humor is only occasional, and its geniality is almost always more evident. Indeed, geniality and imaginative exaggeration may be taken as the chief of its essential qualities. The latter characteristic can be found in Benjamin Franklin almost as freely as it is discoverable in Mark Twain. There is the same playful irony that we note in the Stolen White Elephant to be seen a century earlier in the letter which Franklin wrote to a London newspaper in 1765, gravely declaring that "the very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little car or wagon to support and keep it from trailing on the ground." It is in this same letter that Franklin quotes an assertion which had appeared in the British newspapers to the effect that the Canadians were making preparations for the cod and whale fishery in the Upper Lakes. "Ignorant people may object that the Upper Lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are salt-water fish, but let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish, when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they can be safest; that whales, when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the Falls of

(Concluded on Page 33)



# THE MARAUDER

By George Pattullo  
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

## Scartoe, the Scourge of the Cattle Range

SIX frowzy buzzards sat on a tree and made mock of his hunger. With his long, bushy tail drooping dismally between his legs, he zigzagged his way up the wide, dry, broken bed of Red River, flitting from cover to cover like an uneasy ghost. Up one steep bank he sidled, to squat on his haunches, whence he surveyed the camp hungrily.

"There's a big ol' ki-yote," said the hoodlum wagon-driver. "Git your gun, B."

The cook abandoned the washpan with alacrity, and ransacked the chuck-wagon for his weapon. When he rejoined Mac the coyote was still in view, but he seemed farther away.

"He's done moved. I can't hit him from here," said the cook.

"I been watchin' an' he ain't budged. Yes, he has, too. I'll swan, I never seen him do it."

The prairie wolf now sat a good four hundred yards away, his back to the camp, as though indifferent and contemptuous of it. B knelt on one heel, took slow, careful aim, and fired. A spurt of sand five yards short of the coyote was the result. The animal half turned his head, the sensitive upper lip quivered and curled over the wicked white teeth, for all the world like a sneer, and then he resumed his placid scrutiny of nothing. Mac forcibly removed the rifle from B's grasp, deaf to his picturesque explanation of the miss, adjusted the sight and lay down.

"You had it sighted for a hundred yards," he rebuked. "I put her up a few notches."

"Zing!" sang a snub-nosed, leaden pellet. A spurt of sand five yards beyond the coyote was the result. It aroused the animal to instant activity. If he was not beyond range, then the wagon had a better gun than he had ever met with, so he glided away like a shadow.

"There goes two dollars bounty," sighed the cook regretfully. "That's just what I done lost to Jack, shootin' craps last night."

"Where's that 'nester's' ol' dog that was smellin' round th' pots this mornin'?" demanded Mac. "There he goes now. Hi-yi, ol' feller! Go git him, boy! Go to him!"

A yellow mongrel, half shepherd and a mixture of other breeds, left his slinking perambulation of the camp, and became at once a respectable, alert dog, with a job. He sighted the fleeing coyote, and, giving tongue, followed after.

"He won't never catch him. Those lil' ol' ki-yotes kin outrun a streak of lightning, an' stop to sleep a-doin' of it," said Mac.

It was evident that the pursuit did not worry the fugitive greatly. He loped along easily, with the dog gaining at every frantic leap until a scant yard separated them, when, still maintaining his careless gait, the coyote veered to the south; and yet the distance between them did not diminish. The dog was blowing and puffing out throaty threats, while the wolf watched him out of the corner of one eye. With a mad burst of speed the cur gained an inch, whereupon something happened. Without appearing to strain himself at all, the coyote simply disappeared from view over the next rise. The dog had seen a pepper-and-salt, gray streak flash over the crest, but that was all, and he stopped in a dazed sort of way to figure the thing out.

While he was figuring, a foxlike head with sharp, pointed ears poked itself over a clump of bear-grass, and the coyote yawned in his face. Once more the chase was on, with redoubled fury.

This was an old game to Scartoe. He had raced all sorts of dogs, from collie to fox terrier, and only once, when a greyhound ran him, had he stood in danger. Greatly to his chagrin and alarm on that occasion, he had been forced to switch the lithe pursuer unexpectedly into a barb-wire division-fence, to save his hide. As he ran he



It was Scartoe Who Devised the Plan That the Three Should Run Him by a Bush, Behind Which He Crouched

was studying this loud-voiced antagonist of the yellow hair. Whatever he saw, the result was wholly surprising. He increased his lead by ten yards, then whirled about, like a snake at bay, and sat down, at which the dog plowed up the ground for five feet, in a panic-stricken effort to put on the brakes, and promptly changed his course. Still growling, he trotted away toward a cactus tree far to the left, as though suddenly made aware of something extremely interesting to be found there.

The coyote's lip flickered, and he walked to the sandy sides of a ravine. With a final look back from its top, he descended leisurely; then, once in the creek bed, glided at top speed in an opposite direction. He was bound homeward.

All of which goes to show the delicacy of coyote judgment, and the depths of his knowledge of human and canine nature. For there are dogs which will close in on a coyote and kill him at the first opportunity and with no hesitation. Pluck does not run exclusively in breeds, and individual dogs of all kinds and mixtures have been known to go for the prairie thief at sight, and even for the redoubtable loafer wolf. But others there are

which will shirk a tussle with this scorned of the wolf tribe, this scavenger and outcast of the wild. And a coyote, being lowest in the ranks of those obsessed of fear, is the readiest to detect cowardice in others, and he has the cunning to profit by it.

Enjoyable as this little breather had been, it had not provided the meal for which he was searching. Rather it had whetted the gnawing demand for it and the prospect of obtaining anything seemed more remote than ever, because he had builded some hopes on scraps from the camp. Scartoe eased to a walk, not the brisk, firm patter of the dog, but a sneaking, apologetic, tortuous gait, that was yet swift and wonderfully silent.

Prairie dogs there were none, though he scour the length and breadth of six hundred square miles. Poison had done its work thoroughly and only the empty holes remained, half grown over with grass and weeds, a constant menace to horsemen. Of ground squirrel there were a few, and at certain seasons the sage grouse furnished him succulent meals; but these were trifles, after all, and it took infinite patience and stealth to secure them.

Scartoe crept slantwise up a ridge and took a look around. The sun beat down on a land it had desolated. Raging torrents had dwindled to sluggish ribbons of reddish, muddy water; where creeks had been were now gorges of baked clay; the long stretch of sage-grass was whitish with dust and crackling with the heat; in spots, large fissures dumbly voiced the parched ground's protests; the bear-grass and cactus showed scrawny and dried; and above this scorched plain rose a canopy of blue and white clouds, magnificent, matchless. A score or two of lean cattle were browsing on the slopes, nibbling the long, yellow bean pods from the mesquite trees, but of other signs of life there were none, save the scurrying green and blue and golden-brown lizards, which darted from stone to stone at amazing speed.

And this had been the style of his hunting for weeks, so that he was gaunt and desperate. Nothing in all the world in the shape of meat, except creatures so large and strong he dare not attack. Nothing—his restless eyes became riveted on a bush not fifty yards to his right. Surely something had stirred there. His nose was thrust forward to give his extraordinarily keen sense of smell a chance, and it told him what his eyes were unable wholly to define. There was a calf behind that bush.

His famished stomach drove him forward, while his natural cowardice whispered caution. It was plain to him that the calf was very young. Otherwise he would have wanted the assistance of a brother marauder. Even now, however, those cattle grazing on the slopes haunted him. But a fleeting glance over the immediate vicinity assured him the prey was unguarded. So he stole forward. His advance was a miracle of noiseless effort, and such was the beast's inherited cunning that, quite unconsciously, he took advantage of spots where his color blended so harmoniously with the rough ground that wolf and rock and shrub were indistinguishable.

The gods of little calves must have been wide-awake that day; else what could have prompted the youngster to stir and lift his head? He had heard no sound; no scent had reached his nostrils. The coyote was too old a hand at stalking for that. A pair of round, fear-distended eyes were turned toward the terrible thing which shot through space straight for his nose, and a plaintive bawl was cut short in the middle. That was because the calf got into action, action quicker than any in his life of three weeks. He lurched upward and departed, minus the left ear. The beast snarled and gathered himself again for the leap, but it was never taken. Like a man waking from a dream,



A Piercing Scream, as of a Woman in Agony, Broke From a Hackberry Tree



the coyote caught, too late, the rush of hoofs. He shrank aside, but not far enough. The mother's horn caught him above the shoulder and ripped him to the flank, tossing him ten feet into the air. When he came down he tarried not, but, bloody, torn and mad with fear, sought the safety of his cañon retreat.

His wife and five babies were awaiting him. He had been out all night on his prow for food, and it was now three hours after sunup, the hour when, ordinarily, he would be stretched out on a sunny knoll and, in the content of a full stomach, taking a nap. A score of yards from the den his nose told him that the family had fed, so he came trotting down the rocky creek-bed stiffly expectant, growling low. The tiny, furry, broad-headed pups were snarling and tugging at the remnants of a meal and, hungry though he was, he paused to watch them with a certain fatherly pride. Then, at a word from his mate, he slunk forth again on his quest. His wound smarted, but did not cripple him, and hunger was a spur.

He found what his wife had said he would find, the remains of the offal of a heifer which the outfit had killed the previous day for food. Luckier in her search, the mother coyote had come upon the abandoned camp late the previous night, though it was ten miles from home and she disliked such distant hunting; and, having fed, she had carried a huge strip of the entrails to her babies. The wolf drove away a couple of buzzards and fell upon this savagely; and, having gorged, sat down to lick his cut. In a few minutes he moved painfully on the back trail, for his hurts were stiffening.

The family home was a simple affair, such as the original first families of humankind might have begun life with. Anything possessing an olfactor could ascertain its propinquity at a distance of forty yards, for it gave off the penetrating, stinging, musty odor of the wolf tribe. There were also numerous faint trails leading to it, some of them blind trails, contrived cunningly to draw the stupid hunter astray. The genuine paths led into a broader, clearly-defined one which ended in a hole about two feet square in the wall of an arroyo, and this entrance was concealed from the casual observer by a scrub cedar, which clung to a precarious foothold and subsisted on nothing. No water had come down this channel in generations, and they felt safe on that score.

The hallway of the home was little more than three feet long. It led into a den whereto no light penetrated, a hollowed space perhaps two and a half feet high, and large enough for the head of the house to turn around in. There were also some ramifications to it, four smaller cells dug out in the same fashion, and out of one of these another passage led upward. It came out on top of the embankment, twenty feet away; for Scartoe was a cautious rascal and had no intention of letting his domicile become a trap. He desired it to be a haven and, therefore, he provided this exit, though most of his tribe contented themselves with an entrance.

This caution was habitual with him, and was the child of experience. Experience had taught him some bitter lessons and had given him his name. For, in the spring of the year when he reached his full height and was filled with conceit of his strength, a famine threatened his race. The wolf ranged far and got nothing. Hitherto suspicious of the haunts of men, he overcame his fears at last, and raided the ranch headquarters and came away with a lusty young rooster. Next night he attempted to repeat this feat, and while nosing around the skeleton of a cow lying close to the home pasture fence, something snapped over his foot. A numbing pain shot through him, and, when he bounded high and backward to clear, he was jerked to the ground.



The Wolf Drove Away a Couple of Buzzards and Fell Upon This Savagely

The hurt the cow gave him healed with astonishing rapidity; for sunlight and dry air are Nature's magicians. While taking a siesta in front of his den next afternoon, and tenderly licking the ragged wound, he was witness of a strange encounter. His pups were frisking about, tumbling and growling and snapping in sheer enjoyment of life, while the mother lay beside him, encouraging these evidences of prospective adult ferocity.

At the foot of the knoll whereon they reposed, something rose, wavering, with a fear-thrilling rattle, and the pups scattered. At the same moment a sharp hiss answered the big snake's challenge. With eyes glowing and ears cocked, husband and wife waited for the battle with this enemy.

A sandy-yellow, spot-flecked reptile, about thirty inches in length, was circling about a rattler. The great snake lay coiled, ready to strike, his scaly folds curling and uncurling in long ripples, as his head turned to follow the movements of his enemy. Fully five feet in length he was, and of a prodigious thickness, but fear had already entered the heart of him. The king-snake sped around him with the speed of light, ever narrowing the circle. Once, twice, thrice, the rattler prepared to launch a blow; but there was no foe there. He was becoming confused, and the swift turnings of the head were cramping his folds. It was only a question of time until he would be twisted into such a coil that to strike would be impossible.

Faster and faster the king-snake swept, nearer and nearer he came. The rattler was growing tired, and his head jerked uncertainly. For the fraction of a second his knotted coils refused to respond with sufficient nicety. In that instant the malignant little killer was on him; his jaws shut tight just below the head; his body twisted like steel wire about his enemy's.

It was all over in a few minutes. There was some desperate flaying

Clasped like a vise about his toes was a steel trap, a mercilessly powerful contrivance of chains, weighted with two hundred pounds. It had him, but fortunately his leg was not caught. In his frenzy of terror, freedom was worth any sacrifice or pain. He sank his teeth into his own flesh and gnawed his toes off, and holding the bleeding stump up in front of him, fled on three legs. Not a sound did he make during his agony. It was not pluck, but a stoicism prompted by fear. Had he whined, a charge of buckshot would have ended his days; for the cook dozed fitfully, fifty yards away, behind a woodpile.

When the foot grew well, he was a trifle short in the left foreleg; but it made scarcely any noticeable difference in his gait. The only difference was in the trail he made, and from that he was known as Scartoe.

of the ground as the combatants struggled; for the foe of all brute creation was fighting for his life. When he lay dead, writhing still, the king-snake let go and went on about his business.

Scartoe had quivered with joy as the fight gained in intensity of action, but he had a canny regard for his own hide, and took care to select an observation point not quite so contiguous. Now he gingerly approached the loser, to see whether it was playing "possum." Satisfied that it was not, he waited a reasonable time, then decapitated the reptile with circumspection, and gave over its carcass to the little ones.

"Ki-yi, yeow-eow-eow-eow-eow!"

Scartoe stood on a butte, with his nose pointing to the moon, his tail between his legs, and weirdly gave vent to his feelings in song. It began with two short barks and trailed into a succession of piercing, reverberating yelps, that melted into one another and rolled and echoed, as by the ventriloquist's art, until the night grew hideous with the clamor. One would have sworn that a hundred coyotes held the hill, and were indulging in some funereal close harmony.

This was his evensong. It came welling from his throat in a flood, in spite of him, and the coyote could no more control the impulse, the inheritance of ages, than a man can suppress the hiccoughs. His stomach would retch and his neck muscles would work in the throes of it until the song was released. Once again, in the course of twenty-four hours, did the impulse seize him. Just before the sun crept above the edge of the plains his nose would be tilted toward the dark vault of heaven.

"Ki-yi, yeow-eow-eow-eow-eow!"

He desisted at last and, considerably uplifted, departed on his hunt for food. A score of his fellows he met in his prowling, some hunting in bands of three and four; but Scartoe was a family man and a lone marauder, and would have none of them. In the million acres composing the ranch were fully four hundred of his brethren. This in spite of a once vigorous warfare, in which poison and trap and gun and dog had been the weapons. In the last three years the campaign against the coyotes had waned, though each head would bring the taker two dollars at the county-seat, and another two at headquarters.

It is not to be wondered at that the thieves became arrogant, confident and boastful. They reveled in their depredations, and pitted their keen wits against man's intelligence with increasing boldness. What if twenty thousand of their brethren had been killed in the previous twelvemonth, in the national forest preserves alone? Many times twenty thousand survived in the cattle country. And official estimate gives it that each coyote does damage to stock to the amount of one hundred dollars annually. Scartoe must have passed, on the silent trails in his night hunt, the destroyers of ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in a year.

Once he paused, in a patch of broomweed, to send his doleful cry to the stars. It came from his throat like water from a too-full bottle. He gave tongue no more that night. From the mouth of the cañon, far to his right, sounded a deep-chested, long-drawn howl, plaintive, threatening. It had a suggestion of another world in it, a world of evil, restless spirits. Hardly had it ceased than a piercing scream, as of a woman in agony, broke from a hackberry tree within a hundred yards of where Scartoe crouched. Truly the lords of the wilds were abroad to-night. But it was not the panther's scream which drove Scartoe from the trail. What he was giving right-of-way to was the lobo.

Scartoe drew off a short distance and sank humbly to earth as the loafer wolf came running out of the shadows,



Something Snapped Over His Foot



following a trail. He was a huge fellow, almost red along the back, gray as to his underbody; and he loped purposefully, bent on slaughter. The coyote sank lower and groveled. In imagination he was fawning upon this mighty creature, which inspired him with dread and respect; for, though of the same race, they were far apart as the poles. He knew the magnificent courage of the loafer and, when the King hunted, to him belonged the trail.

He watched him go by, and once more wended his devious way over the prairie. A nice little scheme had hatched in his brain as he lay there, born of a long-time feud. Forty turkeys, eighty chickens and nineteen cocks were now to his credit; to the credit of the ranch-house cook stood the toes of his left foreleg. One turkey-gobbler remained, that he knew with accuracy, and Scartoe ruminated pleasantly thereon.

Had he been a human being, he would have laughed as he slid under the outer barb-wire fence at headquarters. Ten paces away he had scented the handiwork of man. Aye, sprinkle and smooth the sand and dirt as he might, set bait and lay trap ever so cunningly, the cook could not foil that marvelous instinct. There were but two paths by which he could enter the pen. Before he started he was well aware that a trap lay in each. Skirting one, three feet from it, he scratched loose stones and earth behind him in a shower, on a spot which looked too smooth and inviting to his eye, and where his nose told him a man had stepped and fussed with his hands.

At last he was rewarded. A stick he rolled over touched the spring, and the steel jaws leaped together with a clash. He proceeded to dig all around the trap until it was wholly exposed, after which he gave a disdainful sniff and jumped over it. Thirty seconds later he emerged from the pen bearing a fine, fat gobbler, and away he went, careless of the trail of feathers the dragging carcass made.

"You-all kin see for yourself what he done," cried the cook, gloriously profane, next morning. "He knowed that was thar all the time an' simply sprung it. Got that lil' ol' gobbler, too; last one I had."

"Ki-yotes is shore smart," agreed the straw boss. "Smart as humans, I reckon."

"Smart as humans?" retorted the cook contemptuously. "Why, ol' Dick is a human."

"That's so," said the straw boss thoughtfully. "Well, they's smarter, then; smart as a good hoss."

"That ol' ki-yote an' me's been fightin' for three year. I nearly had him once; but he chewed his foot off—they's that treacherous. Only last week I set a rooster in that mesquite tree thar, an' put traps all round. He had to step in one to git that bird. Know what he done?"

The cook's voice rose to a howl.

"I'll eat my shirt if he didn't go off an' git a friend, who sprung a trap an' got caught. Then ol' Scartoe jumps in an' gits th' rooster."

"Ever try poison?"

"Won't touch it. He kin smell strychnine farther'n he kin see. Ate some once an' nearly died, I reckon, for I seen th' place where he was took sick. Every trap I set, he done scratches stones or sticks on to it until he springs the thing."

The straw boss, riding to a division camp the next day, came upon Scartoe trying to imitate a rock as he slept on the brow of a hill. The rider had no gun, no six-shooter, but got down his rope and rode toward the sleeper carelessly, so as not to alarm him. The coyote let him approach within thirty yards, then awoke to yawn. But he was wrong in his estimate of the straw boss, because that worthy gentleman, hot with the memory of last night's indignity, let out a whoop, and gave chase. Before he could warm up into anything like his usual form, a rope sped through the air and encircled Scartoe's neck.

It was nothing new to him and he knew the parry. Before the noose could tighten and jerk him into eternity, Scartoe took one slashing bite at it and the rope parted, cut clean. Next moment the coyote had mingled with the scenery.

He was a serious-minded animal, yet he permitted himself some diversions. When his wife found the remains of the beef, Scartoe realized that there was a round-up in progress, which meant food in plenty, and he took to following the outfit from camp to camp, singing to them about nine o'clock every night, and again before the dawn. They showed their appreciation by taking pot shots at him with a .30-30; but he bore a charmed life. He managed to pick up much good meat by this association, too, as the outfit killed a heifer every other day, and left enough to feed half a dozen coyotes. Sometimes he had to scare away foolish cows or steers, which, attracted by the smell of blood, would be holding moaning wakes over the hide; and always he had to be on the watch for the buzzards, or they would forestall him.

Lightly footing it about camp one night, he startled a work-horse, himself a night prowler, bent on stealing luns from the chuck-wagon which he helped to haul during the day. A coyote would never attack a horse alone, placing too much value on his life; but this beast was a young, inexperienced creature and did not know that. With a snort of dismay, he whirled about and dashed away. Pleased with himself, Scartoe gave chase in pure sport, precisely as a playful dog would have done. Twice around the camp they ran, then through it, stampeding twenty-eight staked horses, and smashing the guy-ropes of the fly, which fell on the cook, who never claimed to be a Christian, and had no fears of an after-life. Had there been a night-herd, Scartoe would have scored the greatest of his triumphs.

(Continued on Page 52)

# THE BUYING END THE SMALL MERCHANT

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY J. J. GOULD

FIVE years ago a young man, trained in a country general store, took hold of a tiny bookshop in a city of several hundred thousand people. Indeed, it was hardly a bookshop, but rather a circulating library operating in a hole-in-the-wall, scarcely known in its own neighborhood, much less to the book trade.

To-day that shop is a retail bookstore that dominates the business in its city, and has a reputation among publishers, jobbers and book-salesmen all over the country. The young man has built it up from nothing, partly through management and salesmanship, partly through audacity, but chiefly through the ways in which he has bought stock.

Retail bookselling is assumed to be one of the decayed trades. Go ask the scholarly bookseller of the old school whether his son is to continue the business, and the reply is, probably, "Not if he can get a job running a trolley car!" The budding poet finds a publisher who brings out his first slim volume of sonnets. Critics review it widely. But few copies are sold. The poet blames the publisher, the publisher blames the decayed retail book trade, the retail bookseller blames the department store, which sells popular novels at ninety-eight cents and lets serious works go hang. Conditions grow worse—apparently.

As a matter of fact, though, they were just as bad when this young man took hold of the little circulating library and moved it into a larger store down street where it could be seen and have room to grow.

The retail bookseller of the old school was usually a well-read man, with bookish tastes. This young man was handicapped by poor sight, which prevented his reading very much. Instead of studying what was inside books, therefore, he studied the people who bought books, and likewise the people who sold them.

Down in the country general store he had learned that the chief handicap a small merchant in any line works under is that of being out of touch with the great merchandise centres—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis—where commodities are not only made and assembled wholesale, but may also be seen in the large stores, together with the best retail practice. Having now come up to an important, second-rate city he was in position to benefit by this close contact. To be sure, it was not a publishing centre. But publishers' salesmen stopped there to display samples at the hotels.

As a rule, his competitors waited for salesmen to come and drag them down to the sample-room, or waited for them to bring a few samples around to their stores.

"Here's a novel by a new author that we think will rank among the best sellers this winter," said the salesman.

"Never heard of it before," grunted the competitor.

"Why, of course you haven't—it's a new book, and won't be published till next month."

"Well, when our customers ask for it we'll order a few copies," said the competitor, and so bought his stock chiefly by mail, with delays, following on after demand as an accessory after the fact.

But this young man made a point of getting down to see a salesman before the latter's trunks were up from the depot. He wanted to know the salesman and wanted them to know him and be interested in him and his business. Coming from the country not so very long ago, part of this was just healthy, human curiosity about men who represented the thundering big houses down East. But there was a more practical motive—the better they knew him the better his credit. And there was still another motive, after that, even more practical.

As for customers, he watched them closely, served them, talked with them, gauged their tastes, and as nearly as possible, without running it into a wooden system, divided them into broad groups. There was the girl group that liked "Elsie stories," for example. There was a business group that wanted technical books. There was one group of women who read to be entertained, and another that belonged to women's clubs. These groups corresponded somewhat to the various chowder clubs and lodges in a politician's district; and just as a politician makes nominations with a view to getting out all the Hebrew or Irish vote, so this bookseller bought stock.

## The Handicap of Technical Knowledge

THE curse of the retail book business is said to be multiplicity of titles. The dealer who doesn't buy in a way that centres his stock on about one-fiftieth the different books publishers want to sell him would soon be swamped in dead stock. This season a dozen leading publishers bring out a hundred books on new subjects by unknown authors. One in the hundred makes a tremendous success. Next season every publisher has imitations of that best seller. If the bookdealer buys wrong he may miss the success and stock up with the imitations. Or the imitations may eat up his profits on the success, and much of his other business besides.

In buying, this young man used all his knowledge of his customers, and all the information he could gather from salesmen, to determine what was going to be most successful the coming season, not over the country as a whole, but right there in his own shop. A new Nature-book was shown him one season, for example—the very first of that long list of Nature-books written to send people back to farm and suburban life. It looked good. A large proportion of his customers bought outdoor books, and the city's

suburbs were being rapidly developed. So he centred on that work to the exclusion of many others of which he might have sold a half-dozen. He bought two hundred and fifty copies. Frequently the dealer who can sell that many copies will order them a dozen at a time, stringing his purchases over a whole winter. Not this young man. He bought two hundred and fifty in one order. Thus he got enough goods to make an impressive display. He also got something else as a result of his endeavors to interest salesmen in himself and show them that it was a marked advantage to have a new book brought out on such a scale, in a shop like his.

"See here, Watson," said he to the publisher's representative, "I'm putting a good deal of money and confidence behind this book, because I know my trade wants it. But you've got to do something for me. How much are your people willing to spend for special newspaper advertising of this book right in my town?"

The salesman didn't know—that lay with the house.

"Well, get your house on the wire and find out."

The upshot was a tidy little newspaper campaign in local papers the week the book was published. It cleared out his stock, and by the time competitors woke up and ordered a dozen copies he was selling another two hundred and fifty.

Practically all his buying was done on this plan. With new books he pushed a few titles. With "list" books that people buy year after year, such as dictionaries and cook-books, he centred stock in departments. One of the most profitable of these was devoted to Bibles and prayer-books, for he made that department a real fixture in the business instead of an annex, kept full stocks, and stimulated it with timely devotional books. During five years this merchant's judgment has been so sound that he has raised to himself, out in the stockroom, only one solitary "monument." In bookselling a "monument" is a stock of copies of some work that was much easier to buy than to sell.

One of the worst clothing buyers in the United States, it is said, is the man who selects stock for a large men's clothing store in a manufacturing city. He knows men's clothing from fleece to rag-bag. He has operated a sewing-machine himself, been a "sweater" and also "sweated." His present employer took him from the cutting-bench on the assumption that his shrewd knowledge of how clothes were made would fit him to be a buyer.

One of the best clothing buyers in the country is proprietor of a competing establishment in that same town. His ideas on the technical making of goods are probably hazy. To fool him in fabrics and workmanship would be easy enough, because his whole training has been acquired in retail stores, selling clothes.

If there is one thing certain in this world it is that good merchandise of every kind has a definite fascination—a



power to arouse, on sight and touch, the desire of possession. Some commodities appeal to self—clothes, for instance. Again, the appeal is to affection for others—it isn't difficult to sell a woolly lamb to the man whose first baby now says "Goo." Commodities cover every human class, condition and interest. Well-bought merchandise is highly contagious, as any one may realize by walking through a big store.

Now, when the first clothing buyer selects stock he is absorbed in goods, linings, seams and buttonholes. He knows so much about details of workmanship, and so little about selling, that he never pictures a suit on a customer. And so the establishment he purchases for, while holding its great trade among bargain-hunters and men who buy a suit once in two or three years, is practically at a standstill in point of growth. He hasn't added a thousand dollars in new patronage.

The other buyer, on the contrary, makes purchases with nothing but this fascination of merchandise in mind. Buttonholes and seams he leaves to manufacturers, because he deals with reputable houses. Every suit he fingers is ordered or rejected on its selling qualities—as his eye takes in the whole effect of style and color he mentally sells that suit to his customers at home, or decides that it isn't his kind of stock. This clothier is building a fine trade among the discriminating people of his town, and every season his purchases are larger.

Side by side with the big department stores in our cities to-day can be found hundreds of successful retail shops devoted to restricted lines of merchandise. New York is filled with prosperous small retailers, and Chicago and Philadelphia; while in some cities, like Boston, the department stores have made slow progress. Side by side with the prosperous small stores will be found, too, many hundreds of unsuccessful ones, and proprietors of these bitterly maintain that department stores (in the country it is the mail-order house) have killed opportunity.

The retailer has one essential that no department store has thus far developed—good personal service. He serves customers himself, or works daily with his clerks. With a foundation like that it only remains for him to be a shrewd buyer, and he can hold trade, downtown or in a neighborhood, and get more.

The small merchant is not always a shrewd buyer, however. Much of his stock is carried passively. It is not so much what people want as what he thinks they ought to have. He does not strictly sell, but, rather, lets people come into the store and try to make purchases. When he is aggressive it will often be in wrong directions. Instead of following demand intelligently and stocking goods that people want, he buys for the most favorable prices and terms, and carries merchandise that figures out the best paper profits. This last trait is so ingrained in many small merchants that they provide a universal dumping-ground for all the old tin cans and dead cats of commerce. Again, his stock may be well selected, but pitched on a level too high or too low for his community.

#### The Fate of the Little Alarm Clock

A YOUNG man from Boston opened a haberdashery shop in a New England factory town. His personal tastes were those of Harvard. He bought stock according to his personal tastes. There was a limited university patronage in that town. He got it. Some of the factory operatives were dandies, and susceptible of education. He soon had these buying better clothes. But in the whole community there wasn't enough of his personal kind of trade to keep a shop alive. And so a business with excellent merchandise, such as would have been successful in a larger city, eventually went into bankruptcy.

Investigate the retailer who buys to good advantage, and he will invariably be found operating on good information. On the other hand, look into the dealer who has actually turned a comfortable profit on volume of trade during the year, only to find his profit tied up in unsalable stock. This merchant has neither had his cake nor eaten it. He is probably buying according to his personal opinions.

Perhaps he noticed that there was a little inquiry for dollar alarm clocks. The most reliable clock in the market costs seventy-five cents wholesale—best quality, and made by a famous house that stands behind it with a guarantee. Along comes a cheap jobber's salesman, however, and shows a clock costing only fifty cents wholesale. One means a profit of thirty-three per cent., the other a hundred. Believing he can sell the latter, he orders a dozen.

"If you'll take six dozen," says the salesman, "there's an extra five per cent. discount."

He takes six dozen. A large amount of capital, proportionately, is thus tied up. The clocks do not sell fast, for where he sells a dozen a month, his competitor, handling the famous dollar clock, sells a dozen a week, on quality and reputation of goods. At the rate of a dozen a month he has to wait nearly three months before he begins to make any profit at all, whereas the other merchant, ordering a dozen at a time, pockets his profit every week.

That is one way of buying according to opinion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of cheap junk is made and imported every year, for sale to merchants who adhere to this opinion—that people ought to buy whatever figures the best paper profit and brings the largest discount. A walk through any minor retail street will show this merchandise, gathering dust on shelves and in windows.

#### The Druggist and the Toothbrush

AGAIN, the merchant who thoroughly understands and follows the principle of moderate profit on a large turnover of salable stock will still purchase according to his opinions of his customers.

There are two drug stores a few blocks apart in a prosperous residential section of a certain city. One druggist buys stock on the assumption that his public wants only the best grades. His is an aristocratic shop. Toothbrushes with him begin at about twenty-five cents retail and run up past a dollar. The other druggist, however, isn't so sure that his neighborhood is aristocratic. He knows, too, that it isn't a tenement district. Not having very definite beliefs about his public he purchases a wider range of toothbrushes. His cheapest retails for eight cents, and the whole line runs upward at ten cents, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-five.

The first druggist buys his toothbrushes in large lots every three months, ordering so many dozen at twenty-five cents, so many at thirty-five, so many at fifty. Until his whole stock is manifestly running out of important grades he will not order again. In comes a woman who wants a thirty-five-cent brush with very soft bristles, a ventilating back and a hole in the handle to hang it up by. When the druggist goes to get it he finds that he is out of just that sort of brush.

"Here is an extra soft brush at twenty-five cents," he says.

"I want something better," replies the customer, "and besides, there isn't a hole in the handle."

"This fifty-cent brush will give you satisfaction—we sell a great many of them, and never have any complaints."

"That's more than I want to pay," is the objection.

Every day the small merchant in all lines, whether in city or country, is turning trade away by just this process,

and customers go to department stores and mail-order houses, where assortments are complete.

Now, the other pharmacist in that neighborhood orders almost daily. His orders are not large. He merely keeps track of stock, keeps his assortments complete and lets the wholesale house carry stock for him—which is what wholesale houses are for.

Keeping track of stock isn't difficult, with a simple card record properly devised and set running. Yet in some lines of business a merchant religiously fills out assortments in one variety of goods and wholly neglects other lines. Years ago the manufacturers of men's collars drummed into haberdashers the necessity for complete stocks—collar trade is lost every time a clerk finds a size or style missing. The haberdashers have postal forms, and order collars daily. Yet in this trade it is nothing unusual for a merchant to keep his collar stock in excellent order and tolerate ragged assortments in shirts, underwear or hosiery.

Being Johnny-on-the-spot is about half the art of retailing.

Some years ago two young drug clerks opened a shop on very slender capital. Pick stock as shrewdly as they could, there were still a good many holes in their assortments after all their money had been spent and all their credit utilized. From the very outset they had the reputation of carrying what was asked for, or getting it immediately. During the first year, when a customer came in and asked for some article not in stock, they gave him a chair and newspaper and sat him down contentedly.

"Three minutes is all we want—have it here before the next car passes."

And they soon had it there.

Was this little, new shop near the wholesale district?

Not at all—far from the centre of town.

Where did they get the goods, then?

Why, bought them of their competitors right in that neighborhood.

Retail buying is based so solidly on accurate information both of merchandise and customers, that nowadays many progressive, small merchants in the larger cities let the department stores gather information for them.

#### Side Lights From Department Stores

IT MUST be remembered that the department store has a few opinions about either merchandise or the public, but is a huge machine for finding out what people want, and getting it at attractive prices. The small merchant complains of department-store competition, not realizing how bitterly these big establishments compete with one another. A department buyer lays in stock to be sold next month. It can be relied upon that those goods are the pick of the world, bought for the highest degree of salability, irrespective of price, profit, discount. Even if the department store makes nothing on the goods it will have them. When the buyer has exercised his best judgment, then comes the merchandise man to compare his goods with those in other stores. Buyers in other stores are watching, too. Goods and information are the best obtainable. To arrive at this result the department store has organized buying machinery that no small merchant could adapt, even in a minor way.

But, the moment the big store puts goods on the counters, all the results of this costly machinery are laid bare to the small merchant who will take the trouble to go shopping. To-day the small merchants in large cities realize this, and it is not unusual to see them inspecting stock in the department stores. Sometimes clerks will freely give names of jobbers or manufacturers from whom goods were obtained.

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# THE HONORABLE MADGE

## The Girl in the Young Sage Coat, the Forced Rhubarb Dress and the Merry Widow Hat

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHAN

we could, and told him all about the new people.

IT'S the sort of place your Father will go to to play golf in, and unless you play yourself you're obliged to get into mischief in those entrancing parts of the woods and fields where trespassers will be persecuted. I hated golf, and there wasn't a tennis lawn or a decent cricket pitch for miles, for you can't play on a hill like the side of a house, and Martin was over at the links all day, and even Mildred had let herself be converted to golf on account of the doctor's being so good-looking and evidently struck. She's been very trying since she put her hair up. I'm glad I'm only twelve.

Martin isn't really keen on anything but footer and cricket, I'm thankful to say, but he'd happened to fall in love lately with a person quite impossibly connected with dressmaking, or hats, or something equally low; and Father suddenly packed us all off to the country, and said it was because it was my holidays, if you please, and I wanted a thorough change!

Mother hates the country, and I wanted to be in a little, rocking boat on a blue, windy sea, and Mildred hates the sea and wanted to go to Brighton, and Martin said he didn't want to leave London at all just then; but Father—well, you know what Father is! And the girl who makes hats, or whatever it is, was beginning to make a fool of Martin, he said, and he was going to take time by the forelock and plunge him among other distractions.

It ended in all of us going, of course, but we none of us pretended that we liked it, and you'd have thought, to look at it, that, if it was distraction he wanted, Greenwarrens was the last place on the earth. Mother said it was outrageous for the Hydro to charge twelve-and-six a day each for rooms; and why call it a Hydro when there wasn't a bath in the place except the common kinds, and not nearly enough of them? Mildred said if the worst came to the worst she should just let herself go, and Father would only have himself to thank for it.

Martin said nothing much, because he has to obey Father as long as he's in the office and wants to be a junior partner soon, and well enough off to get married; but he was awfully cross about his meals, and he said the Hydro guests were unforgivable blots on the face of Nature, and chiefly composed of disappointed Suffragettes who had made home too hot for them.

I suppose his lady is interested in nothing but frills.

Greenwarrens was a dull hole. We used to go down to the station every morning to see the eleven o'clock start for town, and again at half-past six to see the five o'clock come in, and stare at the new arrivals rushing at the Hydro bus.

We happened, Don and I, to be hanging about the railings, waiting for Father to buy papers, when the first exciting-looking person we'd seen turned up, and when Father came back he looked at her, too, deeply, and said she seemed as if she might be the kind of person to wake the Hydro up. We said we were glad of it, and what kind of person? And then Mildred sauntered up to us and joined in, and Father said: "Well, we've got our papers—let's go back"; but Mildred was interested in the person's clothes and wouldn't move, so we had to wait for her.

The stranger was rather short, but she wore a very large hat, a tremendous hat, and Mildred said it was the kind called "Merry Widow," and that her new one was going to be something like it, only less exaggerated. It seemed to be made of purple straw and roofed in with a perfect forest of green leaves and a tower of roses, pink and purple, and



She Looked Awfully Tired

something Father calls puce. Mildred said the

color of her dress was the new pinkish shade called "Forced Rhubarb," and that the long linen coat was Directoire, and a lovely shade of "Young Sage." But I thought she looked awfully tired, and seemed such a thin little creature—all drooping on one side, as if her hat was top-heavy, and her arms dragging with big parcels; but we all noticed how big and black her eyes were, and what a pretty kind of smile she had at the back of them, in spite of her tiredness. And Don said she was ripping. He's only fourteen, but he always notices a girl's eyes.

I never saw any one look so tired; and then, suddenly, three boys, who'd been hanging about the gate, swooped on to the platform and seized her parcels and caught hold of her arms one each side, and one of them hugged her before the whole platform, and the Merry Widow hat collapsed over her ear, and her dress trailed, and Don said that the Young Sage would very soon become Old Mud.

We trooped off up the lane behind them, and the Hydro bus started off, and drove us all into the hedge as usual, and it was rather a blow to see that queer party turn off at Four Lanes instead of going straight on to the Hydro; and although Father said it was quite as well, for she certainly looked anything but respectable in that hat, I know he was disappointed, and so was Don. Mildred said she was the sort of person who would be sure to dress properly for dinner, and perhaps something different every night, instead of the dull, soft blouse of Sunday muslin compromise which was customary at the Hydro. Father said, very likely, but it would be bad form if she did; and Mildred said what was the good of bringing three evening frocks if one was never allowed to wear them, because other people chose to be frumpy?

Father said there was a Cinderella every Saturday, and what more did she want? and I said: "Why not wear your new pink to-night, Milly, and chance it? Mother can't be disagreeable till we go up to bed, and she might be that anyhow," and Father said we mustn't speak like that about our Mother, and Mildred rounded on me like a cat and asked who'd be there to see it, anyhow?

I turned to Don in disgust.

"Oh, come on!" said I. "Let's go and see the cows."

Don said: "Rather"; so we both did a move. There's something about the way grown-ups talk that gets on my nerves, and the stupidest country occupation sometimes becomes a relief from it.

I thought Martin looked awfully sad at dinnertime, and both Don and I felt mad with Father for being so hard-hearted with him, and we tried to buck him up as much as

When we described the Merry Widow hat he looked interested, and, as Father said afterward, he can't be very bad if the mere suggestion of a fresh girl can arouse him from his infernal (he did say infernal) bad temper.

Father doesn't realize what Greenwarrens is driving us to. He forgets that we have not got to the golf state of mind yet. Why, Martin even scorns hockey, and when I tell you that the deepest reproach he can give it is to say it is only a game for rough golfers, I leave you to judge of his state of mind about golf itself.

And day after day he wearily carried his clubs up the hill to the moors, and crawled around the links obediently, while we knew his heart was in London with that girl. Martin's an awfully decent chap, you know. I don't know how Father came to have a son so different and yet so enormously nice. Don says he feels he could even caddie for him, only if he did Father would expect him to do it for him as well. And Father's golf is chronic, not a last revenge of despair like Martin's; and it doesn't do to create a precedent.

The next morning Father felt liverish and didn't go up on the links, but went for a stern bicycle ride instead with Don, and Martin went off alone. He didn't come in to lunch, but sent his caddie for sandwiches; and when Father and I went up after tea we were rather flabbergasted to see him in the distance going round with a girl in a white frock. He hadn't seemed to take to the Hydro girls at all. He said they were so easy to get on with. I was a little disappointed in him myself. Falling in love is a silly sort of business at the best of times, and when it isn't inconsolable—what's the good of it? We could see that they were on friendly terms already, and when we realized that it really was the Merry Widow girl my breath was nearly taken away, and Father said: "The young dog!" and that rapid wasn't the word. But he looked pleased for all that.

One of the boys we had seen at the station was caddying for her, and they were all laughing like mad; and though we came upon them pretty suddenly, and saw how different and dowdy even she looked without the hat, we seemed to be drawn in and laughing at nothing before we knew where we were, and with my own ears I heard Father inviting the young stranger to go round with him tomorrow morning. She had black hair, very soft and loose and blown into little ducky curls all round her ears, and there was a tomato-colored velvet ribbon run across the top of her head and through the side waves somehow, and she wore a shabbyish, holland frock and very worn-out shoes. She seemed all eyes and hair and red, smiling lips, and she was laughing and chattering and smiling at Father and taking no more notice of Martin at all, just as if Father was the first interesting man she'd ever come across.

We all had an awful lot to say about her at dinner afterward, and Mother didn't think it quite nice, this tendency of the modern age to waive the necessity of formal introduction, and, although Martin rudely said "Tommy-rot!" to that, we could see that he had cheered up considerably. Don said in a low voice that it didn't seem to matter who the girl was when you got to the blithering age; but he was listening intently all the same to what we said about the Merry Widow girl.

"You all think you're jolly clever," said he at last, in superior tones, "but you really know nothing about any of them. I'm the only one with any reliable information about the family."

Martin isn't often snarky, but he remarked then, in a cold voice, that he objected to backstairs gleanings about any one, and Father said, certainly—Don had better get on with his fish before it was cold, and what had he heard?

"I've been talking to her half-brothers," said Don with dignity. "There's not much backstairs about them, I can tell you. Harrow, that's all; and heaps of blue-blooded relations, though all their parents are dead. Their sister's a most important person. She's the Honorable Madge."

Martin started and opened his mouth suddenly to speak, then shut it as suddenly and Father said:

"The Honorable Madge what?"

"I don't know," said Don loftily. "I didn't ask. I'm not such an outsider. I couldn't help the kid



"You Want Me to Marry Your Son?" the Honorable Madge Asked Softly



babbling on. The boys aren't Honorable at all. They've taken a cottage here for the holidays because it's cheap. They're quite poor. They seem to rather revel in it."

"In the cottage?" Mildred asked stupidly.

"In being poor, duffer! The youngest blighter told me that their sister writes."

"Writes!" Father said in horror; and Mother said, ah, that accounted for the extraordinary clothes; and Mildred asked: "Writes what?"

But Don was getting a bit sick by then of the way his news was received, so he pinched me and said: "Come on, Peg—let's get out of this"; so we cleared off before more could be said, and before Mother remembered to tell us what time we were to be in.

They were jolly boys in spite of their shabby suits—those three. We chummed up with them out of pity, because their sister was always messing about at golf with Father and Martin—and Mildred got quite thick with her, too, and they talked for hours about the shops they bought their hats at, and how their new dresses were to be made. Even Mother was quite taken with her, and said the girl had a modest, practical mind, and that Birth was everything. Father and Mother do harp on Birth. I suppose it's because we made all our money in tea, and our great-grandfather was a grocer in the Kensington Road.

As for Martin, we couldn't be sorry he was cheering up so, but still we hated to think him changeable. We little knew.

One night he came into the drawing-room when all the Hydro people were luckily in the garden, and went up to Father and Mother with a white face and said: "It's all over."

Mildred cried: "Oh, Martin!" and Mother said: "What was?"

Father got up quickly, very red, and said: "Isn't that tomfool business settled yet? It's that confounded girl again!"

"Dear boy," Mother said soothingly. "What is the matter?"

"Just this," said Martin fiercely. "She's given me up. She refuses to go on being engaged, unless Father asks her to marry me himself. She says she utterly refuses to ruin my life and prospects, unless she is assured that she is not doing anything of the kind. It's the very devil!"

Mother sniffed. Mildred looked excited. Father stumped about in the window and said that if Martin married that woman it should be over his Father and Mother's dead bodies, and I could see by Mother's eye that she didn't like the idea much.

"If you marry her," said Father, "you shall both starve. So there!" and then I cried, and Mildred cried, too, and Father said Thank Heaven we were alone, and better go upstairs before any one else came into the drawing-room—with our faces!

And the next morning we had a note from poor Martin saying he had gone up to town because he couldn't stand it any longer. It was awful.

Father told Mother then that there was only one thing left to him, and went off to the moors and played golf all the morning with the Honorable Madge—I hope she comforted him.

Now, Don and I and her young brother Gerald happened to be lying behind a big hummock of grass talking footer sleepily, when a low, distinct sound of voices showed me that Father and the Honorable Madge were suddenly resting the other side of it, and their first words aroused such a strong interest in me that I kept quite still. The boys were almost asleep. I knew they'd be all right if they were let alone.

"My dear child," Father said, in a nervous sort of a voice, "I am going to ask you to help me."

The Honorable Madge didn't seem, by her voice, to be half as surprised as I was at Father's being driven to ask help of any one.

"It's my poor, besotted boy," said Father warmly. "This wretched entanglement. I believe—I honestly believe—that he is now in love with you. I feel sure he regrets his bitter mistake deeply."

Silence from the Honorable Madge.

"But he clings to his absurd sense of duty, and refuses to give the girl up!"

The Honorable Madge said nothing.

"If you like him well enough," Father went on, "do—do pray let him see it. Let him feel that he has awakened a feeling in you which it is his duty to gratify, even more than his duty to that unspeakable girl."

"Upon my word!" said the Honorable Madge, and well she might. I shouldn't have supposed that even Father could be so silly.

"Yes," said he. "If he shows you—and he can't help showing you—that he has transferred his affections to you—so—pray do encourage him to the best of your power."

I heard a soft, little, giggling laugh, and I didn't wonder. "You want me to marry your son?" the Honorable Madge asked softly.

"Nothing would delight me more!" Father's voice was husky.

"I'm very poor, you know," said the Honorable Madge. "Look at my shoes! And there are the boys, too. It's no joke to keep three big schoolboys going. It's their boots that worry me most."

"Martin," Father said it very quickly, "will have an excellent business by and by. He is already on the verge of partnership. What is money, after all?"

"It's not so trying as the want of it," said the Honorable one, in a thoughtful voice. "Certainly —"

I didn't want to hear any more. I'd suddenly realized that eavesdropping was dishonorable, and so I woke the boys, and we did a bunk down the hill and got in long before Father, and before Mildred and Mother had gone down to lunch. We found them in the lounge looking at

Madge, Honorable no longer, smiled at me in the way that makes you feel as if you could die for her, and said: "Fly? Why, and where to? And won't you have some lunch with us? Do!"

"There isn't time for you to have your lunch," I cried. "You can catch the two o'clock, if you're quick. Mother's been reading Beauty's World, and she knows all."

She went rather pale at first—then she laughed and said:

"Well—why not? Does she mind?"

I stared. How little she knew my parents.

"Frightfully," I cried. "There's going to be an awful bust-up if you don't do a move!" My language became the kind I used chiefly when alone with Don, but I had not time to mince words. And that reckless girl only laughed.

"Well, I can't fly anywhere till I've had some food," said she lightly. "Join in, there's a dear."

By that time the boys had found me a plate and a chair in their curiously involved kitchen, and to refuse again would have been too rude; so I just wired in, and we had a really good talk about cricket and other interesting things, so different from home. No one mentioned hats or books or other people's disagreeable domestic affairs. And then Madge tidied her hair and shook out her skirt and hunted around for a hat till she found a sailor somewhere under a pile of coats, and then she said:

"Now for the flight. We'll have a go at the Hydro first—just to see how the land lies."

I cried out in horror, and all the way down the lane I did my level best to explain to that reckless girl exactly

what Father and Mother can be like when they aren't pleased with you, but nothing moved her.

There's a little arbor place in the Hydro garden that we commandeered the first day we got there, and I knew that they'd all be sitting there now, talking things over; so I said: "Well, if you want a good bust-up you're going the right way to get it"; and I led the way across the croquet lawn to the arbor.

They were all there, sitting around the little table, and I went in and flopped down beside Mildred. Madge came slowly after me and stood in the doorway laughing, with the Virginia creeper touching her hair and streaks of sun on her face and frock. She did look daring. There was a sort of gallant, fearless air about her that made Don and me feel as if we'd stand by her till all was blue.

Father put down his paper and scowled at her. Mother went red and looked away. Mildred said in a weak, little voice: "Won't you—won't you sit down?"

"This morning"—Madge looked straight at Father—"you asked me to do my best to marry your son, didn't you?"

Father said: "Hum!" and cleared his throat, but Mother looked awfully surprised. So did Mildred. I was the only one, you see, who knew of that interesting interview on the moor.

"I've been thinking it over"—Madge was laughing softly all the time she spoke—"and I think on the whole I shall accept your kind offer."

Father sat up and looked very red.

"Offer!" he said. "Offer of what?"

"Of Martin's hand and heart, of course." She pretended to be surprised at his denseness. I've never seen Father look so silly.

There was a copy of Beauty's World on the table, and she picked it up and opened it at the page where the Honorable Madge goes to town. "It isn't very like me," she said, "but you know now what I do for my living. I go up on Tuesdays and look at the frocks and hats in the big shops and take sketches of them, and on Wednesdays I stay at home and write my page for Beauty's World and draw the fashion plates. That's how I earn my living. It isn't a very noble calling. I do pictures like this for other papers, too. It is good of you to be so nice to me when you know the awful truth."

She was looking straight at Father all the time, and he grunted, and stuttered, and tried to speak, and I could see that he was longing to work himself into a rage. Madge was speaking in a sad voice, yet her eyes were laughing at us all the time. I never saw such eyes as hers.

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"It was Because I Would Insist on Being Engaged to a Young Man Whose Father had Made His Money in Tea!"

the new magazines that had just come in, and I saw directly I came up the steps from the hall that something new and still more awful had happened. Mildred had got Beauty's World open on the table, and she and Mother were staring at something very hard.

I leaned over one of Mildred's shoulders and Don leaned over the other.

It was one of those silly fashion pages with pictures of wasp-waisted creatures with their little fingers crooked elegantly, and at the top of the page in large print it said: "The Honorable Madge Goes to Town," and there just above it, in the middle of the page, was a little medallion picture of a girl in a Merry Widow hat, and it was our Honorable Madge!

"Golly!" said Don.

"My hat!" said I.

"What I want to know," Mother said sadly, "is—who—who is going to tell your poor Father?"

"Not Honorable at all, really," said Mildred. "Paid by the shops to write their advertisements, no doubt."

"Who is to tell your Father?" Mother said again.

"Don't tell him," said I quickly. "We knew she wrote. What harm is it? She's just as nice as she was an hour ago, even if she isn't really an Honorable —"

Mildred sniffed.

"Her relations are probably just as—as unpleasant —"

"As ours?" I asked softly, and then I saw Father come in at the door, and I looked at Mother and Mildred, and I knew by their eyes exactly what they meant to be like to the poor thing next time they saw her; and I thought how jolly decent the boys were, and what fun we'd all had together, and I cut off as hard as I could to the cottage where they lived so noisily and untidily and happily together, and I burst in upon their minced mutton and rice pudding and said: "Fly!"



# Rich Women's Investments

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A WOMAN once sought the advice of a well-known New York banker about investing her money. The financier asked her how much return she expected. "I want at least ten per cent.," said the woman. "Don't you think that is rather high?" responded the banker.

"Well, you see," rejoined the woman, "I haven't much, and I've got to get a good deal for it."

This answer is typical of the average woman investor's state of mind. The instinct to take a chance is strong within her if there is a prospect of big return. On the other hand, the rich woman almost invariably seeks security of principal first, and is ordinarily content with a small yield, providing the capital involved is safe. The investments, therefore, of rich women and the employment of their surplus income provide, save in the cases when they take flyers in foreign titles, a very helpful lesson for people with funds to invest.

Many rich women have simply inherited their husband's investments, but it sometimes takes more ability to keep a fortune than to acquire it. These women have the best advice that money can buy, and their advisers are lawyers, trustees or investment bankers. In many instances the rules of the founders of the fortunes are followed. Few women have the courage or the efficiency to make their own investments. But when they do, as in the case of Mrs. Hetty Green, they develop qualities of sagacity and shrewdness that sometimes make them a match for the most astute and far-sighted men financiers.

Most people do not realize, perhaps, how woman has invaded the general investment field. Ten years ago the number of women stockholders in our corporations was not large; to-day, forty-five per cent. of the stock in American railroads alone is owned by women. Take the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example. The stockholders of this system aggregate fifty-nine thousand, and of this number twenty-six thousand, or nearly one-half, are women. The number of women stockholders in the big so-called standard investment railroads is larger than in the less stable systems.

The same is true of stockholders in national banks. Less than five years ago one-third of the three hundred and eighteen thousand holders of national bank stock were women. Now they comprise nearly one-half.

## Women Plungers Bad Losers

IT IS estimated that altogether there are two million different stockholders in the corporations of the United States. Of this army of investors not less than seven hundred thousand are women. When you include the women who have savings or other kinds of bank accounts, or who pay premiums on life insurance, you find that the total number of them, who have money out working for them in some way, reaches the amazing figure of nearly seven millions.

Some of these women investors have found that the way to conservatism in the employment of their money lies through costly experience in Wall Street. Few of them succeed as speculators, despite the fact that a woman is by temperament a born speculator. From the days of Woodhull, Claflin & Co., Wall Street's first and most spectacular firm of women brokers, who were backed by "Commodore" Vanderbilt, down to Mrs. Ella Reader, who yearned to be the female Lawson, and who had no backing save her own nerve, the woman speculator and trader has fared badly in the Street.

Although many of the fortunes of rich women have been made in speculation, the fortunes to-day are kept out of speculation and are invested in safe, interest-bearing bonds and mortgages. Now and then a woman gets on the right side of the market, but she is either the wife, relative or friend of a big operator who is in a pool, or the private secretary of one of the chieftains of finance, who gets a tip straight from headquarters. Sometimes these tips go wrong.

Ask any stockbroker about women's accounts and he sums up the whole situation when he says:

"We don't want women customers. They are bad losers."

Before going into the investments of rich women it might be interesting, possibly, first to find out who our richest woman is. There are three very rich women in the United States, but it is generally conceded that the largest single fortune owned by any woman is that of Mrs. Russell Sage, whose wealth is estimated to be from eighty to one hundred million dollars. Second, perhaps, is Mrs. Hetty Green, whose fortune is believed to range



from fifty to sixty million dollars. Third in order comes Mrs. Anna Weightman Walker Penfield, of Philadelphia, who inherited the entire fortune of her father, the "Quaker Quinine King," and whose wealth was not less than forty million dollars. Mrs. Green and Mrs. Penfield are keen, alert business women, and not only know every detail of the conduct and conservation of their fortunes, but have aided materially in developing and increasing them.

One result of the phenomenal prosperity which continued up to the panic of 1907 has been the large increase in the number of rich women. Formerly, a woman millionaire was a sort of oddity, and she was pointed out on the streets; now, nearly every town boasts of at least one. These women are coming to be an important factor in the investment business, for they are creating a growing market for safe securities.

Of course, our most active woman investor is Mrs. Hetty Green. In a previous article on How Millionaires Invest Their Surplus Income I showed in detail what her investments were and how she made them. More than one wealthy woman has followed Mrs. Green's rules, which, summed up, are: "Put your money in bonds, loans or real-estate mortgages."

Mrs. Sage has more money to invest than any other woman. She might be called a philanthropic investor. Where Mrs. Green keeps a hawklike watch over her fortune, seeking in every possible way to increase it, Mrs. Sage emulates Andrew Carnegie's professed ambition, and wants to die poor. In other words, she devotes her brain and energy to devising ways and means to dispose of her wealth in a constructive and uplifting way. She takes as much delight in spending her money as her late husband took in amassing it. But even her munificent benefactions have not made a dent in the Sage fortune. Her largest gift, an endowment of ten million dollars for the Sage Foundation for Bettering Social and Living Conditions, absorbed not much more than a year's income from the estate.

## Where the Sage Millions Are

SINCE Mrs. Sage has no sordid desire to increase her wealth, but merely wants to preserve it, it follows that her money is put out to work in the safest possible way without special regard for the extent of the yield. A part of her surplus income goes into guaranteed real-estate mortgages which pay four and a half per cent., and are secured by the highest class of New York City real estate. In this way one of the Sage investment rules is being followed, because Mr. Sage would never lend on any property save on the island of Manhattan.

Mrs. Sage is also a heavy buyer of New York City bonds which are legal for savings-banks in New York State and elsewhere, and a very high-class and stable form of conservative investment.

True to Sage traditions, the Sage estate is still a heavy lender of money.

At the present time it is estimated that Mrs. Sage has more than fifteen million dollars out in loans. But she is lending it at rates that would make "Uncle Russell" turn over in his grave. He kept millions in his vaults waiting for tight money and high rates. Then he would take his pound of flesh. Mrs. Sage has a more humane attitude toward the money borrower, and is lending her money at four and a half per cent. on approved real estate and gilt-edge collateral.

The Sage estate is administered by trustees, but Mrs. Sage directs a large part of the employment of its money.

More picturesque than the narrative of the Sage fortune is the story of the Weightman millions of Philadelphia, of which a keen-minded woman is now mistress. The founder of this fortune was William Weightman, a hard-headed Quaker, who emigrated to this country when he was a boy, learned the drug business, and owned, at the time of his death, one of the largest drug laboratories in the world.

Mr. Weightman was an investor of the Russell Sage type. He was a lender of money, and his lending knew no sentiment. His attitude toward the world was summed up in a single sentence which he frequently employed: "I made my money by hard work—why should I give it away?"

Real estate was his favorite investment, and when he planted his money in the ground, so to speak, it always thrived and grew. Since his rules for investment have been carried on by his daughter, it is worth while rehearsing them here. In the first place, he was a foe of speculation, and not a dollar of his wealth was made in speculative enterprises. He always devoted a part of his surplus

income to the purchase of real estate. He also loaned heavily on real estate. The maxim that he always observed was: "If you buy a house for ten thousand dollars and pay nine thousand down, you do not own it. It is still the property of the mortgagee. So, therefore, let some one else carry the property; you hold the mortgage."

He practiced what he preached. A third of his fortune was invested in ground rents, a form of mortgage. Although ground rents are in force in various States, the kind owned by Mr. Weightman is peculiar to Pennsylvania, and since it is a very desirable form of investment, some explanation of it will be made.

## Ground Rents Explained

THE Pennsylvania ground rent is a sort of perpetual mortgage. It dates back to the days of William Penn, who employed it to build up the city of Philadelphia. The process is this: If a man wants to borrow money to buy a piece of property, or wants to borrow on a piece of property that he already owns, he gives a ground rent on it to the lender. The ground rent is a document like a mortgage, but it differs from the ordinary mortgage in that there is no date of maturity. In other words, the lender of the money on a ground rent can keep the loan going indefinitely. Sometimes the lender keeps a ground rent in force for many years and it passes on to his heirs, for it is a transferable instrument. The layman would naturally, at this point, ask the question: "Can't the borrower pay back the loan?" He can, if the lender is disposed to wind up the transaction. Sometimes the lender charges the borrower a premium for the privilege of paying back the money. The ground rent in Pennsylvania is essentially a rich man's investment and is only worth while where a large sum of money is employed.

The ground rent as employed by the late Marshall Field in Chicago worked out about as follows: Mr. Field bought a plot of land in a thriving business district. Instead of erecting a building on it himself, he leased it to some one else who paid the ground rent and became the builder. The ground rent consisted of a certain rate of interest on the appraised value of the property. The lessee also paid the taxes and other fixed charges. In such transactions there was always a clause providing for a revaluation of the property at the end of a specified time, usually twenty-one years. If the property had increased in value the lessee paid interest at the new valuation. The advantage to the owner of the land was obvious; it enabled him to draw a good income from his land and he had no taxes or other charges to pay. In addition it was improved at some one else's expense, and the land was increasing in value all the time.

Mr. Weightman found the Pennsylvania ground rent peculiarly adapted to his financial methods. He executed



the great bulk of those he owned at six per cent. interest. Years ago he got ground rents on block after block in the heart of the business district of Philadelphia, and he held on to them. This land has appreciated enormously in value. He would never lend more than two-thirds of the market value of the property.

When his will was probated it was found that he had left his entire fortune, ground rents and all, to his daughter, who was then Mrs. Anna Weightman Walker. For years she had been interested in her father's affairs and she had studied the drug business thoroughly. During her father's lifetime she had been made a full member of the firm. When he passed away she was the sole surviving partner. She at once took up the reins of the business. She was at the office early every morning and remained until late. She came to be known as "the mercantile princess." Schooled in a stern school of money-making she was prepared to conserve and increase her vast wealth.

Within the past year Mrs. Walker became the wife of Mr. F. C. Penfield and slackened her strenuous business career. She still keeps a close watch on her investments and, with the aid of an able trustee, sees that they are safeguarded.

In the investment of her surplus income and funds not otherwise engaged, Mrs. Penfield is following the rules laid down by her father. Her money, therefore, goes into ground rents, real estate and real-estate mortgages. The average yield from the ground rents is six per cent. There are fewer bonds in the Weightman fortune than in any other American fortune, perhaps.

#### A Self-Made Real-Estate Woman

NOW turn to the story, told here for the first time, of a self-made woman whose remarkable achievements as real-estate operator have won for her the title of being the most successful woman realty investor in New York. Her name is Mrs. C. M. Silverman, and for cleverness, shrewdness and all-around business capacity she stands alone in a field where competition is peculiarly keen.

There is a lesson for the average investor in every step of her business career. She was born in Germany and came to this country with her husband thirty years ago. The husband failed in business and later became incapacitated for work. The burden of supporting him and six children fell on her. She opened a lace manufacturing business in a small way and saved her money. In a year or two she was able to buy a small house in Harlem. She bought it as an investment, but when a chance came to sell at a profit she let it go. This set her to thinking about real estate.

One day she heard a real-estate agent talking about some vacant lots at Ninety-fifth Street and First Avenue, near the East River. In those days that was a sparsely-settled neighborhood. Mrs. Silverman had walked over there once and, being a keen observer, she saw that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company was building a big power-house near by. This meant that employees would have to live close at hand. Why not build flat houses for them? She bought the lots cheap with the money she got from her house. When she told real-estate men what she was going to do they said she was insane. She found a man willing to make her a building loan. She practically planned the houses herself. At this point she laid down the rule which has governed all her extensive building operations since: "If you want to keep tenants, you must make them comfortable. Comfort in the end is a good investment." She put bathrooms in these cheap flats. Her first tenants used them for coal-bins, but that did not discourage her.

Mrs. Silverman personally supervised the building of these houses. She was on the job at seven o'clock every morning and saw every piece of material that went in. She had never been a builder before, but she simply used common-sense principles. One day a friend asked her if she had contracted for her bricks. When she said no, he took her to a well-known brickmaker. She saw her friend and the brickmaker exchanging glances. Quick as a flash she said to the friend:

"Are you getting a commission out of this?" The man looked confused. Then she said to the brickmaker: "If there is any commission or discount on these bricks I am the one to get it. Remember that, if you want to do business with me."

It was typical of her business sense. In all her negotiations she has cut out the middleman wherever possible, and thus saved a fortune in fees and commissions. Her first flat houses were filled in a week, and in less than a year she sold them at a profit of forty-five thousand dollars. Mrs. Silverman quit the lace business and became a real-estate operator and builder in a big way. Her rule in buying vacant land is: "Study the neighborhood and buy where you think the rapid transit facilities will come. The people will follow. If you have a chance to make a profit, sell, and buy something else."

Her favorite investment is six or seven story apartment houses with elevators. She buys the land and takes a building loan to improve it. There are two chances for profit: first, the income from the rents, which, in her case, has never averaged below fifteen per cent. on the investment; second, the opportunity for the quick sale of the house. She builds her houses well, and she always has the comfort of her tenants in mind. This, she has found, is good business, for she gets big loans on her buildings and thus is able to enlarge her scope of operations. She does not believe in idle money any more than she believes in idle land. She has built more apartment houses than any other individual woman in New York. They run up into the hundreds.

Her instinct for picking out property that will appreciate in value is almost uncanny. Several years before the boom started on what is known as Washington Heights she took a drive up there. She saw a plot of vacant land with jagged peaks of granite poking out of it. The island of Manhattan is on a granite bed. It was before the subway had been built, and Heights property was not regarded as a good investment. But it occurred to Mrs. Silverman that New York would soon need this land badly, and she bought forty lots at six thousand dollars each. Not long ago she sold them at a profit of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars on each one.

When people ask Mrs. Silverman the secret of her phenomenal success she says: "I have simply been cautious." Although she has offices and a big staff of assistants she knows every detail of her business. She makes every contract and signs every check. She is one of the few builders successfully to cope with the New York building unions. Once a gang of plasterers, working on one of her buildings, went on a strike. Mrs. Silverman got into her motor car and sped to the place where the strikers were meeting. She demanded to be admitted and they let her in.

"Haven't I always given you a square deal?" she asked. "Yes," was the reply.

"Then go back to work," she commanded. They went.

Mrs. Silverman has set up all her children in business and they come to her for advice. She is gray-haired and sixty, but is still alert and works as hard as she did when she was laying the foundation of her millions.

Contrary to the general belief there is no immensely wealthy woman in the Vanderbilt family, despite the fact that, for years, the name of Vanderbilt has been synonymous in the popular mind with vast fortune. One of the most interesting episodes of recent financial history has been what might be called the decline and fall of the Vanderbilt prestige. When W. H. Vanderbilt died, in 1885, he left a fortune of two hundred million dollars. He had inherited seventy-five million dollars from his father, "Commodore" Vanderbilt, and by shrewd investment had almost trebled his inheritance. He was the richest man of his day. His estate was divided among eight children, each of whom received ten million dollars. Cornelius received an additional two million.

The richest woman among the Vanderbilts to-day is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose husband was the eldest son of W. H. Vanderbilt. Her fortune is invested in the so-called Vanderbilt securities, and most of the surplus income that does not go abroad for foreign title consumption is reinvested in them.

#### W. H. Vanderbilt's Investment Rules

IN THIS connection it is interesting to reproduce the investment instructions left by W. H. Vanderbilt in his will, which have guided the trustees in the employment of all the funds of the estate. The instructions are as follows:

"I direct that they [the trustees] do, at all times, keep the said principal of the said several trust funds securely invested, during the continuance of said trusts respectively, in bonds of the United States of America, or of the city and State of New York, or the mortgage bonds of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the New York and Harlem Railroad, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad or the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, or bonds guaranteed by it or some one or more of said specified companies. They may change such investments from time to time, and may also invest in bond and mortgage on unincumbered real estate in the State of New York."

There is likewise no very wealthy woman in the Astor family. The head of the family in New York was Mrs.

William Astor, more often referred to as "Mrs. Astor." For many years, before her death on October 30, she was the head of so-called "best" society there. Most people thought her very rich. The truth of the matter is that she received only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars under her husband's will, the bulk of his vast fortune going to their son, Colonel John Jacob Astor. Most of the estate is in real property and, by skillful management, it has been made to increase and multiply. The Astor rule is to hold land until the neighborhood develops.

Helen Gould's investments must be reckoned with in any estimate of the holdings of rich American women. She is one of the seven heirs of Jay Gould, whose wealth, at the time of his death, was estimated at one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Some idea of Miss Gould's investments may be gained when it is stated that her father's fortune comprised more than one hundred million dollars in stocks and bonds. These included three hundred and eighty thousand shares of Western Union; one hundred and forty thousand shares of Wabash; seventy thousand shares of Erie, and a great block of Missouri Pacific. He also owned five million dollars' worth of Wabash bonds.

The Gould properties have so depreciated in value during the past few years that the income of all the Goulds has been greatly reduced. However, there is enough surplus left from Miss Gould's income to make it necessary for her to seek employment for it. She supervises all her investments herself. Most of her money goes back into Gould properties, but chiefly into their bonds. Like Mrs. Sage, Miss Gould has given largely to philanthropic purposes, especially to Y. M. C. A.'s and welfare work for the sailors of the United States Navy.

#### The Whereabouts of Other Fortunes

THERE is one very large fortune in New York about which little is ever written, yet its principal owner is a woman. It is the fortune amassed by the late Alfred Corning Clark, whose widow married the late Bishop Potter. The bulk of the estate is in real estate, and in the extent of its realty holdings ranks second to the Astors.

The trustees of this estate have gone about their work with dignity, conservatism and rare business judgment. The estate is known as "the best landlord in New York." It owns many immensely valuable buildings, including hotels, large apartment houses and fine residences on the upper West Side.

The policy of the Clark estate has been to buy large plots of vacant land in a comparatively unsettled neighborhood and hold these, like the Astors, until the neighborhood builds up. But, unlike the Astor estate, the Clark estate is also a large investor in high-class mortgage and municipal bonds and in real-estate mortgages.

Although the bulk of the estate of Marshall Field, of Chicago, was left in trust for his grandchildren, the sons of Marshall Field, Junior, both his wife, who was Mrs. Arthur Caton, and his daughter-in-law, who recently married Mr. Maldwin Drummond, an Englishman, are very rich. Their fortunes are in Mr. Field's investments, which were among the cleanest and safest made by any of our very wealthy men. They include ground rents in what is known as the "Loop District" of Chicago (the heart of its business district), real estate and gilt-edge stocks and bonds, to say nothing of an interest in Marshall Field & Co. The employment of the surplus income from this estate is in the hands of a committee of trustees who follow Mr. Field's rules for investment. The most conservative estimate of the Field fortune was seventy-five million dollars.

Chicago has other wealthy women, including, among others, Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has large holdings of choice real estate, and Mrs. Levi Leiter, whose fortune is in stocks and bonds. Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, widow of the Chicago traction magnate, nominally belongs in the Chicago list, although her residence is in New York. Her fortune is largely invested in the bonds of the London Underground Railway and the Chicago street-railway.

The Pittsburgh millionaires all seem to be men, and their method of employing the surplus income of their wealth sometimes requires expurgation before publication. One of the richest women of Pittsburgh, before her son got into trouble, was Mrs. Mary Thaw, whose fortune was in coal properties and valuable Pittsburgh real estate.

In the list of what might be called the Western millionaires is a group of notably rich women whose investments are about as safe and profitable as shrewd judgment can make them. Many of these women are the widows of the old bonanza kings of California, who blazed the way for the present golden empire of the coast.

Probably the wealthiest of them all is Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, whose husband was the principal builder of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads. His fortune was estimated to be forty

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# ROMANCE AT RANDOM

The Third House—By H. B. Marriott Watson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

LORD DE LYS stopped to light his cigar. "I don't follow you. It's a tall order," said Freddy Gillingham, staring with interest at the houses which lined the suburban road.

"Let me put it this way before your essentially practical mind, Freddy," said De Lys, resuming his walk along the pavement. "Here"—he threw out a hand at the houses—"are so many respectable frontispieces. Open them anywhere and you will be sure of some interesting reading—more or less. I do not promise you always sensations between the masonic covers, and certain of the romances would, no doubt, be dull. But, on the whole, they will be found to contain a considerable deal of excellent adventure. You see, Freddy," he explained, linking his arm in that young man's, "it's life; and life is of such stuff as dreams are made. You don't believe it because you're too respectable. I, thank Heaven, have no reputation, and am free to believe anything. No, I really think you do believe it, but respectability prevents you from putting theory into practice."

"I know you're talking a lot of rubbish," said plain Freddy; "and you don't believe it yourself."

He was an admirable young man, tolerant, right-minded and wholly unimaginative; and he was hardly a suitable companion for Lord de Lys. Though they came of families intimate from birth, it was merely accident that had thrown them together on this summer evening. They had encountered at an outlying theatre, where an amateur performance was being given for a charity, had grown weary of the entertainment, had lingered beyond the entr'actes in the bar, and had finally slipped away together guiltily and set out on foot toward Piccadilly and the clubs. It was a fine, warm evening, and the air blew soft and sweet, as it were, out of the pages of romance. And this it was, perhaps, that had set Lord de Lys talking. He came to a pause again, and glanced at the road. The houses were of a substantial size and of a self-respecting appearance. They were detached and stood back, in their little, ordered gardens.

"Freddy, you are an infidel dog. The curse of true believers rest on you! Allah-il-Allah! You shall be convinced. I say, you open a volume at random and you find something of interest—possibly not of interest to dull and heretical minds like yours, but of interest to a philosopher of life. A dull fellow exacts fireworks before he is interested. That's you, Freddy. Well, I'll go bail on the fireworks, also, but not every time or forthwith. Romance lies in wait behind stucco porticos, Freddy, if you only had the sense to discern it."

"Oh, it's easy enough to say," said Freddy Gillingham. "No one can prove a negative."

"I'll prove a positive, my dog of an unbeliever," responded his friend. "I'll engage to demonstrate to you—hey, presto! Freddy, I am going to tap romance at its source. Look at that house in the twilight, fading like a ghost into it—the lamp lit in the fanlight, the graveled path leading—into the mouth of adventure. Watch me! I go to prove my theory to a dog of a Giaour."

He turned in at the gate as he spoke, and the crunch of his feet on the pathway marked his advance. Freddy Gillingham, arrested by this amazing act, gaped after him.

In the exuberance of his fantastic whim De Lys took no thought, but lived merely on his sensations as he went toward the house. He knocked, relying on his ready wit and his imperious and well-tried assurance, and to his knock a man-servant opened the door.

"I hope I'm not late," he said pleasantly. The stolid face of the man suffered no change; he waited.

"I suppose I am expected?" De Lys tried again. Not a breath of human feeling ruffled that equable face. He waited simply. He was a machine; he had to be set in motion, and there was only one way of doing it. De Lys must produce his credentials and the machinery would start. He felt in his waistcoat-pocket with misgivings. There was no card; he gave way to dismay. He began to sound the signal of retreat, but gallantly.

"This is Mr. Alexander Edward Arbuckle's?" he asked.

It was not. He apologized easily, and now was in full, if dignified, flight.



"Whether I Go to Prison or Not I am Amply Repaid"

"The only person or thing in this wide world," he explained to Freddy at the gate, "who could upset me is a man-servant. It is unfair odds, because it is calling in the supernatural. However, don't laugh and don't triumph, because I'm not beaten. Had I got past the cast-iron face I should have found the whole house to bloom with romance and exhale adventure. I didn't. You see I did not get past the portico. Once over the threshold I should have no doubts. Oh, I'm not giving in. I'll try"—he eyed the road in the twilight—"I'll try the third house on."

"If you will be an ass"—began Freddy.

But De Lys had turned in at the gate and now, twisting about, addressed him:

"I'll get past this time, and into the heart of it. I can smell the rose-garden from here, can't you? Freddy, you won't see me any more to-night. But I'll meet you to-morrow evening at the club, and you shall pay me one hundred golden guineas for my story—for my pet charity. Ta-ta, Freddy," and he marched up the path, murmuring:

*I enter thy garden of roses,  
Beloved and fair Haidee.*

A little maid, demure and smart of air, opened to him. "Am I too late?" he varied his salutation with a winning smile.

It was in part the smile that convinced her. She looked as if she would have inquired and doubted, but the smile conquered her. She jumped to the conclusion rather than put a disconcerting question to so charming a person. Her action invited him in, and he was at last—over the threshold.

"I'm not, then?" he inquired with continuing sweetness. "No-o-o, I don't think so," she said. "But mistress is just going out."

She led him through the dimly-lighted hall into a room also lighted dimly, and then she turned up the gas, flooding it with sudden brilliance. It was a drawing-room, of an ample size and furnished with considerable taste, into which he had been ushered. Upon the walls were hung a few pictures of some character, and one of these was a

portrait in oils of a young woman of singular beauty. The maid indicated the grand piano in one corner.

"Mistress thought you'd have been here in the afternoon as your card said," she pronounced.

"Who am I?" was the puzzle before De Lys, and he solved it unexpectedly, or, rather, it was solved for him, and with humiliation.

"Mistress told me to say the upper notes was the worst," said the maid.

The truth dawned on De Lys. He was the piano-tuner—the piano-tuner arrived out of due season! He gazed at the "grand" meditatively and a little ruefully. Romance seemed to be shutting her doors on him as swiftly as she had opened them. It was ironic—to enter for romance, and to be taken for the piano-tuner. He sat down with a sigh.

"All right, my dear," he said with resignation. "I hope I know my duty when I see it."

He put out a wandering, perfunctory hand to the keyboard. The maid lingered near this agreeable gentleman; lingered, and faded away swiftly at the voice of her mistress in an upper region. De Lys pictured her apologizing for her delay on the score of the piano-tuner. It was an unreasonable hour for a piano-tuner to arrive. He looked at his watch, and outside the sky was darkling. Then he firmly plumped both hands upon the keys. At least, he would not neglect his duty, and anything, even such dominant discords, seemed better than the silence of the empty, lighted room. What did piano-tuners do? Oh, yes; he remembered—they generally took the back of the instrument and used a corkscrew in it. He struck again, and then was aware of a rustling that permeated the reverberation of the wires. He turned his head.

In an evening robe of simplicity and dignity stood, contemplating him with indeterminate eyes, a lady who bore a striking resemblance to the woman of the portrait. He had just time to note in the flash that she was something maturer and less girlish, and then he was face to face with his predicament. His heart throbbed pleasantly under the stimulus.

"As, obviously, you are not the piano-tuner," began the lady in a quick, decisive voice, "I can only conclude you are a burglar."

De Lys had risen, and now with a little bow answered: "That being so, madam, perhaps you will send for a policeman." She appeared to muse, standing, tall and stately, almost as tall as he.

"There might be some difficulty in finding one. You know what they are probably better than I, as I should judge by your effrontery that you are not exactly new to the business."

"True, not new," he asserted. "Rather, an old hand; but so far fortunate as to have escaped —"

"What is it you really want?" she interrupted him brusquely, while her inscrutable eyes passed swiftly over him, taking in details of his apparel and appearance. What she saw was a fair man of slender height, thirty or a little more, in immaculate evening dress, and with a peculiar and confident suavity of manner which puzzled her. She did not know whether to be annoyed or amused or even attracted by it. But the position was preposterous. Who was he?

"I don't know," replied De Lys thoughtfully, "that I really want anything more."

"You have got what you want, then?" she asked, still brusquely. "Perhaps as an interested party I might be excused for desiring to discover what exactly that is?"

De Lys had not looked for this astonishing combination of beauty and character in a suburban house. He admired her vastly.

"Certainly," he said briskly; "it is your right: An ineffaceable impression." She lifted her eyebrows, and he gathered her gaze in his and took it to the wall where the portrait hung.

"It is excellently composed and imagined," he said, "but, if I may judge in this light, the color is a trifle raw."

"It was considered a good portrait—once," she said slowly.

"Nature," said Lord de Lys, "has improved upon the original version. It is often so."



She shrugged her shoulders. "You are an art connoisseur, then. But why by stealth? I take it you did not come to steal the picture."

"Oh, it would not be the picture I should want to steal," said De Lys with frank admiration.

She turned ever so slightly away from his gaze, and under the gaslight changed color ever so slightly. She had showed, momentarily, the very first symptom of embarrassment, but it vanished instantaneously.

"And now that you have appraised the picture I suppose there is nothing to keep you?" she said in her former brusque manner.

"I'm afraid nothing," said Lord de Lys with a sigh.

He took up his hat, and his light overcoat fell open, disclosing the stainless white of the shirt below.

Again her eyes dwelt on him doubtfully, and at that juncture the maid entered.

"If you please, ma'am," said the servant, "Johnson with the brougham."

"Tell Johnson I'll be there presently," said her mistress, starting, and again came back to the contemplation of her unknown visitor. There was now some change in her expression and she had lost some of her earlier calm.

"You see," she said with a trace of anxiety in her voice, "you have placed yourself in a perilous position by your devotion to art."

"I realize that," he said meekly.

"I feel that I am condoning a felony——" She paused. "I am in your hands absolutely," he said.

"Was it drink, or was it—— No, I am baffled," she said.

"Consider that it might have been the hope of some such circumstances as have befallen," he urged her. "Whether I go to prison or not I am amply repaid."

She laughed faintly. "I don't think you need go to prison, but I think you deserve punishment."

"So do I," he assented easily.

"Then," she spoke slowly, "I impose it." A piece of paper which he recognized as a telegram was being crumpled in her fingers as she spoke. "You shall do what I wish to-night and ask no questions."

"Do you call that punishment?" he inquired.

"You shall accompany me in the brougham," she continued, with a heightened color and speaking now with obvious embarrassment, "and go through an entertainment in my company."

"Punishment?" echoed Lord de Lys in amazement.

"Treating me as if we had known each other—familiarly—for years," pursued the lady with averted face.

De Lys turned and looked at the portrait which hung on the wall.

"Since I have known you," he said softly, "you have certainly got more beautiful—and from an old friend you will not mind that blunt and honest statement."

"I don't think," said the lady hurriedly, "that we need go into blunt and honest statements now. In fact," she added a little dryly, "perhaps the less we say about honest statements the better."

"I have finished," he said with a little bow. "With that sentence I have done with honesty and am at your disposal for deceit."

She moved to the door with a large and graceful movement and he followed. With her hand on it she hesitated, and he saw doubt and a frown of fear flush her face.

"I don't know——" she began, but the situation had seized hold of De Lys. He would not have let it go for any consideration. He had not the faintest guess of what this position was.

"But, my dear lady," he smiled, "I think you and I in combination should be equal to anything."

A smile, charming as unexpected, flashed back at him. "I really begin to believe you are right," she said.

The astonished maid ushered them into the brougham.

For the space of some moments silence endured between

them, and only the rumbling of the wheels on the roadway was audible. The lights of the lamp-posts flashed in at the window. Lord de Lys broke the silence.

"I am glad you trusted me," he remarked pleasantly; "I shall be glad to be of use to you. I haven't quite got at the game yet, but I am content to wait. I recognized at once that I was in skilled hands. Of course, I was easy to detect through my bungling. But I really can do better. I wish we could join forces."

He was aware she had turned and was staring at him. "Forces?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Naturally," he went on apologetically, "if I had realized what you were I would not have tried it on you. We don't prey on each other."

There was a perceptible pause ere she answered, and in her voice were at once peremptoriness and alarm.

"Do you mean to say you take me for a—and you——" she broke off with growing agitation.

"I am at your service," he said, "waiting to know the job."

All at once she laughed as if reassured. "I really thought you were——" she broke off again in an embarrassed way. "Oh, the lay, as you would call it, is fairly easy, and——"

He waited. "And——"

"I wish," she said with some asperity, "that you would not press me so. It is—well, I am not good at explanations. Besides, you brought it on yourself," she ended vaguely and crossly and irrationally.

"Let me help," he said softly. "I am to play a part?"

"Yes," she assented, leaning back into the cushions away from him.

"I shall love it," he said promptly; "particularly if it is a *jeune premier* part with plenty of limelight. Is it?"

"Yes, it is," she replied, more at her ease. "At least, you can make it so if you will."

"You can depend upon me, then," he said. "Do I figure heroically?"

"You figure as an old friend, as I have told you," she said distantly; "and I want you to remember that and nothing more."

"Not even your name?" he suggested.

There was a pause. "Oh, well," she said—"Mrs. Farhall."

"But an old friend should have privileges," he suggested further. "Mrs. Farhall sounds hardly intimate."

"Rose," she said curtly.

"My dear Rose," he began; she uttered an exclamation.

"We may as well get accustomed to the situation," he pleaded. "Take it as a rehearsal."

"I think perhaps we had better settle on who you are." "The question is, do you want me to be any one in particular?" he asked.

"No," she said curtly; "I don't care who you are so long as you keep the conditions."

"I will do that," he said, and seemed to ponder. "What do you say to Lord de Lys?" he asked.

"I believe there is a peer of that name," she answered.

"Well, all the better," he replied; "the verisimilitude will be greater."

She was pondering now, and her thoughts appeared satisfactory, as if the idea appealed to her.

"Yes, you can be that if you like. No one is likely to know," she said.

The brougham, which had been bowling briskly along the lighted roads during this conversation, now entered a gateway with a crescent of drive leading to a big house.

The lady stirred. "I am asking you to do this," she said suddenly, "on the distinct understanding that after this night I shall see and hear no more of you."

In the light from the lamp over the door of the house where they had drawn up she could see his face and its expressed chagrin.

"You have the right to dictate in the circumstances," he said, and heaved a sigh.

An ambitious sweep of stairway conducted them to a woman of middle age, elaborately gowned and radiantly effusive. She gushed over De Lys' companion.

"So good of you, dear, to come, but why so late?"

Mrs. Farhall ignored the question, her eyes anxiously divided between her escort and her hostess.

"I brought Lord de Lys, as you said I might bring a friend," she said. "Lord de Lys—Mrs. Wheeler."

Mrs. Wheeler's effusive smile became more radiant still. She shook hands heartily.

"Of course, dear Mrs. Farhall. How good of you! I'm so glad Lord de Lys was able to come. Dancing has begun."

You must let me introduce you to my daughter, Lord de Lys. Mabel! Where is Mabel?"

The arrival of other guests parted them, and De Lys moved on with his beautiful partner, entering the ballroom beyond. A blaze of light met them and the strains of a melting waltz. He took advantage of his position, and, the lady assenting, they whirled into the vortex. When the dance was over he followed the course of others into an inner room, where refreshments were being served.

"What puzzles me about all this," he opened as they sat down, "is where my penalty comes in."

A debonaire, dark man at the moment hove in sight and glanced at them; then bowed carefully.

"How do you do, Mr. Forbes?" said Mrs. Farhall; "I was wondering if you would be here to-night."

She spoke with friendly nonchalance, and the man addressed murmured something and looked askew at De Lys.

"I don't know if you've met Lord de Lys," she went on in the same voice. "Perhaps you haven't."

There was something new in her voice, and sensitively De Lys answered to it.

"No, I don't think—Mr. Forbes, is it? I think I've heard you mention him, Rose."

The newcomer shot an amazed, and, it seemed to De Lys, a startled glance from one to the other; but he maintained his society demeanor, acknowledging the introduction. Mrs. Farhall's face was charged with delicate color.

"Do sit down and tell me where you've been," she said.

Mr. Forbes sat down slowly, as if debating problems in his

(Continued on Page 45)



"What Puzzles Me About All This," He Opened as They Sat Down, "is Where My Penalty Comes In"



# The Complete Muckraker

## GIVING SOCIETY AND WALL STREET THEIRS

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



best way is to muckrake them simultaneously, for Society is supposed to derive part of its sustenance from Wall Street, while Wall Street, undeniably, derives a great deal of its sustenance from Society.

The popular and accepted form of this species of muckraking is the novel, or, at least, the narrative. The most adept of our muckrakers who specialize along these lines use the same formula. They choose the names of a number of social leaders of New York and a number of Captains of Finance and tell of the orgies of the one and the crimes of the other in fervid prose, first, with striking originality, changing their names. Thus, Mrs. Astor becomes Mrs. Castor, Mr. Morgan becomes Mr. Horgan, and so on.

It is always well to make these changes to add zest to the story, which it sometimes needs, notwithstanding the horrible exposures made. Even if the reader is not taken by the tale, he will, inevitably, try to guess whom you mean, and, if you make the changes simple enough, he will be flattered because of his own ingenuity in puzzling them out and be held to the end, thus enabling the writer to implant the seed of social revolution in his mind, if the persons who read these books can be said to have any mind.

Always have a Great Moral Purpose in view and never, for a moment, admit that any society person is other than degenerate, depraved and pampered, or that any successful Wall Street man is more than a thief, a buccaneer and a highwayman. Make this clear. Then the editor can ask in his Editorial Note, or you can ask in the preface to the book: "Can Such Things Be?" and answer they can and do be, because here they are told with great fidelity to detail.

It is not necessary for you to know anything about Society or Wall Street. If you have been in neither you will do better than if you have been in both. The model here given follows closely the style of one who has achieved eminent success, he being the only muckraker who discovered, in Society, a Pomeranian pup with diamonds set in its teeth, that wore a diamond tiara and ate nothing but diamond-backed terrapin. However, this selection is no reflection on other authors who have a similar trend of thought. Get a good, lively title, thus:

### ORGIES AND OGRES

By Sinton Eclair

Author of *The Bungle*, *The Sink of Society*, *Musty Millionaires*, etc.

#### CHAPTER I

Mike Montmorency stepped off the train.

Tall, lithe, with hair of an ebony hue, a piercing eye and an air of suppressed power, he had come from

his old home in Alabama to seek his fortune in the vertiginous vortex of the megatherium metropolis.

Clarice, his cousin, was with him—Clarice, who, in her simple sunbonnet and her calico frock, it was easy to discern, was a queen among women.

Father was dead and Mike had sold the old plantation. He intended to practice law in New York, whither Claudie, his brother, had gone two weeks before, and had written to him to follow because it was easy money.

"How-do, Mike?" asked Claudie, who was at the station. "Come over to this auto."

"What for?" asked Mike, stunned, for Claudie, who had worn overalls and a hickory shirt when he left home two short weeks before, was attired in a green hat, a green suit, a green tie, green shoes, and carelessly exhibited a large roll of green money, clasped loosely in his left hand, in marked contrast to the priceless gems that glittered on his fingers.

"What for?" repeated Claudie. "Why, because I have brought the dowager Mrs. Blish, the dictator of Society, down to meet you. You must be O. K'd at once. Devilish hard job I had of it, too. She said she would O. K. you to-night at the Welsh Rabbit dinner, where everybody is to appear dressed up as pieces of cheese, but I insisted you must get her indispensable O. K. at once. Come along."

Mike followed passively. In the automobile he saw a tall, thin lady, with an air of indescribable dignity, erect, distinguished, and wearing a priceless cloak that shimmered and shone as if it were crusted with gems. Mike afterward learned this priceless cloak was made of the iridescent whiskers of the bongo, of which only four are caught each year in the darkest part of Africa, some of these being beardless, by the way, thus showing how priceless it was, for the bongo, at best, is no hirsute marvel.

Claudie led him to the magnificent car. It was fifty-two feet long, and Mike noticed there were diamonds

set in the handles of the doors.

"This is my brother," announced Claudie simply. "O. K. him, please, so he may proceed to devastate Society at once."

"Pleased," said the distinguished old lady, giving him a limp hand to shake. "You're in. Which will you have, Scotch or rye?"

She touched a button, and a glass partition in the automobile swung noiselessly to the side, disclosing a perfectly-appointed buffet, with a famous Milesian bartender in charge.

"Rye," said Mike, ill at ease.

"Pshaw!" cautioned Claudie; "everybody in Society drinks Scotch. It gives results quicker."

Meantime, the great throng of outgoing passengers was eddying about Mike: the great throng of cowed and cowering men and women who, ignorant, slave, slave, day after day, and stagger homeward to miserable cots in the suburbs, to come back again next day and be swallowed in that mighty maw. Oh, the shame of it!

"We shall expect you at the dinner to-night," said Mrs. Blish. "I have reserved the Edam cheese costume for you. Just shave your head and paint it red and you will do nicely. Good-by."

The automobile whirled away, killing seven wage-workers in the first block, but nobody protested. The cowed people!

"Come on, Mike," said Claudie, "to your apartments."

"But Clarice?" faltered Mike. "What about Clarice?"

"Oh," said Claudie carelessly, "I had Craigie Craig down to look her over. He has taken her to some Fifth Avenue shops to buy her a million dollars' worth of clothes."

#### CHAPTER II

They entered the magnificent hotel. Uniformed flunkies bowed and scraped. A gold elevator took them up. A man in a plum-colored costume, with a powdered wig, opened the door.

Room after room, with priceless rugs on the floor, priceless tapestries on the walls, priceless frescoes on the ceilings, priceless furniture scattered about, spread before Mike. Everything was priceless.

"How much does it cost?" Mike asked timorously.

"Thirty-seven thousand dollars a day," answered Claudie, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette. "Beastly hole, though. Camping out beside my own place. I'll get you something better to-morrow."

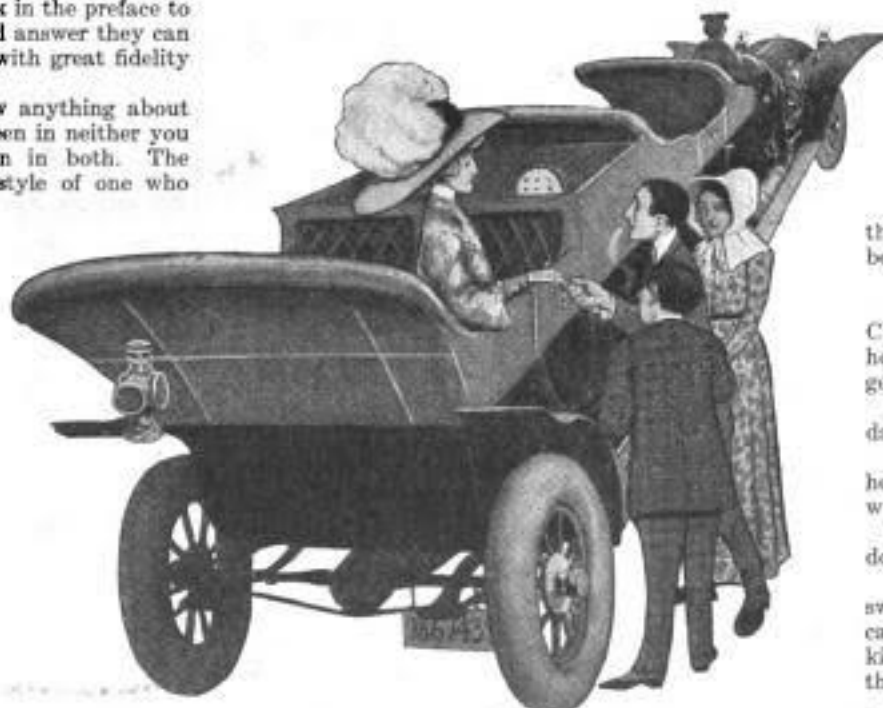
"Thirty-seven thousand dollars a day!" repeated Mike, dazed.

"Sure; none of our best Society people would stop here. Not expensive enough. Got any evening clothes with you?"

"What's the matter with these?" asked Mike, looking down at his homespun, which Clarice had made for him.

"Bosh," said Claudie. Ringing a bell, he gave a few swift directions. Presently, Gumboilski, the great tailor, came in. "Make him nine hundred and twenty suits of all kinds of clothes," ordered Claudie incisively. "Have them here in an hour."

Gumboilski swept Mike with his eyes and vanished. Just then the door opened and Clarice entered.



"My Brother," Announced Claudie Simply. "O. K. Him, Please"



She wore a purple Directoire gown. On her fingers sparkled a dozen rings. A magnificent purple plume swept across her purple hat. There were jeweled buckles on her shoes.

"She'll do," said Claudie. Forty maids entered bearing hats, gowns, shoes, lingerie, every conceivable article of women's attire, including twenty-seven opera cloaks made of the skin of the antarctic chipmunk, each skin being no larger than a dime and each cloak requiring 167,544 skins.

"Claudie," insisted Mike, as Clarice went in to change her rings, "how will you pay for all this?"

"I won't," replied Claudie.

Mike was stunned.

## CHAPTER III

The cheese dinner was a great success, except that Charley Chaptank—poor Charley, only fourteen, and a million a month for pocket-money—insisted he was Gorgonzola when he was distinctly Neufchâtel.

They had a german in which the principal figure was danced by sixteen young girls and sixteen men, the girls sprinkling paprika on the men and the men, in turn, pouring beer on the girls, while the matrons personated the cheese for the rabbit.

"Come," said Claudie at four A. M., "we are due at the Rouncey Rouncevilles' for a week-end."

They hastened to their hotel. Mike found a Russian sable automobile coat spread out for him on the bed.

They tore through Long Island and, presently, approached a large marble house. Although it was six o'clock lights still shone in the windows.

"They're up early," said Mike.

"Haven't gone to bed yet," responded Claudie, who was driving.

Mike gazed at the house. It sat on a hill in a park of a thousand acres and it was half a mile long.

"What is it?" asked Mike.

"A cottage," said Claudie. "Merely a cottage. And Rouncey is quite ashamed of it. Just a shack, you know."

They entered the magnificent hall. Shrill laughter came from a long room to the left.

They entered. There were forty-seven tables of bridge whist going. A tall, thin, young fellow lounged out to meet them. "Howdy, Augie," said Claudie. "Not playing?"

"Just stopped," replied the tall, thin, young man. "Lost three millions to Bettie Backus."

Mike glanced around. His brother was greeted with cries of: "Hello, Claudie; good old sport. Who's the stranger?"

Mike was introduced. He met Bettie Backus. "Fairish luck to-night," she said, lighting a cigar. "Have a stein of brandy?"

Mike looked at her. Tall, exquisitely moulded, she seemed out of place, so young and girlish.

"This," said Claudie, "is Mrs. Winnie Windemere. Look out for her. She is constantly seeking an affinity."

Soon afterward the bridge players settled up. There was great laughter when Birdie Annandale bet sixteen thousand dollars with Reggie Durand she could drink six hot Scotchies while he consumed a magnum of champagne.

Mike was stunned.

## CHAPTER IV

At nine o'clock the hunt began. Rouncey Rounceville had especially fattened an enormous flock of dachshunds, which had been turned loose in the coverts. The sport was sure to be good.

Mike drew Mrs. Winnie Windemere. She turned her lovely eyes on him and said simply: "I'm so glad. I know you can kill them."

Mike was thrilled. He shot as he never shot before.

At times, when the dachshunds were thick after being flushed, he brought down two and, turning to the gamekeepers, seized another gun and killed two more.

That night, when they totted up the score, it was discovered that Mike and Mrs. Winnie had killed nine thousand. Rouncey Rounceville gave Mike the prize. It was a solid gold runabout, with diamond hubs. It must have cost half a million. Rouncey liked to show his wealth.

After dinner, where Willie Waterhouse created great merriment by drowning two Pomeranians in the soup, Mrs. Winnie led Mike to the conservatory.

"I love you," she said simply.

"You love me?" stammered Mike.

"Certainly; I love you."

"But your husband?" said Mike, with dazzled eyes.

"My husband!" she sneered. "He doesn't count. Besides, I was cheated horribly when I got him."

"Cheated?"

"Yes; cheated. I traded with Carrie De Graffenreid last week and she palmed off her sixth on me."

"Traded husbands?" gasped Mike.

"For Heaven's sake," asked Mrs. Winnie in surprise, "what part of the world do you come from, anyhow? I thought you were accustomed to Society."

## CHAPTER V

During the next week Mike learned much about the Society of New York, where he was accepted as a member.

He came to look on dinners where the cost was less than a thousand dollars a plate as mere snacks. He visited stables where favorite horses were bedded down with rarest orchids brought from the upper reaches of the Amazon for that purpose. He saw dogs that lived in mansions and had fourteen trained servants each to wait on them. He found that every woman loved another woman's husband, and that every husband was infatuated with another man's wife. He went to a ball where the requisite for admission was that each woman should wear a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels. He learned

(Concluded on Page 44)

# The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



XIV

WRATH is a baseless flame in the intelligent aged; also, Margaret's grandmother was something more than a mere expert in social craft, and would have been a woman of the world had not circumstances compressed her to its petty department of fashionable society. Before Craig had cleared the front door she was respecting him, even as she raged against him. Insolent, impudent, coarsely insulting—yes, all these. But very much a man, a masculine force; with weaknesses, it was true, and his full measure of the low-sprung's obsequious snobbishness; but, for all that, strong, persistent, concentrated, one who knew the master-art of making his weaknesses serve as pitfalls into which his enemies were lured, to fall victim to his strength.

"Yes, he will arrive," reflected Madam Bowker. "Branch will yet have to serve him. Poor Branch! What a misery for a man to be born with a master's mind but with the lack of will and courage that keeps a man a servant. Yes, Craig will arrive! . . . What a pity he has no money."

But, on second thought, that seemed less a disadvantage. If she should let him marry Margaret they would be dependent upon her; she could control them—him—through holding the purse-strings. And when that remote

time came at which it would please God to call her from here earthly labors to their eternal reward, she could transfer the control to Margaret. "Men of his origin are always weak on the social side," she reflected. "And it wouldn't be in nature for a person as grasping of power as he is not to be eager about money also."

With the advent of plutocratic fashion respect for official position had dwindled at Washington. In Rome, in the days when the emperors became mere creatures of the army, the seat of fashion and of power was transferred to the old and rich families aloof from the government and buying peace and privilege from it. So Washington's fashionable society has come to realize even more clearly than does the rest of the country that, despite spasmodic struggles and apparent spurts of reaction, power has passed to the plutocracy, and that officialdom is, as a rule, servant verging toward slavery. Still, form is a delusion of tenacious hold upon the human mind. The old lady's discoveries of Craig's political prospects did not warm her toward him as would news that he was in the way of being vastly rich; but she retained enough of the fading respect for high-titled office to feel that he was not the quite impossibility she had fancied, but was fit to be an aspirant for an aristocratic alliance.

"If Margaret doesn't fall in love with him after she marries him," reflected she, "all may be well. Of course, if she does she'll probably ruin him and herself, too. But I think she'd have enough sense of her position and of how to maintain it for herself, and for him and her children, not to be a fool."

Meanwhile Craig was also cooling down. He had meant every word he said—while he was saying it. Only one self-convinced could have been so effective. But, sobering off from his rhetorical debauch in the quiet streets of that majestic quarter, he began to feel that he had gone further, much further, than he had intended. "I don't see how, in self-respect, I could have said less," thought he. "And surely the old woman isn't so lost to decency that she can't appreciate and admire self-respect."

Still he might have spoken less harshly; might have been a little considerate of the fact that he was not making a stump speech, but was in the drawing-room of a high-born, high-bred lady. "And gad, she is a patrician!"

His eyes were surveying the splendid mansions round about—the beautiful window-gardens—the curtains at the windows, which he had learned were real lace, whatever that might be, and most expensive. Very fine, that way of living! Very comfortable, to have servants at



beck and call, and most satisfactory to the craving for power—trifles, it is true, but still the substantial and tangible evidence of power. "And it impresses the people, too. Gad, we're all snobs at bottom. We're not yet developed enough to appreciate such a lofty abstraction as democracy."

True, Margaret was not rich; but the old grandmother was. Doubtless, if he managed her right, she would see to it that he and Margaret had some such luxury as these grandly-housed people—but not too much, for that would interfere with my political program. He did not protest this positively; the program seemed, for the moment, rather vague and not very attractive. The main point seemed to be money and the right sort of position among the right sort of people. He shook himself, scowled, muttered: "I am a fool! What do I amount to except as I rise in politics and stay risen? I must be mighty careful or I'll lose my point of view and become a wretched hanger-on at the skirts of these fakers. For they are fakers—frauds of the first water! Take their accidental money away from them and they'd sink to be day laborers, most of them—and not of much account there."

He was sorely perplexed; he did not know what to do—what he ought to do—even what he wanted to do. One thing seemed clear—that he had gone further than was necessary in alarming the old woman. Whether he wanted to marry the girl or not, he certainly did not wish, at this stage of the game, to make it impossible. The wise plan was to leave the situation open in every direction, so that he could freely advance or freely retreat as unfolding events might dictate. So he turned in the direction of the Severence house, walked at his usual tearing pace, arrived there bedraggled of collar and dingily dusty of shoe and trouser-leg.

Greater physical contrast could not have been possible than that between him and Margaret, descending to him in the cool garden where he was mopping himself and dusting his shoes, all with the same handkerchief. She was in a graceful walking costume of pale blue, scrupulously neat, perfect to the smallest detail. As she advanced she observed him with eyes that nothing escaped; and being in one of her exquisite moods, when the senses are equally quick to welcome the agreeable or to shrink from the disagreeable, she had a sense of physical repugnance. He saw her when she was still several yards away. Her dress, its harmony with her delicateness of feature and coloring, the gliding motion of her form combined to throw him instantly into a state of intoxication. He rushed toward her; she halted, shivered, shrank. "Don't—look at me like that!" she exclaimed half under her breath.

"And why not? Aren't you mine?" And he seized her, enwrapped her in his arms, pressed his lips firmly upon her hair, her cheek—upon her lips. There he lingered; her eyes closed, her form, he felt, was yielding within his embrace.

"Don't—please," she murmured, when he let her catch her breath.

"Do you love me?" he cried passionately.

"Let me go!" She struggled futilely in his plowman arms.

"Say you love me!"

"If you don't let me go I shall hate you!"

"I see I shall have to kiss you until you do love me."

"Yes—yes—whatever you wish me to say," she cried, suddenly freeing herself by dodging most undignifiedly out of his arms.

She stood a little way from him, panting, as was he. She frowned fiercely, then her eyes softened, became tender—just why she could not have explained. "What a dirty boy it is!" she said softly. "Go into the house and ask Williams to take you where you can make yourself presentable."

"Not I," said he, dropping into a seat. "Come, sit here beside me."

She laughed; obeyed. She even made several light passes at his damp mop of hair. She wondered why it was that she liked to touch him, though a few minutes before she had shrunk from it.

"I've just been down telling that old grandmother of yours what I thought of her," said he.

She started. "How did you happen to go there?" she exclaimed. She forgot herself so completely that she added imperiously: "I wanted you to keep away from her until I was ready for you to go."

"She sent for me," apologized he. "I went. We came together with a bang. She told me I wanted to marry you; I told her you wanted to marry me. She told me I was low; I told her she was a fraud. She said I was insolent; I said good-afternoon. If I hadn't marched out rather quickly I guess she'd have had me thrown out."

Margaret was sitting stone-still, hands limp in her lap.

"So you see it's all up," continued he, with a curious air of bravado, patently insincere. "And it's just as well. You oughtn't to marry me. It's a crime for me to have permitted things to go this far."

"Perhaps you are right," replied she slowly and thoughtfully. "Perhaps you are right."

He made one of his exclamatory gestures, a swift jerk round of the head toward her. He had all he could do to restrain himself from protesting, without regard to his pretenses to himself and to her. "Do you mean that, Maggie?" he asked with more appeal in his voice than he was conscious of.

"Never call me that again!" she cried. "It's detestable—so common!"

He drew back as if she had struck him. "I beg your pardon," he said with gentle dignity. "I shall not do it again. Maggie was my mother's name—what she was always called at home."

She turned her eyes toward him with a kind of horror in them. "Oh, forgive me!" she begged, her clasped hands upon his arm. "I didn't mean it at all—not at all. It is I that am detestable and common. I spoke that way because I was irritated about something else." She laid one hand caressingly against his cheek. "You must always call me Maggie—when—when—very softly—" "you love me very, very much. I like you to have a name for me that nobody else has."

He seized her hands. "You do care for me, don't you?" he cried.

She hesitated. "I don't quite know," said she. Then, less seriously: "Not at all, I'm sure, when you talk of breaking the engagement. I wish you hadn't seen grandmother!"

"I wish so, too," confessed he. "I made an ass of myself."

She glanced at him quickly. "Why do you say that?"

"I don't know," he stammered confusedly. How could he tell her?

"A moment ago you seemed well pleased with what you'd done."

"Well, I guess I went too far. I wasn't very polite."

"You never are."

"I'm going to try to do better. . . . No, I don't think it would be wise for me to go and apologize to her."

She was looking at him strangely. "Why are you so anxious to conciliate her?"

He saw what a break he had made, became all at once red and inarticulate.

"What is she to you?" persisted the girl.

"Nothing at all," he blustered. "I don't care—that!"—he snapped his fingers—"for her opinion. I don't care if everybody in the world is against our marrying. I want just you—only you."

"Obviously," said she with a dry laugh that was highly disconcerting to him. "I certainly have no fortune—or hope of one, so far as I know."

This so astounded, so disconcerted him that he forgot to conceal it. "Why, I thought—your grandmother—that is—". He was remembering, was stammering, was unable to finish.

"Go on," she urged, obviously enjoying his hot confusion.

He became suddenly angry. "Look here, Margaret," he cried, "you don't suspect me of—"

She put her fingers on his lips and laughed quietly at him. "You'd better run along now. I'm going to hurry away to grandmother, to try to repair the damage you did." She rose and called, "Lucia! Lucia!"

The round, rosy, rather slovenly Miss Severence appeared in the little balcony—the only part of the house in view from where they sat.

"Telephone the stables for the small victoria," called Margaret.

"Mother's out in it," replied Lucia.

"Then the small brougham."

"I want that. Why don't you take the electric?"

"All right."

Lucia disappeared. Margaret turned upon the deeply-impressed Craig. "What's the matter?" asked she, though she knew.

"I can't get used to this carriage business," said he. "I don't like it. Where the private carriage begins just there democracy ends. It is the parting of the ways. People who are driving have to look down; people who aren't have to look up."

"Nonsense!" said Margaret, though it seemed to her to be the truth.

"Nonsense, of course," retorted Craig. "But nonsense rules the world." He caught her roughly by the arm. "I warn you now, when we—"

"Run along, Josh," cried she, extricating herself and laughing, and with a wave of the hand she vanished into the shrubbery. As soon as she was beyond the danger of having to continue that curious conversation she walked less rapidly. "I wonder what he really thinks," she said to herself. "I wonder what I really think. I suspect we'd both be amazed at ourselves and at each other if we knew."

Arrived at her grandmother's she had one more and huger cause for wonder. There were a dozen people in the big salon, the old lady presiding at the tea-table in high good humor. "Ah—here you are, Margaret," cried she. "Why didn't you bring your young man?"

"He's too busy for frivolity," replied Margaret.

"I saw him this afternoon," continued Madam Bowker, talking aside to her alone when the ripples from the new stone in the pond had died away. "He's what they call a pretty rough customer. But he has his good points."

"You liked him better?" said the astonished Margaret.

"I disliked him less," corrected the old lady. "He's not a man any one"—this with emphasis and a sharp glance at her granddaughter—"likes. He neither likes nor is liked. He's too much of an ambition for such petty things. People of purpose divide their fellows into two classes, the useful and the useless. They seek allies among the useful, they avoid the useless."

Margaret laughed.

"Why do you laugh, child? Because you don't believe it?"

Margaret sighed. "No; because I don't want to believe it."

## XV

CRAIG dined at the Secretary of State's that night, and reveled in the marked consideration every one showed him. He knew it was not because of his political successes, present and impending; in the esteem of that fashionable company his success with Margaret overtopped them. And while he was there, drinking more than was good for him and sharing in the general self-complacency, he thought so himself. But waking up about three in the morning, with an aching head and in the depths of the blues, the whole business took on again its grimmest complexion. "I'll talk it over again with Grant," he decided, and was at the Arkwright house a few minutes after eight.

It so happened that Grant himself was wakeful that morning and had got up about half-past seven. When Craig came he was letting his valet dress him. He sent for Craig to come up to his dressing-room. "You can talk to me while Walter shaves me," said Grant from the armchair before his dressing-table. He was spread out luxuriously, and Josh watched the process of shaving as if he had never seen it before. Indeed, he never had seen a shave in such pomp and circumstance of silver and gold, of ivory and cut glass, of essence and powder.

"That's a very ladylike performance for two men to be engaged in," said he.

"It's mighty comfortable," answered Grant lazily.

"Where did you get that thing you've got on?"

"This gown? Oh, Paris. I get all my things of that sort there. Lately I get my clothes there too."

"I like that thing," said Craig, giving it a patronizing jerk of his head. "It looks cool and clean. Linen and silk, isn't it? Only I'd choose a more serviceable color than white. And I'd not have a pink silk lining and collar in any circumstances."

He wandered about the room. "Goshalimity!" he exclaimed, peering into a drawer. "You must have a million neckties. And"—he was at the partly-open door of a huge closet—"here's a whole roomful of shirts—and another of clothes." He wheeled abruptly upon the smiling, highly-flattered tenant of the armchair. "Grant, how many suits have you got?"

"Blest if I know. How many, Walter?"

"I really cannot say, sir. I know 'em all, but I never counted 'em. About seventy or eighty, I should say, not counting extra trousers."

Craig looked astounded. "And how many shirts?"

"Oh, several hundred of them, sir. Mr. Grant's most particular about his linen."

"And here are boots and shoes and pumps and gaiters and Lord knows what and what not—enough to stock a shoestore. And umbrellas and canes! How do you carry all that stuff round on your mind?"

Grant laughed like a tickled infant. All this was as gratifying to his vanity as applause to Craig's. "Walter looks after it," said he.

Craig lapsed into silence, stared moodily out of the window. The idea of his thinking of marrying a girl of Grant's class! What a ridiculous, loutish figure he would cut in her eyes! Why, not only did he not have the articles necessary to a gentleman's wardrobe, he did not even know the names of them, nor their uses! It was all very well to pretend that these matters were petty. In a sense they were. But that sort of trifles played a most important part in life as it was led by Margaret Severence. She'd not think them trifles. She was probably assuming that, while he was not quite up to the fashionable standard, still he had a gentleman's equipment of knowledge and of toilet articles. "She'd think me no better than a savage—and I'm not much above the savage state, as far as this side of life is concerned."

Grant interrupted his mournful musings with: "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll have my bath."

And, Walter following, he went in at a door to the right, through which Craig had a glimpse of marble walls and floor, of various articles of truly Roman luxury. The moments dragged away until half an hour had passed.

"Arkwright!" Josh called out. "What are you doing all this time?"

"Massage," responded Grant. "You can come in."

Craig entered the marble chamber, seated himself on a corner of the warmed marble couch on which Grant lay



luxuriating in Walter's powerful massage. "Do you go through this thing often?" demanded he.

"Every morning—except when I'm roughing it. You ought to take massage, Josh. It's great for the skin."

Craig saw that it was. His own skin, aside from his hands and face, was fairly smooth and white; but it was like sandpaper, he thought, beside this firm, rosy covering of the elegant Arkwright's elegant body. "Get through here and send Walter away," he said harshly. "I want to talk to you. If you don't I'll burst out before him. I can't hold in any longer."

"Very well. That'll do, Walter," acquiesced Grant. "And please go and bring us some breakfast. I'll finish dressing afterward."

As soon as the door closed on the valet, Craig said: "Grant, I've got myself into a frightful mess. I want you to help me out of it."

Grant's eyes shifted. He put on his white silk pajamas, thrust his feet into slippers, tossed the silk-lined linen robe about his broad, too square shoulders, and led the way into the other room. Then he said: "Do you mean Margaret Severence?"

"That's it!" exclaimed Craig, pacing the floor. "I've gone and got myself engaged —"

"One minute," interrupted Arkwright in a voice so strange that Joshua paused and stared at him. "I can't talk to you about that."

"Why not?"

"For many reasons. The chief one — Fact is, Josh, I've acted like a howling skunk about you with her. I ran you down to her; tried to get her myself."

Craig waved his hand impatiently. "You didn't succeed, did you? And you're ashamed of it, aren't you? Well, if I wasted time going round apologizing for all the things I'd done that I'm ashamed of I'd have no time left to do decently. So that's out of the way. Now, help me."

"What a generous fellow you are!"

"Generous? Stuff! I need you. We're going to stay friends. You can do what you please—I'll like you just the same. I may swat you if you get in my way; but as soon as you were out of it—and that'd be mighty soon and sudden, Grant, old boy—why, I'd be friends again. Come, tell me how I'm to get clear of this engagement."

"I can't talk about it to you."

"Why not?"

"Because I love her."

Craig gasped: "Do you mean that?"

"I love her—as much as I'm capable of loving anybody. Didn't I tell you so?"

"I believe you did say something of the kind," admitted Craig. "But I was so full of my own affairs that I didn't pay much attention to it. Why don't you jump in and marry her?"

"She happens to prefer you."

"Yes, she does," said Craig with a complacency that rolled Arkwright. "I don't know what the poor girl sees in me, but she's just crazy about me."

"Don't be an ass, Josh!" cried Grant in a jealous fury. Craig laughed pleasantly. "I'm stating simple facts. Do you suppose, if I were to break the engagement, she'd take it really seriously to heart?"

"I fancy she could live through it if you could. She probably cares no more than you do."

"There's the worst of it. I want her, Grant. When I'm with her I can't tolerate the idea of giving her up. But how in the mischief can I marry her? I'm too strong a dose for a frail, delicate little thing like her."

"She's as tall as you are. I've seen her play athletics to a standstill at tennis."

"But she's so refined, so —"

"Oh, fudge!" muttered Arkwright. Then louder: "Didn't I tell you not to talk to me about this business?"

"But I've got to do it," protested Craig. "You're the only one I can talk to—without being a cad."

Arkwright looked disgusted. "You love the girl," he said bitterly, "and she wants you. Marry her."

"But I haven't got the money."

Craig was out with the truth at last. "What would we live on? My salary is only seventy-five hundred dollars."

what this mixing with swell people and trying to marry a fashionable lady is doing for me!"

"You're broadening out, you mean. You're losing your taste for tommy-rot."

"Not at all," said Craig surlily. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to see the girl to-day and put the whole case before her. And I want you to back me up."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," cried Grant. "How can you ask such a thing of me?"

"Yes, you must go with me to-day."

"I've got an engagement—garden-party at the British Embassy."

"Going there, are you? . . . Um! . . . Well, we'll see."

The breakfast came and Craig ate like a ditch digger—his own breakfast and most of Grant's. Grant barely

touched the food, lit a cigarette, sat regarding the full-mouthed Westerner gloomily. "What did Margaret see in this man?" thought Grant. "True, she doesn't know him as well as I do; but she knows him well enough. Talk about women being refined! Why, they've got ostrich stomachs."

"Do you know, Grant," said Craig thickly, so stuffed was his mouth, "I think your refined women like men of my sort. I know I can't bear anything but refined women. Now, you—you've got an ostrich stomach. I've seen you quite pleased with women I'd not lay my finger on. Yet most people'd say you were more sensitive than I. Instead, you're much coarser—except about piffing, piddling, paltry non-essentials. You strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if Margaret had penetrated the fact that your coarseness is inbred while mine is mere surface. Women have a surprising way of getting at the bottom of things. I'm a good deal like a woman in that respect myself."

Grant thrust a cigar upon him, got him out of the room and on the way out of the house as quickly as possible. "Insufferable egotist!" he mumbled, by way of a parting kick. "Why do I like him? I don't believe I do!"

He did not dress until late that afternoon, but lay in his rooms, very low and miserable. When he issued forth it was to the garden-party—and immediately he ran into Margaret and Craig, apparently lying in wait for him. "Here he is!" exclaimed Josh, slapping him enthusiastically on the back. "Grant, Margaret wants to talk with you. I must run along."

And before either could speak he had darted away, plowing his way rudely through the crowd.

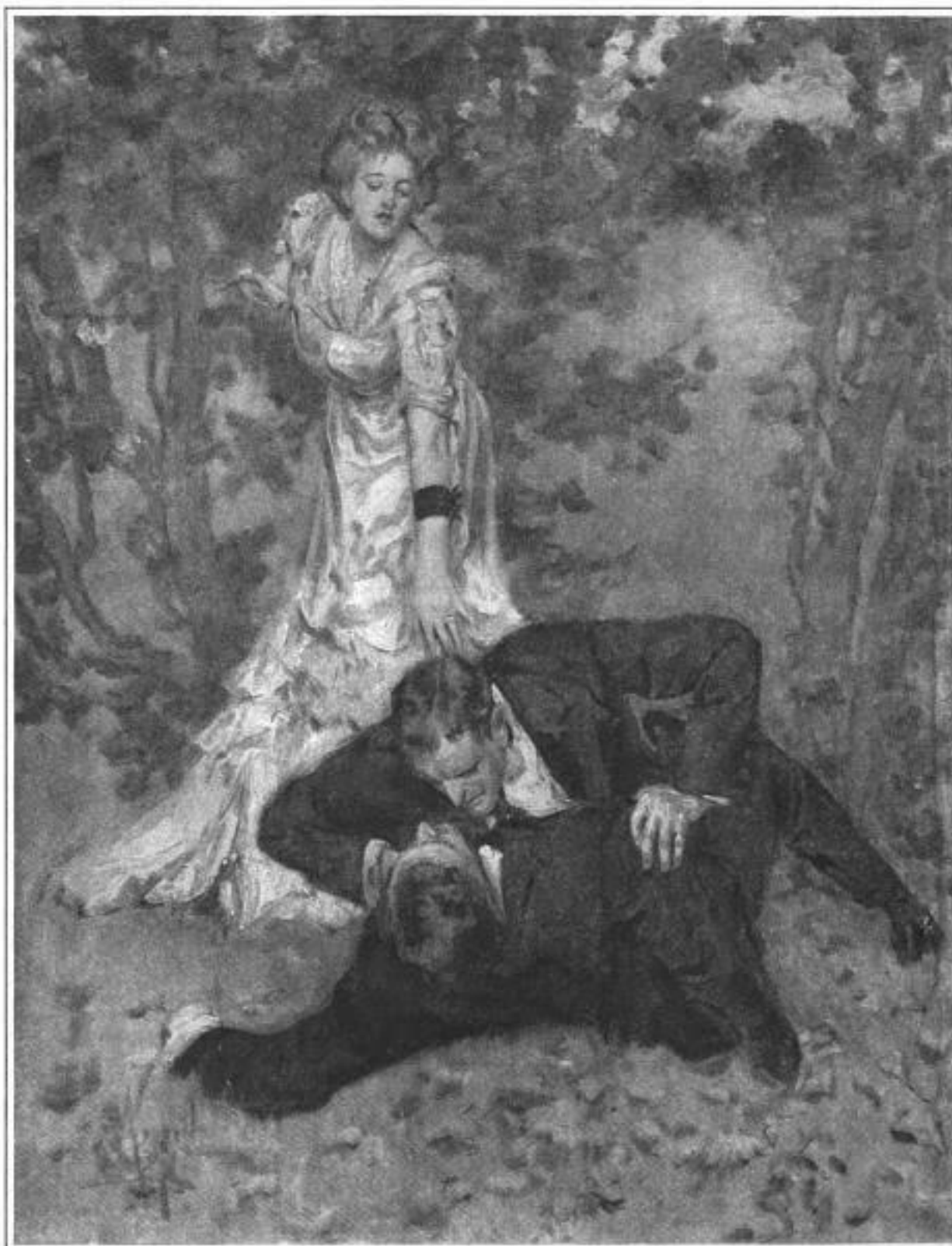
Margaret and Grant watched his progress—she smiling, he surly and sneering. "Yet you like him," said Margaret. "In a way, yes," conceded Arkwright. "He has a certain sort of magnetism." He pulled himself up short. "This morning," said he, "I apologized to him for my treachery; and here I am at it again."

"I don't mind," said Margaret. "It's quite harmless."

"That's it!" exclaimed Grant in gloomy triumph. "You can't care for me because you think me harmless."

"Well, aren't you?"

(Continued on Page 40)



"I've Got to Kill Something," He Yelled. "Why Not You?"

If I get the Attorney-Generalship it'll be only eight thousand, and I've not got twenty thousand dollars besides. As long as I'm in politics I can't do anything at the law. All the clients that pay well are clients I'd not dare have anything to do with—I may have to prosecute them. Grant, I used to think Government salaries were too big, and I used to rave against office-holders fattening on the people. I was crazy. How's a man to marry a lady and live like a gentleman on seven or eight thousand a year?"

"And you used to rave against living like a gentleman," thrust Grant maliciously.

Craig reddened. "There it is!" he fairly shouted. "I'm going to the devil. I'm sacrificing all my principles. That's



# MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

Bayard Taylor  
Poet—Novelist—Dramatist

By WILLIAM WINTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN C. WALL



"What a Lovely Day This is! I'm Going Home to Write Poetry!"

WHAT is poetry and what are the faculties that constitute a poet? In the course of a long life, devoted to the art of writing, I have talked with many authors and have read hundreds of books, but I have not obtained an explicit, illuminative, decisive answer to those inquiries. The critic is ready with his theory, the rhetorical treatise is ready with its definition, but neither theory nor definition reveals the heart of the mystery. The thing that is not poetry, though set forth in verse, is readily recognized, and it can be distinctly defined; the magic that irradiates verse and makes poetry out of prose is felt rather than known, and exact specification of it eludes the dexterity of the grammarian.

Observation likewise perceives, among even expert judges of verse, wide disparities of opinion as to the poetic element. Johnson, who admired Young, could see no poetry in Gray. Byron, who admired Pope, could see no poetry in Cowper. To Macaulay the nightingale was Milton and, comparatively, other singers were wrens. Thackeray, who disliked Byron, was charmed with Addison's lines on the Spacious Firmament, and he found Johnson's Ode on the Death of Leavitt so poetic as to be "sacred." Carlyle despised Lamb, but he adored Burns. Coleridge, the worshiper of Wordsworth, was contemptuous of Moore. Poe belittled Burns and disparaged Longfellow, but he perceived divine fire in Mrs. Browning. Emerson was actually able to discern poetry in Walt Whitman! Aldrich, the disciple of Herrick, was blind to the intrinsic glamour of Holmes.

Among the bards themselves there is, furthermore, a perplexing disparity of method in the invocation of the Muse. Whence is the impulse derived? Scott affirmed that, while he took no pains with his prose, he wrote his verse with great care. Byron was accustomed to incite inspiration by reading a fine passage from some other poet, after which he would write at full speed, in a fever heat. Moore found poetic stimulant in looking at the sunset. Wordsworth, keenly susceptible to every influence of physical Nature, walked alone in the lonely, beautiful Cumberland country, composing his verses, often speaking them aloud, and committing them to memory as he composed them. Burns, apparently the most sweetly natural singer since Shakespeare (as long ago was said by William Pitt), himself testified that the influence that most exalted and enraptured him was that of a stormy wind howling among the trees and raging over the plain, and that whenever he wanted to be "more than ordinary in song," he put himself "on a regimen of admiring a fine woman." Richard Henry Stoddard—whose Songs of Summer comprise some of the loveliest and some of

apparently the most spontaneous lyrics existent in the English language—told me that sometimes he wrote the first draft of a poem in prose and afterward turned it into verse. Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose poetic achievement made his name illustrious in American literature, told me that it was his custom to select with care the particular form of verse that he designed to use, and sometimes to invent the rhymes and write them at the ends of the lines which they were to terminate, thus making a skeleton of a poem as a ground-work on which to build. To my mind it seems that the poet should be like the Æolian harp, which makes music when its strings are swept by the breeze; but, in the presence of so much perplexity of fact and opinion, a certain audacity appears to be requisite to declare that anybody is a poet or that anything is poetry.

Years ago I had the pleasure of friendly intercourse with one man of letters who possessed, in ample measure, that particular form of intrepidity. That man was the Rev. William Rounseville Alger, at one time a popular preacher in Boston, and famous for his impassioned eloquence. Alger will be remembered as the biographer (1877) of the tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and also because of the service that he did to literature by composing, or translating, or paraphrasing a considerable number of Oriental poems, valuable alike for their meaning and their melody. He was a man of acute and copious sensibility, of a feminine temperament, quickly and keenly appreciative, and easily moved to tears. No poet could have wished for a more receptive, responsive auditor. The poetic element that especially he recognized and loved was *feeling*, and that element he found in the poetry of Bayard Taylor, whom he ranked, and did not hesitate to designate, in many a conversation with me, as "the foremost and best of American poets."

I never had the opportunity of mentioning that opinion to Bayard Taylor, a fact which I deeply regret, for the knowledge of it would have been a great satisfaction to him. Taylor was a rapid, discursive, voluminous writer; few American authors have written so much and in such various departments of literature. But of all his writing that which he chiefly valued—that, in comparison with which the rest, in his esteem, was accounted nothing—was his poetry. (He began as a writer of verse, his first publication having been a poem contributed to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, and as a writer of verse he ended, with his noble poem of Prince Deucalion.) On that subject he often spoke and wrote to me, and always with the candor that was eminently characteristic of his ingenuous, simple nature; for, with great practical knowledge of the world, Bayard Taylor was simplicity itself. I recall a remark of his to me that seemed to reveal, in a flash, his whole nature: "What a lovely day this is!" he said; "I'm going home to write poetry!" As he spoke he was the incarnation of exultant happiness.

Taylor's rank as a poet will be determined after another generation of readers has arisen—when he is no

longer remembered as specifically a traveler and a journalist; and that rank will be high. He was, distinctively, a poet, but, under the pressure of necessity, he delved in so many lines of literary labor that his miscellaneous publicity obscured him in the vision of his own period. It has taken America some time to learn the exceptional value and abiding charm of such verse as that of William Cullen Bryant and such prose as that of Donald G. Mitchell, and to realize that it possessed, in Fitz-Greene Halleck, one of the strongest, sweetest poets who have swept the harp-

strings of the human heart. Time will do justice to the fine poetic genius of Bayard Taylor.

Good fortune attended Taylor's career (1825-1878), but the full recognition that he merited was not accorded till after his death; and possibly it would not have been accorded then but for the indubitable success of his magnificent metrical version of Faust. It is the conventional opinion that a writer who succeeds in one thing must, necessarily, fail in others. Taylor's conceded re-

nown with the multitude was that of a traveler and lecturer on travel. The fact that he was novelist, dramatist and—above all else—poet, was unappreciated, and sometimes even unknown. A humorous incident, related to me by him, illustrates this ludicrous truth.

"I had delivered a lecture in one of our rural towns"—so said my old friend—"and several of my auditors were accosting me with expressions of their satisfaction. One person in particular was effusively eager, saying: 'I am delighted, Mr. Taylor, to make your acquaintance. I have read everything that you have ever written, and have greatly enjoyed it all.' This was pleasant to hear, and, as he grasped my hand with evident friendship, I responded with a request for his opinion of my poetry. A look of overwhelming astonishment and perplexity came into his face. 'Your poetry?' he exclaimed; 'have you ever written any poetry?' This, I need not tell you, satisfied my curiosity."

The humor of that incident was not lost upon the poet. Indeed, a sense of humor was one of Taylor's most propitious and most charming attributes, and with him, as with all other persons who possess that blessing, it served as a shield against petty troubles and as a cordial stimulant to philosophical views of life. He was like a boy, also, in his love of fun. I remember the glee with which he told me of a personal experience at the home of that austere philosopher and preceptor, Rev. Horace Mann—a clergyman, orator and reformer, at one time very prominent in New England life—among whose several enthusiastic propensities of culture was a fanatical devotion to the use,



"I Found in My Bedroom a Huge Tub of Icy Water"



external and internal, of cold water. "Every morning, the year round," said Taylor, "he immersed himself in it; he drank nothing else; and he seemed to expect his guests to follow his example. I had delivered a lecture in his town, and I was kindly entertained at his house. It was mid-winter and bitterly cold. I found in my bedroom a huge tub of icy water, intended for my morning bath; and my host directed my attention to it, with strong approval of its utility. I had a good wash when the morning came, but not in that tub! He was left, however, in the comforting belief that I had taken the plunge, for I managed to wet all the towels and to scatter water all over the floor. He was an excellent person, and it would have been a pity to disappoint him."

A conspicuous product of Taylor's playful humor is the Echo Club, first published serially and afterward (1876) in a book. It incorporates imitations of the styles of many of the writers of verse who were his contemporaries, and therein it follows the tradition of the Rejected Addresses and is remotely kindred with the delicious comicalities of Calverley. Adverting to those squibs, which are, in fact, parodies, he sent this message to me, from Gotha, October 6, 1872:

All the papers were welcome, I assure you, and even the sight of your unforgeable MS. was refreshing to mine eyes. Moreover, here was evidence that you have already forgiven me for my abominable effort at imitating some of your best poems, making comic the very qualities in them which I most enjoy. I may congratulate myself, I think, on having finished the series of travesties without having (so far as I know) given lasting offense to any of the victims. Yet, stay!—I almost doubt of being pardoned by Mrs. Howe. It was a perilous undertaking, just at present, and I might easily have had worse luck.

Several of those travesties are notably felicitous and all of them are amusing. A certain imitation that he wrote of Longfellow was not printed—as he feared, needlessly, that Longfellow would feel hurt by it and would take offense. It is a parody of The Psalm of Life and it gives the reverie of a pensive moralist in a farmyard. Taylor, in his mood of boyish frolic, once repeated it to me. The beginning is something like this:

*Musing o'er the frail inclosure  
Which contains the feeding swine,  
Solemn thought and sweet composure  
Permeate this brain of mine.*

And then the philosophic bard, observing the selfish conduct of the porkers—how the larger ones contend for place at the trough, and how the smaller ones are pushed off and trodden down—perceives an obvious analogy to the conduct of human beings, and melodiously sets forth that thus it is in human life.

Taylor's finest poem, in sublimity of theme, grandeur of conception and spontaneity of rhythmical eloquence, is The Masque of the Gods. The cherished copy of it that he sent to me is inscribed: "To William Winter, from his old friend Bayard Taylor. New York, May 30, 1872." The words that he provides for Apollo to speak express himself:

*Mine the simpler task  
To build one bridge that reaches to the sky,  
To teach one truth that brings eternal joy,  
And from the imperfect world the promise wrest  
Of one perfection. If than this Man needs  
A broader hope, a loftier longing, yet  
This he must have; bereft of it he dies.  
He cannot feed on cold, ascetic dreams,  
And mutilate the beauty of the world  
For something far and shapeless; he must give  
His eyes the form of what in him aspires,  
His ears the sound of that diviner speech  
He pines to speak, his soul the proud content  
Of having touched the skirts of perfect things.*

In special reference to this poem Taylor wrote to me a characteristic letter, eloquent equally of his affectionate heart and his wonderfully enthusiastic spirit:

IRVING HOUSE, N. Y., May 28, 1872.

My dear, true Winter:

I hope you'll like the Masque, for it is certainly the best thing I've yet done. The fact of your liking it convinces me that you will. I feel that I am only just now getting command of my true speech in poetry. I have always had faith in the Art of Song, a faith as intense as that of an early Christian martyr. I never look back more than a year over my unfinished work, but always forward, and always occupy my fancy with the new and half-formed conceptions.

I think I feel more actual poetic "frenzy" now than ever before in my life, and I can only attribute it to the steady drudgery, for years, which now enables me to move freely in all rhythmical shackles, so that the form of poetry is a servant to the mind, not a master, as at first.

This, with the equally religious faith that a devotion to Art, unshaken by the criticism, the whims or the tastes of the day, will surely reward the believer, in the end, is all the explanation I can give. The trouble is not with our poetical conceptions—we all have them—but we must conquer language and rhythm and forms of thought before we can represent them with the freedom and symmetry of life.

Since I have reached this conviction I am happy. The Masque is a dead failure, as a publication: the sale is only about 600 copies; but I do not care one whit. I feel that I have advanced, and (so far as one can judge of himself) on the true path. I will follow it, though I starve.

I take a certain amount of mechanical hack-work, in order to buy the rest of my time for myself, and I mean to use that hard-bought time to do my own work. If good, it will be recognized, some time; if bad, it ought to perish.

Meantime, one must have some support and encouragement, and I have enough in the sympathy of a few friends and poets like yourself. You are not, and never will be, a failure to me: I find in you the same higher and finer laws of Art which I am trying to make my own.

Remember that I shall always be, as I am now, most faithfully and affectionately, your friend

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The year 1876 was, in the general mind of the American Republic, convalescent after the disease and anguish of hideous civil war, a year of amity and reconciliation. It brought the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and it stimulated throughout the country a



The Influence That Most Exalted Him Was That of a Stormy Wind Raging Over the Plain

joyous impulse to exult in the triumph of popular government and to celebrate the growth and prosperity of the nation. A jubilee was ordained, to occur in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, and Taylor was asked to participate in it as the poet of that national occasion. He appreciated the honor and he accepted the duty. The Society of the Army of the Potomac, meanwhile, had arranged for its annual reunion to be held in the same city, in the month of June, and he had promised to be present and to deliver a poem. At that time Taylor and I were neighbors, dwelling in houses almost opposite to each other, in East Eighteenth Street, New York, and, as we were also colleagues in the Tribune, our meetings were frequent; and when we did not meet we sometimes exchanged notes.

On April 7 he wrote to me: "I've at last hung a string into my dissolved conceptions, and the alum of the Ode is slowly beginning to crystallize upon it." The formidable occasion was then distant less than three months, and now he began to consider that he might not be able to produce two poems, of a patriotic character, responsive to the requirements of two occasions occurring so closely together, and he asked me to relieve him of one of those engagements. This I agreed to do, and the result was that the Society of the Army of the Potomac invited me to be its poet in that jubilee year, and Taylor was left free to concentrate his thoughts upon the magnificent Ode with which, on the Fourth of July, standing in front of Independence Hall, he electrified a vast multitude and gained for himself a laurel that never can fade: for there is no other poem that so fully and so eloquently expresses the central thought of American civilization and the passionate enthusiasm for liberty by which that civilization is permeated and sustained.

Taylor's memory of the Centennial Celebration and of his own brilliant achievement was expressed to me in the following letter, written three days after the delivery of the Ode:

142 EAST 18TH STREET, N. Y., July 7, 1876.

My dear Winter:

I found your whole-hearted note of congratulation at the office this morning. It is one of five already received, and all of the same cheering strain. You don't know—but, yes, you do!—how comforting and encouraging is such recognition.

As for myself, I don't know how it was, nor can I yet understand—but I did what I never saw done before, and certainly shall never do again: thousands of common people were silenced, then moved, then kindled into a flame, by poetry! It was this grand instinctive feeling of the mass which amazed me most. I must tell you all about it when we meet: I cannot now. I am suffering the natural reaction after such an immense nervous tension. But, let spite and disparagement do their worst! They can't take away from me the memory of that half-hour!

Perhaps I shall see you to-morrow. I am tired and overworked (having written five leaders and a column of reviews this week, besides the Fourth), and can't go up to you for a few days yet.

Thank you, over and over again, dear old fellow!

Ever yours faithfully,  
BAYARD TAYLOR.

Our meeting, which presently occurred, was a jovial one, and great was our enjoyment in recounting to each other the incidents of our experience as patriotic bards. Taylor's delight in the triumphant success of his Ode was almost pathetic in its childlike ecstasy of happiness.

Neither of us had any reason for regret. The poem that I wrote for the Society of the Army of the Potomac, and delivered at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, is called The Voice of the Silence—its intention being to indicate the admonitions that proceed out of the tranquillity of Nature, in places, now silent and peaceful, that have been tumultuous and horrible with strife, and, incidentally, to declare that there is active spiritual impartment in the seeming quiescent physical world. The scene, as I recall it, presented a superb pageant of life and color. There was a multitudinous audience. The stage was thronged with men renowned in war and eminent in peace. General Hancock presided. My seat was at the left of that commander, and on my left sat General Sherman. I had not before met those famous chieftains, and presently I obtained an amusing assurance that we had indeed been strangers.

General Hancock was visibly suffering from nervous trepidation, as he inspected the printed order of exercises and prepared to begin the proceedings. "From New York, sir?" he said, turning to me, in a bewilderment of inquiry. Almost at the same moment General Sherman, who also was inspecting the program—but with a bland composure curiously contrastive with his military colleague's excitement—smote me upon the shoulder and cheerfully inquired: "Do I understand that this is a poem of your own composition you intend to deliver?" Reassured by favorable affirmation on both these points the warriors seemed to accept the situation, and the speaking was begun.

I have addressed many audiences, but never an audience more eagerly responsive and generously enthusiastic than that assemblage of my brethren of the Society of the Army

(Continued on Page 50)



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## A Penitential Political Season

ONE must make due allowance for the frailties of human nature. In the heat of a campaign the temptation to say things that may appeal to some voters' prejudices is, perhaps, fairly irresistible.

Alleging that Taft thinks a dollar a day all that workmen are entitled to, or that Bryan contemptuously regards workmen as public beggars, or that the change of Administration was responsible for the panic of 1893, or that a clique deliberately brought on the panic of 1907, or that injunctions are the bulwark of the lowly, or that the cost of living hasn't actually advanced but that people are more extravagant—all of these allegations might be excused as temporary lapses from veracity under unusual circumstances—like the stereotyped election forecasts.

What we regret is that nothing is done about it afterward. The larger number of those conspicuously engaged on both sides in the late campaign are personally honest, kindly men, whose word is good in all ordinary relations. They would scorn to pass a counterfeit bill on a farmer. They would not recommend rough-on-rats for your cold even if they were overstocked to the roof with it. We would not require the humiliation of a public apology and retraction, either.

But it would be pleasant to learn that the management and leading organs on both sides had decided to retire a little from the world and ponder various statements to which they gave currency during the campaign, gently searching their souls the while. It might even be disguised as a fishing excursion.

What we mean is, in substance, that, along with the blazing tar barrels, the brass bands and the ratification meetings which follow election, there should go a large but not necessarily conspicuous order for sackcloth and ashes.

## Bench-Made Law

WITHIN a year the Bureau of Labor has reported twenty-five important labor decisions, under statute law, by the higher courts. In thirteen cases the decision turned in whole or in part upon the constitutionality of the statute. In the other twelve cases, it is pretty safe to say, the constitutionality of the statute had already been passed upon. These thirteen statutes were upon such subjects as employers' liability for injuries, age limit for children in factories, monthly payment of wages, right to organize, hours of labor for women and for trainmen, payment of wages in scrip.

Sometimes the statute was upheld; sometimes overthrown. A lower court said that a law licensing barbers was unconstitutional; a higher court that it was not. An Oregon statute limiting hours of labor for women was sustained; a New York statute limiting hours of labor for women was held void. A majority of the United States Supreme Court thought the employers' liability law affecting railroads unconstitutional; a minority of the same court thought it constitutional.

It is impossible to read these and similar decisions with an open mind and not perceive that in many cases the Constitution had nothing to do with it. Rarely, if ever, will any legislature pass a bill that is in defiance of the Constitution. The fatuity of such an act is too obvious. The statute having been brought into court on some constitutional question—as almost any statute may be—the

judges incline toward it or against it accordingly as it comports with their notions of what the law ought to be.

To say what the law ought to be is the function of legislation; hence a quite general and safe opinion that the courts make law, which is not properly their business.

## Government by the Dead

OFTEN, as with the Federal employers' liability act and the New York law limiting hours of labor for women, the courts annul a statute which expresses the modern idea of justice. So they are accused of being biased by reactionary class prejudices. A deeper reason is that judges, being lawyers first, were nourished upon the common law, whose individualistic, anti-social spirit is not in accord with the modern spirit.

Really, one of the graver problems now confronting the people of the United States is what to do with Sir Edward Coke, Sir William Blackstone and other luminaries of the common law. They sit heavy on our necks. Not only is the reasoning which annuls a popular statute often derived from them, and their dogmas incorporated in our constitutions, but it is fairly axiomatic that a statute in derogation of the common law is to be construed strictly—that is, given as little effect by the courts as possible. Professor Roscoe Pound says: "If Coke were to come among us . . . he would be thoroughly at home in our constitutional law. All that might surprise him would be that so much had been taken from and made of his labors, with so little acknowledgment of the source."

Now, Coke died two hundred and seventy-five years ago. It is time for a funeral. The spirit of the common law is not the modern spirit. Law, to be sure, is always to some extent a government of the living by the dead. But we think they needn't be so awfully dead. Election of judges is condemned by most lawyers. Yet in so far as that method does tend to substitute the common sense for the common law it is not without compensations.

## The Scarecrow of Pauper Wheat

MORE than twenty years ago an authority on economics declared that the low price of wheat was "the most searching question of the day." Wheat was then seventy-five cents at Chicago, and the Department of Agriculture estimated the farm value of that year's crop at sixty-four cents a bushel, the lowest then recorded. The farm value of the five preceding crops had averaged about a dollar a bushel. A theory was more or less current that Argentina would, presently, gobble our export trade in wheat, or force us to sell abroad at ruinously low prices.

The South American country had a great area suitable to the cultivation of wheat, and it had cheap labor; in fact, it ate very little of the wheat it produced. This cheaply-raised grain looked like a formidable competitor. It has been a competitor, and has influenced the price of wheat in the United States. For example, only the other day the price crossed a dollar at Chicago on reports of damage by frost to the growing Argentine crop.

But it has been by no means the ruinous competitor that some people thought it would be. Wheat production in Argentina has not increased very much. The last five years the crop has averaged about a hundred and thirty-five million bushels, of which a hundred million bushels has been exported. This is nearly as much as we have exported, but our exports amount to only one-fifth of our crop; Argentina's to nearly four-fifths. Our farmers haven't come down to the Argentine standard of living. On the contrary, the price of wheat here has, of late, been on the advancing hand.

The truth is, foreign pauper labor competition is mostly a scarecrow. Pauper labor can't compete. It is not efficient. See the ineffectual efforts to make India and Egypt formidable competitors with us in cotton growing.

When Argentina eats four-fifths of her wheat we must begin to look out for her.

## Seeing the Town

IT SADDENS us to hear so often that New York is corrupting the country. Divorce, speculation, décolleté gowns, stock-watering, extravagance, cigarettes for women, clearing-house certificates, and even musical comedy—all are charged to the sinister influence of the metropolis. As a fruitful source of bank embezzlements a specialist on that subject recently mentioned "Broadway's gorgeous hotels and restaurants, bars, myriad of theatres turning night into day; the flood of money upon which this life is borne along . . . a dining-room at two o'clock A. M. with sixty thousand dollars' worth of women's gowns at the tables and three thousand dollars' worth of food in process of consumption."

But this is not a spectacle of New York corrupting the country. On the contrary, it is a spectacle of the country corrupting New York. Those gorgeous hotels, restaurants, bars, theatres and brokers' offices are overflowing with people from Harrisburg, Chillicothe, Kokomo, Oshkosh, Omaha, Great Falls and Albuquerque.

Left to itself, New York, probably, would take a mutton chop and tea at six, read a few chapters of Uncle Tom's Cabin and retire at nine. The true picture of Father Knickerbocker would represent a distressed and groggy gentleman dutifully struggling to keep up with visiting friends from Pittsburg. Upon notice that a valued customer from the sweet-smelling hay-belt is coming to town, the New Yorker heaves a sigh, drops a tear and lays in a stock of bromides.

This demoralization of our chief city is not right or seemly. For the protection of little old New York there should be a law that no countryman shall enter the borough of Manhattan unless muzzled and with blinders on.

## How to be Rich Without Money

THE trial of Banker Morse, of New York, who contributed so opportunely to the panic of 1907, reminds us again how illogical is that sentiment of hostility which the poor too often entertain for the rich. It is based upon the great and deplorable misconception that in order to be rich a man must have money. If the simple truth, that a man may be as rich as he likes without having any money at all, were better understood, class feeling would diminish; hobo and millionaire would regard each other in brotherly sympathy as fellow-workers with different methods.

It is related of an ingenious but impecunious young man that he always stopped at the most expensive hotels because the tailors and haberdashers would then give him credit, and so long as he dressed lavishly the hotel would let his bill run. Three gentlemen in a Western city are now under arrest for swindling high-priced restaurants. They spent money so prodigally in the restaurants that the proprietors readily cashed their checks, which were bogus. In Mr. Morse's institutions, it appears from the testimony, he was regarded as so great a financier that nobody dared question his borrowings, and as long as the assets of the bank held out he was a great financier.

Reduced to plain terms, the operation is this: Borrow a thousand dollars from the first man you meet; then, as you are able to flourish a thousand dollars in his face, his respect for you will prevent him from demanding payment.

The world is not divided into haves and have-nots, but into haves, have-nots and have-minuses. The latter furnish a considerable proportion of our millionaire class.

## Some of Our Lady Friends

ONE of the pleasant functions of the press is to extend our circle of acquaintances. Every month millions of readers are, by this sociable agency, introduced on the most intimate terms to some lady whose conduct conforms to the newspaper rule that only the exceptional is interesting. Without the troublesome preliminaries of talking about the weather, going in to dinner, calling, taking tea, sending flowers, discreetly pumping her relatives and so on, we learn at once when her husband last blacked her eye, what he said to her mother, what happened when she came in late, and all her compromising correspondence.

This conspicuous and unending procession of divorce-court ladies, with their amiable male companions, must be quite a feature of the national life. When the family is gathered around the hearth and the newspaper is opened, enters Masie to explain why she threw her shoe through the window, or some other episode even less consonant with the habits of most families.

Domesticating Masie at large upon so many hearths is, perhaps, a useful office. The press is generally most severe upon other salacious literature—perhaps because it desires to preserve a valuable monopoly.

## The Trouble in Oklahoma

STRIPPED of the flowers of fiction which inevitably blossom in a political contest, the situation of Oklahoma's experiment of guaranteeing bank deposits seems not especially bright.

This, of course, does not reflect upon the soundness of the idea itself, but only upon the manner in which it is applied. No such scheme will work unless the government which does the guaranteeing has plenary power over the banks. Otherwise, in effect, the government must give its credit to whoever chooses to ask for it. The State Board sought to prevent merely competitive and speculative banking ventures—as was necessary for the satisfactory operation of the guarantee plan. But a court estopped it from doing this. A decision handed down some time ago held that the board may not refuse a charter to a new bank in a town which already has ample banking facilities.

Naturally, banks have been started for the purpose of attracting deposits from established institutions by offering higher interest, and where the State Board has forbidden them to pay the higher interest, the officers, it is reported, have agreed to make it up to depositors out of their own pockets.

If the board cannot prevent adventurous gentlemen from gambling on the credit of the State, the outlook for the guarantee plan is dubious.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## The Human Library Sign

**L**ISTEN! Do you hear anything? No. Then it's Uncle Shelby Cullom—Uncle Shelby, who is always full padded with gum shoes, rubber tires, shock arresters, mufflers, felt sound deadeners and soft pedals. You'd hark for a week without harking to Uncle Shelby, the head of the confidential family. When the vast audience is so still the sound of a dropping pin may be heard there's nothing doing in the hearing line anent Uncle Shelby's movements. He has Quiet sounding like a boiler factory on the day before the annual picnic of the union.

Why, say, Uncle Shelby can walk into a department in Washington, grab a job for a constituent, and walk out again without making as much noise as a handful of cotton-batting falling on a load of hay. S-e-t-t-t—sish-h-h-h—hus-s-e-h—sh-h-h—shus-h-h-h—all over, and Uncle Shelby is on his way. He hasn't let a yell out of him in twenty years. He is the human library sign, "Silence!" If you want to commune with him you must commune in a minor key, for Uncle Shelby is of the opinion that the voice was made to conceal language, bury it, obliterate it. No raucous speech for him. Not so loud, please! Whisper, and confine yourself to a very wispy whisper, at that.

It is this way: Uncle Shelby has been in politics for more than fifty years, and you cannot make him think there is anything in this strident and strenuous manner of conducting public affairs. You will never find him stamping up and down the aisles in the Senate, baying in full-throated tones for some measure he wants passed. Not Uncle Shelby. You will discover, if you observe closely, the figure of Uncle Shelby flitting from seat to seat, having a word or two in the private ears he desires to attune to his plan, and then flitting back again and watching his little matter go through quietly, calmly, with no more commotion than a barefooted man makes on a rubber mat. Not in one thousand mute and stifled years will he go yammering around, honk-honking on each and every thing that comes within the scope of his activity, thereby differing materially from many of the main props of the Republic, who are holding her—the Republic—up lest she perish, and who have not been in public life for over fifty years and who never will be, if that phase of it is important. The conference for Uncle Shelby—the confidential, cribbed, cabined and confined conference, as personal as the way you like eggs, and no discussing of affairs out on the broad highway.

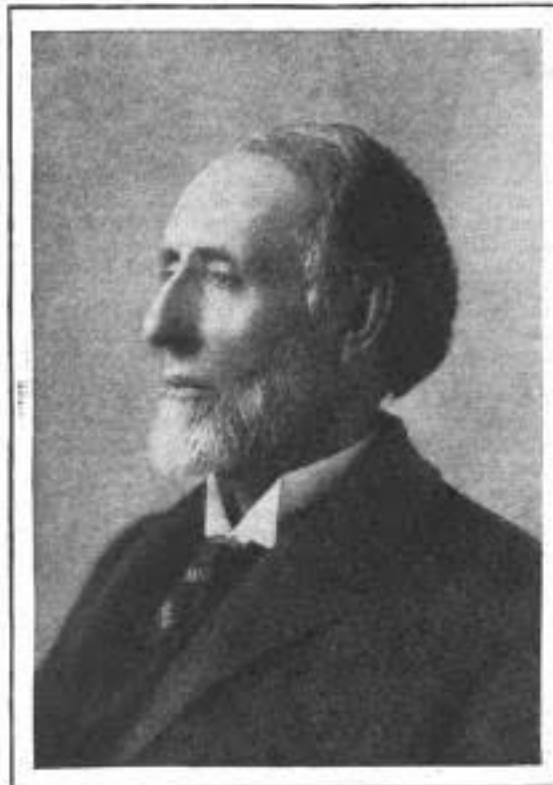
This hunting ducks with a brass band never did appeal to the Senator, the more so in these later years when it is the practice of almost every statesman to prepare the country for his performance by beating the drum and blating a few lines of ballyhoo. He gets results by his voiceless methods, and do not think he does not get them, either.

### Uncle Shelby's Jobs

**W**HEN you run an inquiring finger down the list of public places Uncle Shelby has held since he went to Springfield, Illinois, in 1853, to study law you will observe that the noiseless method of politics has its very apparent advantages. If there has been a moment since that time when Uncle Shelby has not had something good carefully tucked away in his jeans it escapes the vigilant eye of the impartial observer. As soon as he secured his license to practice law he was selected city attorney, and he has been devoting himself, assiduously, to being elected to something ever since, whenever it was deemed expedient by him to garner a few results from the suffrages of the people.

He was one of the earliest in the Grand Old Party, being an elector on the Fillmore ticket in the fifties, and since then he has had about everything he asked his people for, all without more clamor than is observed at a Quaker meeting. He has been a member and Speaker of the Illinois Legislature, Member of Congress, twice Governor of Illinois, delegate to all the Republican national conventions, put General Grant in nomination at the convention in Philadelphia in 1872, and has been United States Senator since 1883, having a billet at the present time that includes him in that body until 1913.

They boast in Indiana that every person born in that State is a politician or an author, but Illinois has an edge on its neighboring commonwealth, for authoring is not a common pursuit in Illinois—although it might be called so since Joseph Medill Patterson went into it—while politics is. In fact, every Illinoisan is a politician, or thinks he is, which amounts to the same thing. Also, about every Illinoisan who has arrived at voting age thinks he should go to the United States Senate. Therefore, since he was elected to the Senate in 1883, Uncle Shelby has been assailed by shoals of ambitious persons who have tried to yank his toga away from him. Therefore, again, he is still in the Senate, which is the Cullomesque answer.



Hus-h-h-h!

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Some years ago, when Uncle Shelby was a candidate for reelection, a wily Illinois politician was out riding near Springfield with Governor Tanner.

"John," said the wily Illinois politician, "Uncle Shelby is coming up for election again to the Senate. Why don't you go in and try to get it away from him? Why don't you beat him for the Senate?"

They drove along for a space without another word being passed. Presently they came to a cemetery, the biggest one outside of Springfield. "Do you see that graveyard?" asked the Governor, pointing with his whip. "I do."

"Well, it's filled with the graves of men who tried to beat Cullom for the Senate."

A few grassy mounds have been sodded up since then. Beat Uncle Shelby for the Senate? That isn't a part of his system. Illinois has some powerful citizens, men who have political knowledge and expertness, but Illinois has not yet produced the person who can beat Uncle Shelby for the Senate, so long as Uncle Shelby desires to go back there. For what do you suppose he has been in politics in Illinois for more than fifty years? To allow any ambitious statesman to come along and deprive him of his job? Not Uncle Shelby! He was keeping quiet and playing politics when the persons who have had ambitions to succeed him were playing marbles, and, so far as he is concerned, they are still playing marbles, fen dubs at that, and are any other kind of dubs you choose to dub them.

### Office-Holding an Applied Science

**U**NCLE SHELBY likes his job. He is an honored and influential member of the majority, chairman of the Foreign Relations and third on Appropriations, and he has no intention of relinquishing any of his prerogatives or perquisites. If, in 1913, any ambitious Illinoisan thinks he can get Uncle Shelby's job he is at liberty to try it. The job is there, but so will Uncle Shelby be there, strictly confidential, and when the thing gets down to the voting stage Uncle Shelby will breeze in, just naturally breeze in, under a doublewrap, as we used to say in the old days before Governor Hughes put the banshee on racing.

A fine old man is your uncle, a fine, pleasant, accommodating, good-hearted, willing old man, grown gray in the service of his country, with never a suspicion of anything about him that was not upright and square, a valuable legislator, a good friend and a party man from the first tap of the bell. He is gentle and amiable and kindly. He will go out of his way to do you a favor. He makes no pretensions and butts you no butts, always playing the game, always looking out for Uncle Shelby, but anxious to go as far as he can to do a good turn for any person who has a call on his services. Holding office is an applied science with him. He makes no false motions, nor

does he ever slip a cog. His theory is to get the people to give him what he wants and then to get the people what they want, if he can. Seventy-seven years old and playing the game every minute of every day, playing it noiselessly, but none the less playing it, and in a strategic position to point to his achievements as a recommendation for the soft-pedal practice, as opposed to the hurdy-gurdy style.

And when nothing else offers he devotes himself to his specialty of looking like Abraham Lincoln, on which he has a patent. To be sure, Uncle Joe Cannon infringes a bit, now or then—fringes would be more correct, for it all depends on the inframaxillary fringe they both maintain.

But—whisper—s-e-e-t—hus-s-h-h—a fine old gentleman!

### In Darkest Tennessee

**T**OM REED met John Sharp Williams in a corridor of the Capitol. "John," said Reed, "tell me why you are such a violent partisan?"

"Reed," replied Williams, "that question sounds well, coming from you."

"Never mind that," persisted Reed. "Tell me why you are such a violent partisan?"

"Well," said John Sharp, "I guess it is because I was born in Tennessee and never saw a Republican until I was thirty-eight years old, and I can't get used to them."

### The Man Behind the Tunnel

**W**ILLIAM MCADOO, the man who built the tunnels under the Hudson River in New York and the great terminal on the New York side, was standing on the Cortlandt Street elevated railroad platform in New York one day, watching the work. A man stood alongside him and, wishing to know what the people thought about the work, Mr. McAdoo inquired of his companion: "What's all that excavation for down there?"

"Why," the man replied, "that's the McAdoo tunnels," and he explained the system at length to its projector.

"But why do you call them the McAdoo tunnels?" McAdoo asked.

"Why," said the knowledgeable man, "McAdoo is the guy that is building them."

### An Equine Hero

**L**UKE POLAND, the most punctilious of Vermont Yankees, and Colonel Tom Turner, of Kentucky, horseman, breeder of fast ones and a fine judge of mint, grew to be great friends when they were in Congress together.

Poland took Turner up to Vermont as his guest one summer and showed him around. They came to the statue of Ethan Allen, in front of the State House.

"That, Tom," said Poland, "is the statue of Ethan Allen."

"Ethan Allen!" exclaimed Turner. "I always thought Ethan Allen was a horse."

### Nothing to Fit the Crowd

**W**HEN Colonel J. C. S. Blackburn, a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission, was active in politics in Kentucky he would rather make a speech than anything else, unless it was to tell a story, and favored telling a story above all else except making a speech.

He was traveling with some friends and came to a little party of Kentuckians, who welcomed him boisterously. However, he drew apart, apparently disturbed.

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked one of his companions.

"Matter enough; that's a fine crowd, isn't it? It's too large for an anecdote and too small for a speech."

### The Hall of Fame

George N. Southwick, Member of Congress, was, for many years, a journalist in Albany, New York.

Allen W. Thurman, son of the Old Roman, and a sharp on ballot and municipal reform, is a baseball enthusiast.

Charles P. Norcross, now editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, was the first man to interest American capitalists in the taximeter.

Fred Thompson, the man who built Luna Park, thinks he has been lazy on any day when he does not invent a new mechanical stage appliance.

Samuel Walker McCall, the constitutional insurgent of the House of Representatives, was editor of a daily newspaper in Boston for one consecutive year—count it—one.



# FARMING THE GOLDFISH

JUST now enterprising Japanese are looking for

suitable places in this country in which to breed goldfish for market. Great quantities of these finny creatures are shipped annually to the United States from the Mikado's Empire, and it is thought that there would be a very satisfactory profit in rearing them here—more especially the expensive varieties with flowing tails and other much-valued peculiarities.

There is, doubtless, money in the breeding of such goldfish, and the rules to be followed are so simple and easy that Americans ought to find the business worth pursuing. But first they must learn how to propagate mosquitoes, the larvae of which are the best possible food for the scaly livestock. Fortunately, all that is necessary is to leave barrels or other convenient receptacles filled with water out in the open air during the summertime, and the female "skeets" will do the rest. Then the "wrillers" may be regularly collected with a gauze net, before they reach winged maturity, and fed to the fish.

Great numbers of goldfish of the common kind are raised in this country. The fancy varieties, however, are imported from Japan in large tin cans filled with water. Like all members of the carp tribe, goldfish are very hardy, and they travel well by ship or rail, the water being renewed at intervals, or else aerated by means of a pump.

By reason of their hardiness they are easy to breed in small ponds; but, of course, it is important to have the right sort of stock to start with.

It is only within the last few years that people in the United States have become familiar with the variety known commercially as the "Loochoo goldfish," which is largely imported from Japan. It has a short, round body, with protuberant abdomen, long fins and a pendulous tail. Those with the longest tails are called "ohiki," or tail-trailers.

These are undeniably handsome, and are much admired. But in Japan they are deemed inferior to the "ranchu," or lion-headed goldfish, which have curious protuberances all over their heads, supposed to bear a resemblance to the blossoms of the tree peony.

Then there are other strange varieties, such as the "round fish," which, being hardly able to swim for lack of a back fin, usually stands erect in the water with head downward. Another, called the "astronomer," has eyes that protrude enormously, turning up at an angle of ninety degrees.

Appreciation of these finny curiosities remains to be developed in the United States. All of them, of course, have been artificially created, as it were, by skillful breeding. Every autumn in Japan—that season being chosen because then the colors of the goldfish are most vivid—exhibitions of "ranchu" on a large scale, much like our flower shows, are held at Tokyo and Osaka, in which noblemen and other wealthy persons eagerly compete for prizes. The fish often fetch twenty-five dollars a pair, and occasionally as much as one hundred dollars or even one hundred and fifty dollars.

The breeding of goldfish is carried on all over the Empire, but most extensively in the vicinity of Tokyo and of Koriyama. Professor Shinnosuke Matsubara, Director of the Imperial Fisheries Institute of Japan, has recently sent to our own Fisheries Bureau a most interesting description of the methods adopted, from the manuscript of which the writer has been permitted to glean the facts herein set forth. Among these the most striking and curious, perhaps, relate to the artificial propagation of mosquitoes and other small animals for food.

Such food consists largely of animalcules, called "mijinko," which are bred in ponds. A pond with a mud bottom is drained for the purpose, and, after throwing into it a quantity of manure to fertilize it, is exposed to the sun for a week. Then it is filled with water. Immediately thereupon the tiny animals, chiefly crustaceans, which normally exist in ponds, begin to multiply at an amazing rate, until, after a few days, the stagnant water becomes a sort of soup, greenish and turbid.

## How the Japs Improve on Nature

By René Bache

The newly-hatched goldfish, put into such a pond, grow at a great rate. Sometimes, however, the animalcules are collected in quantities with gauze nets, and, after sifting them to exclude undesirable insects, are fed to the fish. Dried chrysalides of silkworms—that is to say, the cocoons, from which the silk has been unwound—are also utilized for food, being pounded to a fine powder and mixed with wheat starch. Earthworms cut small are likewise included in the dietary.

The ponds in which the fish are kept are sometimes of concrete and sometimes of mud. Bundles of willow-tree roots are placed in the water, for the females to lay their eggs upon, and then are transferred to another pond, with the eggs, to await hatching. The eggs are laid from April first to May fifteenth, and, when the spawning is over, Nature may be counted upon to attend to the rest of the business—the main object of removing the eggs being to prevent the parents from devouring them.

The young "fry," on being hatched, are each of them provided with a yolk-sac, which contains provisions for three days. At the end of that time they begin to swim about, and are fed every morning with boiled egg-yolks, which are prepared for their consumption by forcing them through gauze and mixing them with water. The yolk solution thus made is put into a watering-pot, and distributed by pouring it all over the pond.

After seven days of this regimen the little fish are fed with "mijinko," and, after another fifteen days, earthworms cut in small pieces and mosquito larvae are supplied. The mosquito "wrillers" are offered in a manner suitable for such a delicacy, on china plates, which are slung by strings from a bamboo pole. With provender so excellent it is not surprising that the finny boarders should grow rapidly. Twenty days after hatching they are subjected to a first selection, putting them for the purpose into a deep white plate, and those with the best tails are picked out and placed in a pond by themselves. Ten days later—this method applying especially to the "ranchu"—they undergo a second selection, to eliminate those which exhibit irregularities of shape. Again, ten days later, they are

grouped according to size, and are offered for sale. The idea is always to get rid of the inferior specimens, which are sold. There is always a market for them, even the poorest, which are called "drops," being disposed of, at half a cent apiece, to children, particularly on fête days, which are many, in Tokyo and other towns. The fine ones are sold also, of course, but those retained by the grower for breeding stock are always of the very best, in order that the quality of his output may be as high as possible.

Eight hundred parents should yield two hundred thousand young ones in a season. The breeder, operating on such a scale, keeps one thousand for propagating purposes, which number, making allowance for mortality, should give him at least eight hundred with which to start again the following year. For every twenty fish three and a third square yards of water space are allowed. When cold weather arrives, the scaly livestock is removed to a wintering pond of concrete, which is provided with a sort of lid, and which is further covered with an inclined roof opening toward the south. Thus it is adequately protected against chilly winds, and on warm days the lid is tilted up to admit the sun's rays.

Professor Matsubara says that there is hardly any doubt of the fact that goldfish were originally introduced into Japan from China. The variety with protruding eyes, already mentioned, was fetched thence so short a time ago as the close of the war between China and Japan, in 1895. This fish is yellowish-red in color, and variegated with black spots. The "ranchu," which is the most popular breed, is sometimes bright red all over, sometimes dappled, and sometimes white with red fins and mouth. As for the "Loochoo goldfish," it should have a vermilion tail and dappled back and belly. Some specimens of this last-named variety are called "two-rudder tails," and others "one-rudder tails," according to the form of the caudal fin.

Since very early times in Japan it has been customary to ornament goldfish artificially with designs, such as coats of arms or floral devices. This is, indeed, an art most quaint and curious. Of the method formerly adopted for the purpose Professor Matsubara gives no description, but nowadays, he says, the designs in question are usually etched on the backs of the fish with dilute hydrochloric acid.

## Watches and Their Care

By H. FRANK MEDDRIL

HUMAN ingenuity has to its credit no greater triumph than the modern pocket watch. It is unfortunate, however, that familiarity breeds within us a certain indifference to its wonderful mechanism, and this, doubtless, goes far to answer the time-honored query: "What becomes of all the watches?" On the tombs of many of these faithful little servants might be aptly inscribed the epitaph: "A Victim of Human Neglect."

In order to insure for our little pocket companion the care which is its due, it is necessary that we should understand something of its mechanism. To begin with, an American watch, according to its grade, may contain from fifty to one hundred and fifty pieces, the manufacture of which would entail from two thousand to twenty-five hundred distinct operations. Of course there are watches which have many more pieces than this. For instance, the writer recently examined a combined repeater, chronograph and calendar watch which had over five hundred pieces. But the record in this respect is held by the eminent French horologist, Louis Leroy, who constructed an ultra-complicated watch with two dials, which gave twenty-five different indications, and the construction of which called for the use of nine hundred and seventy-five different pieces!

The fact that so many parts can be assembled in so small a space suggests the

microscopic character of many of them. For instance, the smallest screws cannot be distinguished by the naked eye from shapeless particles of steel, but a powerful magnifying glass reflects the wonderful accuracy of their construction. The little slit in the screw head is two one-thousandths of an inch wide, and the threads are one two hundred and twentieth of an inch apart. We should have to count out more than three hundred thousand of these screws to make a pound weight, and the purchase of these would call for a check for fifteen hundred dollars.

It is said that the material used in a watch movement in its evolution from the raw state increases in value over one thousand per cent.; some parts of it, indeed, increase many times this amount. Let us take, for instance, the hair-spring, which is about nine and one-half inches long, one one-hundredth of an inch wide and twenty-seven ten-thousandths of an inch thick. The size of the strip is gauged to the twenty one-thousandths of an inch. Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch, and a mile of the wire weighs less than half a pound. We can readily realize the degree of skill necessary to coil this strip into a perfect spiral, mathematically accurate in its every part. What, think you, would be the value of a quantity of these springs as compared with the piece of steel from which they were made? A

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Just It Collar Button Co., Dayton, O.

comparison will best show the increased value. A ton of gold, at its present market value, will cost over six hundred thousand dollars, whereas a ton of steel made up into hair-springs, when in watches, is worth between seven million and eight million dollars.

Wonderful, too, are the little pivots upon which the balance rotates. These pivots or journals are about twice the diameter of a human hair and have for their bearings two diminutive jewels, made of ruby or sapphire, which weigh one-thirty-second of a grain each. A pound of these, placed in the watches, is said to represent, mostly in skill and labor, a value of fifty thousand dollars.

As to the work done by the mechanism of the watch, let one imagine one's self delivering one hundred consecutive blows with an axe in the felling of a tree. The very thought gives one a sense of weariness and exhaustion, yet the roller jewel of a watch strikes four hundred and thirty-two thousand blows every twenty-four hours, or one hundred and fifty-seven million six hundred and eighty thousand in a year, blows which are many times heavier than those of an axeman, considering the respective weights, yet it continues to perform its task from day to day, month to month, and year to year, with almost unerring regularity, and in many cases without other attention than the daily winding. The balance-wheel travels one and one-half inches in each of its eighteen thousand vibrations per hour; ten and a quarter miles a day, or three thousand seven hundred and forty-one miles of continuous travel for the year.

When we consider the attention given by the engineer to his locomotive, or by the chauffeur to his automobile, it seems little less than cruelty to have the little pocket timepiece continue to do its work from year to year without cleaning or oiling. The best oil for watches and chronometers is now produced in this country, and is taken from the jaw of a certain variety of porpoise. This oil is unaffected by temperature, and will have the same consistency when used on the watch of a Philadelphian at midsummer as on the watch of a pole-hunter in the frozen Arctic. Our niggardly treatment of our watches is indicated by the fact that it requires only one-tenth of a drop of this oil to run the watch, practically without friction, for an entire year.

As it is the dirt which we must specially guard against, the purchaser of a watch should make sure, first of all, that the case is as air-tight and dust-proof as possible. As the open-faced watch is now almost universally used, and as the pendant-set feature obviates the necessity of opening the case, there is little possibility of the entrance of air, dust or moisture, providing the case is sufficiently tight-fitting. The objection to the entrance of air is that it has a tendency to dry out the oil, which then ceases to be a lubricant, while the moisture will cause rust.

The watch should always be carried, with the face next to the person, in a pocket which will not permit its rolling and tossing around. Some form of guard or chain should be worn as a precaution against accident. The pocket should at all times be kept perfectly clean, and should be used for the watch alone. Chamois is the best pocket material, as it is elastic, frictionless and a poor conductor of heat, cold or electricity.

When winding, hold the watch steadily in one hand and wind with the other, slowly, evenly, and not by jerks. Do not wind too tight. As to the best time to wind there is much difference of opinion among the horological authorities. A recent discussion of this subject at a European horological institute revealed the weight of opinion against the prevalent practice of winding the watch just before going to bed. It was argued that in winding in the morning the spring would be in a better condition to withstand the jarring to which the timepiece would be subjected during the day; while those who advocated winding at night held that in the morning the main-spring would be colder and more brittle than after the watch had

been carried about on the person during the day. Commenting on this discussion a leading Swiss authority stated that, given a good watch, it made little or no difference when it was wound or whether it was wound regularly. When the experts differ so widely the watch wearer can choose for himself.

There is one point, however, on which there is no difference of opinion, and that is that the watch should be kept as much as possible in one position. A watch carried in the pocket during the day should always be hung up at night, otherwise its time-keeping qualities will be affected. We know that the best watches will not keep the same time when the position is constantly changed, as is proved by observations at the various European observatories where watches are tested in several positions. Placing the watch under the pillow is a lingering custom which works mischief to the timepiece. Suspending it around the neck by a chain or wearing it in an armlet is equally injurious.

If the watch needs regulating and is an expensive make it is better to have a competent watch repairer regulate it. If this be not convenient the watch wearer can regulate the watch himself by observing the following directions: If it runs fast move the regulator toward the letter S; if slow, toward the P. All watches, even of the same make, are not affected alike by the regulator, but the following is an approximation: the distance from one mark to the next on the index will alter the time about one minute per day. In the higher grades, having the micrometer regulator, turn the screw to the left to make them run slower, and to the right to make them run faster.

If the watch stops, first notice whether the hands are caught, but whatever the cause of the stopping do not indulge in the foolish practice of shaking the watch to make it go, as this will, in all probability, result in breaking the roller jewel and greatly increase the expense of repairing. Never attempt to force the wheels forward, as injury is liable to result. In cases of stoppage the watch should be taken to the jeweler without tinkering on the part of the watch owner, as the jeweler can then better ascertain the cause of the trouble. Should you notice the balance-wheel becoming sluggish in its motion it is a certain indication that something is wrong and the services of a watch-doctor are desirable.

To obtain the best service from a watch it should be cleaned and oiled at least once a year. The cleaning is needed not so much because of the dust which has made its way into the works, as because the oil thickens with age, dries up, and the friction thus caused cuts the bearings. It would be useless to put fresh oil on a timepiece until the old, dry oil is removed.

If the watch should fall into water, or if water should by any accident get into the works, it should be sent to the jeweler immediately, as water will destroy so fine a piece of material as a hair-spring in a very few hours. If the jeweler cannot be reached immediately the case should be opened and the entire watch dropped into kerosene, as this will prevent rust until it can be placed in the hands of the watch-doctor.

Briefly stated, the cleaning of a watch means that it is first taken apart and each of its pieces washed in gasoline to remove the old oil. The parts are next washed in pure grain alcohol to get entirely rid of the gasoline, any remnant of which would destroy the fresh oil, leaving the watch as before. From the alcohol the parts are placed in fine boxwood sawdust, mixed with chalk, from which they are removed dry and shiny. Next, each bearing and jewel is picked out with a finely-pointed piece of orangewood and each pivot is cleaned with pith. After this the parts are ready to be put together and the timepiece adjusted.

Thus cared for the average watch will last a lifetime, and possibly be sufficiently valuable to hand down to the next generation as a treasured souvenir.

## A Plain Example in Home Economy

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Dealers' profits, rents, salaries and insurance. Expensive show-rooms. Agents' commissions, etc., etc., etc.

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**Purer, clearer,  
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To Owners of Cylinder Machines, Columbia and Others—  
We now offer the well-known Indestructible Cylinder Records under the new name of "Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records" at their regular price, 25 cents.  
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do not affect them—wet or dry, hot or cold.  
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Extra-Tension reproducer. If you don't find a nearby dealer  
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Men's model, seven-jewel movement, open face, gold filled case guaranteed 20 years, plain polished or engine turned; stem wind and set, lever escapement, improved train, finely balanced. White enameled dial with Arabic figures. Retail jewelers ask at least \$12—usually more.

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must take the ordinary hazard of trade. The transaction just described is made under what might well be called ideal conditions. The note-broker is reputable, the merchant is honorable and pays his bills, and there is no hitch. All note transactions are not so rosy, as will be shown.

The prudent merchant who puts out commercial paper always makes provision to take care of it on maturity. A miller will put out paper in the fall in order to get money to buy wheat. This paper matures in the spring when he has received money for the flour. One default on a piece of commercial paper usually costs a man his credit for this particular sort of borrowing. The result is that he is careful to maintain the integrity of it.

Commercial paper has advantages both for the borrower and the buyer. Let us take up the advantages to the borrower first. A big merchant may have four different bank accounts, and in each one of these banks he may have borrowing credit. By putting out commercial paper to satisfy his needs he can keep this borrowing credit at the banks in reserve.

On the other hand, the banker finds commercial paper a very profitable means of employing money. It is a very "liquid" asset. This means that it can easily be turned into money.

Under the new emergency currency laws commercial paper may be used as a basis for circulation. So far as can be learned no advantage has yet been taken of this provision.

The so-called "country banks"—that is, the banks located outside the reserve cities—frequently buy commercial paper. They will wire in to their New York correspondent to "buy twenty thousand dollars' worth of commercial paper." The city bank uses the money that the country bank has on deposit. The profit to the country bank is obvious. It would only get two per cent. for its balance on deposit, while for commercial paper it would receive from four to five per cent. These banks prefer to buy commercial paper abroad to lending their money at home.

This brings up another advantage that commercial paper has for the banker. It relates to renewals of loans. A man who gives an ordinary note may come to the banker, hat in hand, and have it renewed. Some of these people become chronic borrowers. With commercial paper the banker knows there will be, under all normal conditions, no request for renewal, because most borrowers make it a point to protect their commercial paper on maturity, even if they have to make a sacrifice elsewhere. Some big capitalists make a practice of employing part of their funds in commercial paper as an investment.

Although the great bulk of commercial paper sold in the market is single-name, there is some trading in what is known as "indorsed bills receivable." These are simply bills for merchandise, acknowledged by the buyer and indorsed usually by the seller of the goods.

### The Bankers' Association Plan

The conditions surrounding the marketing of commercial paper are not always as ideal as described in the concrete example used as an illustration in this article. Some firms have put out an excessive amount of paper and some bankers have bought it on unverified and misleading statements. The failure this year of a firm whose liabilities to the banks alone aggregated more than five million dollars, and consisted largely of commercial paper, focused attention on this subject and renewed the agitation for a proper safeguarding of the business.

As a result of the abuse of commercial paper the Committee on Credit Information of the American Bankers' Association recommended to the Association a plan for the filing of reports of certified public accountants on all firms putting out commercial paper, and, as a further check, a registration of this paper with the Clearing-Houses in such financial centres as New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston. Under this plan banks buying commercial paper would have prompt and ready access to an independent appraisal of the assets of each borrowing firm certified by a public accountant, and could also ascertain at once the amount of paper outstanding.

The Clearing-Houses, however, did not take readily to this plan. In addition,

considerable opposition has developed among certain New York bankers. The adverse criticism is well expressed by Mr. J. G. Cannon, vice-president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, one of the largest buyers of commercial paper in the United States, who says: "I am not ready to concur in the idea of forcing the registration of notes, not only because the process would be cumbersome and expensive, but also because it would drive a large number of our best concerns from the open market. The largest and strongest borrowers in the country would resist the registration of their notes and the exposure of their business to public eyes."

On the other hand, many bankers welcome the plan for registration as a constructive step in the direction of sound and conservative banking. One definite and helpful result of the agitation started by the Committee on Credit Information of the American Bankers' Association is a growing desire for publicity in the marketing of commercial paper.

## Halibi, the Brigand

RELIGIOUS fanaticism runs high in Turkey, and bloody affrays between Christians and Mohammedans are of frequent occurrence. In these encounters the Mohammedans, having the Government and the army on their side, usually get the best of it. Sometimes in Beirut a Christian from the mountains will be suddenly set upon by half a dozen Moslems, in broad daylight, in the square before the governor's office, and hacked to pieces with yataghans, while the score or more of sentries on duty at the palace make no attempt at interference. But the Christians of Syria have a self-constituted champion in the person of Halibi, a brigand whose deeds form one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of modern Syria.

Halibi was originally the son of a Christian farmer in the Province of the Lebanon. His parents having been murdered by Turkish soldiery he vowed to spend his life in exacting reparation, and, for a dozen years past, has made good his boast that for every Christian who is killed he will take the life of a Mohammedan. Recently, so it is said, there were thirty-odd nicks on the barrel of his rifle, and the occasional reports which filter through from the mountains show that he is still doing business. He is a little man, is this Halibi, not much over five feet in height, bow-legged and cross-eyed, with a skin tanned to the color of mahogany, nerves of steel, and taciturn to the point of moroseness. It is said that he can tear a pack of cards in two with a twist of his wrist, and can flick the ashes from a cigar with his revolver at thirty paces.

Some two years ago word was brought to him of the massacre of a Christian family by a band of Moslem brigands, who had taken refuge in their native hamlet in the mountains. Halibi, single-handed, his rifle across his saddle-bow, rode all through the night, reached the brigands' retreat at daybreak, arrested the three men concerned at the point of his rifle and, in the face of a hostile populace, marched them before him down through the mountains to his own village, had them tried in due form by a jury of villagers, and himself hanged all three of them from a tree in the village square.

On another occasion word was brought to him that a party of Christian smugglers, being driven ashore near Sidon, in southern Syria, had been captured by a patrol of Turkish cavalry, the troopers having locked their prisoners in a barn for the night preparatory to taking them to Beirut the following morning. Halibi rode thirty miles through a drenching rain, and reached the barn where his coreligionists were imprisoned just at daybreak.

"My name is Halibi," he said to the startled troopers. "Throw down your arms."

The mere mention of the dreaded name had the desired effect, their carbines clattered on the ground and were promptly confiscated by the released prisoners.

So widespread is the fame of this picturesque outlaw that there is not a Christian house from one end of the mountains to the other where he is not sure of finding food and refuge, while the monks of the Greek and Latin monasteries, looking upon him as a champion of their faith, have always afforded him assistance and protection within their walls.

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Just the Correct Christmas Present for Father, Husband, or Son



"SHAWKNIT Socks" have been known to you a great many years. They are sold almost everywhere.

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Ask your dealer for style 19-938 the style number of this special assortment.

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These "SHAWKNIT Socks" are made in sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive. Please mention size wanted when ordering.

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## Sense and Nonsense

### Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

Nothing else gets quite so stale as a fresh clerk.

Don't argue; the best argument has one weakness: it admits of reply.

Pay calls if you must, but when you find your hostess in don't be put out.

Only some dogs have their day; there aren't enough of the dogdays to go around.

This is a good time to remember that there is real tragedy in the empty Christmas stocking.

A woman's crowning glory may be her hair, but there are not a few girls with crowned teeth, too.

### What Might Have Been

(If Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne had Written This Little Pig Went to Market)

To where there was selling and buying,  
To market this little pig went,  
The luxuries languidly eyeing—  
Its money it merrily spent,  
And brought back one bit in its basket  
From booths built for barter and sale,  
Contained in a curious caske!  
A curl for its tail.

And this second pig sat sedately  
In comfort and cheer in a chair,  
Recalling the reveling lately  
And wishing it might have been there—  
Yet down in the depths of its being  
It had not a longing to roam;  
Averse to all silly sightseeing  
This pig stayed at home.

Purveyed from a plethoric platter  
This pig made a mountainous meal,  
And growing the fairer and fatter  
Felt fine as the full-fed can feel.  
Such fare in the army or navy  
Would please either private or chie!  
Beside gorgeous goobers and gravy  
This pig had roast beef.

With woofullest weeping and wailing,  
Bemoaning the board that was bare,  
In hunger that was unavailing,  
Collapsed with continual care—  
Depressed as the dismal Dame Hubbard,  
Bereaved of beef, biscuit or bun,  
This piggy all blatantly blubbered  
Because it had none.

The nip of a nerve in neuralgia,  
The torture that tingles a tooth,  
Are naught when compared with nostalgia  
Which claims for its prey age and youth—  
With saddest of sorrowful sighing,  
Affrighted of knave and of gnome,  
This piggy in terror was crying  
All of the way home.

(If Mr. Kipling, Instead of Mr. Riley, had Written When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock)

When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock,  
And you hear the kyouck of the tailfrail fluke  
Of the strutting turkey cock,  
When the hands are on the plow-grips and  
we vow not to turn back—  
(I'm full o'erish to the voices glib as they vow  
that white is black!)—  
'Tis a long, long way to the end of day when  
the day is not begun;  
And the mail-clad hand—do ye understand?  
—strikes a blow that weighs a ton;  
So 'tis well to wit of the keen bowsprit and  
the reef and the hidden rock  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the  
fodder's in the shock.

There is something fine as the nip of wine in  
the tingling atmosphere  
When the summer's gone when ye mowed  
the lawn with a parching thirst for beer;  
And we leap no more with a sullen roar, as  
we once were wont to do,  
On the blistered fool who would idly drool:  
"Is it hot enough for you?"  
But the great ships leap through the wondering  
deep and the great guns find the mark—  
Are ye asking why of the earth and sky, of  
the daylight and the dark?  
Nay, the Seven Seas drown the Cryptic Keys  
when ye fain would turn the lock  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the  
fodder's in the shock.

For the fields are bare as the skin ye wear—  
and the savage blood is old,  
And the smitten nose tells the tale of blows as  
an ancient tale is told!  
Have done! Have done! Ere ye reel and run  
as the wind runs through the reeds.  
(Has it well beseeemed that ye sat and dreamed  
while the others did the deeds?)  
Now count your sheaves ere the gleaner  
leaves, and answer me loud and high  
The good that ye did to the sons of men, as ye  
look me in the eye;  
For I know the nod of the driving rod and the  
gr-r-r of the chocking block  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the  
fodder's in the shock.

(If Mr. Riley, Instead of Mr. Kipling, had Written The Vampire)

She wasn't much to look at; kind o' skinny  
as to left;  
A couple yards o' dress-goods fitted her, with  
plenty left!  
In fact, you might not think 'at it's pertite  
ner hardly fair,  
But she 'uz nothin' more'n a rag, a bone, an'  
hank o' hair—  
But, laazy me! T's, 'ults she hed was  
things he couldn't see:  
I reckon it'd ben the same ef  
He'd ben

You

er

Me.

She kep' him guessin' all the time; he  
wouldn't take advice  
Although some of us warned him—but we  
never tried it twice!  
Seems like th' more she fooled him, w'y, th'  
more he got in love—  
An' men 'at's that-a-way can't tell a henhawk  
from a dove.  
But that ain't neither here ner there; I guess  
'at you'll agree  
It'd 'a' ben about th' same ef  
He'd ben

You

er

Me.

I never seen jest how it wuz she hed sech  
witchin' charm,  
But when she wanted di'monds, w'y, a mor-  
gidge hit th' farm!  
She busted him! But when he found he'd  
lost his love an' land,  
An' tried to put th' blame on her, she couldn't  
understand.  
She's gone. So's he. Went dif'rent ways!  
Fate just went on a spree  
An' worked the same 'ith him as 'twould ef  
He'd ben

You

er

Me.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

### The Heroes

The world is full of heroes. Upon the  
common way,  
With naught their feats to herald, you meet  
them ev'ry day—  
With naught to mark their passing, with  
naught to show their place,  
Save a squaring of the shoulders and a smile  
upon the face.  
Aye, many least suspected, the stranger and  
the friend,  
O'er hill and down, 'midst lea and town, their  
steady paths they wend,  
Who, wounded sore, encompassed beyond the  
world's relief,  
Have bravely couched their lances and won  
their tilt with grief.

No little thing, oh, brothers, to bear the cheer-  
ful part  
When grief, with fang relentless, is gnawing  
at the heart.  
No little thing, oh, brothers, to grip a battle  
through  
With this the grim old spectre whose strength  
is ever new.  
There's scarce another hero but some way is  
he known;  
There's scarce another victor that wears his  
bays alone;  
And of the true and valiant I count him  
proven chief  
Who fronts the world, unshrinking, and wins  
a fight with grief.

—Edwin L. Sabin.

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light from window.

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Standard Shaving Glass Co. (Dept. B), 238 N. Salina St., Syracuse, N.Y.



## AMERICAN HUMOR

(Concluded from Page 7)

Niagara is esteemed, by all who see it, one of the finest spectacles in Nature. Really, sir, the world is grown too incredulous."

The fine gravity, in this logical analysis of an arrant impossibility, which we note here in Franklin, and again in Mark Twain, is not infrequent in our humorists; but it is not an American invention. Its analogies can be discovered in Fielding, and more particularly in Swift, in his Modest Proposal and in his defense of Christianity. And one might even replevin earlier examples from earlier authors of earlier languages—from Aristophanes, for instance. In The Frogs, when Bacchus is going down to Hades with his servant Xanthias, they meet a dead man on his way to the Styx and they offer him a small sum to be the bearer of their burdens. But the dead man scorns the insignificant fee, saying: "I'd sooner be alive first!" Yet even if there is here a Greek anticipation of American exaggeration, and even if irony was employed by Swift and Fielding, very much as it has been employed by Franklin and Mark Twain, none the less must it be admitted that this irony and this exaggeration are more common in American literature than in any other; and they are most characteristic of our brand of humor.

Where did we get these characteristics? Not from the Irish, whose humor is of another quality. Not from the Puritans, whose humor has not survived abundantly enough for us to know it well. And yet, it may have been brought across the ocean in the original package, since we find something not unlike it in England in the spacious days of Elizabeth and in the decadent years of her more pedantic successor. There is a largeness of vision, a buoyancy of spirit, an abounding hopefulness, a superb self-confidence in the England of the early seventeenth century which we cannot help noting also in the America of the early twentieth century. In many attributes of his character, in his exuberant vitality, in his attitude toward life, the modern American seems to be a little more closely akin to the bolder Elizabethan than the modern Englishman. At least, we seem to have preserved rather more of the forthputting freedom of that expansive era, both in language and in literature. Indeed, it would not be difficult to make out a suggestive list of the points of resemblance between Ben Jonson and Mark Twain, for example. Sir Epicure Mammon in The Alchemist is a figure that might be easily paralleled in the works of the most American of our authors; and Meerewort, in The Devil is an Ass, urges plausibly a variety of fantastic schemes for making money quite in the manner of Colonel Mulberry Sellers. If less deliberately poetic than Ben, Mark has not less imagination nor a less vigorous grasp on reality. He is less formal and less rigid; he is gayer and more frolicsome; but he has the same sturdy sincerity and the same artistic conscientiousness. It is, perhaps, because he thus relates us to our origins that Mark Twain is the foremost of American humorists. American humor is also good humor, as we have seen; it is generally genial, even if it is sometimes grim; it is often ironic; and it tends toward imaginative exaggeration. The humor of other peoples may reveal, now and again, one or another of these characteristics; but we hold the patent on the combination.

## To Shave or Not to Shave

A REPERTOIRE company was walking into Paducah, where they were billed to play Romeo and Juliet. The leading man approached the manager, who strode moodily ahead on the ties.

"Boss," he said, "I've got to have fifteen cents."

"Fifteen cents?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want fifteen cents for?"

"What do I want fifteen cents for?" repeated the leading man bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face."

"Oh, well," said the manager, "you won't get no fifteen cents. We'll change the bill to Othello."

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Festino—Another dessert confection in the form of an almond enclosing a kernel of delicious cream  
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## LITTLE CORKY

(Continued from Page 6)

He caught a cab at the foot of the hill and spent a very precious half-hour in a house-to-house canvass of Livermore Street. His persistence had reward. A nice, fat lady, named Dooley, answered him, and she was the mother of Harrison. For direct information she was little more satisfactory than Aunt Kitty's Sarah; for indirect, she volunteered the information that her son had a girl and that he might be found there. Mrs. Dooley also read the newspapers, and was duly impressed at the call of young Mr. Corkingham, who had been called "hero" that very morning in three-size type. Little Corky cut short the impressions, and when he left her he drove straight to where Harrison's girl lived, a tiny house, set behind the trees on a modest street. Time was passing at race-horse speed; he leaped out of his cab and, reaching the door in a bound, knocked briskly at it. When it gave to him, a pretty girl stood within the lighted hall.

"Beg pardon," panted Little Corky. "Is Harrison here?"

The girl laughed. Folks were beginning to know where to find her beau. She looked curiously at the fellow—the cut of his clothes seemed to belie his dirty, scarred face. But the first must have been stronger, for she let him into her little parlor. Harrison caught sight of him.

"Mr. Corkingham, by jiminy!" he exclaimed. "I thought you'd be abed to-night."

Little Corky came straight to the point. "I'm here on an important errand," he said in his direct way. "I want to find Miss Cowles."

The old scowl came back to the butler. "She is out of town," he said.

"So I imagined. But I want to know where."

Harrison did not answer. "Look here, this is mighty important," Little Corky said. "It's no joke."

"I ain't said as how it was," the butler replied, "an' I ain't a-goin' to tell you where my folks is gone."

Corkingham kept very cool, but he felt that he was hard against tremendous odds. He had no time to lose, and so he argued furiously with the butler and, seemingly, to no advantage. Finally, when his temper was close to the ruffling point, and much time had been lost, he turned to the girl—Harrison's pretty girl.

"You—you can help me," he beseeched her. "You won't refuse to help me?"

Now Harrison's girl had known of all the gossip from the house on the hill, and, looking at the matter from an entirely unbiased point of view, she was strongly inclined toward his side of the case. Then, too, she had the feminine appreciation of a hero, and she had read the newspapers. Little Corky had an ally right where he needed one the most.

"I'm sure I'd do all I could with Mr. Harrison," she said.

Then Corkingham, Corkingham the big \$7500 man of Consolidated Traction, told her freely and frankly of his love for Genevieve—even of that broken engagement of the preceding night. The butler sprawled his big frame over the piano stool and missed not a single syllable. He began to realize that his mistress had not understood, but still, he could not come to like this Corkingham in an instant.

"And I couldn't get there very well, could I," pleaded Little Corky as he closed, "when I was dreaming there in the bottom of that sand-pit?"

She went over to her fellow, the man to whom she gave her affections.

"Won't you tell Mr. Corkingham?" she asked him.

"I was under orders not to," Harrison said. "Still, I might make an exception, if this gent was to take care of my cousin on the road."

Little Corky never forgot that he was Corkingham.

"I'm not for sale, Harrison," said he. Then he laughed. "I'll promise you this much, though: nothing will happen to your precious skin because of anything you tell me. I'll surely take care of you."

Harrison felt that the odds were all against him. He turned for a last appeal to his girl, but her eyes only said: "Tell him all," and then—he surrendered.

"They're going through to the coast," he said. "They caught the eleven o'clock last night."



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WILLIAM BROWN & EARLE  
Dept. 8, 918 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The coast?" Little Corky echoed. It seemed a million miles away.

"They've gone to Chicago. They leave there at midnight to-morrow for the Northwest. That train catches the Canadian Pacific steamer at Vancouver—the Australian mail-boat. You see, it'd be a long chase. I guess—"

But Little Corky cut him short, found the hotel that would shelter the Cowles over night in Chicago, and promising all but the impossible to both the butler and his pretty sweetheart, was back in his cab again. He did not even take time to look at his watch until they were under way for Dunstan terminal, cabby tearing forward at terrible speed under promise of a record tip.

Twenty-two minutes before eleven. It had to be done.

He was going to Chicago. He was going to catch the eleven o'clock for the Western metropolis. That gave him six hours leeway in which to get Genevieve before she started for the West. He knew that he had no business to be leaving town. There was all the muss after that fire at County Line to be cleaned up. But he knew that he had done his full duty by Consolidated. Consolidated could now do its full duty by him.

He could see ahead the big depot clock that reared itself high above the terminal. Nine minutes more of grace—four blocks to cover. It was a fighting chance that they might make it. The distance shortened, their chances grew steadily better, until—

They were putting in service pipes of some sort and the street was obstructed, save for a narrow passageway, just big enough for a single vehicle to pass between the guarding lanterns. Cabby veered his horse toward the opening, but at that moment a big touring-car shot from behind them, cut off their path by a dexterous sweep and made for the opening. But the driver of the car was not so dexterous in his second turn. His right wheels missed the pavement by an inch and sank into the pipe excavation, just far enough to pretty effectually block that passageway.

Cabby drew his horse back on its haunches.

"Swing around the block," shouted Little Corky. "It's too far for me to try and make afoot."

The relentless hands on the big clock continued their great sweep around its brightly-lighted dial. Cabby swung his horse about, and when they came up to the big station finally the big clock said "Hopeless." But Little Corky had cast that word out of his vocabulary.

He did not stop for tickets, but ran toward the lighted gate for the train. He gave a little shout of triumph.

But the gate—the gate was closed—an impenetrable barrier. Out in the depot-yard, beyond the vaulted shed, where a thousand brightly-colored lights were twinkling and changing—red to green, green to white, white to red—danger to safety, safety to caution, caution to safety—a long train was rolling off toward the West, its two red tail-lights mocking the man left behind.

"Too late to-night, boss," said the attendant who had closed the big gate, with a grin.

He had no right to grin—that attendant. For he might have seen that the man was pale and haggard; forlorn with his overwhelming disappointment.

Halloran, the night trainmaster of the Tremont and Southwestern, sat at his big desk, a map of the system spread in front of him, when one of the operators from the outer office entered and said that there was a man without who wished to see the night trainmaster.

"Who is he?" snarled Halloran.

"Don't know. He looks kind of seedy. Got the real goods on his back, but I guess that he's been off on a bat from the way he looks."

"Wants to see me?"

"Said he wanted to get hold of the big chief of the works, an' I says as how you was the works."

"Oh, well, I'll see him. I'll be rid of him in a minute."

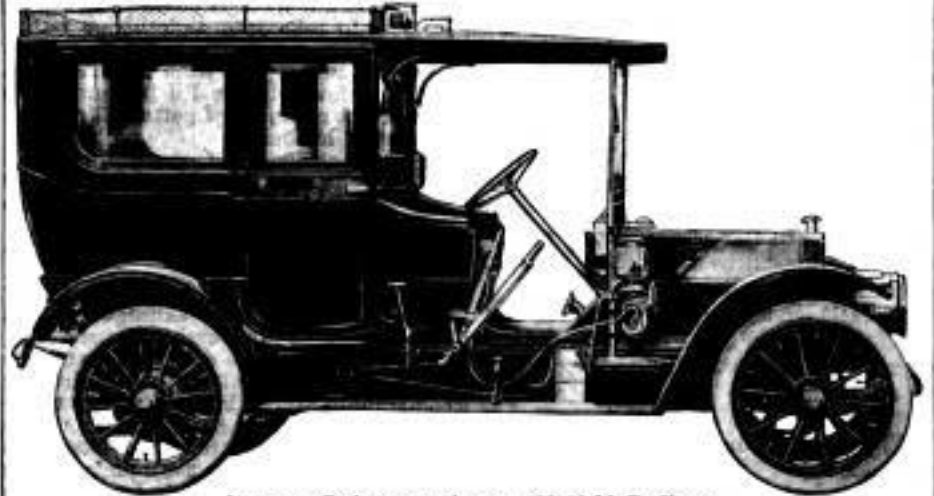
A moment later Little Corky stood beside his desk.

"Well?" demanded Halloran.

"I missed the night express—your Number Sixteen."

"Well, what can I do for you about that?"

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The \$1.00 set includes silver, nickel-plated frame, three section shaving and stropping handle and 7 selected A1 Crucible Steel Blades, in plush-lined case. Never a dull blade. 7 exchanged for 25c.

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34 Rouse Street, New York

30 years in business—use and the original modern Safety Razor Maker.

Set of 7 New Blades 50c

**\$1.00**



# Going Some!

Among the entries for the Garden City Sweepstakes at the Vanderbilt Motor Parkway, was a hitherto unknown car, called the Sharp Arrow.

Just before the race, the owner of the car, who drove it himself, called the Michelin Tire representative to look at his tires.

"You see," said he, "I have four Michelin Tires on; three of them are new, but I have used the fourth tire on roads. Is it good enough for the race?"

The Michelin man looked the tire over, felt it, examined it.

"Sure!" said he, "that tire's all right."

After the race commenced a man came into the Michelin control.

"I'm one of the Sharp Arrow men," said he; "those tires are holding up well. Fine tires, Michelines."

"Yes!" we admitted, "they are."

"That Michelin Tire on the rear front wheel," he said, "has done 6000 miles on roads."

"What!" said the Michelin man. "Why didn't you tell me that before the race?"

"Well you said the tire was all right," said the Sharp Arrow man.

"Yes, but you can't expect a tire that has done 6000 miles on roads to stand up under a pace like this."

But it did.

And Sharp Arrow—the dark horse—the unknown—won the race hands down—covered 188 miles in 199 minutes—practically 60 miles an hour.

And over the line—safe and sound—came the three new Michelin Tires—and the fourth—that had done 6000 miles on the road before it did 188 miles on a track at 60 miles an hour speed.

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When you've eaten my sausages you'll realize that my sausage recipe produces real sausages. I've been making them for forty years, and it's backed by a sincere determination to make sausages and cure hams and bacon better than anyone else can.

The little talk-fed pigs that go into my sausages are raised on my neighbors' farms, and I know they're pure, healthy stock. The spices are ground right here—that's all my sausages contain, except salt. No preservatives, no adulterants, no fillers.

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The little talk-fed pigs that go into my sausages are raised on my neighbors' farms, and I know they're pure, healthy stock. The spices are ground right here—that's all my sausages contain, except salt. No preservatives, no adulterants, no fillers.

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"I want a special train—to Chicago."

Halloran looked up, pushed back his chair.

"Well, I'll be damned!" was all he said, but he thought much more. This young piker coming to him—the night train-master of the system—a big man at all of \$2500 a year—and asking him for a special through to CHI as calmly as he might be asking to buy a ten-cent ticket off into the suburbs.

"Who are you, anyway?" he continued.

"I'm Corkingham, Corkingham of Consolidated Traction, and I don't propose to stand here much longer on one foot waiting for you to take your time about getting a train made up for me. I'm in earnest, Halloran, and if that train isn't ready for me in a few minutes I'll be put to the unpleasant necessity of getting Mr. Snowden out of his bed."

King Snowden was General Manager of T. & S. and a man to be feared. Halloran's respect for his caller began to grow tremendously.

"It's a long run for a special—an' no warning," he began slowly.

"I've got to have it," said Little Corky.

"I've got to get into Chicago on even schedule with your Number Sixteen."

"You trolley folks don't get many real problems of railroad," began Halloran contemptuously. "P'raps you don't realize that Sixteen's the best jumper we got on the line to-day. She runs like clock-work—she's got to, for she's under a time mail contract—and I don't know of anything, land or afoot, that could overtake her."

"Suppose I 'phoned Snowden; don't you think that he could have Sixteen held at Somerset twenty or thirty minutes while you sent me flying down there in an engine?"

Halloran shook his head. "My job—Mr. Snowden's job—none o' our jobs would be worth the paper they was wrote on if one o' us held Sixteen for anything. We'd have Washington a-jumpin' on us, an' p'raps T. & S.'d lose her mail contracts, and then —"

"Very well, get me a special to Chicago, then," said Little Corky.

That was a pretty big business—the biggest emergency operation that Halloran had ever arranged, and he telephoned Snowden for authority—the responsibility of the thing was quite beyond him. That all cost time; the big regulator stood close to midnight, but his respect for Corkingham grew mightily, for Snowden had told him to let him have all he wanted.

"I can't give you very much," said Halloran, meeker than Moses now. "We generally have some stray Pullman equipment kicking around the yard here, but that big convention down at Cincinnati has licked us clean. They took about everything from here that had air under it."

Halloran thought a moment.

"I'll give you Mr. Snowden's old car," he finally said. "She ain't much, an' I'd never get his lazy nigger out in time to make the run with you."

"Anything on wheels will do. I'd take a side-door Pullman. When will you be ready?"

Halloran glanced at his roundhouse catalogue, then again at the big regulator over his head.

"You'll pull out of here at just 12:30," he said.

And that gave Little Corky just time enough to hurry to his lodgings near by, get some duffel and back to the terminal. When he went into the trainshed again a gate was open for him. Behind it stood the Corkingham Limited, bound through to Chicago, if you please.

The wires had been singing for twenty minutes, the emergency crew at the roundhouse had turned sleepily out of their chairs and into the cab of one of the road's biggest and newest engines, the engine had picked up an empty baggage car and the old private car and slipped them down on to one of the trainshed tracks as easily as if it had been a nightly occurrence. Nor was that all. Upstairs, in the offices that never grew dark, Halloran's assistant was whispering to the operator of Second Sixteen Special, running clear of everything on the road, while the skilled brain of his chief was planning a safe, quick way for it up the busy and congested trunk-line railroad.

Little Corky swung aboard his train a moment after it was in place—one minute before it was due to leave. The conductor of the special, lamp in hand, met him on the platform between the two cars.

"Sorry," said he, "but I guess Mr. Halloran forgot that Mr. Snowden has a private lock on his car. We've been trying and we can't get it open. S'pose I hold here for five minutes and see if I can't straighten it out."

"Five minutes nothing," said Little Corky. The starting-gong above their track rang sharply. "There you are. Go ahead."

The conductor raised his hand, the engine coughed and coughed until its exhaust echoed and reechoed in the vaulted roof of the trainshed, its drivers caught the rail, and they slipped out from the terminal, still standing on the platform between the cars.

"I'm mighty sorry," continued the conductor; "but Mr. Halloran should have known better."

Corkingham was a little sorry himself, for he had held visions of a nice, comfortable bed and a few hours of rest and quiet, but he said that he would enjoy the baggage-car. It was a bare place, but there were a few boxes within it and he sat on one of these, backed up against the slatted wall of the car, alternately dozing and dreaming—of Genevieve.

He dreamed all the while of her. The little tendrils of hair and the laughing brown eyes, piqued in temper, had fled, and now he was in full pursuit. If she would not turn with him at Chicago he would follow her to Vancouver. If she refused to listen to reason there he would not hesitate at taking passage for Australia. Jim Connaughton had told him that he would back him to the limit, and Jim Connaughton was known to be a good bit better than his word.

It was hard work—dreaming any length of time, sitting bolt upright on a wooden box in a chilly baggage-car. So, after a little time, he gave up ideas of sleep and entered into lengthy gossip with the crew of the train.

"We're passing Lincoln City," the conductor said, as they went rattling over a tangle of switches. "It's only twenty-two miles to Somerset."

"How far are we behind Sixteen now?" Little Corky demanded.

The conductor thumbed his dirty time-card.

"If we can keep this gait up we'll pull you into Somerset forty minutes behind Sixteen. They'll swing you on to the Upper Wyandotte there, although you won't be on the Upper's track till you pass Tower E-Z there at Briarclark. They don't hold their engine-runners there in the hill country the way they do the boys here on the Main Line. You jump in the cab of that engine they give us at Somerset. He'll make a bluff at not letting you, but don't you pay any attention to him—just jump aboard, an' if you get ahold of one of them big men, and keep at him, you'll be all right and you'll be sure to catch Sixteen afore she ever gets off the Upper Wyandotte."

"They run hell-bent-for-election up there an' every man's rubbin' it an' afraid of the other. You'll probably get old man Murdock or old man Langley, 'cause Halloran's wired ahead that it's King Snowden's order that you go through in record style. If you get up with either of them jus' remember that both them old codgers don't think nothing of the other at the throttle."

But they did not make Somerset forty minutes behind Sixteen. Some fool of a tinnerman kept a freight block too long in front of them, outside of Somerset lower yard, before he put the lugger into the middle track, and Little Corky's special loped along like a winded horse for four precious miles because of it. Corkingham was off his train at Somerset before it came to a full stop, and running forward. There was a group of railroad men and stray travelers in front of the grimy old hotel and depot that faces the tracks there—for a special train, running with one man all the way from Tremont to Chicago, was not a common matter, and the wires had been whispering since past midnight, that fourth day of October, that some of the famous records of the old T. & S. were to be broken within twenty-four hours.

The Main Line engine pulled off from Little Corky's special, another big greyhound—one of the pets of the Upper Wyandotte—backed into its place and Corkingham climbed into the high cab of this engine.

"See here," growled the engineer at him. "You can't ride here."

# "Korrek Shape"

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## Patent Leather Shoes GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

Do You Want Comfortable Shoes? In these days of close attention to matters of health and hygiene, it is a good thing to know that half a century has been devoted by the old firm of Burt & Packard to making men's feet comfortable.

"Korrek Shape" shoes are made on lasts planned according to the normal, natural anatomy of the average foot. "Korrek Shape" not only means good style—it means a footwear model that is "nature-slugged" and therefore sure to give absolute comfort. Price \$4.00. Send for Catalog.

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If the "Burroja" patent (or dull) leather in the uppers of a pair of "Korrek Shape" shoes breaks through before the first sole is worn through, the dealer from whom they were bought is authorized by us to give you a new pair free. Look for the "Burroja" label stitched securely into the lining.

1000 dealers sell them—probably at least one in your town. If not, you can buy from our Catalog. It shows 21 snappy fall styles, and we send the shoes prepaid. Send for it today and name your dealer.

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Box Kid Top  
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Style No. 28

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Custom Made

\$5

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COMES now the largest factory in the world devoted to the manufacture of children's vehicles with a boys' and girls' highest-grade coaster brake bicycle, which is the best and biggest value ever offered American fathers and mothers. From the standpoint of health and hygiene the gift of all gifts for Christmas. Every wheel guaranteed. Your money back if you don't declare it the best boys' and girls' bicycle you've ever seen. Any size from 20 to 26 inch, for \$18.00. These wheels have scientific spring-seat post—an invaluable feature endorsed by physicians and parents. 28 inch wheels \$2.00 extra.

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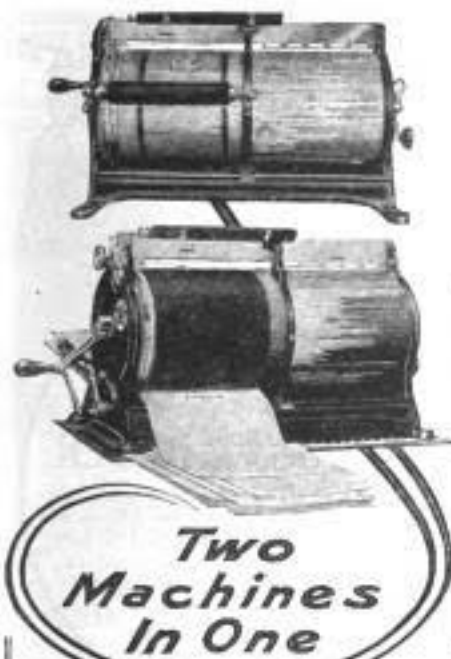
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Send for our 42-page book "The Story of Banking by Mail," giving full particulars about our system of handling out of town accounts and telling how you can readily get 4 per cent interest on your savings wherever you live.

This bank occupies front rank among the great financial institutions of this country. Its capital and surplus of five million dollars, together with the conservative character of its management, have won for it the confidence of more than 70,000 individual depositors.

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**STATESMAN WEATHERPROOF SIGNS**  
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**Weather Won't Faze 'Em**

Hire salesmen that work all hours, all weathers. Our exclusive process "wax finish" weatherproof signs on wire fences, barns, anywhere; cost 75¢ less than metal or wood; average life 3 to 5 years. Almost impossible to tear down. Attractively printed in any size and variety of face colors to order. Say anything you want or we furnish snappy phrases. Big trade pullers. A persistent, economical way to advertise. Any quantity you order shipped in 30 days, freight paid. Write for prices, samples. High-grade salesmen wanted.

**THE STATESMAN COMPANY, 19 Jefferson Ave., Marshall, Mich.**

**Don't Throw It Away USE MENDETS**

Does Your Branch Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

They mend all leaks in all steels—in tin, brass, copper, galvanized, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivets. Any one can use them: at any surface: two million in use. Send for sample package 10¢. Complete package 25¢, 35¢ postpaid. Agents wanted.

**Collette Mfg. Co., Box 19 B, Amsterdam, N. Y.**

"Why can't I?" asked Little Corky. "It's my train. I'm paying for it way through to Chicago."

Wholesale dollars never made a deep impression on old Murdock.

"Don't care," he growled. "Company's rules won't permit it."

But Little Corky kept his seat on the fireman's bench, and at that moment the conductor who had brought him up over the Main Line whispered to Murdock and Murdock made no further protests—that was his way of telling Corkingham that he might remain.

Little Corky took good care to let the engineer's ruffled feelings settle. He was very quiet in his corner of the roomy cab, quiet until long after they had passed Somerset and the electric lights of that little city made a distant gray reflection. It was a clear and starlit night. The high hills, that told of approaching mountains, clustered about, and the fat farms of the low country had given way to rough timber tracts already. It was a quiet night, and it struck him as being very beautiful as he sat in the lookout of a splendid machine that was carrying him forward and forward, closer and closer, to the girl whom he had come to love with all of his great and pulsing heart.

He caught the regular chug-chug of the exhaust and he knew that they were on the first of the long grades that they would tackle before they should see the signals at Rockville, the far terminal of the division. He looked over the high boiler and caught the clear profile of old man Murdock as he pulled his lever open another infinite fraction of an inch, so that his pet could catch the rail more easily. Murdock saw his passenger watching him.

"When we've made this bend we'll scoot by the tower at Briarcreak, and then we'll leave the river and the Main Line and be on our own rails," he said.

Murdock was thawing. Little Corky looked without and saw that there was little room in the narrow valley for anything save the river and the two tracks of the railroad, which faithfully followed its twistings and turnings, then they jolted over another network of frogs, a dimly-lighted tower went past them on the left, and they were on the rails of the Upper Wyandotte, the busiest and best-run single-track in the East. When they had finished the grade and were over the summit, coasting into another valley, Little Corky went across the cab and spoke for a few moments to the engineer.

"Do you know a man named Langley that's running on this division?" he asked with naive simplicity.

Murdock grunted: "He's ahead of us with Sixteen to-night."

"Guess that's bad for us," said Little Corky gravely. "I hear he's a devil at the throttle. I'd kind of hoped to overhaul that outfit at Rockville."

Murdock turned a look of infinite scorn upon the young man.

"P'raps you ain't satisfied with the talent in this cab?" he ventured.

"Oh, yes, indeed. What worries me is the talent in that other cab."

Another of those looks of infinite scorn.

"Pete Langley ain't so bad," Murdock admitted. "He's been runnin' this division twenty-eight year, an' I've been here only ten year more, so he ought to know suthin' about it. My father run an engine the first day this road run, so you can see we've got the throttle-arm in our blood. I'm on extra now, but my boys are in the business. Harry's got a passenger run, and the young uns are still haulin' freight."

"Gad, Mr. Murdock, you ought to be able to overhaul Sixteen, even with Pete Langley in her cab!" Old Murdock's eyes twinkled.

"Pete'll never forgive me if I do," he said. He was quiet for a moment. "Blamed if I won't do it," he added.

It seemed to Little Corky as if they must have covered some of those miles in ten seconds, for the big engine rolled and swayed like a ship making a heavy sea. But he held tightly to his seat, and when he was not watching the grim profile of the old engineer he was gazing out into the indefinite night, watching God's sleeping world, counting the little, unlighted villages where folks slept and dreamed and slept without knowing that so close to them a man was speeding to the girl he loved.

"Hear that? That's Pete Langley calling," Murdock shouted to him.

Little Corky heard the cry of a locomotive in the far distance.

It isn't what the mattress is made of, or how it looks—it is *how it is made* and *how it lasts* that counts.

Other mattresses are made of cotton, but only the Ostermoor is made in the Ostermoor way under the exclusive Ostermoor patents. Other mattresses may look like the Ostermoor when new, but only the Ostermoor can show testimonials from users that say: "Your mattress is as good after twenty-five years' use, as on the day it was bought."

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It is just as easy for you to get a *genuine Ostermoor* as the inferior imitation—and you will pay little, if any, more—for the lower cost of making the imitation is counteracted by the larger profit necessary to induce the dealer to handle it. *But you must*



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### AutoStrop RAZOR

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**Standard Outfit:** Complete, consists of Quadruple Silver-plated, self-stropping Razor, 12 AutoStrop Blades, One AutoStrop Strop. All in handsome Leather Case. Size 2 x 4 inches. Price, \$5.00.

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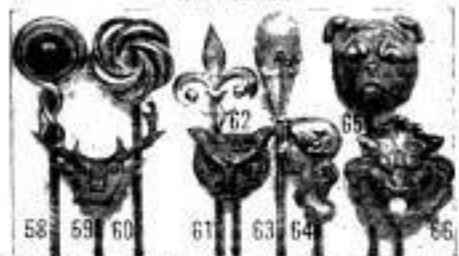
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Send postpaid at above prices. Send postal for our catalog showing hundreds of gifts for men and women.

Warren Mansfield Co. 205 Middle Street Portland, Me.

"Are we near Rockville?" he asked. "Twenty-two miles," was the reply, "and that ain't the worst. The October fog's closing in on us."

Murdoch was already shutting in on his throttle. Still they rolled and pitched as they plunged ahead into the uncertain gray mist.

Murdoch had an old man's curiosity, but he simply said:

"We're pretty safe at twenty-five miles an hour this way. I don't know what it is, but I sometimes think I can just feel another train that's on the same rail with me. Sounds absurd—but I can feel it, jest the same."

And, as proof of that instinct, he shut off his throttle a few minutes later and toyed ever and ever so gently with his brakes.

"Pete Langley's just ahead," he said; "an' ain't he in for a surprise?"

Little Corky peered out along the boiler of the locomotive, but could see nothing ahead, the fog muffling and screening the power of their great, electric headlight. They came to a full stop, and the cloud lifted itself majestically, like a great earth blanket. He saw, two hundred yards ahead of their pilot, the two tail-lights that had so unmercifully mocked him at the Tremont terminal—had mocked the man behind the locked gate whom they had thought impotent to overtake them. The light of a cloudless October day was breaking over the world. Pete Langley tooted his whistle briskly and picked up speed for his run into Rockville depot, three miles above. Old Murdoch did not toot his whistle, but he followed close upon the heels of fleet Sixteen.

Some of the passengers who drew up the curtains of their berths in Rockville that very early morning saw—as the Sixteen was about to start her run over the connecting line that tapped T. & S. there—a shabby little train pull in on the other side of the depot—baggage-car and an old-fashioned private car—nothing else. Before it came to a full stop a young man—a tired and dirty young man, with sticking-plaster upon his forehead—came running across the platform and was aboard the Sixteen as her new engine caught the rail. These same peepers from the Pullmans saw an engineer—the man who had brought them so carefully all the way from Somerset—go over to the engine of the special and gaze open-eyed at her runner.

For Langley could not believe his wide-open eyes, could not believe that that was Jim Murdoch coolly lighting his stubby pipe. The impossible had been accomplished. Thereafter a new epic was to be sung by the stove committee in the round-house at Rockville.

Nicholas Vane Shipney, coming to his modest lodgings late in the evening, found a letter there, addressed to him in a handwriting that was ever welcome. He took it from the mantel—deliberately, as was his way—conned the writing on the envelope, as if the mere form of the angular, aristocratic letters gave him innate satisfaction, and slowly tore it open. He read, and his blood quickened at the command:

Come to Chicago at once. Hotel Michigan. GENEVIEVE.

As short, and quite as unsatisfactory, as a telegram, but it told volumes to Shipney, and right on the heels of that cad of a Corkingham getting all the recent advantages for the architect of late, but here—Of course he would go to Chicago. Jerry O'Connor was going to build a big house on Tremont Heights and was keeping Shipney pretty busy; Jerry O'Connor had a second daughter, named Margaret, who was good looking, and the architect frequently called her into consultation on the house plans. But there were five of the younger generation of O'Connor and only one Genevieve, who had several pretty pennies behind her. Of course he would go to Chicago. He turned languidly to the evening paper—didn't the evening papers print the railroad time-tables? Shipney was not well-informed about America. With the towns of Great Britain and the Continent he was reasonably familiar. But inland Chicago seemed as far away to him as Australia or New Zealand. Cursed business this, getting across the country, and it was a good thing that none but Genevieve asked it. He would go for her into the wilds of Patagonia. He re-read

her unsatisfactory note many times and gave it but a single meaning.

Research in an unfamiliar column of an evening paper showed a night express to Chicago at eleven o'clock. Shipney reached for his watch. It had stopped. No matter. He went to his window where he could see the clock on the tall tower of the railroad terminal in Dunstan Square. There was less than an hour before the Chicago train left, and, even though the terminal was but four blocks distant, Shipney yawned and decided that it would be too much of an effort to try and make that train. He would try and do better in the morning.

Shipney did no better on the following morning. He overslept, one thing after another interfered, and it was not until the depot clock had again registered the night hour of eleven that he was on his way to the girl who had summoned him. He slept well on the train, as was his habit—and as he slept he must have dreamed of the girl who had summoned him—and he slept late. They were past a little town, which the porter told him was Rockville, before Shipney was really awake. By that time there was a new passenger on the train, a passenger whom Shipney did not see, who had traveled all night under strain, and was glad enough to crawl off into a stateroom for a little needed rest before they should reach Chicago.

If Genevieve had any qualms of conscience for summoning Shipney in a pique of aroused temper against Jamie Corkingham she made no confidence of that to her mamma. Her mamma was not built, temperamentally, for confidences. She seemed best designed to be managed, and, as they sped across the brown October country, she simply sat back in the corner of their stateroom, her little, worn hands folded complacently, and wondered what on earth her darling Genevieve would want to do next.

That young lady, her heart storming all the while within her, and her conscience pricking at every opportunity, pressed her nose against the window glass. Never, never, never had she seen so slow a poke of a train before. Never before had Chicago seemed half so far away from Tremont. They stopped at many stations and she amused herself by poking her head out of the window and idly watching the crowd. Read she could not, and she did not want to think; when she thought she had to remember.

At one of their stops, a town a little larger than the others, a boy with newspapers came toward her and solicited trade. She gave him a single, nervous glance, as if she hesitated in her mind. The local papers he held were like the big city papers, a jumble of large type and crude illustrations. She shook her head and he moved off toward a more receptive person.

If Genevieve had only purchased that newspaper! She might have had a far pleasanter trip all the rest of the long way to Chicago.

Little Corky did not get out of his stateroom until they were already entering the smoky shed of Dearborn Station. It was six o'clock when they came to a slow, grinding stop, and a host of impulsive folk who lived outside the city gates were finding their way to their suburban trains. Some of them forgot their hurry to give a passing glance at the tall, well-dressed young man with the scarred and plastered face. But he gave them no glances in return. He espied an eating-place across the street—one of those places where they print the bargain price-list on a sidewalk in the street. He went into that place and bolted his first meal that day—coffee and rolls—from the well-garrisoned lunch-counter. He felt there was not a moment to be lost. He needed a shave, but a shave would have taken time, and time, just then, was the most valuable commodity in the world to Little Corky.

"She's seen me in my pretty get-ups, anyway," he said to himself, "and I can't handsome much, anyway, with this tract plastered on me."

He jumped into a cab and drove straight to the Michigan, where Harrison had told him Genevieve and her mamma were to have breathing space on their chase west. Cabby broke some high-speed records of high-speed Chicago. Corky slammed through the hotel, tossing his case to the doorman, and made a bee-line for the desk at the rear of the office.

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"Miss Genevieve Cowles—what room?" he demanded.

"Four-forty-two," the clerk said slowly. "Send up your card in the tube."

Little Corky did not go near the pneumatics. The elevators were placed around an angle in the hall, and he could see that one was nearly filled, so he started on a tangent for it. He would send up no card, for he did not care to commit suicide.

There was a man who stood almost in his path as he hurried to the elevator, and this man Little Corky recognized. He was Tremont's most promising young architect, that blamed Shipney. Little Corky brushed by him, jammed into the car, the door shut and they started upward.

It was Shipney's intention to have boarded that car. He had dined on the train and hurried to the hotel, but had lingered for a moment in the lobby to finish his cigarette. Here was some hasty brute—Shipney had not recognized the brute—brushing past him and into the elevator. When Shipney started to board the car the door was shut.

"I want to go up, boy," he protested.

"Next car," snapped Buttons.

"Demned Chicago manners," thought Shipney, as he lighted another cigarette.

Genevieve stood in the window looking out toward that wonderful lake that washes up against Chicago, and seeing an equally wonderful, big, yellow moon slowly push its edge up over the horizon of the lake.

She was wondering wistfully—if—that-moon—was—looking—down—on—a—man—named—Corkingham! For, after all that resolution of that outraged heart, there was little happiness in sight for her.

She might marry Shipney, after all, but even in the fierceness of her anger, when her mind contemplated that desperate and irrevocable step, she shuddered at taking it. Yet she held Shipney's card in her hand—he was in the hotel and already on his way to her. That must be his knock.

She turned slowly, her heart throbbing and—then—that Shipney had the impudence to knock again—a brisk tattoo to hurry her. She swung the door sharply open in some impatience.

She had schooled herself and even rehearsed her cold little rôle when she should again meet the General Superintendent of Consolidated, but now all she gave was a little scream, and forgot all her lines.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her—again and again and again.

"The sparrows on the window ledge are watching," she breathed in mock protest. But he saw nothing—knew nothing save Genevieve. He kept her in his arms and kissed her—again and again and again.

They might have stayed there in one another's embrace for eternities if they had not caught mamma's footfall coming down the hall.

Genevieve started to explain—many, many things to mamma. But mamma, for once, had her say first. In her hand she crumpled a newspaper, in her mind she was filled with the fire at County Line and telling Genevieve each tiny detail of it, not omitting the big part that Corkingham had played. He was embarrassed by much of it. That was all history now—why read history? He was living in the present and the future.

"Such stupid elevator construction I never saw before," sputtered Shipney, as he came into the little parlor where the three were. "One car gets out of order—both cars get out of order. I've waited all this while for the mechanics to get them ready. I'm for Tremont all the time. Brute of a fellow—native—almost knocked me over downstairs—elevator boy slammed door in my face. Beast of a town—this—no manners."

Genevieve fussed over him with mock tenderness.

"Sorry they were so rude to you," said she. "I'm so sorry that I had to bring you away out here. But there's a house here I want you to see and then I want you to build one like it for me—for us," she added. She drew Corkingham close to her. "You know Mr. Corkingham, Shipney?" she laughed.

Shipney distributed his congratulations. It was all very confusing, but, after all, perhaps it would be much better if he married Margaret O'Connor. Margaret O'Connor was not quite so fearfully independent as Genevieve. Margaret O'Connor would make him a loving—and dutiful—wife until the end of his days.

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Shows position of hammer, patent safety lever and firing pin when not in use. Note the firing pin and hammer do not touch, but—

**FIG. 2**  
When the trigger is pulled, the hammer moves back and the patent safety lever moves up and in line with the firing pin, so that—

**FIG. 3**  
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## The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 21)

"Yes," he admitted, "I couldn't give anybody—at least, not a *blasee* Washington society girl—anything approaching a sensation. I understand the mystery at last."

"Do you?" said Margaret, with a queer expression in her eyes. "I wish I did."

Grant reflected upon this, could make nothing of it. "I don't believe you're really in love with him," he finally said.

"Was that what you told him you wished to talk to me about?"

"I didn't tell him I wanted to talk with you," protested Grant. "He asked me to try to persuade you not to marry him."

"Well—persuade!"

"To explain how coarse he is."

"How coarse is he?"

"To dilate on the folly of your marrying a poor man with no money prospects."

"I'm content with his prospects—and with mine through him."

"Seven or eight thousand a year? Your dresses cost much more."

"No matter."

"You must be in love with him!"

"Women take strange fancies."

"What's the matter, Rita? What have you in the back of your mind?"

She looked straight at him. "Nothing about you. Not the faintest, little shadow of a regret." And her hazel eyes smiled mirth of the kind that is cruellest from woman to man.

"How exasperating you are!"

"Perhaps I've caught the habit from my man."

"Rita, you don't even like me any more."

"No—candidly—I don't."

"I deserve it."

"You do. I can never trust you again."

He shrugged his shoulders; but he could not pretend that he was indifferent. "It seems to me, if Josh forgave me, you might."

"I do—forgive."

"But not even friendship?"

"Not even friendship."

"You are hard."

"I am hard."

"Rita! Don't marry that man! You don't love him—you know you don't. At times you feel you can hardly endure him. You'll be miserable—in every way. And I—At least I can give you material happiness."

She smiled—a cold, enigmatic smile that made her face seem her grandmother's own peering through a radiant mask of youth. She glanced away, around—"Ah! there are mamma and Augusta Burke."

And she left him to join them.

He wandered out of the garden, through the thronged corridors, into the street, knocking against people, seeing no one, not heeding the frequent salutations. He went to the Wyandotte, to Craig's tawdry, dingy sitting-room, its disorder now apparently beyond possibility of righting. Craig, his coat and waistcoat off, his detachable cuffs on the floor, was burrowing into masses of huge lawbooks.

"Clear out," said he curtly. "I'm busy."

Grant plumped himself into a chair.

"Josh," cried he desperately, "you must marry that girl. She's just the one for you. I love her, and her happiness is dear to me."

Craig gave him an amused look. "However did she persuade you to come here and say that?" he inquired.

"She didn't persuade me. She didn't mention it. All she said was that she had wiped me off the slate even as a friend."

Craig laughed uproariously. "That was how she did it—eh? She's a deep one."

"Josh," said Arkwright, "you need a wife, and she's it."

"Right you are," exclaimed Craig heartily. "I'm one of those surplus-steam persons—have to make an ass of myself constantly, indulging in the futility of blowing off steam. Oughtn't to do it publicly—creates false impression. Got to have a wife. Out with you. I'm too busy to talk—even about myself."


"You will marry her?"

"Like to see anybody try to stop me!"

He pulled Arkwright from the chair, thrust him into the hall, slammed the door. And Arkwright, in a more hopeful frame of mind, went home. "I'll do my best to get

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back her respect—and my own," said he. "I've been a dog, and she's giving me the whipping I deserve."

## XVI

IN HIS shrewd guess at Margaret's reason for dealing so summarily with Arkwright Craig was mistaken, as the acutest of us usually are in attributing motives. He had slowly awakened to the fact that she was not a mere surface, but had also the third dimension—depth, which distinguishes persons from people. Whenever he tried to get at what she meant, by studying what she did, he fell into the common error of judging her by himself, and of making no allowance for the sweeter and brighter side of human nature, which was so strong in her that, in happier circumstances, the other side would have been mere rudiment.

Her real reason for breaking with Grant was a desire to be wholly honorable with Craig. She resolved to burn her bridges toward Arkwright, to put him entirely out of her mind—as she had not done theretofore; for whenever she had grown weary of Craig's harping on her being the aggressor in the engagement and not himself, or whenever she had become irritated against him through his rasping mannerisms, she had straightway begun to revolve Arkwright as a possible alternative. Craig's personality had such a strong effect on her, caused so many moods and reactions, that she was absolutely unable to tell what she really thought of him. Also, when she was so harassed by doubt as to whether the engagement would end in marriage or in a humiliation of jilting, when her whole mind was busy with the problem of angling him within the swoop of the matrimonial net, how was she to find leisure to examine her heart? Whether she wanted him or simply wanted a husband she could not have said.

She felt that his eccentric way of treating the engagement would justify her in keeping Arkwright in reserve. But she was finding that there were limits to her ability to endure her own self-contempt, and she sacrificed Grant to her outraged self-respect. Possibly she might have been less conscientious had she not come to look on Grant as an exceedingly pale and shadowy personality, a mere vague expression of well-bred amiability, male because trousered, identifiable chiefly by the dollar mark.

Her reward seemed immediate. There came a day when Craig was all devotion, was talking incessantly of their future, was never once doubtful or even low-spirited. It was simply a question of when they would marry—whether as soon as Stillwater fixed his date for retiring, or after Craig was installed. She had to listen patiently to hours on hours of discussion as to which would be the better time. She had to seem interested, though from the viewpoint of her private purposes nothing could have been less important. She had no intention of permitting him to waste his life and hers in the poverty and uncertainty of public office, struggling for the applause of mobs one despised as individuals and would not permit to cross one's threshold. But she had to let him talk on and on, and yet on. In due season, when she was ready to speak and he to hear, she would disclose to him the future she had mapped out for him, not before. He discoursed; she listened. At intervals he made love in his violent, terrifying way; she endured, now half-liking it, now half-hating it and him.

It was the morning after one of these outbursts of his, one of unusual intensity, one that had so worn upon her nerves that she had come perilously near to indulging herself in the too costly luxury of telling him precisely what she thought of him and his conduct. She was in bed, with the blinds just up, and the fair, early-summer world visioning itself to her sick heart like Paradise to the excluded Peri at its barred gate. "And if he had given me half a chance I'd have loved him," she was thinking. "I do believe in him, and admire his strength and his way of never accepting defeat. But how can I—how can I—when he makes me the victim of these ruffian moods of his? Not that at times he doesn't attract me that way. But because one likes champagne one does not wish it by the cask. A glass now and then, or a bottle—perhaps—" Aloud: "What is it, Selina?"

"A note for you, ma'am, from him. It's marked important and immediate."

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Selina laid it on the silk and swansdown quilt and departed. Margaret forgot that it was there in thinking about a new dress she was planning, an adaptation of a French model. As she turned it fell to the floor. She reached down, picked it up, opened it, read:

It's no use. Fate's against us. I find the President is making my marriage the excuse for not appointing me. How lucky we did not announce the engagement. This is a final good-bye. I shall keep out of your way. It's useless for you to protest. I am doing what is best for us both. Thank me, and forget me.

She leaped from the bed and rushed to the telephone. She called up the Arkwrights, asked for Grant. "If he is still in bed tell him Miss Severence wishes to speak to him at once."

Within a moment Grant's agitated voice was coming over the wire: "Is that you, Rita? What is the matter?"

"Come out here as soon as you can. How long will it be?"

"An hour. I really must shave."

"In an hour, then. Good-bye."

Before the end of the hour she was pacing her favorite walk in the garden, impatiently watching the point where he would appear. At sight of her face he almost broke into a run. "What is it, Margaret?" he cried.

"What have you been saying to Josh Craig?" she demanded.

"Nothing, I swear. I've been keeping out of his way. He came to see me this morning—called me a dozen times on the telephone, too. But I refused him."

She reflected. "I want you to go and bring him here," she said presently. "No matter what he says, bring him."

"When?"

"Right away."

"If I have to use force." And Grant hastened away.

Hardly had he gone when Williams appeared, carrying a huge basket of orchids. "They just came, ma'am. I thought you'd like to see them."

"From Mr. Arkwright?"

"No, ma'am; Mr. Craig."

"Craig?" ejaculated Margaret.

"Yes, Miss Rita."

"Craig!" repeated Margaret, but in a tone of immense satisfaction and relief. "Take them into the house, but not to my room. Put them in Miss Lucia's sitting-room."

Williams had just gone when into the walk rushed Grant and Craig. Their faces were so flushed, so full of tragic anxiety that Margaret, stopping short, laughed out loud. "You two look as if you had come to view the corpse."

"I passed Craig on his way here," explained Grant, "and took him into my machine."

"I was not on my way here," replied Josh loftily. "I was merely taking a walk. He asked me to get in and brought me here in spite of my protests."

"You were on the road that leads here," insisted Arkwright with much heat.

"I repeat I was simply taking a walk," insisted Craig. He had not once looked at Margaret.

"No matter," said Margaret in her calm, distant way. "You may take him away, Grant. And"—here she suddenly looked at Craig, a cold, haughty glance that seemed to tear open an abyssal gulf between them—"I do not wish to see you again. I am done with you. I have been on the verge of telling you so many times of late."

"Is that what you sent Grant after me to tell me?"

"No," answered she. "I sent him on an impulse to save the engagement. But while he was gone it suddenly came over me that you were right—entirely right. I accept your decision. You're afraid to marry me because of your political future. I'm afraid to marry you because you—nauseate me. I've been under some hideous spell. I'm free of it now. I see you as you are. I am ashamed of myself."

"I thought so! I knew it would come!" exclaimed Arkwright triumphantly.

Craig, who had been standing like a stock, suddenly sprang into action. He seized Arkwright by the throat and bore him to the ground. "I've got to kill something," he yelled. "Why not you?"

This unexpected and vulgar happening completely upset Margaret's pride and demolished her dignified pose. She gazed

in horror at the two men struggling, brute-like, upon the grass. Her refined education had made no provision for such an emergency. She rushed forward, seized Craig by the shoulders. "Get up!" she cried contemptuously, and she dragged him to his feet. She shook him fiercely. "Now get out of here; and don't you dare come back!"

Craig laughed loudly. A shrewd on-looker might have suspected from his expression that he had deliberately created a diversion of confusion, and was congratulating himself upon its success. "Get out?" cried he. "Not I. I go where I please and stay as long as I please."

Arkwright was seated upon the grass, readjusting his collar and tie. "What a rotten coward you are!" he said to Craig, "to take me off guard like that."

"It was a low trick," admitted Josh, looking down at him genially. "But I'm so crazy I don't know what I'm doing."

"Oh, yes, you do; you wanted to show off," answered Grant.

But Craig had turned to Margaret again. "Read that," he commanded, and thrust a newspaper clipping into her hand. It was from one of the newspapers of his home town—a paper of his own party, but unfriendly to him. It read:

Josh Craig's many friends here will be glad to hear that he is catching on down East. With his Government job as a stepping-stone he has sprung into what he used to call plutocratic society, in Washington, and is about to marry a young lady who is in the very front of the push. He will retire from politics, from head-hunting among the plutocrats, and will soon be a plutocrat and a palace-dweller himself. Success to you, Joshua. The "pee-pul" have lost a friend—in the usual way. As for us, we've got the right to say, "I told you so," but we'll be good and refrain.

"The President handed me that last night," said Craig, when he saw that her glance was on the last line. "And he told me he had decided to ask Stillwater to stay on."

Margaret gave the clipping to Grant. "Give it to him," she said and started toward the house.

Craig sprang before her. "Margaret," he cried, "can you blame me?"

"No," said she, and there was no pose in her manner now; it was sincerely human. "I pity you." She waved him out of her path—and, with head bent, he obeyed her.

The two men gazed after her. Arkwright was first to speak: "Well, you've got what you wanted."

Craig slowly lifted his circled, bloodshot eyes to Arkwright. "Yes," said he hoarsely, "I've got what I wanted."

"Not exactly in the way a gentleman would like to get it," pursued Grant. "But you don't mind a trifle of that sort."

"No," said Craig. "I don't mind a trifle of that sort. 'Boulder Josh'—that's what they call me, isn't it?"

"When they're frank they do."

Craig drew a long breath, shook himself like a man gathering himself together after a stunning blow. He reflected a moment. "Come along, Grant. I'm going back in your machine."

"The driver'll take you," replied Arkwright stiffly. "I prefer to walk."

"Then we'll walk back together."

"We will not!" said Arkwright violently. "And after this morning the less you say to me the better pleased I'll be, and the less you'll impose upon the obligation I'm under to you for having saved my life once."

"You treacherous hound!" said Craig pleasantly. "Where did you get the nerve to put on airs with me? What would you have done to her in the same circumstances? Why, you'd have sneaked and lied out of the engagement. And you dare to scorn me because I've been frank and direct! Come! I'll give you another chance. Will you take me back to town in your machine?"

A pause, Craig's fierce gaze upon Grant, Grant's upon the ground. Then Grant mumbled surlily: "Come on."

When they were passing the front windows of the house Craig assumed that Margaret was hiding somewhere there, peering out at them. But he was wrong. She was in her room, was face down upon her bed, sobbing as if her first illusion had fallen, had been dashed to pieces, crushing her heart under it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## THE COMPLETE MUCKRAKER

(Concluded from Page 19)

of debutantes who spent a million a year on gowns. He heard them talk scandal, scandal, scandal, and saw them live it.

"I can't stand this," he said to Claudie. "I'm going to do something. I'm going to practice law."

Next day he opened offices. Shortly before noon a small man entered, who introduced himself as Mr. Dobson.

"I have a case for you," said Dobson. "Yes," said Mike, astonished.

"It is this: A syndicate of conscienceless Wall Street capitalists is scheming to take over at a low price a trans-continental railroad. Many of the stockholders are widows and orphans. I represent these innocent stockholders. I want you to fight this, to get out an injunction at the proper time, to raise such a clamor that these capitalists, if they do get the road, will be compelled to pay a large price for the stock because of the demand that will be created for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Mike. He labored for six weeks. He was surprised to find that his legal papers were prepared for him and sent to his office. Mr. Dobson handed him a retainer of \$500,000. Presently he struck the blow—he applied for an injunction. He ventilated the matter in the papers. The people rallied. "No," said the public, "these widows and orphans must be protected. Besides, the stock must be shoved up so these wolves will have to pay a pretty penny for it instead of stealing it."

The stock went up by leaps and bounds. Mike was jubilant.

That afternoon Claudie, pale and distracted, burst into his office. "What have you done?" he shouted.

"Protected the widows and orphans," said Mike, not without pride.

"Protected nothing!" shrieked Claudie. "You dogged idiot, the very syndicate you are trying to keep from getting that road owned it before they set you up to this. Now they have sold out to the public and all our friends are stuck, because they thought the stock you have forced up was a good buy for a flyer and safe to unload on these men."

Mike was stunned.

### CHAPTER VI

Mike determined to have revenge. He studied Wall Street, that merciless money mart, with a church at one end and a river at the other. He investigated all the tales of robbery, of swindling, of buncoing, of watered capital, of fictitious operations, of the unloading of worthless shares on a credulous public, of the conversion of trust funds, of the wrongful use of the assets of insurance companies and banks, of all the vast and complex larceny of the place.

It was iniquitous. Mike was convinced of that. The only way to stop it was to strike a blow at the arch manipulators who appropriated other people's money.

He learned that the billions of assets of a mutual insurance company were used by a certain clique of Wall Street speculators to further their robbing operations. This money was not the company's. It belonged to the policy-holders, who derived no benefits from it.

He began his campaign. The holders of the original stock were exposed, forced to sell. They lost control.

Mike was jubilant again, and justified. Just after the transfer of the stock Claudie and Rouncey burst in upon him.

"See here," yelled Claudie, "what have you done now?"

"I have forced those corrupt stockholders to sell the control of this great company, and put it on an honest footing with its policy-holders."

"Yes, you have!" shouted Claudie. "You have forced the old stockholders to sell, all right, all right, and the principal one was Rouncey here, who has been your friend and has entertained you, and the man who bought it is the biggest Wall Street operator in the country. You have done a lot for the policy-holders, you have."

Mike was stunned again.

### CHAPTER VII

"Is there no way for a man to make an honest living in this town?" groaned Mike.

There was, as is always explained in the sequel.

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## ROMANCE AT RANDOM

(Continued from Page 17)

brain, and ever and anon he threw an inquiring look at De Lys. As for De Lys, he chattered irresponsibly. He had only a guess why he was there and it might not be right, and he did not care if it was right or wrong. He was bent on enjoying himself. He took the reins of the conversation. Mr. Forbes had been in Switzerland, it seemed.

"Did you go over into Italy—as far as—oh, Rose, do you remember Portofino-il Paradiso? It was there, wasn't it, that we had that carriage accident?"

Mr. Forbes' eyes were like gimlets on him, and Mrs. Farhall's color came up in a tide.

"What year was that?" asked Mr. Forbes slowly.

De Lys appealed to his companion: "Five years, was it? We met at Genoa, you remember. How young you were, Rose, and how —"

"That was the year before Mr. Farhall died," said Mr. Forbes in his sober voice. "I was not aware that he was abroad that year."

"Yes, poor Farhall was there, looking rather seedy, poor chap," said De Lys glibly.

Mrs. Farhall's color had receded, but her voice was level and steady. "Would you mind getting me an ice, please?" she said.

De Lys got to his feet, reached the refreshments, and returned to find the two in broken conversation. Forbes was dotting something on his program, and De Lys, flashing his blue eyes, touched the lady's arm.

"My dear child, I must take you to the festive board. You will be more comfortable there," he said firmly. "I will not willingly witness pink ice overflowing upon white chiffon. Come." He nodded to Forbes, and Mrs. Farhall moved off obediently on his arm.

"Thank you!" she said tensely when he had deposited her in another quarter of the room. "You did that very well. It was just what I wanted."

He wondered why and what the exact solution was, but action was all that was demanded of him then—action and a ready tongue.

"I would do all and much more for you," he bowed.

"Mrs. Farhall!" A voice saluted them and he beheld a fair, open-faced, handsome woman smiling at his partner. Mrs. Farhall's pleasure in greeting her was clearly unfeigned. A man was introduced by the fair woman, and Mrs. Farhall rose. The ball claimed her. De Lys was deserted in his corner. He looked about him for means of amusement. He had done his duty, had mounted guard till not required. Now for another plunge! That he knew no face in the crowd did not matter to him. He stood poised for his swoop when he was greeted by a lady whom he recognized as his hostess, Mrs. Montgomery Wheeler.

"Ah, Lord de Lys," she beamed on him. "Not dancing? I fear you're like so many other young men nowadays, you like to be danced to instead of dancing."

"I like to dance attendance," said he, offering his arm, "and I'm going to take you into the refreshment-room in the certain knowledge that you need something."

"How good of you!" The lady subsided gratefully on his arm. She looked about her for a chair, in which he deposited her, and sighed. "I think they're enjoying themselves. I think it's a success," she said almost interrogatively.

"My dear lady, it's a triumph," said he, handing her a cup of coffee.

She sighed again with pleasure and weariness; she had made great social efforts for this dance.

"It was so good of you to come," she said, her thoughts taking in her companion in their sweep. The presence of this distinguished-looking young peer lent lustre to her party. She brightened on him out of tired eyes.

"Oh, there's my daughter. I want you to know her. Will you—Mabel!"

Mabel, on the arm of a proud youth who was clerk in her father's office, came to a pause, and, disentangling herself, diverged in her mother's direction.

"Oh, this is my daughter, Mabel, Lord de Lys," said the fluttered mother.



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The pretty girl looked at him with interested eyes. Lords were not growing on every currant-bush in her circle, and, besides, he was young and good to look on. So was she. De Lys gravely took her program.

"May I keep this all the evening?" he asked.

Mrs. Montgomery Wheeler laughed pleasantly. "Oh, but why?" inquired innocent Mabel.

"Will you give me every dance where I can put my name, Miss Mabel?" he asked.

Miss Mabel endeavored to peer over the card to realize what trick he designed ere she committed herself. Mrs. Wheeler delightedly moved away on her heavy round of duties.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mabel suspiciously. She had been thoroughly enjoying herself, and she had no doubt whatever that she was going to enjoy herself still more. He seemed to be manipulating the program, and she was quite sure he was being wicked about it.

"There!" he said; "that's settles it," and put the program in his pocket. Miss Mabel protested. "Let me get you something," he urged, taking possession.

The proud young man watched his prize cut out from under his nose with a rueful face. Mabel, alas! had forgotten all about him. In two minutes she was heartily eating unwholesome things with her new acquaintance, who was explaining to her the best way of cheating with ball programs. She gathered between her mouthfuls that she was booked to him for alternate dances all through the evening. She protested, but it seemed no good. Anyhow, she would cut off Freddy Wilding and give him the next. After that—well, Miss Mabel's thoughts and conscience ran no further than the next dance.

He had some good fun with Mabel, and also with other charming girls who were friends of Mabel, so that he presently forgot all about Mrs. Farhall. She emerged abruptly in his mind when his eyes alighted on her in the refreshment-room. He had taken in a pretty girl in pink muslin for an ice, and she sat at a neighboring table facing a partner.

"I had every reason to think so," the man was saying. The back had the slope of Mr. Forbes' back.

"If it had been so I should have told you," said the lady.

"At any rate—" he paused.

"He that will not when he may"—she quoted lightly, and her eyes met those of De Lys. For a moment they burned on him, as if they carried a message. But he was enjoying the society of the pretty girl, and he smiled without responding. Mrs. Farhall rose, and Forbes (for it was he) rose also. In passing De Lys she flashed her eyes on him.

"Lord de Lys," she said, "I wish you would—"

He had segregated himself at her words, and the two stood apart, both from the pretty girl and Mr. Forbes.

"I begin to think you are right," she said coldly. "Where does your penalty come in?" She glanced at the pretty girl.

"Since you left me I have endeavored to put up with what I can get," he pleaded. She laughed, not too pleasantly: "I really think the farce had better end."

"Willingly, if I may drive home with you."

She deliberated. "You are not a very insistent old friend," she said with difficulty.

Her face was pink with her effort.

"My dear lady," he said, "if only I had known I had the liberty. Give me two seconds and I'll shunt this pretty baggage and Mr. Forbes, too."

"No, no," she said quickly; "you may as well enjoy yourself."

"Rose, don't go. I want to tell you something," De Lys cried aloud, catching at her hand.

Mr. Forbes fingered his dark mustache nervously as he waited. De Lys whispered in her ear: "Why is a cat like a cabbage?"

Suddenly she began to laugh, this time quite a pleasant laugh, and, laughing, moved away. Why did she laugh? De Lys wondered. Why, she had not even waited for his answer.

Mr. Forbes was the secret; Mr. Forbes was the solution. He began to feel a dislike for Mr. Forbes. He watched her go, and went back to his pretty baggage. He might as well have some more Mabel. Pretty girls were like delicious slices of the

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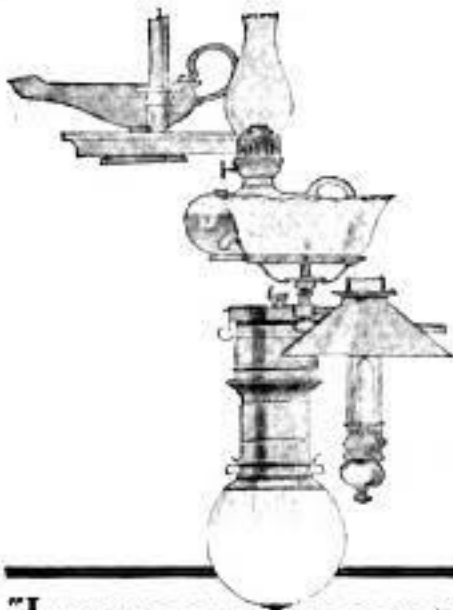
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same cake. He did not remember this one's  
name, but it was of no consequence.

"This is the fourteenth time I've been in  
to supper," he explained to the pink mus-  
lin. "How many times have you been  
in?"

"Oh, Lord de Lys!" she cried, as who  
would say "Fie!" "This is only the second  
time."

"Oh!" He shook his head. "This is  
very reprehensible. Let's go out, have a  
dance and come in again."

"Oh, but we can't. I'm engaged for the  
next dance," protested Miss Pink Muslin.

"So am I," said De Lys promptly; "that  
makes it all the better fun. Have you seen  
the ugliest woman in the room?"

"N-o-o—Y-e-s," said pretty Miss.

"Well, that's she. That's my partner.  
Think of it! And when I have the chance  
of dancing or resting or eating or talking  
or—well, anything, with sweet-and-twenty  
—do you wonder at my recklessness and  
desperation?"

"I am only nineteen," said Miss Pretty.  
"Marvelous!" He held up his hands.

"So young—and so abandoned—so un-  
principled as to eat ices at midnight!"

She laughed. "Here's Mabel. Doesn't  
she look bored?"

Poor Mabel, with a short and middle-  
aged cavalier mopping his moist face, was  
passing.

"Mabel!" she called. Miss Wheeler  
turned, but her cavalier was not to be  
thwarted. He clung like a bur to youth  
and beauty.

De Lys took two steps out: "Miss  
Mabel, your mother has sent me for you."  
He began, smiled, bowed, and gesticulat-  
ingly apologized to the bereaved cavalier  
as he whipped Miss Mabel off.

"We'll take two rounds of the room try-  
ing to find your mother and will fail, and  
then, of course, we'll go back to Miss—  
Miss—"

"Ellice," she put in smilingly.

She was quite charmed, and just a little  
taken by storm; but it was impossible to  
resist a whirlwind that knew its own mind.  
They had passed once around the room  
when she was amazed at discovering her-  
self alone. Somewhere in the distance she  
caught sight of Lord de Lys offering an arm  
to a seated lady. She went, disconcerted,  
back to the supper-room.

It was Mrs. Farhall that had caused De  
Lys' desertion. She arrested him as he  
passed by, waving her fan languidly be-  
tween herself and her companion, who was  
no other than Mr. Forbes. That deter-  
mined De Lys. The space between them  
disappeared in two steps, and he hung  
before Mrs. Farhall.

"Rose, my dance! Sorry to disturb  
you!" He looked good-naturedly at  
Forbes.

Mrs. Farhall's face expressed chagrin  
and even something more—annoyance.

"Excuse me, I think there is a mistake,"  
interposed Mr. Forbes. "This is my  
dance."

"My dear sir!" De Lys exhibited an  
undecipherable program. "My dear—"  
Mrs. Farhall rose sharply and went a  
few steps with him.

"I did that well," he said complacently.

"My dear sir!" she said with sarcasm,  
"you seem always destined to be an  
intruder. I wish—" she bit her lip and  
looked back at Forbes. "I wish you'd go  
to your Mabels," she said bitterly.

"My dear lady, I was only carrying out  
the contract," he replied, aghast.

She turned away.

"This is an end of the farce," she said.

"It has been very entertaining."

"But the beginning of the romance, I  
hope," he said with a glance at Forbes.

"I don't know if you're a burglar or a  
—a mere jester," she said quickly, but  
with lessening acrimony. "Come, there's  
Mabel; go to her."

"No, I can only go home now," he said  
sadly. "Good-by, Rose."

Her eyes had flashed aside at Forbes,  
and she burst out laughing. "Well, good-  
by," she said amiably. "Some day I sup-  
pose I shall have to explain you."

He shrugged his shoulders and so, both  
smiling, they parted. But ere he had  
reached the door he was intercepted by Mr.  
Forbes.

"Lord de Lys," began the dark man,  
"perhaps you will forgive me if I am blunt.  
Are you engaged to Mrs. Farhall?"

De Lys just cast a glance at him. "No,"  
he said promptly; "she has refused me."

"Ah!" Forbes turned away and De Lys  
went out in search of his coat.

"Don't let us dance this," said Mr.  
Forbes, sitting down in the window em-  
brace beside his handsome partner. "I'd  
like to sit it out if you don't mind."

"If you are tired, of course—" began  
Mrs. Farhall faintly.

"No, only preoccupied. Rose"—his  
eyes held hers—"I really did mean to  
come that Thursday, but the affairs in  
Paris—"

"Please don't—it was of no conse-  
quence," she said, apparently interested in  
the dancers.

"Am I forgiven?" He took her hand  
gently under the rose of the hangings.

"You must admit it did seem unkind,"  
she said softly.

A little afterward Mr. Forbes frowned:  
"You never mentioned to me that you  
knew Lord de Lys."

She started. "Lord de Lys! Oh—no, I  
never mentioned it."

"I was astonished when I first saw him  
sitting there with you," he went on.

She started again. "You—you knew  
who he was?" she asked.

"Of course; I've often seen him at Rane-  
lagh and at first nights."

"Lord de Lys!" she uttered faintly.

"Yes; he has an odd reputation—rather  
an eccentric. Don't you find him so?"

"I don't—yes," she assented weakly in  
her amazement.

"Well, I'm glad for one thing, Rose, that  
you refused him," he said tenderly.

"How do you—"

"He told me so. He was quite frank.  
I suppose it was just now. He looked very  
crestfallen. He's rather a good chap, I  
think. I'd no idea you knew him so well,"  
he murmured jealously.

"I—oh, I don't think I know him very  
well—really," she said faintly.

So he was Lord de Lys, and he had said  
she had refused him. It was bewildering.  
Her companion was looking at her with the  
pride of possession.

"I've just time to catch Freddy at the  
club," said De Lys as he got into a cab.  
"I think I've earned that hundred guineas."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of  
stories by Mr. Watson. The second will appear in  
an early number.

## Gems in Glass

IMITATIONS of precious stones are not  
an invention of the nineteenth or twen-  
tieth centuries. They were common twenty  
centuries ago, and the collections of Europe  
contain many thousands of them. Gems  
as we understand them now were unknown  
in antiquity; the ancient precious stones  
were either cut in the form of scarabs, or as  
small, flat disks, or else they were rendered  
ornamental by the engraving on them  
of some figure or subject. Geometrical  
cutting, as now practiced, came into use  
about the fifteenth century. The antique  
imitations may have been sold as copies or  
perhaps as original gems.

Time and the effects of the soil in which  
many have long been buried have marked  
them unmistakably, and no one would be  
deceived by them to-day; for the action of  
water, salt, and perhaps of organic agencies  
as well have caused the disassociation of  
the materials which composed the glass,  
changing the color and roughening and  
dulling the surface.

When the upper layer is removed by  
accident—for it is very fragile—the sur-  
face beneath is often covered with very  
minute and brilliant pittings, producing a  
most splendid iridescence, with a rainbow-  
like effect.

The collection of antique pastes is a fad  
as much as the collecting of the genuine  
antique gems, and, indeed, many of the  
former are beautifully engraved and are  
veritable works of art. An eighteenth-  
century lapidary conceived the idea of  
copying all the known antique gems in  
glass for purposes of study, and he repro-  
duced some ten thousand or more different  
antique gems in glass. These are sought  
by collectors, although they were not  
engraved directly, as were the gems them-  
selves; for the maker constructed moulds  
of iron or other metal and pressed the  
colored glass into these moulds, thus secur-  
ing a nearly perfect copy of the original.

To make the reproduction still more exact  
the impressed design was carefully gone  
over with an engraver's wheel. These  
copies are generally more transparent than  
would be the true gems, but this is con-  
cealed by roughing the front and back of  
the imitation.

## SINCERITY TALKS

by  
Kuh, Nathan & Fischer

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BY the President's proclamation, the  
last Thursday in November is set  
apart as a day on which everybody  
and everything except the turkeys shall  
be and should be thankful.

Thanksgiving Day means to the col-  
lege chap a day of home-dinners and of  
football games. Only twenty-two men  
on the football field do not care how their  
clothes look.

None of the others need worry either, if  
they wear "Sincerity Clothes."

While we are on this subject of thanks-  
giving, let us mention that one of the  
things we are thankful for is that the  
college boys and their fathers—and  
mothers, too—have more than ever before  
realized and appreciated in a tangible  
way the worth of "Sincerity" suits and  
overcoats. The fathers and the college  
boys by wearing the clothes, the mothers  
by helping them to buy them. We know  
that when the womenfolk go a-shopping  
with father and the boys it means in-  
creased demand for "Sincerity clothes."  
The women understand intuitively the  
value of our elaborate system of fabric-  
inspection in the bolt, our way of shrinking  
and re-shrinking cloth, linings, and even the  
binding tape; our untiring inspection and  
re-inspection of every detail of cutting and  
sewing—and the women know what it means  
for a suit to have been cut and sewed  
and made to fit and hold its shape and  
style and not to have been wrenched and  
tugged and twisted into false perfection  
by old "Dr. Goose"—the hot flat iron.

The college chaps have insisted upon  
having our *Deke*, our *Savoy*, our *Strand*,  
our *Athletic* and other suits; and our  
*Grenadier*, *St. George*, *Athletic* and other  
overcoats. Their fathers find in the "Sin-  
cerity" lines exactly what they want, too.

The *Athletic* suit and the *Athletic* over-  
coat naturally pop into your mind at the  
mention of football on Thanksgiving Day.  
The *Athletic* style is made broad-shouldered  
and full-chested through its cutting and  
seam-balancing; not by the aid of a lot of  
padding.

If your college boy doesn't come home  
for Thanksgiving with a "Sincerity" suit  
and overcoat, it will be wisdom on your  
part to see to it that he returns to college  
so equipped. Even if he can't get home  
there is a dealer near his college who can  
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Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 11-21-'08

## THE HONORABLE MADGE

(Concluded from Page 13)

"I told Martin," said she, "that I wouldn't marry him unless you came and asked me to do it yourself and assured me that I wasn't going to spoil his life—"

"What!" Mother said, "you aren't the same girl?" Silly of her, wasn't it? Madge didn't answer, but just went on:

"And then; directly Martin told you about it, you came up and did it in the most delicate, chivalrous way possible!"

I guess Father had never been called names like that before!

"I've been so unhappy," Madge went on; "I've quarreled with my own people. Only the boys have clung to me, and I shall lose them when school begins again. It's all very well to let them be poor with me in holiday time, but they've not been to school since Christmas, and I can't interfere with their education any longer. I must give them back to my uncles. They've cast me off. I've had to work so hard for my living—ever since—"

She stopped. "Ah!" Father got up, quite glad to get hold of something to disapprove of, and longing to work himself into a rage over it. "May I ask why your relations have cast you off, young lady?"

Madge just looked at him and smiled.

"I would rather not say," she murmured.

"I thought so!" Father's tone was quite jubilant. "And do you think then that I shall allow my son to marry a girl who pretends to be some one she cannot possibly be—whose own people have cast her off—"

"Shut up," Don growled under his breath, and I felt like that, too. Madge was rather pale, and the smile died out of her eyes at last.

"Don't," she said. "I'll tell you if you like. I'm not a pretender, you know. Father was Lord Fallingfleet—"

Don and I clasped hands and choked. We dared not look at Father, but he must have heard us gurgle.

"My uncle's the Earl now, but if you really want to know why they quarreled with me—"

She laughed softly, and I guessed what she was going to say: "It was because I would insist on being engaged to a young man whose father had made his money in tea!"

Imagine the glances exchanged by Father and Mother then.

"Snobs!" Don whispered to me furiously. "Serves 'em right!"

"I'm very poor," Madge's eyes were all wet, and the sun through the Virginia creeper made them so shiny through the tears. "But I see that I ought to have let Martin tell you the truth. You see, I wanted his people—I wanted you to like me for myself—even if I did earn my living—I didn't want you to like me because I was—because I was anybody in particular—I'm fearfully sorry—"

Her voice broke a little. Mother was crying openly, and well she might. Even Mildred sniffled. She looked such a dear, standing there—I wanted to hug her and tell her I didn't care what her name was. So did Don. We wondered that she didn't tell them all off for the snobs they were, and wash her hands of us. But Don and I didn't realize then how fond she was of Martin.

"I really am an Honorable Madge," she said, with a queer little, husky laugh.

That was the last straw. Don clutched me suddenly.

"Let's do a move," he whispered, "before she's taken to the family's heart."

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## MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

(Continued from Page 23)

of the Potomac. When I returned to my seat, after the delivery of my poem, every person upon the stage was standing; the house was ringing with cheers; General Sherman caught me in his arms with fervent feeling; and, as to the success of the effort, it is enough for me to remember that from that day till the day of his death that great man remained my friend. The poem, of course, was published far and wide, and I may add that a charlatan called Madame Blavatsky promptly appropriated the title and the idea of it for a book about theosophy.

Themes of ardor and scenes of tumult were, to Bayard Taylor, the breath of life. No other American poet has surpassed, and only Halleck and Whittier have equalled, him in the quality of passionate, ecstatic enthusiasm, as it is shown in his Bedouin Song, his Nilotic Drinking Song, his Song of the Camp, his Sicilian Wine, his Porphyrogenitus, and The Bath. Those are typical exponents of a spirit that was forever aspiring, forever hopeful, always feeling the impulse and sounding the exultant note of joyous endeavor:

Turn not where sinks the sullen dark  
Before the signs of warning,  
But crowd the canvas on our bark  
And sail to meet the morning!

Writing to me from Gotha, Germany, October 2, 1873, he gave this revelation of his indomitable mind:

"I have been, until recently, so busy with a History of Germany, for schools, that my purpose to write to you has been postponed until now. . . . I was compelled to undertake the History for the sake of bread and butter. It was a work of eight months, severe and unremitting, and if it does not have a tolerable success I shall infer that no literary work of mine is destined to succeed. Lars, for instance, is a dead failure, in a business point of view. The sales, for the first two months, were just 1050 copies.

"I believe the book has been praised by the critics (at least Osgood says so), but it seems to have made no impression on most of my friends. McEntee is the sole individual who has mentioned it in his letters. Stedman wrote such praise of my Vienna Letters (the most ephemeral work!) as would have seemed ironical from any but an old friend, without even hinting that he had ever heard of a poem which is worth all my correspondence, from first to last.

"However, I am one of those tough souls which cannot be changed either by censure or neglect. I shall go on writing until I either receive the right sort of recognition or am smothered to death under a pyramid of magnificent failures. I have an intense joy and satisfaction in writing a poem, and I never could write so fast as to get ahead of the accumulating conceptions. A nice prospect for my friends!"

On another occasion, writing to me from the same German city, he said:

"I had a new experience last week. I lectured, in German, on American Literature, for the benefit of the Ladies' Charitable Association of the city. My friends were a little nervous, but the experiment was a thorough success. The hall was crammed; the ladies made over one hundred thalers profit; and everybody seemed delighted. I read, among other things, a translation of Poe's Raven, and a poem of Whittier's, both of which seemed to make a strong impression. I wrote the Lecture immediately in German, and, to my surprise, have received many compliments on account of its style. This 'occupation that never wears, that slowly creates and destroys not,' as Schiller says, is, after all, our best refuge in uneasy times."

Of the poetic group in which Taylor was conspicuous not one remains alive. That group included, among others, Stoddard and his brilliant wife, Elizabeth Barstow; E. C. Stedman, George Henry Boker, Fitz-James O'Brien, C. P. Cranch, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, and George William Curtis. The writings of Taylor evince his strong affection for Boker and Stoddard. The home of the latter poet, where I first met Taylor, was, for several years, in a house, still standing, at the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street, New

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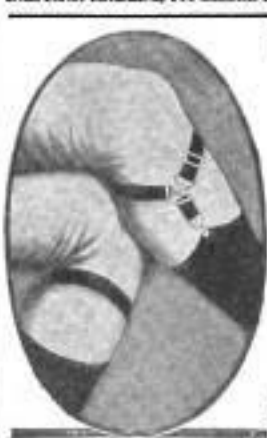
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compared with common sense in buying and using a hot water bottle? For a few cents you can get one not fit to lend your enemy. With common sense you can get

## Bailey's Good Samaritan Hot Water Bottle

that fits every part of the body, soothes instead of irritates, soft as a pillow to lie on, best quality of red rubber, cloth lined, and warranted for a year.



By buttoning the two ends together see what a perfect heater it makes for the feet, what a perfect form for throat troubles, or to stand next to the body. It is the most comforting and practical Hot Water Bottle ever made.

10 in., 2 qts., \$1.75. 11 in., 3 qts., \$2.00.  
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Order through Hardware or Tool Dealer or direct from us. Money back for any reason.  
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No razor blade will shave well without stropping—even new blades shave smoother after stropping. The expert barber strops while shaving you. This little machine strops both edges on both sides without removing blade. Blade always held at correct angle, cannot cut strip. Only stropper permitting diagonal stroke that gives the keen edge. Stropper post paid, with horse hide strap \$1.00. Strops any blade. Send \$1.00 and one of your blades. Dealers and agents wanted.  
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The University of Chicago OFFERS  
50 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One studies at High School or College studies at almost any postpaid do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Counselors Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farmers and House Economists, and many in other vocations.  
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**MAKES** and burns its own gas. Produces 100 candle power light—brighter than electricity or acetylene—cheaper than kerosene. No dirt. No grease. No odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.  
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## AGENTS' NEW INVENTION

**Automatic Curry Comb**  
Indispensable. Sells at sight. First application control salivary tubes. Good profits. Trial without risk. Write for terms.  
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**BIG DEMAND EVERYWHERE**

York. There, on occasion, Stoddard—the most subtle and exquisite lyrical genius in our poetic literature since Poe—would assemble his guests, and there I have seen Taylor, as also at his own fireside and at mine, the incarnation of joviality and the soul of mirth. He was in no way ascetic. He loved the pleasures of life. No man could more completely obey than he did the Emersonian injunction to "Learn what wine and roses say!" In the earlier part of his career he had fancied himself a disciple of Shelley: there is among his works an ode to that elusive poet, whom he invokes as Immortal Brother; but, in fact, he had as little natural sympathy with the rainbow mysticism of that strange being as he had with his proclivity for dry bread. He would have consorted far more readily with Burns or Christopher North, "the jolly bachelors of Tarbolton and Mauchline" (as Allan Cunningham called Burns' gay comrades) or the genial revelers of the Noctes Ambrosianae. Not that he fancied carousal: quite the contrary; but he was very human. Like Shelley, he loved Grecian themes; his Icarus, Hylas and Passing the Sirens are fine imaginative examples of that love; but, like Burns, he habitually treated all themes in a spirit of ardent humanity.

Neither Taylor, Stoddard, Stedman nor Boker was associated with the "Bohemian" group that gathered round the cynical Henry Clapp, in the days of the Saturday Press and Pfaff's Cave. Neither of those poets led a Bohemian life or evinced practical sympathy with what is called Bohemianism. Stedman, indeed, wrote a poem about Bohemia—a poem which is buoyant with a gipsy spirit and a winning lilt; but it is one thing to write melodious verses about Arcadian bliss, and quite another thing to subsist from week to week on the precarious rations of a publisher's hawk. Taylor, roaming up and down the world—as Goldsmith had done before him—learning languages, consorting with all sorts of persons, and earning his bread with his pen, possessed the true Bohemian spirit; but, all the same, his tastes were domestic, his proclivities were those of the scholar and the artist, and he typifies, not the vagabond but the gentleman, not Grub Street but Literature; and in literature he especially represents the rare and precious attribute of poetic vitality.

It is difficult to depict, in the cold gleam of words, the inspiring personality of Bayard Taylor and to indicate its value to the general experience. As I think of him I see again the tall, stalwart figure; the symmetrical head, with its crown of dark, slightly grizzled, curling hair; the aquiline, bearded face; the dark eyes, glowing with kindly light; and again I feel the cordial clasp of the strong hand, and hear the cheerful, musical, winning voice. In the common life of every day he was the genial comrade, enjoying everything, and happy in contributing to the happiness of all around him. In the life of the intellect, in the realm of thought and expression, he became transfigured; he was the priest at the altar, the veritable apostle of Art. There is, in the crypt of the Pantheon, in Paris, a tomb, of which the door stands partly open, to admit the passage of an arm of bronze, bearing an uplifted torch—the emblem of immortal aspiration. No symbol could better denote the personality of Bayard Taylor, the meaning of his life, and the abiding influence of his works. Upon his grave, at Longwood, Pennsylvania, there is a Greek altar, inscribed with the words: "He being dead yet speaketh." It is not an idle epitaph. As long as there is beauty in the world, and as long as there are human hearts to receive its message of joy and hope, his voice will be heard.

## Not a Nature Faker

"How often," mused a globe-trotter, "do our best endeavors to do good to this dark and dreary world go astray."

"Now, I remember a friend of mine who was a country editor. The local school-teacher was going to leave and he wrote a nice piece about her, telling of her many admirable qualities, of her success with the school, and winding up with the sentence: 'We commend Miss M—— to our friends who have secured her services, not alone for her delightful personal traits, but for the reputation for teaching she bears.'"

"Next time I saw that editor he was galloping along, followed by the schoolmarm, who was yelling, at every jump, that she never taught a she-bear in her life."

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Geo. E. BARSTOW  
President  
Pecos Valley Land & Irrigation Co.  
of Barstow, Texas

Enterprise and the Community which they describe. They comprise the testimony of many people that ten acres of Barstow-Pecos Valley Land can be made to yield from \$2000.00 to \$5000.00 annually. We have gathered together in this book the testimony of men of national prominence, as well as grown on the land; and what they have to say will be submitted for your impartial consideration. I do not mean to hold out to the reader that ten acres of Barstow-Pecos Valley Land will yield \$1000.00 to \$5000.00 a year to its owner without effort on his part. But I do maintain that such results are possible for any industrious man who will apply average intelligence to his industry. And I further submit a practical plan whereby a limited number of non-resident owners may reap such profits—less a reasonable amount for competent superintendence for which we undertake to provide, if you wish. Then, I want to show you the wisdom of acquiring such land at this time, regardless of its availability for home or business purposes.

Land capable of such productivity has been demonstrated by Barstow-Pecos Valley Land represents the highest type of agricultural land yet developed. Such productivity is dependent upon soil, water supply and climate; and the areas where these conditions are all favorable to the greatest yields of best-paying products are comparatively limited, either as to present or future availability. There, too, the amount of such land which can be utilized is further reduced by reason of this fact—Profit from such productivity is dependent largely upon Location with respect to Markets and Transportation. At Barstow all of these conditions are favorable. In other communities, where conditions approaching these exist, the land has already reached values of \$1000.00 per acre and upward. And there is an irresistible force at work to put Barstow values in this class, one more irresistible than profitability marketed, big crops. Take all the available agricultural land, and add all that can be made available by irrigation and by drainage, and you cannot double the area or productivity of our present agricultural lands. Yet, according to the best estimates, our population will double in about 30 years. Is not that an inevitable force lifting all agricultural land values, and most of all the lands which demonstrate greatest productivity? I conceive such land to be the best assurance of future independence, not only for this generation, but in even more marked degree for the generations to follow.

After you are absolutely convinced of the wisdom of such a purchase, both from the standpoint of earning capacity and future increase in value, I want you to consider the properly safeguarded procedure whereby Barstow-Pecos Valley Land may be acquired for payment as small as \$100 a week, with what I conceive to be perfect safety to both purchaser and seller. For the present we are offering Barstow-Pecos Valley Land for \$157.50 per acre, water-right included. Cleared, leveled, under cultivation, irrigated from canals and lateral ditches thoroughly constructed and in full operation. Ready for immediate delivery, so developed, for \$40.50 per acre, balance payable \$1.50 per acre per quarter, until paid. For the benefit of those who cannot pay \$405.00 down for a ten acre farm, we issue our Secured Land Contract. Under the terms of this contract, delivery of the warranty deed is deferred, pending the accumulation of the requisite fund, and is made through the Citizens State Bank of Barstow, Texas, which Bank holds the deed in escrow in the meantime. This \$405.00 may be paid in weekly, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual installments, extended over a period of not more than three years. The Company allows 3% interest on installment payments made during the life of the contract from the date of receipt to the date of installing payment, credited on each anniversary of the first payment and on the date of installing payment.

HERE is a simple business proposition open to any man who can pay \$15.00 down and \$1.50 a week for a Home Farm or a Business Farm. A Home Farm, capable of yielding an independent good living for an average family—Or a Business Farm as a reserve source of living income in case of need, and in all events a profitably operated farm, where the climate is unexcelled, affording an ideal place and way to occasionally rest and recreate while interesting and profitably occupied. First—I want to submit for your consideration our "Papers in Proof." These "Papers" are a collection of photographic reproductions in color, from originals, are probably illustrated and hand-somely bound. They are presented in a form in keeping with the character of the

Now let me tell you something about Farming by Irrigation. You have heard much about it, no doubt. Irrigation is a means of increasing crops against drought, but it is more. It makes possible accuracies of operation comparable to manufacturing in business. Not only can you water your farm whenever it needs it, but you can water any spot on it whenever that particular spot needs water. These conditions, coupled with abundant long season sun-warmth for a fertile soil, make it yield beyond the comprehension of the Farmer or Fruit Grower who has never been able to thus control his rain which regulates his growing power. So, with much greater productivity your grower in the Best Irrigated Countries farms less land, and by cultivating it more thoroughly, increases the yield yet more, and \$100.00 to \$1000.00 per acre per year is the feasible result; and 10 acres is enough to keep one family long and prosperous. These conditions bring about the ideal business-farm life. Such a community of small highly productive farms is like a town, and soon has its good schools, churches, public utilities, in fact all the conveniences that come with the prosperous close-knit community, though they pass by the great, isolated farms.

The Barstow-Pecos Valley Land is within a few miles of Barstow, Texas, and Pecos City, Texas. The two towns are only 15 miles apart, and the land lies between the towns, a little to the north, served by the Texas & Pacific Railway and the Pecos Valley Line of the Santa Fe System.

The altitude is 2575 ft., and the climate delightful—over 300 days of the year can be depended upon to be bright and sunny. Of the 30,000 acres of land coming under the Barstow Irrigation System, some 9000 acres are under cultivation. Fruit Orchards and European Grape Vineyards have been developed and prove the land to be particularly well adapted to these profitable industries; soil, climate and proximity to market all favoring this locality over the olive communities of this character in Southern California.

Truck gardening is also highly profitable on Barstow-Pecos Valley Land, while standard crops are raised with more than ordinary profit on the larger farms.

The Barstow Irrigation System was begun some fifteen years ago, and the main canal and main laterals have been in operation for twelve years. During that time the soil and water and the efficiency of the irrigation system have been tested by actual operation—with what result you shall see from the "Papers in Proof."

All I ask is that you let me send you this proof of productivity, together with a sample copy of the Secured Land Contract, (copyrighted).

Then if you want to buy for a Home Farm that can be made to yield you an independent, good living, or for a Business Farm to be cultivated under competent superintendence for which I will undertake to arrange, you may acquire immediate possession for \$405.00 down, less 3% cash discount; or you may acquire possession in whatever period you choose during which to accumulate the requisite \$405.00, provided only that you make a first payment of \$1.50 per acre and regular installment payments at a rate of not less than 30c. per acre per week, and that you purchase 10 acres, or, if more, in multiples of 10 acres.

I seek to further develop this community to which I have given my name, along the lines of its development to date.

I desire especially to have from intelligent workers who will come here to live either now or later—after results under expert management justify the move. Barstow is not Europe, but conditions here are more favorable

than in most communities, for the development of independent manhood through the earning of an independent living from the soil one owns.

To those who would escape the conscience-staining slavery of commercial life, and yet earn a dependable competence, this opportunity must not be missed.

Surely your land, for which you pay \$151.50, must increase in value as, at you must realize, land is growing scarce and sources, and if, as I must prove, we have land here capable of producing from \$100.00 to \$1000.00 per acre per year.

Surely, if your neighbor, as I will show, has produced crops of such value, you can do likewise. Or if that be responsible at once, surely you are safe in buying with the double opportunity for profit—both advancing values and from employed labor for your account.

Will you write me today, so that I may submit my proposition in detail?

I especially suggest you taking the matter up promptly, if you desire me to arrange for superintendence of cultivation for you. Such service must necessarily be limited in extent.

Just say, "Let me have your 'Proof' and your proposition," and I shall respond promptly with what I think should lead to better things for you. Address, **Geo. E. BARSTOW, President, Pecos Valley Land & Irrigation Co. of Barstow, Texas, 530 Missouri Trust Bldg., St. Louis.**



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**BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST**  
The income from \$1,000.00 for a year at 3% compounded semi-annually is \$30.22. At 4% it is \$40.40, One-Third More. We cordially invite you to send for a copy of our free booklet "M," which explains how you can send your savings safely and conveniently to this large safe bank.  
**THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.**  
CLEVELAND, OHIO THE CITY OF BANKS.  
RESOURCES OVER 42 MILLION DOLLARS.



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¶ The Great Western Tailoring System is at your service. It is the best clothes-making system ever devised, the modern logical way that insures distinct individuality and the particular kind of fit and style desired by each customer.

¶ We offer men in smaller cities and towns an unlimited variety of the latest styles in woolsens to select from, and the benefit of the best tailoring brains in the world.

¶ Personal experience and skilled workmen enable us to make clothes in our Big Merchant Tailor Shops that please the individual tastes of discriminating men in every locality.

¶ Our enormous patronage, combined with remarkable facilities for economical production, permits us to quote uniformly moderate prices in every range—suits and overcoats from \$18.00 to \$40.00.

¶ There is an experienced dealer in every town who shows our samples and takes correct measures. The name of the local dealer will be sent, together with new style plates, upon request.

**Great Western Tailoring Co.**  
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**Get the Peach Pipe**

Stem swings over bowl so you can carry it filled or unfilled in your vest pocket. Shield prevents ashes or sparks from blowing out. Gives a perfect smoke while motoring or driving and is safe where ordinary smoking might start fire. Best grade selected French Briar, premier quality, solid vulcanized rubber stem, \$1.12 second grade 50 cents. Look for trade-mark on stem. Ask your dealer for it or state quality wanted and send money required to **Levitt & Peirce, Cambridge, Mass.** If you don't like the pipe return it at once and your money will be refunded.

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Patented Dec. 1, 1906. Other patents pending. Copy-righted. Made by A. Stein & Co.

**PERFECT FOR ALL SEASONS**

No metal comes next the wearer.

An article that careful dressers buy repeatedly and exclusively must be superior. That's the story of the **PARIS Garter**. It has taken the lead solely on its exceptional merits.

If your dealer is sold out, send us 25 cents for a sample, or 50 cents for six. Money back if you are not enthusiastically satisfied.

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**A Fascinating Flyer for Boys**

Soars above trees and four-story buildings or skims along close to the ground, then, rising like a bird, soars slowly back to the operator.

**Rich's Toy Air Ship**

—the most wonderful toy of the age—boys never tire of it—the old folks will fly it for hours if they can get it away from the children. Well made; price, 50c, 3 for \$1.00, postpaid. Address, **Rich, the Air Ship Man, Girard, Kansas**

**IT'S LOTS OF FUN**

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Sterling Silver of Special Christmas Design

Cut is two-thirds of the usual size.

Gold Bowl. Sent by mail in pretty box, as receipt of 35c in coin or stamps. A dainty Christmas gift. Fine coloring of gorgeous Christmas gifts FREE. Send postal for it TODAY.

**The Warren Manufacturing Co., Silver-smiths, 300 Temple St., Portland, Maine**

## RICH WOMEN'S INVESTMENTS

(Concluded from Page 15)

million dollars, and his widow got half. Most of her wealth to-day is in the securities of the Huntington roads. During the last years of his life (which he spent in New York) Mr. Huntington bought big blocks of very valuable property in Manhattan, notably some houses on Fifth Avenue. These are still the property of Mrs. Huntington. They produce good income and are appreciating in value all the time.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is another widow of a California millionaire. She has large holdings of gold-mine stock and operates landed estates in California.

One of the shrewdest women investors among rich women is Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who, though now living in New York, is a California woman. Her father was James G. Fair, a bonanza king of the type of John W. Mackey. She owns the Fairmont hotel in San Francisco and other important business property there. She is a constant buyer of high-class railroad bonds and stocks. She studies out investments herself, and is admirably informed on market conditions.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is another very rich woman in her own name. She is the daughter of D. O. Mills, who laid the foundation of his fortune in California gold mines and then moved to New York, where he has quadrupled it by good investment in real estate. He owns the Mills building and the chain of Mills hotels. He made nearly three million dollars in one deal in Lake Shore stock. Mrs. Reid owns a big office building in San Francisco and business blocks in New York.

The lesson for the average woman investor, as conveyed by the investments of very rich women, is very plain. Although they can well afford to lose, rich women take few chances. When they invest their money they seek the best advice that it is possible to obtain. Herein are summed up two of the cardinal rules for the safe employment of a woman's funds, large or small. The example of rich women, in this respect, is well worth following.

## THE MARAUDER

(Continued from Page 10)

The punchers awoke, cursing volubly, and one of them, sleeping remote from the others, on the edge of camp, shied a boot at the wolf. He stopped in his run, smelled of it, then bore it homeward. It would make a fine plaything for the babies. The puncher rode twenty-seven miles, in his socks, to headquarters next day, to get a new pair of boots.

Four months passed thus pleasantly. Sometimes the family nearly starved, at others the puppies sagged in the middle from overeating. Always there were bones and odds and ends of hides old Scartoe had hidden away to gnaw on in moments of leisure, as is the coyote fashion, but they made poor stays to hunger.

When winter shut down on the land Scartoe got rid of wife and children. He simply wandered off when the puppies grew big enough to care for themselves; and he sought another home in an isolated, barren ravine. In the cold nights that followed he took to consorting with other bachelors, roving spirits all; and very often they hunted in bands. They were few in number, because it is not coyote nature to run in packs, but this union gave them strength and made them infinitely more dangerous. Twosome times they ran lonely, unprotected calves and killed.

Later, they were so hard put to it for food at times that courage was born in them. One night four of them surrounded a "dog," a sturdy young steer one of them would never have tackled singly, and slew him. It was Scartoe who devised the plan that the three should run him by a bush, behind which he crouched. It was Scartoe who leapt, swiftly, unerringly, for the nose, and brought him down. And it was he who got a lion's share of the spoils.

Yet they were cowards, for all that. A coyote is always a coward, save when driven frantic by hunger, or when cornered and putting up his last fight.

With the storm kings holding sway their foraging became less and less fruitful.



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Every diamond we sell is guaranteed as to price and quality. If your local jeweler can duplicate it at the price, we will take it back and return your money.

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71-73 Nassau St., New York  
ESTABLISHED 1849

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Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.  
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**3 cents a Week for Light, and Bright Rooms EVERY NIGHT.**

Most economical way to have bright, cheerful rooms—either Homes, Stores, Offices, Schools, Churches.

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100 candle power each burner. Bracket, pendant, chandelier styles; handsome, durable. The "SUN" Outshines Them All. Satisfaction or Money Back. Systems by Hollow Wire and by Gravity. Agents Make Fine Connections. Write for Catalog.

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I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Bookkeeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Penmanship Journal.

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**AGENTS** My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler, and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.  
DR. LYONS, 182 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

Scartoe stayed in his own domain and weathered the gales.

Twice had he to eat of his own kind. Toward break of a wintry day he and one companion slunk homeward from an unsuccessful foray, their empty stomachs crying aloud for food. They watched each other with suspicion, for in each one the same desire was uppermost. Ahead of them, crossing their trail, a wounded coyote dragged himself, spent, done almost to death in a grapple with a "nester's" dog. They fell upon and slew and ate him. Later, a full month, or perhaps two, when the same companion grew wasted and weak from hunger, and in all the forsaken country they could not kill, when not even a field mouse rewarded long hours of hunting, Scartoe ran at him, and, with one shrewd stroke upward, slit his throat and let out the life blood. He ate his fill and came once more into his strength.

Only once during that awful winter did he pit his cunning against man's guile. That was when the snow was off the ground, and a party of visitors at the ranch-house hunted him with imported dogs. Scartoe made the most glorious mess of his trail. He went back on it, walked on two legs in the sand for no particular reason, crossed, recrossed, waded upstream, returned to the starting point, and employed all the tricks his long years had taught him, and some out of pure bravado that were quite useless. Then he lay down behind a dead cactus and watched the hunt, watched the amazement of the men at the odd single track, watched every movement of the dogs, nosing and worrying. Tiring of this in half an hour, he went to his den and slept. They never untangled the web of his weaving.

When spring came Scartoe was looking shabby. He was flea-bitten and morose, and he had a longing for companionship. A week of fine weather improved him so that he was almost the Scartoe of old; but the longing for companionship was tenfold greater.

On a February morn he lifted up his voice to herald the dawn.

"Ki-yi, yeow-cow-cow-cow-cow." A joyous bark answered. It was not the call of his kind, yet it thrilled him, for in it there was a note he knew. He stiffened and trembled with expectation. A young collie came racing toward him. She paused doubtfully a dozen yards away, sniffed and growled. Scartoe threw up his head, thrust out his tail from its usual abject droop and went toward her. Then his hair bristled, his muscles tightened and he was ready for combat.

Behind her came another coyote. He was big. Even the veteran, large as he was, appeared small in comparison. Where the newcomer had picked up the living that gave him such weight was a puzzle; but certain it was he had ten pounds the better of it. Not a thought gave Scartoe to that handicap.

The big wolf wasted no time in preliminaries. His strength and skill had been tried in mêlées from the ranges of southern New Mexico to the borders of Colorado, and foes had been swept before him like chaff. But Scartoe was a general. Like lightning he dodged the swift rush, like lightning he ripped even as he swerved, tearing a piece from his enemy's neck. Coyotes will not grapple and cling with locked jaws, as do the brave among dogs; they depend on the swift cutting powers of their dexterous jaws. Three times they came together; three times old Scartoe gashed his antagonist so that the blood spurted. Still he could not quite reach the throat for the death stroke.

And then the end came. Too eager in his desire to finish the battle, he left himself open for the merest flick of time, as he wheeled for a fourth onslaught. With one hurtling, upward dive, the big brute reached the jugular, and Scartoe was thrown back, his throat torn, the life ebbing from him.

The collie frisked about the victor, playfully showing her teeth, and together they trotted away.

An hour after sunup, the ranch-house cook, on a quest for his infant son's collie pet, came upon the torn, lifeless body.

"Jumping Jupiter!" he exclaimed prayerfully. "It's of Scartoe."

\* Author's Note—A freak track such as this was found in the bed of Mulberry Creek on the J. A. Ranch, in Armstrong County, Texas, by Mr. Erwin E. Smith and myself in August of 1908. It ran for half a mile along the bed of the creek and then became an ordinary coyote trail.



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# THE CONFESSIONS OF A CHAUFFEUR

By Ralph H. Korn

FOR some unknown reason they don't seem to be looking around for aviators who can aviate. Anyway, I hunted high and low for ten days without locating a single claim. Then I got my copy of The Spark and Throttle, and the first thing I did was to answer the only ad. in the paper for a chauffeur. Ten days of hunting for a job had made me think better of my game, handicap or no handicap. So, not waiting for the postman to deliver my postal-card, I just went up to take a look at the prospects for another chance.

Did you ever see the line strung around the block when Nordica sings at popular prices? Well, the bunch up at that guy's premises wasn't much to the bad in comparison. I felt sore. It made me mad to think that anybody in that crowd was out to get my job. So I walked down that line, looking for an opening to get an advanced place. Just as I thought I had succeeded, somebody grabs my arm and yells: "If you try that again I'll run you in!" When I turned around I nearly yelled myself. There was my old pal Mike, the cop, with whom I had many times worked my boss on the speeding question. Well, I was glad to see him—and he was glad to see me, you bet!

"Want this job?" he asks, looking me up and down.

"Oh, I don't care," I says; "I'll take it if it'll pay any better than the one I've got now."

"I'm a friend of this party," Mike says; "it was through him that I got these stripes—I'm a sergeant now. Just come with me and I'll fix it."

So I went with him, and he introduces me to a short, thick-set party who didn't even offer to shake hands—he was the boss' butler. Mike says something about my being a good chauffeur, and asks Jules if he wouldn't say a kind word for me. That got me mad. I says: "Look ahere!" I says, "I'm used to getting my twenty-five each and every week, paid prompt, and right up to the hour—and no Jules nor nobody else'll have to say very much either to me or about me—see?"

Jules looked at me and grinned. "Dot last man wot we had," he says, "chust made twelve a week—and when he gets the send-aways he says: 'I won't take no more joy rides, and if'n I gits my place backwads I stays nice and quiet for ten dollars a week and I give you (meaning me, of course) one dollar or maybe one-dollar-fifty every week, yet.' Und I says: 'If you haf spoke like dot gester, maybe I could haf fixed somedings.'"

Just then the boss comes out, showing the door to a chap with his hat off, but I had the tip, and I slipped Jules the only dollar-bill I had in my clothes. Jules takes the dollar, coughs, nudges me and begins:

"Here is a friend of mine, Mr. Tiddles," he says, "and if you please und listens to dis man's business you gets a fine chauffeur alretty. I went for him myself on the quiet, und I nefer says noddings about it to you—for I had to take him away from his old place."

Mr. Tiddles bit like a flounder. "Come in here," he says, and as I started after him Jules (the worst grafter I ever met) says: "You makes a goot impression mit dot dollar, ain't it?" he says.

Well, I got the job, and it hurt me to take it. When I started in the chauffeur's game I was making fifteen a week, and at my last place I was getting twenty-five a week, my board, and one night off. Here it was a different business. Twelve a week, my board, and—to put it the way my boss did—"most uncertain hours—particularly those off." But I wanted the job, and I made up my mind to behave myself—at least for a while.

When I came out, Mike, the cop, comes up to me. "How goes it?" he says. "Did you land it?"

"Sure," I says; "what did you expect would happen to a chauffeur known like I'm known?"

"I hope to see you soon—maybe we can arrange matters the way we used to—meantime," and he pulls out his whistle

and waves his hand to a half-dozen cops standing around. "Clear the sidewalk," he yells. "The job's took."

There I was, back at chauffeuring. The car was a dandy, and I really did intend living up to my resolution to live like a man for a while. But Mike, the cop, and Jules, the butler, kept me at my wits' end. I had to give Jules one-fifty each week, and I never dared go out without a cigar in my pocket for the sergeant. So I had to get my thinker to work again—because, when I got through paying for the things I didn't smoke, there was mighty little left for me.

My new boss was the most peculiar chap I ever met. He'd march into his garage (he was another who was running his car with his eyes open) and say: "Good-morning. Is the car ready?" Then he'd either get in, or else turn around and march out. He had half-a-dozen little frames hung all over the garage, with cards telling you that: "To hold your job, keep this car in good running order." "If you bring her out dirty you'll have to take her back and wash her—ONCE it'll go—TWICE—and come for your check," and others just about as nice for a chauffeur to have for company!

When I'd been with him a week he comes in one morning and says: "Here's a cigar." I says: "Thank you, sir" (yes, I said "sir"), "but I don't smoke." He looks at me and says: "Your wages are raised one dollar a week." Now—was he or wasn't he peculiar?

I had to keep my eyes open for that Jules. He was always planning, but I couldn't be sure that it wasn't to make me lose my place. Once he offered me a drink from a flask that he carried in his pocket—but I caught him take a look up at a window, and I told him I didn't drink.

The first day of my third week came, and then my new boss sprung it on me again. He marched into the garage and says: "Here's something that'll prevent blow-outs—put that on the inside of the shoe—this way." That put me in a terrible hole. Here was a man who knew all about his car, and whom I couldn't work that gasoline trick on. Then out it comes: "You mustn't mind what Jules says to you—he's been with me ten years, and he takes an interest in things—you know that from experience, for he got you for me. Yes, Jules is all right, and if he behaves himself he'll keep his job. He was the one to find this new patent for me—he's always trying to save money for his boss, and, of course, I just raised his wages—to encourage him." Then he marches out. Jules—that tom-fool Jules! I'll bet he's been cleaning out that man right along, and especially since I've been here!

Well, those things inside the shoe certainly did prevent blow-outs. I drove that car for three months, before we put her away for the winter, and not one shoe went to the bad. All you had to do was to keep on repairing shoes—for, of course, the rubber and duck must wear away—but there was nothing much even in the way of repairing. My boss left me in full charge of the tires (there was no trouble with the tubes), but I'd only get a couple of dollars out of the work, and this was only about once in four or five weeks. It got me hot under the collar to remember the good old days when it came to me flowing so, I had to blow it in and spend it, to keep from putting it away in the bank!

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Tiddles says to me: "You can take to-day off—here's a ticket to a show. Go yourself, or give it away—I don't care." So I put on another collar and started out. When I got to the corner, who should get in my way but Mike, the sergeant, dressed in plain clothes. "Hullo!" he says, "what's up?"

"Got another day off," I says. "Where are you bound to?"

"Oh, I've got nothing to do Saturday afternoons," he says. "I'm on the staff, you know—with the rank of lieutenant. Don't have to wear no uniforms, and I can get into any show by just tipping the wink. And that's what we'll do—come on."

So I went with him, and we went into a theatre, and he says "Howdy" to the guy

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at the door. "This is a friend of mine," and the guy grins—and in we go. It wasn't a bad show, but being there with that man made it a lot to the bad.

In between the acts the annoyance started. I began it, I'll admit, but that was no reason why he should harp on it for twenty minutes. I says: "Well, how are you coming on?" That was the foolishness!

"Times have changed," he says; "but I can't forget the good old days when I was just a motor-cycle cop. Why, do you know that I own two double houses in Brooklyn and one in the Bronx on the rake-offs I made on speeding? I guess those houses to-day are worth nearer seven thousand than six—when I bought them I got them cheap. But I never would have got them only for the fellows who divided with me on the speed. But now it's all different. I don't have to do no more business with chauffeurs. Say, do you know that you've got more dubs in your line than there are in any other?"

There I sat—boiling! Fit and ready to go off my head at any minute! Just itching to punch his blooming head—itching more to give him a good licking than I ever was to let Jules have it! And then he starts again:

"You see, if some of your crowd didn't let the owners of automobiles into the secrets of the business you could still be working with me or with some friend of mine. But I understand that the whole thing's been given clean away. Say, who peached on me? That was why I got sent to Goatville. I'd like to catch that guy—I'd fix him good and plenty! If it hadn't been for my friend Tiddles, your boss, I'd have still been a sergeant—but first he fixed me up to be a roundsman, and then he gave them the tip at headquarters—and here I am. But how about you? No more dividing on speed rake-offs with a friendly cop, old boy! They're on to that, too—the Commissioner had to give three the go-by only last week. Of course, it was recorded that they had resigned to go into business—but I'm on the staff, so I know. Oh, that's all right, I don't mind telling this to you."

Well, of course, I began to see things differently from that little conversation. There he was, owning three nice little houses, going up the ladder one step after another—and he'd been dividing with me and the rest of the boys! No risk to him—for he was in right—very early in the game and without any competition! And how about me? There I was, earning less than ever, always fearing the bounce every time I saw my boss. And why? I wasn't a bad sort. I was up to my job. I knew more about the car I was running after having been on the job three days than many another would have known in a week. What was wrong?

Yes—that's what I kept asking myself all the time they were playing the second part of that show. "What's wrong with me?" I kept on asking. "Why can't I get a good, long job and hold it? Why don't I go up instead of coming down? If one man can hang on to his job with my boss, why can't another?" I asked myself a whole lot more while I was pretending to watch the performance, and while I was trying to give Mike as good as he sent.

Then, suddenly, and just as if somebody had pulled away a curtain, I saw the whole thing. I'd been wasting my time trying to beat the very men who were paying me to look out for my own interests as well as theirs! Scheming—in the wrong direction—that was the matter! Gosh! I was mad at myself when the thing came to me! If I had only saved when I had had the show! If I hadn't helped such men as Mike—if I hadn't tried tricks—if I hadn't taken joy rides—and right there in that theatre I promised myself to fight that game down!

But what was my astonishment when I got back to the garage to see my boss there. I pulls off my cap and says: "Thank you, sir. I had a pleasant afternoon, though I didn't use your ticket. Here it is. I met Mike, the lieutenant, and he took me to a show with him."

"Jones," says my boss with a grin, "if you keep on with Mike we'll soon have you on the Force, and I'm not particularly anxious to lose you. I know my car, and I know a good man when I see one—and I'm sure that, if you put your mind to it, you can hold your job right along. And I'll tell you this: you can hold your job just as long as you behave yourself. But I'll stand for no funny business. My last man

lost his job because he took a joy ride. Did you ever do that?"

Now that was a nice question to answer! If it had been in the old days I'd have told him it was none of his affair, but I thought of my resolution to cut fancy-acting, just in time. So I says instead: "Yes, sir," I says, "and I lost my job for doing it."

"We all have to learn," he says, "and, while I'm sorry you lost your job, I'm glad to know that there was another fellow who was running his machine with some sort of sense. The way the average man runs his car would give a statue the nightmare—I don't blame chauffeurs for playing the boss for what he really is—but my man won't play me. Now, I haven't nosed around here very much, but I learned all I wanted to learn about you. Jules tells me you don't drink" (if it had been the old days I'd have said "aha!"), "and you told me you don't smoke—and that made me kind of suspicious. So I just kept watching you, and I said to myself: 'I'll let him alone, but if he tries to monkey with my car I'll fix him sure.' Well, I'm very glad to say it—so far you've fooled me, and so long as you fool me that way you can hold your job. You're the best man I've had since I bought the car—and it's fourteen a week from to-day on." And with that he marches out!

Well, about two months later we put the car in storage. It was this way: Jules put the hooks into the second man, and the fellow went to the boss and told him, and the boss says: "That's right—millions for defense but not one cent for tribute," or something like that—and Jules gets the bounce. Then the boss makes the "second" man "first," and he says to me: "Jones," he says, "we'll put the car away in storage, and you can play second man until the spring—and it'll be a dollar a week raise."

It made me feel good to see things brightening up. I could save money now—and I meant to make up for lost time. And I wanted to be second man or something that would keep me near the house. Oh, I don't care, it's all fixed now, so I'll let you in. I began to like Molly, the housekeeper's daughter—so I up and puts it to her straight, and she says, if the boss'll give me a raise and a steady job—why, it'll go. So that night I went up to interview the boss.

He was sitting up against the fire, reading a paper, and his feet were up on to a chair, and I had to cough before he looked up. "What is it, Jones?" he says.

"Mr. Tiddles," I says, "I'm going to marry Molly, the housekeeper's daughter, and I've got to find employment that'll let us live. Now, I've tried to suit you, and I think I've succeeded. Now, what I'd like to know is—can I expect any sort of raise from you?"

"You can," he says; "you certainly can. You've been with me now about half a year, and you've worked your way up from twelve to fifteen a week—I remember that I always did the raising, and you never kicked. You were where I wanted you whenever I looked for you. You had your tools nice and clean and in their proper places when they were needed. You didn't swear when we had a mishap; you didn't kick when you were kept waiting—in short, you have made your place worth fifteen dollars when you might have been there still earning only twelve. The value of an employee is taken at the valuation of the employer. As to your present request, you can count on a two-dollar raise per week. Shake hands, Jones. I want to wish you luck!"

Well—goldurn my picture! Now, that's the kind of boss I should have started with! That was the only time I've ever asked for a raise, and he's raised me three times within the year—and I'm up to twenty-five a week now! Of course I don't only run the car, but what's that got to do with it? Oh, no!—not on your life!—you can't ever make me growl—I've forgotten how! Yes, I know there are fellows earning as much and more who forget to bring the hammer and the saw, whose chisels always dull, who never have the right wrench, who don't test or strain the gasoline, water or oil, and who never carry more than just one extra chain-link—but just wait and see how soon the bottom'll drop out of their jobs!

No, sir—I'm here—and here to stay! And the guy that's going to get my job away from me will have to be a darn clever expert with a crowbar!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers giving the experiences of a chauffeur.



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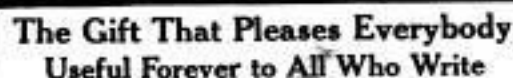
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Number 22



Mark Twain

## Feasts of Reason and Flows of Soul

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE  
ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

WHY is after-dinner speaking? Nobody knows. We caught it from the English, and the English caught it from somebody else. I suppose, when Eve handed Adam the apple, Adam took a few bites of it and then, putting his hand on his chest, where the bosom of his dress shirt would have been if he had had a dress shirt, said: "I must confess that this is a great surprise to me. I did

not expect to be called on this evening, and I am not prepared. I know full well that I can say little that will be of interest to this distinguished company, especially in view of all the eloquence and wit to which we have listened, but as the Serpent was talking I was reminded of a little story —" And so on.

We have endured it, stolidly and stodgily, all these years, and it is a habit with us now. Each season we expect to listen to just so much post-prandial piffle, for when the American people can think of no other way to be melancholy they give a dinner, and every time anybody gives a dinner it is incumbent on the host or hosts to summon a few somebodies to make a few remarks; not that these somebodies have anything in their systems to make remarks on or about, but because it is the habit. Take it by and large, there are not many of our fellow-citizens who cannot tell, in ten minutes, all they know of interest to anybody on earth but themselves, and then have a minute or two or three left for the kind applause. Yet the number of after-dinner speakers who have the sense to finish their ramblings in less than ten minutes is so small that, when one of them does get his head above the smilax, it is an occasion worthy of extended note.

The dinner-speaking habit has grown up with the dinner-giving habit, wandered hand in hand with it down the years and across the barren, bromide meadows. At this present moment there are in process of organization in this fair land of ours thousands of banquets, to be given by all sorts of organizations, individuals, societies, associations, lodges, clubs, or any other band of persons who want to be merry and boastful for a night—thousands of banquets that will spread gloom clear across this continent. Coincidentally, there are being incubated tens of thousands of after-dinner speeches that will be sawed off on defenseless diners, sawed off under the counterfeit guise of feasts of reason and flows of soul—when Pope said that he gave an excuse for a vast number of dark and dreary evenings—and there is no way to stop it.

The procedure is always the same. A banquet is decided upon and the banquet committee appointed. Now, a banquet implies something to eat. That might be considered of primary importance. But it isn't. Most banquets are uneatable, especially the large ones. Experienced banquet-goers get their dinners at their homes or at restaurants before they go to the F. of R. and F. of S. It helps digestion. Of course, the banquet committee provides a dinner, or lets a chef or steward provide one, and every chef and steward has the same cold-chilled system, as follows: Medium-priced banquet: Canapé, oysters, soup, fish, entrée, punch, roast, salad, ice cream, cheese, coffee. If he is a real chef he puts it all down in French, which makes it look imposing on the bill. High-priced banquet: Canapé, oysters, clear soup, fish, suprême of something or other,

sorbet, game or squab, fancy salad, ice cream in forms—it makes a terrific hit to have the ice cream served in the shape of a lemon or a potato—cheese, coffee. Apparently, these formulas are prescribed by the Chefs' Union. If you try to club a chef away from this formula, or try to impress on the fluttering mind of a steward that, perhaps, it might be possible, it would be just as well to vary it a bit, both chef and steward have fits. That is the way they have served innumerable banquets, isn't it? Then why not serve this one that way? Do the gentlemen think they can improve on it? No matter if they do, they cannot. And there you are.

Still, the eating part of it is subsidiary. One can eat any time, if one has the price. The real, essential feature of the banquet is the feast of reason and the flow of soul that is to come after the banqueters have galloped through the various courses, mostly cold when they arrive at the table, of course, and all cooked anywhere from one to seven hours before and kept lukewarm on steam tables. What the banquet committee really has to do is to secure as many speakers of

importance for the "List of Toasts" as can be harpooned, dragooned or importuned into coming. The game is to add to the importance of the dinner by giving, as attractions in the feast and flow, men for speakers who are famous, notorious or temporarily celebrated. It makes no difference whether the important persons have the power of connected thought while on their feet, which most of them do not. If they can be dragged to the speakers' table that is sufficient, and stuff that would be hooted at as puerile in ordinary conversation can be handed out to the banqueters with the safe assurance that it will go tumultuously, for it is the name, you know, not the man.

The collection of celebrities for a banquet has developed into a science. The men who are charged with making up a good "List of Toasts" swoop down on Washington, ransack New York, comb Boston, search Chicago and raid the smaller cities. They invite all somebodies in the hope that some somebody will accept. If they get one celebrity they are happy. He can be saved until the last, thus holding the banqueters in their weary chairs for the big show, despite the cruelty of forcing a guest to sit until midnight before he gets a chance to say what he cannot say. The list can be filled up with local lights, or glims.

It is like a variety show. To be successful a banquet must have a headliner or two, with as many good acts—not headliners, but good as can be secured—and fillers-in in the shape of local talent or less important ones. This rule holds in the hamlet as well as in the metropolis. The more weight there is at the head of the table, the greater the success of the dinner. The best possible person to get at a dinner is the President. He is the star headliner. Then the list ranges down through all walks of life, through all lines of endeavor, through all specialties, to the village cutup or the local humorist.

Dinner attractions are graded by an invariable rule. This is the formula: Most Important Sounds, Important Sounds, Sounds, Mere Noises and Whispers.

It all depends on locality. In New York, for example, when they get a Cabinet member or an Ambassador at a dinner they are joyous, and a fair-to-medium Senator or a talky Representative is something to chuckle over. In Washington the Gridiron Club uses Cabinet members and Senators and such for props, but, of course, Gridiron Club dinners are unique, and Washington is the habitat of these consequential gentlemen. Still, every banquet, to be a banquet at all and not a mere dinner, must have a Somebody or a collection of them. Every banquet usually does, unless the banquet committee has been recreant to its trust.

Years ago—hush, Clarice, that is a perfectly good word—somebody started the fashion of printing "sentiments" in the "List of Toasts," more or less aptly descriptive of the speaker or the subject. The banquet committee that desires to be real flossy must speckle its list with little gems, found only after painstaking search of Bartlett. Some banquet committees are too lazy to do this, but it adds a touch, an indefinable something, especially if it is a literary banquet; and as the banquet committee prints the names of its members, it stamps them as conversant with our best poets and writers to have the said gems there. No banquet ever starts out on the highway to success unless, somewhere along in front of the menu-card and toast-list, there appears: "Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." It is almost a crime to leave that off. Also, it must be properly labeled, so the diners will know who wrote it, thus: "Shakespeare," in italics. Then there are a lot of favorite ones that always look well.

For the funny man: "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," is almost imperative, although many committees stop it after "jest." For "The Ladies" it is proper form and accepted usage to quote: "Oh, woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please," or "Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man." Some poet or other has taken a crack at every occupation, fad, foible or diversion of mankind; and if the committees will search long enough they can get up a real, erudite, imposing list of these little "sentiments" that piece out the toast-list nicely, never forgetting, of course, to stick "Here shall the Press the People's right maintain" under the toast to "The Press," which always helps with the reporters, and especially with the paper the man who responds to that thrilling subject works for, if he has any say about what goes in.

Then comes the toastmaster. Great care must be used in selecting a toastmaster, although usually there is not. Often the head of the organization, by virtue of his position, or the chairman of the banquet committee hawks on to that place, when it might be worse, and it generally is. The toastmaster must be a bit of a wit. It is his duty to liven up things, to make happy sallies at the speakers, to josh them gently when he introduces them, to take a few cracks at what the preceding speaker has said, to hand out some good ones to the guests, and to run the show. Many times, when the toastmaster is introducing a speaker, he thinks he is answering to the toast, instead of calling up the man who is expected to answer it.



President Roosevelt



Chauncey M. Depew



William H. Taft





Abe Gruber

When that happens it is time to hang crape on the door, for that dinner has gone to the morgue.

Our English brethren use professional toastmasters, beefy, complacent persons, who have a certain prescribed patter and who know the right time to drink a toast to the King, just what the order of precedence for the speakers is, and all that. They work at it for so much

an hour, and it is work, not play, with them. A professional English toastmaster is an imposing thing, as solemn as a mummy, and about as bright. Englishmen like them, though. They are used to cruel and unusual punishment in the way of speech, and of food as well.

These preliminaries all arranged, the banquet is given. There are flowers and smilax on the tables, a gallery for the ladies, or boxes, so they can come in after the feed and watch their liege lords perform; an orchestra plays all the latest, popular airs of the day, as the song-vendors say, waiters come in flying wedges, drop plates on the tables, snatch them away, and all is joy and merriment unconfined. After the coffee, when the cigars are lighted, the toastmaster goes into action, the lesser ones on the list speak their little pieces, tell their little stories, and subside. Then comes the Somebody. The Honorable So-and-So, or the great reformer, or the dauntless explorer, or the intrepid bug-hunter, or the elaborate scientist, or the poet of genius, or the visiting statesman, or the fearless fireman, rises amid a storm of hand-clapping.

He snuffles, stumbles and snorts. He follows the iron-clad rule, makes a few facetious remarks, usually tells what a poor public speaker he is (which is the truth), is reminded of a little story, tells it hind end foremost, is funny when he is serious and serious when he is funny. A few minutes of this, and then he puts his hands above his head and dives into his subject, which is usually a message to the waiting world about reform or something of the kind. After he has finished (anywhere from half an hour to an hour) his hearers wave napkins at him and hurry out to catch the last cars. The banquet committee goes down into the café and has one more bottle, telling one another how good they are. Next morning they look eagerly at the papers to see what the reporters said of them—everybody looks at the papers, including the speakers, who look first of all. The Somebody gets half a column, maybe. The others are grouped in this sickening line: "Messrs. Blank, Bunk, Blink and Boggins also spoke." Not, of course, that anybody cares what the reporters say, for everybody had a good time, and it was a feast of reason and a flow of soul for fair, but merely for curiosity's sake, and: "What do you think of that? The banquet committee had its name on the toast-list, and it was a credit to them, that's what it was. Not a mention of them in the papers, though. Not a line. Well, it's their loss. They don't know a good thing when they see it, these reporters."

After-dinner speakers fall easily into three general classes: (a) Instructive, (b) Amusing and (c) Plain Punk. Out of two hundred men at an average banquet there will be seventy-five or a hundred who have a yearning for instruction. They want to be told something they know already. They howl for culture. They are dead set for reform and the uplift and all that. They lean laboriously forward to drink in the words of the Somebody who is expounding to them that two and two—he says it without fear of successful contradiction—make four. When some genius comes along and tells them that two and two make five they are so puzzled they get a headache. They want the obvious, and they lap it up eagerly. They do not know a joke from the Snadjak of Navibazar, which is a joke itself, by the way. They are the serious-minded element who say "S-h-u-sh-h!" when some of the frivolous ones are whispering together while the law is being laid down.

On the merry other hand, out of two hundred there are usually about a hundred and twenty-five, or thereabouts, who do not give a hoot about being instructed. They want to be amused. They want to laugh, and if they cannot find anything in the speeches to laugh at they will laugh at themselves. They cheer the chap who has a new story to tell—a most infrequent citizen—and they wilt and

wither under the ponderous platitudes of the heavy ones. After-dinner speakers always have these two elements in their audiences, both elemental.

Consider the instructive speaker, the man with a message. It is reasonably established that many a man thinks he has a message when he only has the heartburn, but he doesn't know it at the time. We have a certain number of amateur uplifters in every walk of life, and when a person attains any prominence in any place in which he labors he always does it because he is serious, and never because he is frivolous. No matter if ninety per cent. of the people who go to any given banquet want to be amused, secretly they deprecate the quality of the man who amuses them. It is a fixed rule with the American people that the person who displays a sense of humor can hope for no honors at the hands of the great American public, which, we have been told so many times, loves humor—just dotes on it. That may be true, too. Perhaps the public does love humor, but the public deprecates the humorist. The idea that a man who knows a joke, sees one and can tell it can be a success in politics or business is preposterous. Successes in business and politics must have minds like summer squashes, and be as conventional as china eggs.

Thus, almost all the great Somebodies who speak instructively at banquets are about as sprightly as the Washington Monument. They have messages. Hence, they must be solemn, and they are—Heaven knows they are! The original banquet was undoubtedly designed as a feast that should be an entertainment, that should give surcease to sorrow to the guests, for a time at least. The average banquet to-day is a kindergarten where overbaked poseurs elucidate half-baked axioms, and seek to add to their personal reputations by solemnly stating solemn truths that have been stated a million times before. With a few glittering exceptions, every man who is now a sought instructive speaker at a banquet, who is a headliner the banquet committees try to throw the net over, is obsessed of the idea that he has, concealed somewhere about his person, a vast and dreary truth that must be hurled at the defenseless heads of those who are listening to him—and he hurls it. The one place in all the world where the sense of proportion is least observed is at a banquet. Get a decent, orderly citizen on his feet, and, after he has cracked a puny joke or two, he begins a lecture. He has information in him. He must get it out, and he drools along until the weary auditors take to matching pennies in order to keep awake.

This passion for instructing other people is very American. It is about the same as our passion for reform. Every man wants to tell every other man how he should order his life, what he should know and how he should know it. Dinners are fine schoolhouses. A Somebody wouldn't be a Somebody unless he was possessor of a formula for the correct living, voting, working, eating, sleeping, playing, dying of all of his kind. And he turns it loose. That fatal lack of proportion. Everybody wants to lecture everybody else, but nobody wants to be lectured. It is always a case of do as I say, not as I do. Correct principles for everything, from taking a bath in the morning to putting on pajamas at night, including all business, religious, mental, moral or other activities, can always be supplied by a very large number of active suppliers. Especially at banquets.

They are interesting persons, too, these universal instructors. No matter how clever any one of them may be, he invariably comes to the time when he says, "But, seriously speaking," and away he goes with his line of precepts, proverbs and piffle. There is President Roosevelt. He can, if he likes, make a clever after-dinner speech. For ten or fifteen minutes, if he chooses, he can take up points made by previous speakers, turn them neatly, get a laugh out of them—although it is easier for him to get a laugh than any one else—people are rather in duty bound to chuckle over Presidential persiflage, you know—and go clinking along in a bright, lively speech. Does he do it? Sometimes he does, but always, whether he starts that way or not, he winds up with a lecture, with a preachment, with a compilation of the obvious, with solemn words solemnly said. Always, he does. Nobody has ever been able to discover why, after he has gone his first ten, clever minutes, he doesn't quit, just once, for a change. He won't, though. He must preach. And he cuts in with anywhere from forty minutes to an hour and a half of it, which everybody listens to politely.

There are thousands of after-dinner speakers of this kind—the instructive ones. They say: how they say, handing out their little ideas on conduct, which, if it comes down to first principles, were reasonably well disposed of a good many thousand years ago in the Ten Commandments. The passion for instruction. The passion to make others do as we think they should do, not as they themselves want to do,

or think they should do! Or the dreary recital of some movement they are spokes or hub or tire—always they tire—in. Take Taft. What did he do when he went to that Chicago waterways dinner in October, where Bryan was also a guest? Did he make a short, clever speech, full of the spirit of the occasion, congratulatory to Chicago and the men who were responsible for the dinner and the work they were doing? He did not! He said a few solemn words about how glad he was to be there and dug down in his pocket and produced a manuscript of a speech on the immaculateness of the judiciary, or the power of the judiciary, or the something of the judiciary that he had delivered before, and read it. Wow! That was a halcyon episode in a joyous occasion, was it not?

All this talk about the American people's being so much in love with humor, looking on the humorous side of things, is rot. We are as serious as a flock of goats. That is why the average banquet, instead of being a festival, is usually a funeral. We come to bury humor, not to use it. "Seriously speaking, though, I desire to say a few words"—That is the keynote of our banquets.

Still, there are amusing speakers, and when one of them is sandwiched in among a bunch of the seriously-speaking boys he gets a laugh that makes him think he must be a comedian instead of a comical cuss. It is the relief. Wan and pale under the assaults of the big guns who have been firing polysyllables about what they think, if the amusing one can present something that is laughable he can score with it, no matter if it would get a rime on it if he tried it in private conversation. At that, if you were able to take a census of the real amusing after-dinner speakers in this country you would find that, gathering them all in, from Maine to California, you would have less than a hundred. Look over the toast-lists at the scores of dinners that are given in New York every winter, where it is no longer a habit with them to give dinners, but a disease. What do you find? Simeon Ford, Job Hedges, Mark Murphy—Mark Murphy, Simeon Ford and Job Hedges, with, occasionally, Choate and Depew and Porter, who are supposed

to be amusing, but who are living now mostly on past performances, and, now and then, Abe Gruber, it being always to laugh when you look at him—Gruber and Gus Thomas. Mark Twain is in a class by himself.

This, of course, takes no account of the storytellers, who always tell somebody else's stories, the mimics, the dialect performers, the parrots and the other vaudevillians—which they are—who are called in to entertain. What is meant is the speakers who evolve their own stuff, write it and then speak it, make their own epigrams and sheer off from the uplift as if it were something catching.

Perhaps it is better that the serious ones predominate, distressing as it may seem, at the time of it. Probably it is a providential dispensation, for, when you come to think of it, the man who tries to be serious can make a better shift at it, can be serious more advantageously, than the one who tries to be amusing. And, to come to the nubbin of it, what this great American, humor-loving, keen-sense-of-humor public of ours needs just now, more than anything else, is humor and the sense of it. Every street car you enter is infested with people who take themselves, and everything else, so seriously that they think in rhomboids. Life, they tell us, is a serious business. Surely it is. And if it isn't, we haste to make it so. We fix it, all right. Reminds you of sunset on a warship. Flag is coming down, crew and officers on deck. Main luff standing rigidly. All other officers rigid, too. Bang! goes a gun. Up comes an officer, saluting the main luff. "Sir," he reports, "the sun is set." Then, without a smile, the main luff says: "Make it so!" Serious business, you see. Putting the official O. K. on the setting of the sun.

The Plain Punk speakers are legion. Every city and town and village bulges with them. They are the chaps who say: "This is a great surprise to me. I did not expect to be called upon," and then show they didn't by staggering through anywhere from five minutes to half an hour of what they didn't expect to be called on for.

You know plenty of this sort, worse luck for you.

Help! Help! The banquet season is just beginning again, and this year it bids fair to be an epidemic.



Joseph Choate



Simeon Ford



Gen. Horace Porter



# The Old Maid's Honeymoon

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

SHE went home—alone, of course. It was late, but she went home alone, as usual. She was the only woman in the congregation who had no fellow, no husband, brother, son, kinsman or kithman to take her home. But she never minded. She was immune from the ordeals that threaten womankind on dark streets. Her face was her chaperon.

She might have asked Ripley Ames to call for her; it was in his mother's house that she lived as a poor relation, an irrelevant relative. But Ripley had been unusually gloomy of late—business worries, no doubt.

So Salann went home by herself, as she had left home by herself. The streets of Woodstock were not pretty in the daytime, save for the venerable beauty of green leaves and green lawns round comfortable houses. But at night, under the sky of that week, the streets were avenues of rapturous grandeur. Broad sweeps of moon blue were hung with velvets of luxurious shadow like gloomy arras in an old castle. Veteran trees stood high and calm, giant soldiers aligned for a ghostly review. Here and there, shrubs, laden with dim flowers like resting moths, shivered with ecstasies of breeze perfuming the air as with swung censers.

At such an hour on such a night the streets of Woodstock were colonnades of stately romance. And so all the young people seemed to think. Couples dawdled at sweethearting in leisure that knew no time, serenely trusting to the moonlike moonlight to conceal them. This white-gowned girl had a black coat sleeve for a sash, and her beau's black coat wore a white muslin baldric. Two lovers were draped upon this sagging gate. And over the next sagging gate two lovers leaned crosswise like a capital X. From almost every shadow-blotted porch came murmurs whose very softness betrayed the secret it was intended to keep.

Salann knew everybody she saw. She knew what they looked like and talked like in the daylight; but she could not conceive what their intense stillness meant now, nor what there was in this evening air to make them see in each other such strange things. She drew herself together and pattered swiftly through streets where everybody else was slow and serene. She was like a belated Yankee tourist hastening back to her hotel through the crooked streets of Florence without her Baedeker. It was a foreign country to Salann, language and people and ways. Being foreign, it was foolish. She summed up the coupled ardor of these occult rites in one sniff:

"Spooning!"

Through the moon's demesne the old maid hurried, and neither knew nor cared what moonlight meant. She went her way alone, not even knowing how lonely she was.

There was no end of the lovers' gauntlet till she approached the Ames abode. The house itself was a kind of old maid, all elbows and angles. No trees hovered over it, no vines wrapped it with merciful cloaks. There was not even an endearing porch to shield it from the ridicule of a moon that found nothing congenial in roof, wall or window.

As Salann came near she heard footsteps from the opposite direction. She recognized the sharp, businesslike cadence of Ripley Ames. She admired him as a sort of male old maid, for there was no sentimental foolishness about him. He also was alone—also as usual.

He nodded dryly to Salann without lifting his hat. She was a distant relative and he didn't have to. As they mounted the steps he made no pretense of helping her. He opened the door with his latchkey and walked in first. He went upstairs with an almost inaudibly economical "Night."

She thought she heard him sigh. He must be tired. She went about closing up the house. The cook had left half her duties undone, of course. Two of the windows were unlocked. One of the shades was left up for the sun to come pouring in and fade the carpet. She found several unwashed dishes heaped in the sink. The stove-lids had not been lifted. The ice-box door was open and the cat had not been put out.

When these details were corrected, Salann climbed the stairs softly and wearily, tiptoed down the hall, entered her room as a nun enters her cell, and closed the door behind her silently.

The next day, as soon as her tasks in the house were done, she hurried back to the church, through streets that the cynical old bachelor sun had recovered from romance to reality.



He Proposed That They  
Become Engaged.  
So They Became Engaged.

That night there was to be a sociable in the Sunday-school rooms under the church. The ladies of the congregation had been busy for days, laying all the old traps for coaxing from the congregation such minor coins as the contribution box could not educe when it went poking among the pews like a magnet.

Among the church members there was one who was never asked to do any of the picturesque things. Salann could not sing—not even the contralto part in a Gospel hymn; she could not speak a piece—not even Mabel With Her Face Against the Pane. She could not play an accompaniment for Bringing in the Sheaves or Where is My Wandering Boy To-night? But she could work.

During the preparations the clatter was punctuated incessantly by shrill cries of "Salann, would you mind climbing the stepladder? It makes me dizzy." "Salann, would you mind running over to my house and telling the hired girl that she sent the wrong napkins? I don't dare trust my hemstitched ones to this mob." "Salann, will you ask the sexton to lend us a hatchet? You'll find him in the cellar." "Salann, would you mind this?" "Salann, would you mind that?"

Salann was what is known as a worker. And she was worked. Her name was heard everywhere while the rough tasks were doing. But when everything was ready for the showy ceremonies her name was heard no more. She was pushed into the background like the seamy side of a rug or the knotty side of an altar-cloth.

Salann was not so young as she used to be. The girls who had gone to Sunday-school with her were married and mothers; some of them were remarried and already beginning to wince at the word grandmother. Salann had never even been asked. She was a born old maid. It was for that reason, perhaps, that she never seemed unhappy about it. Her way was plain before her and she went it.

For this particular sociable she worked particularly hard. She baked one of her famous walnut caramel cakes—the kind that sold the moment it appeared in the window of the Woman's Exchange. She had burned her right hand dreadfully on the stove-door, but she told nobody. She would not even wear a dressing on the livid scar, because it takes a body's appetite away to have a plate passed with a bandaged hand.

She smashed her left thumb, too, with a hammer, and nearly swooned from the top of the stepladder. But old

maids do not faint. She got down as best she could. She sank on a chair for a moment to wait for the room to subside, but immediately a shrill voice called:

"Salann, you're not doing anything. Would you mind putting the chairs up to the tables?"

That night the Sunday-school rooms were swimming with Woodstock society. All the pretty girls in town and most of the rest were there—except Rose Fairweather, the prettiest of them all. She had been seen scudding down the street in the Applegate automobile. The rest of the women loudly blamed her and silently envied her. But even she and her captive captor were forgotten in the multitudinous small talk of a small town.

The clatter of tongues was appalling until silence was required for the program. Then it was hushed to a constant susurrus of whispers broken with little splashes of giggle during the— they called it the "entertainment." When the last terrified child had gurgled through its super-infantile recitation, and dashed back to its terrified mother, when the last local vocalist had worried Good-by, Summer, to death, and the tenor had reiterated the ancient conundrum, Alice, Where Art Thou? and the pastor had indulged in a few remarks of benign humor, the chatter began again—reinforced by the old battle-clamor of forks and spoons against plates and saucers.

Salann had not found time even to hear the entertainment; for there were heavy freezers to be rolled to the front and unlimbered, paper napkins to be folded, unnumbered forgotten things to be run after and done. Even when the ice-cream barbecue began she did not mingle with the boisterous crowd. She was all dressed up in her best, but she was kept busy dishing out food, slicing cake, cutting more bread for more sandwiches, and carrying more water to prolong the lemonade. As usual, her ears were dizzied with the cries from everywhere: "Salann, would you mind—" "Salann, would you please—" "Salann, would you go and—"

It was not till the last couple had paid for the last plate of vanilla and chocolate that Salann's work was over. Her back was one rusty ache, and she was heard to murmur: "I'm just about to drop. I guess I'll take a dish of ice cream and go home."

But the ice cream was gone, and the sandwiches were gone, and there was not a smitch of food. And nobody noticed and nobody cared. And Salann was so used to it that she hardly cared. The husband of the last matron was growling for her to come along, and she hurried away with a final: "Good-night, Salann; it was the most successful sociable we've had yet. Thirty-eight dollars and thirty-five cents. Isn't that splendid?"

She did not wait for Salann's answer, and Salann made none. She sat with her hands flopped in her lap and shook her head over the ruins. Paper napkins littered the place, and cake crumbs and melted ice cream were everywhere. It irked her soul to leave unwashed dishes and unsorted spoons, but the sexton was turning out the lights.

So she went home—alone, of course. The same moon was weaving the same spell and the same couples were saying the same things, with the renewing devoutness of priests at an old ritual. But the ritual was Latin to Salann and she scoffed at it with Protestant scorn.

When she reached the Ames home she was astounded to find the windows aglow with light. In front of the curb stood Doctor Hiscott's horse and buggy, one as calm as the other. Salann's heart jounced in her breast. She ran into the house and up the stairs. Ripley's door was open and she found the doctor there. In the bed lay Ripley, pale and plastered. Mrs. Ames and the doctor glanced up as she entered. The doctor bowed. Mrs. Ames gave Salann one dismal look, and said:

"Yes, Doctor."

"I was saying, you must humor him. You must humor him." And he hastened to extricate the thermometer from the patient before it was bitten in two. He took it to the gas jet, where his large spectacles hid his eyebrows as they lifted when he read the high score of the fever.

"Humor him?" sighed the personification of fatigue, standing with hands folded wearily at the bedside. "I've humored him all his life, man and boy, well and sick. But I can't guess what could have brought him to such a pass, can you?"

The doctor winced at the word "guess." Diagnosis is the technical term. He answered with some sarcasm:

"When a gentleman's head is squeezed between the asphalt and an automobile, a certain rise of temperature



is to be expected. Your son's fever is higher, however, than the mere shock would normally superinduce. It ought to have subsided somewhat by now—you say he was run over two hours ago?"

"Yes, and taken into the drug store. I didn't know a thing about it till they brought him home."

"Who attended him at the drug store?"

"Doctor Podmore. I sent for you as soon as I could get anybody to go. Salann, here, was at the church sociable having a good time."

Salann felt guilty and was shamed into silence. The mother went on miserably: "What do you think is going to happen?"

"Nothing serious, I hope. The concussion of the brain may develop into cerebral meningitis—let us hope, one of the lower forms."

"But what makes him so delirious?"

"There has probably been some aggravating element."

"What on earth could have aggravated him?"

"In cases like this," the doctor began, as he pattered among the little powder tubes in his case—"In cases like this it is sometimes difficult to determine how much is emotion and how much is microbe. A psychic cyclone and a physical earthquake have combined to blow down your son's spiritual wires and cross some of them. His vitality was no doubt greatly depleted."

"What could have depleted it, do you suppose?"

"Ah, there is a question easier to ask than to answer. Sometimes irregular meals, sometimes too many cigarettes, or worry over a woman——"

"Well, you can leave all of those out of your reckoning," snapped Mrs. Ames. "Ripley is religiously regular about his meals; he never smokes—he used to, but it's so hard to get out of the curtains that I made him stop. And as for a woman—humph!" She used the word with the contempt that only a woman can use—as a negro's last word of disrespect is "nigger."

"As for a woman—yes?" the doctor urged.

"Well, Ripley isn't exactly a woman-hater—because he is so nice to his mother and Salann, here—Miss Eby. But—well, I know it couldn't be a woman. He tells me everything, doesn't he, Salann?"

Salann's answer was not waited for. Doctor Hiscott almost winked as he commented:

"I find that a man who tells his mother everything usually only tells her nearly everything."

The cynicism had a pleasant tang on his old palate. As he turned to sneeze a little laugh he caught the eye of Miss Eby. He thought he saw a twinkle of agreement in her look, but it went out instantly, as if his mere glance had snuffed the two candles in her eyes. Epigrams never had success with Mrs. Ames. She abhorred levity anywhere, and she tolerated Doctor Hiscott only because the best people in Woodstock had him. There was not even a polite smile on her face; and he took refuge in his prescription pad, which Mrs. Ames watched with anxiety as sheet after sheet was filled with code words for simple old staples. He did not pause as he asked:

"By the way, whose automobile was it that ran over him? There are several machines in town, you know."

"This one belonged to Mr. Applegate."

"Applegate, the patent medicine manufacturer?" growled Doctor Hiscott with a darkened tone.

"Yes."

"Was he alone?"

"No, he had Rose Fairweather in the car with him."

"Miss Fairweather, eh? I suppose your son had his eyes so fastened on Miss Fairweather's fair features that he couldn't notice a little thing like a motor car?"

"She probably had a veil on," Mrs. Ames suggested matter-of-factly.

"It would take more than a veil to insulate Miss Fairweather's charms, I think," said the Doctor; but, realizing that there are more profitable ways of expending energy than by praising one woman's beauty to another, he hastened to switch: "Er—ah—did your son know either of the people in the car?"

"Not the man. He had a bowing acquaintance with Rose Fairweather."

"Funny for a man of your son's age to stop at a bowing acquaintance with a woman of Miss Fairweather's beauty—er—ah—yes"—he caught Mrs. Ames' look—"er—ah—this first medicine is to be taken in water—three times a day—a wineglassful of water, please."

"How much is a wineglassful?" said Mrs. Ames, who had never tasted wine nor seen it served.

"A wineglassful is—well, say half a tumbler. Other medicines will come with directions on the bottles."

"There seems to be a lot of them," said Mrs. Ames.



He was a Fearsome Figure, Shaggy, Unshaven, Unshorn

"Well, ahem—you see, we have various conflicting symptoms to combat in your son's case, Mrs. Ames. Above all, he needs good nursing. Now, I can recommend you an excellent woman, who——"

"I guess I don't need any of your trained nurses," Mrs. Ames bristled. "I ought to know how to take care of sick folks. Didn't I lose two husbands and four children?"

"Very well then, Mrs. Ames. But you will need some rest, you know."

"Salann here can spell me, can't you, Salann?" Salann nodded. "Miss Eby has never had any husbands or children, but she's right smart in the sick-room."

"Ah, very good, then; that will do nicely. These medicines—shall I ask the druggist to send them?"

"He'll be all hours doing it. Salann will go fetch them; won't you, Salann?"

"Ah, very good. I will drop in early in the forenoon to-morrow. If the patient begins to be delirious again do not be afraid. Simply restrain him and humor him—keep him in bed, but otherwise humor him. Good-evening, Mrs. Ames; Miss Eby, good-evening."

He said "Good-evening." In Woodstock it was indelicate for a gentleman to bid a lady "Good-night."

"Thank goodness, he's gone," was the departed doctor's obituary from Mrs. Ames. "He does get on a body's nerves. I tell you, Salann, marriage is a turble responsibility, what with selecting a husband, keeping him straight, and raising what children the Lord sends. You can't begin to imagine what I've had to endure and what you've escaped."

But Salann responded neither with sympathy for the worn-out victim of matrimony nor with congratulation for herself. Perhaps she felt that she might have done better if she had had the chance. The only people who really know how to bring up consorts and children are those who never had either.

Salann pinned on her meagre little head a bonnet that was the irreducible minimum of beauty, grace and fashion. It was all of a piece with her own condensed personality. Her face, figure, costume and character were concised to the fewest possible words. Her very name had been telescoped from Sarah Antoinette to Salann.

She took up the prescriptions, and, opening the door sparingly, slid through the slit and went her way. It was late and dark and she had to get the druggist out of bed. But she brought home the prescriptions. Salann was a reliable retriever. She usually brought what she went for.

That night and the next two days and nights were busy and wearisome to the two women. The patient's appearance

was alarming enough; but his behavior was worse, and his deliriums drained them as much as him. The third day was Sunday; and both Mrs. Ames and Miss Eby felt called upon to go to church. Perhaps they needed the spiritual consolation, or perhaps it was the diversion. They were members of the First Presbyterian Church of Woodstock and Miss Eby taught a class of children. She felt that the Sunday-school was the only place where they could find any correction of the mistakes their fool parents made in their bringing-up; and it seemed her duty to go, even though it took her from her other duties in the house where she was a sort of unpaid servant, a third cousin, or something, by marriage once annulled.

Mrs. Ames' nerves were in that dangerous condition which she called "a state," and Salann thought it better for her to get the air, the sermon, the prayer and the music. They asked Miss Quinn, a stenographer from Mr. Ames' office, to watch the patient. Miss Quinn had finished her devotions before most of the others were out of bed. She arrived betimes, and they left her in charge.

In order to "keep up her speed," which was likely to suffer during her employer's illness, Miss Quinn decided to take down his ravings in shorthand. Their syntax was hardly more crooked than that of some of the letters he usually dictated. She read some of the notes to her sisters in stenography the next day. They ran about like this:

"Mother, these pillows are full of mice—can't you tell 'em not to squeak so? They need oiling—set 'em up on the other alley—Yes, it looks like rain—but who was my father, that he should speak so to my mother?—Stop! don't you see you're going to run me down?—In Paris they arrest people who get run over—parly-voo-fransy?—bong-jour—parr-dong, oui, oui—ouch, my head!—the flowers that bloom in the main-spring, trala, have nothing to do with the hunting-case—ha, ha, ha—joke—that is a joke—did you hear the story of the—who said so? Oogh! my poor head is crumbling—don't boil those eggs more than three weeks—they forgot to put any coffee in the coffee—help, I'm drowning!"

Mrs. Ames and Miss Eby never learned of this record. It could not have helped them to know. They heard enough of the same sort, as they continued to relieve each other in watching the sick man, and grew lean as pike-staves for lack of sleep and air. But they were both sustained by a curiosity to learn what could have caused an emotional crisis in the soul of the patient; for he was generally considered the most methodical man in Woodstock, a business machine, run by clockwork. There was a strange fascination in listening to the babbling of a soul that turned itself inside out and spilled all its thoughts as on a table for the inspection of whose watched.

It was a sort of higher eavesdropping. But it was all to no profit. A few startling expressions escaped, now and then a few shocking ideas, a story or two meant for grown men only, and some little profanity. But most of his talk was like the worthless rubbish in a boy's pocket. What trinkets were found hardly repaid the search.

"One thing is certain," said Mrs. Ames. "Thank goodness, it wasn't any woman—was it, Salann?"

She did not wait for the answer, but closed the door behind her, and started downstairs with a tray of empty dishes. She tripped on her skirt, and came running along the steps. A fall downstairs among a flying convoy of china and a banging tin tray is a funny thing in a musical comedy when an acrobat makes it and the bass-drum adds the artistic finish. But there is precious little fun or profit in it for an elderly woman. When they found Mrs. Ames she was groaning in the debris, bewailing her own hurts less than the compound fracture of one of her best china cups which she had taken upstairs in honor of the sick.

When Salann tried to aid her she screamed at the least movement. Salann called in help, but Mrs. Ames refused to be toted up the stairs to her room. If she must die she would die on the floor like Queen Elizabeth in the steel engraving. By way of compromise she was established in the sitting-room across the hall from the parlor, on a couch that was a marvel of discomfort and bad architecture.

They put Mrs. Ames under the special charge of the cook, who slept on the ground floor. This left the entire care of the sick man to Salann. Mrs. Ames fretted at leaving so delicate and so colossal a task to a maiden lady even of Miss Eby's self-chaperoning years, but there was nothing else to do. The family funds were sufficiently involved with the expense of two invalids; and twenty-five dollars a week for a trained nurse was not to be thought of, especially as the cook would certainly leave if she had to feed another.



As for Salann, she felt as if she had been suddenly installed as understudy to a lion-tamer. Fortunately Ripley was too weak to be of much danger as a physical problem, and the doctor had taught her the *jin-jitsu* of nursing. But there was something peculiarly trying in the patient's ceaseless, mumbling talk. He kept wearing himself out like a wind-blown candle that frets itself away without giving light. It was hard for Salann to conquer the habit of starting up in a cold sweat of terror every time the patient shot a wild cry into the silence of a room usually so still that the clock-tick seemed to be only one's own soft pulse-beat.

At about four o'clock one chilly morning she was so awakened from a doze, to find that Ripley had thrown off the covers and was standing erect in his bed. He was a fearsome figure, shaggy, unshaven, unshorn, and in his nightshirt he looked like a Hindu fanatic carrying out some insane and petrifying vow.

He was half-frozen, but was all a-babble of flowers, and his gaunt hands were plucking imaginary petals from an imaginary rose, and he was saying:

"Oh, don't tell me that. It only makes it worse—to try to lie out of it. I saw him kiss you—and, what's worse, you kissed him. You never would kiss me—you said you were saving your first kiss for your husband—but you kissed him. You kissed that good-for-nothing scoundrel. You've broken my heart; you've ruined my trust in woman. And you are the first woman I ever cared for."

Salann gasped. So it was a woman, after all! But what woman?

She stood bleak and shaken like a shabby hollyhock. She was wrapped in a Turkey-red quilt with insane figures and curlicues sprawling all over it. It was a robe that would have sat ill on an Aphrodite. It was not becoming to Salann.

But to keep it on and to keep her patient in bed taxed her sorely. It was all Salann could do to keep him from hurling himself out of the window.

Downstairs the cook slept like a cook; the mother heard dull sounds from above, but she could not move and suspected nothing unusual. Salann was left alone, suffering almost more from her fierce curiosity than from the bruises the wild man inflicted. Again and again she demanded from him the name of the wicked woman, but his ears were deaf to all but imaginary voices.

After a long spasm of excitement Ripley's delirium oozed away from him like the last gurgle of water in a bathtub. He slept, leaving Salann black and blue and clammy from a wrestling match with a mystery as uncanny as Jacob's.

When it was time for her to go downstairs to see Mrs. Ames she went with the expectation of passing along the news, for a woman's heart is a perfect conductor of a secret. But she suddenly felt that it implied a disloyalty to her ward. She had surprised a hidden sorrow; Ripley had kept it so close in the core of his heart that it had been smelted out of him only after long days and nights in a furnace of fever. It would be treachery, double treachery, to betray him. She said nothing to his mother.

Again and again that day Ripley's talk recurred to the *belle dame sans merci*. Again and again he called on her to come to meet him. The pity in Salann's heart was almost more poignant than the odium of a mystery.

The next midnight she was nodding like a worn-out sentinel, when she heard a deep sigh:

"Oh, Rose, Rose, why are you so beautiful—and so cruel? Come to me, Rose. Can't you see how I'm suffering? Come to me, Rose—Rose!"

Salann was wide awake on the instant. Her name, then, was Rose. There were only three Roses in Woodstock. Two of them were misnamed by their unpropitious parents, for they were as thornless as they were plain. The one Rose it could be was Rose Fairweather.

The doctor was right. One of his diagnoses was correct, at least. She must tell him. No; he was a notorious old tattletale who had forgotten his Hippocratic oath long ago. He told everybody in town what was the matter with everybody else, and was more welcome in a gossip's house than a discharged servant.

Salann saw no need to tell the doctor. He had given his prescription: "Humor him." But how could she humor this pitiful plea that came incessantly from Ripley's lips with the reiteration of a prayer-wheel? The next morning she scribbled this letter:

Dear Miss Fairweather:

Ripley is calling for you. He is very sick and doesn't get any better. He is wearing himself out just calling for you. If you have any heart in you, come and talk to him and try to quiet him.

Yours sincerely,  
SARAH ANTOINETTE EBY.

As soon as she had sealed the envelope she ripped it open again. This was not the note to send to that woman. She tore it up and wrote:

Excuse my intrusion, but there is a matter of great interest to you which I must tell you about at once. I cannot leave the house at present. I think you had better come over here as soon as possible.

She called the cook to the door and gave her the message. At length she came back with this answer:

"Miss Fairweather says, 'All right.'"

"What else did she say?"

"That's all she said, 'All right.'"

Salann had to content herself with this Delphic response. Her heart grew darker and darker with anger as she waited and waited. Jealousy was a larger ingredient of her anger than she knew—the jealous distrust that a plain woman feels for a woman who has accumulated love affairs from her cradle up. Miss Fairweather was a human honey-jar and men were flies. Ripley was only one of a swarm, and Miss Eby hated Miss Fairweather for that fact. But at least she might come—she positively must come.

All day long she watched from the window until that hour when people and trees and shadows are blurred and indeterminate, that hour when, in small, gas-lit towns, the boy with the ladder hurries along the streets poking the street lamps into glow. It was only then that Salann heard the front gate open and a woman's feet creaking along the snow. They sounded like little feet. The bell rang with a delicate whirr. The cook said that Miss Fairweather was in the parlor.

Salann hastily forced Ripley's arms into a dressing-gown for propriety's sake, then took a quick primp before the mirror and went downstairs. She looked in at the

sitting-room to tell Mrs. Ames that it was the doctor, and, with a prayer for forgiveness and a last preening gesture, entered the parlor.

In every detail the two women were contrasted. Miss Fairweather had beauty enough for two; her flesh suggested marshmallows and macaroons; even if a layer of powder was visible, it looked like powdered sugar. Miss Eby had the flesh of a preserved green gage plum. Her very sweetness was a bit puckery. It was not her fault. A lemon cannot become a peach by wishing; but it must pay the penalty.

Miss Fairweather was gracious even in her selfish vanity. Miss Eby was awkward in all sincerity. Miss Fairweather wore colors that were an added word to her own beauty, and furs and gloves that gave elegance to her charm. Miss Eby's clothes were as faded as she. They never had been pretty, and now they were faded. Even the little, colored ribbon she wore to give a touch of cheer was the wrong color. Miss Fairweather had instinctively chosen the sofa, and disposed her splendid lines along it in an attitude. She seemed always to be posing before an imaginary camera. Miss Eby sat on the edge of an uneasy chair and looked all knees and knuckles. The chair was of horsehair, mitigated by a tidy. Sarah Antoinette Eby belonged there. Her own life was of horsehair, mitigated by a tidy.

Miss Eby's face was frigid with resentment. Miss Fairweather bloomed with excitement over the mystery. The bloom gave place to a flush of pique when she learned that she had been lured out in the cold to console a sick man whom she had found stupid enough when he was well. She was vexed, and her querulous tone showed it. She feared that people would talk. She thought it very inconsiderate of Mr. Ames to drag her into this sort of thing, and she said so with a pout that would have appeased any man and incensed any woman. Miss Eby felt a strong inclination to sink her ten nails into the doll's pretty wax. But for Ripley's sake she hid her rage, promised Miss Fairweather perfect secrecy, insinuated a few phrases of flattery, and at last coaxed her up the stairs.

The belle of Woodstock entered the room with a flourish and waited for a gasp of admiration, while Salann braced herself for a cry of rapture. But the sick man glanced at the beauty with glassy eyes and spoke in the driest of business tones:

"Miss Quinn, you're late again. I'm waiting to dictate."

"Who does he think I am?" said the surprised beauty.

"His stenographer," said Salann, and a chuckle slipped out of her.

Miss Fairweather whisked on her heel, but Salann got in front of the door and pleaded:

"You must humor him. The doctor says we must humor him in everything."

As Miss Fairweather hesitated, in anger that even a delirious man should mistake her for a stenographer, Ripley grew impatient.

"I can't wait all day!" he snapped.

Men are different in an office and in an arbor. Ripley Ames' executive tone alarmed Miss Fairweather, and at Salann's whispered suggestion she sat down and wrote with an imaginary pencil on an imaginary notebook as Ripley dictated:

Messrs. J. G. Gruber & Sons,  
Nepperhan, New York.

Dear Sirs:

Yours of even date received and contents noted. In reply to same would say we are shipping per fast freight on the 21st inst., consignment ordered as follows:

Thirteen barrels lard, 16 sides bacon, 25 dozen eggs, 14 cases Mother's Delight soap.

Thanking you for past favors and trusting to continuation of same,  
Yours truly,

This was the first of some fifteen letters of equal beauty of content and grace of expression. Miss Fairweather hoped that each was the last, but every time she rose he rose, too, with an angry exclamation that frightened her back to her chair. His business brusquerie was aggravated by a sick man's viciousness, and his maniac look cowed her completely.

She sat trembling with fear and rage. She knew that Mr. Applegate was waiting in his motor-car to take her to dinner and to the



Miss Eby Felt a Strong Inclination to Sink Her Ten Nails Into the Doll's Pretty Wax

(Continued on Page 30)



# The Actor's Hard-Luck Story

## WHY HIS PROFESSION IS THE MOST PRECARIOUS OF ALL

### By the Actor

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A WOMAN once called at the stage door of a theatre and asked for the stage manager. When he appeared she said: "I brought my son Johnny down here to see if you can't make an actor out of him; he ain't good for nothing else."

My reason for going on the stage was much the same. I had tried several other things, from teaching school to being "city editor" on a country newspaper. I had been unsuccessful in all, and having been told, from the time that I began to speak pieces at the school exhibitions, that I had a talent for the stage, I came to the conclusion that as I was "not good for anything else," I would try it. I came to New York nearly twenty years ago, and have been on the stage the greater portion of that time. Little did I dream of the hardships of the struggle of the new Rialto — of the disappointments, the humiliations and the heartaches that were in store for me.

No profession in the world is so precarious as the actor's. Not even the victims of historic Grub Street ever endured the trials and vicissitudes which have beset the actor, from the days of Shakespeare, at least.

Why is this? Actors seem to receive better pay than almost any class of wage-earners, particularly the beginners. Any man or woman with good looks and a little ability can earn from twenty to twenty-five dollars per week the first season. After that his salary may increase according to his ability, circumstances and opportunity.

These three things are to be reckoned with in his advancement, and not ability alone, as would appear to the casual observer. Many an actor has had his salary increased fifty or one hundred per cent. in a single night. How did this come about? First, the opportunity must have been created; second, the circumstances must have

been such that he was given the opportunity; and, last, he must have had the ability to take advantage of it.

These three things are necessary to success on the stage, and they are largely responsible for the precariousness of

the larger sum. I played two weeks without receiving any salary, and had to pay my own transportation to my home. After seventeen years' experience I refused the orange and took the lemon.

Another example of picking the wrong one: A friend of mine who was playing in a company which had been "laying off" a good deal secured an engagement in a stock company and resigned his position. While he was en route to join the new company the theatre in which the stock company was located was burned. He thus lost both ways.

Why do we read of actors stranding and being compelled to count cross-ties to New York? Nobody ever heard of a doctor, a lawyer or a painter stranding. The cause is simple. The doctor, the lawyer and the painter pursue their vocations at home, while ninety per cent. of actors are compelled to travel all over the country. If the doctor, the lawyer or the painter strikes a hard streak he is at home, or, at any rate, is not compelled to go elsewhere; but the actor's hard luck comes while he is far from New York, where he must go, it being the only place where he can hope to obtain another engagement.

"But," you ask, "why does not the

actor have money, after having been employed for some weeks, with which to pay his fare?"

There are two answers to this question. One is, that he sometimes does; in which case he does not strand. The other answer is, that for some weeks prior to the catastrophe he has received no salary, and has been using his money to pay his hotel bills and other expenses.

"Why didn't the actor quit when his first week's salary was unpaid?" you ask.

There are various reasons for his not doing so. The principal one is that the precariousness of his profession is such that he knows that if he returns to New York in mid-season his chances of getting another engagement are small; and again, the manager always has a plausible story about the bad business being "only temporary, and that the booking a few weeks off is in territory where they will turn them away," and the actor, who lives most of his life on sanguine expectations, stays on until his money is gone and he is stranded far from home.

Men in other lines would be amazed if they knew how the theatrical business is conducted. No other business in the world is carried on with such an utter lack of business principles. There are one or two large firms which seem to have some system, and, at least, the capital to carry on their affairs in a legitimate way. But what is legitimate in the theatrical business? The actor's answer is: anything the manager chooses to do. And a glance at the usual form of theatrical contracts will convince the most skeptical that he is not far from right.

Ninety-five per cent. of theatrical contracts contain a clause which permits either party to abrogate it by giving the other two weeks' notice. This would seem equitable at a glance, but as the supply of actors is always greater than the demand, it is not the case. A manager can always find actors, but actors cannot always find engagements. The contract also agrees that "the manager may close the season at any time by giving the company two weeks' notice." Thus it is shown that the actor, who apparently has a contract for a season, in reality has one for only two weeks. He may have expended hundreds of dollars for wardrobe — clothes to be worn in the play — for the contract stipulates that "he must dress all parts assigned to him"; and he may have given from three to six weeks' rehearsals, for which he gets no compensation. If the play fails on the first night, as it often does, a notice goes up that "the season will close in two weeks."



Many are the Envious Glances They Cast at the Girl Who Has Had Forty Weeks and Who, in Consequence, is Gowned in the Latest Fashion

the actor's profession, but not wholly. There are other vital contingencies to be encountered, of which I shall speak later.

Once an actor was summoned to appear as a witness in court.

"Are you an actor?" asked the lawyer for the defense. "Being under oath, I decline to answer, for fear of incriminating myself," replied the actor.

While not under oath, I do not propose to say anything here that is not absolutely true, therefore I will not say that I am an actor. I have been called an actor, and have never resented the accusation. Sometimes one adjective and sometimes another has preceded the simple noun. Some of these I have resented bitterly, but in the nearly twenty years which have passed since I went on the stage the adjectives have become so numerous and varied that "they pass by me as the idle wind, which I respect not." I can say, however, that I played in New York recently without the protection of a net.

During the years that I have been connected with the stage I have played with some of the worst and some of the best companies in America and England. I have played the "tank towns" of the West and South, and I have played leading rôles in Broadway productions.

After this long and varied career one would think that I knew the game, and that my past experience would be of inestimable value in guiding my footsteps for the future. On the contrary, I find myself at times as uncertain as to the best thing to do as when I had only three or four years' experience behind me.

This seems absurd, but it is true, and the reason is that there are no precedents in the theatrical profession by which one may be guided. Every year brings a new experience, and I believe the old-timer is as apt, if not more so, to make mistakes as the youngster, who, not having had the hard knocks of years, goes in blindly and trusts to luck.

An example of this: Three years ago I was offered an engagement in two different stock companies at the same time. Both were managed by men who were supposed to be reputable. The salary offered by one was very much better than the other. Everything else seeming equal, I chose the one offering



When the Manager is Making Money Out of the Player No One is More Affable or Agreeable



Women are the worst sufferers in cases of this kind, for their clothes cost more, and they must have a different gown for each act. If there are two or more evening scenes in a play, a woman must have a different dress for each, costing anywhere from one hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred dollars; for stage gowns of to-day must be the real thing, and no faking is allowed. A man can wear his full-dress suit in each of the evening scenes, for there is no change of apparel that he can make. His dress suit need not be even new, for the style changes very little from year to year, but the woman dare not wear a gown she has ever used before.

Just here I will say that the actor's profession is far more precarious for women than for men. Their clothes cost more, and their salaries average no more than the men's. Furthermore, there are at least three male rôles in every play to one female, notwithstanding there are as many actresses in New York as there are actors. This is a tip for would-be Juliets and Rosalinds.

Managers are not particular about observing the two-weeks' notice clause. I know of a company which was on a train going to the next stand. The manager came around and said: "We close here." As the train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour it was difficult for the company to know where they closed. They continued as far as their tickets permitted, and, although they closed at forty miles an hour, they stranded standing still.

Few people outside the profession have any idea of actors' salaries. We hear at times of actors who receive one thousand dollars per week. Some do receive this amount, but they are hardly to be considered salaried actors. They are stars, to whom the management guarantees one thousand dollars per week, in addition to which they share in the profits of the enterprise. Actors who are not stars receive from twenty-five dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars per week. Those who receive the last-named figure number not more than half a dozen.

The cheaper companies pay from twenty-five dollars for small parts to fifty dollars for "leads." The first-class companies pay thirty to thirty-five dollars for minor parts, leading people up to one hundred and fifty dollars.

These figures look large to the average wage-earner, but it must be remembered that the manager pays transportation only, and the actor must pay his own sleeping-car fare and hotel bills. Of course, he may stay where he chooses, but he is expected to live according to his position. One of the actor's failings is that he lives beyond his income, forgetting that, at best, his salary only comes in about thirty weeks in the year.

An actor who has always lived within his means has a motto on the wall of his room which says: "Aping the rich makes actors poor." This actor is in comfortable circumstances, for he has practiced what he preached.

A prominent manager was recently quoted as having said: "Even in Shakespeare's time there was a common saying, 'Take the linen off the hedges, the actors are coming to town.'"

In answer to this an actor said: "Take in the hedges, the managers are coming to town." This is typical of the estimation in which each holds the other.

A number of managers recently formed themselves into an association, the principal object of which, according to the newspapers, was to blacklist actors who broke contracts.

If the public only knew what a joke the thing called a "contract" between an actor and a manager really is! I have already shown that the instrument can be canceled by either party giving the other two weeks' notice; the manager can also close the season at any time by giving the same notice; he can cut the actor's salary in half the week preceding a Presidential election, the week before Christmas and Holy Week; he does not pay him for nights lost in traveling, even when these nights are lost in order to make some distant town on the route.

The actor must play on Sundays in the West where such performances are permitted; he must give an extra performance on all holidays without extra compensation, and suffer other unjust impositions.

But members of this same Managers' Association have violated both the spirit and the letter of the few little things which they promised the actor in this so-called contract. Members of this association have closed companies on three, two and even one day's notice: not once, but time and again. On one occasion an actor who was playing in one of their companies was wanted for a new play. He would not negotiate with

the second manager because he was engaged. The company with which he was playing closed on Saturday night, with one day's notice, and he was too late for the other engagement, a man having been secured two days before. And yet this association was formed to protect managers against actors who break contracts!

Again, a young actress who played in a piece produced in New York in the spring was reengaged for the same play for the fall and winter season. She went home and spent the summer, returning at the appointed time for rehearsals. When she called on her managers they told her that they had decided not to send the play out, and, although they had reached this conclusion some time before, they had not notified her. So she found herself without an engagement after having rested in fancied security for several months.

Occasionally we hear that a manager is taking legal proceedings to compel an actor to keep his contract. Since this association was formed one member of it has tried to restrain an actor from playing in the company of another member. Does the ludicrousness of the situation appeal to the reader? One member of the association employs an actor, after having been notified that he is under contract to another member, thereby helping the actor to break his contract. Isn't the pot calling the kettle black?

More than one instance of this kind has occurred and the actor was not blacklisted, because the second manager wanted him, and, furthermore, must have offered him a superior inducement to play in his company. Who is more culpable, the actor who breaks his contract or the manager who makes it to his advantage to do so?

The majority of these contracts state that the manager will pay the actor's fare to the point of opening, but the actor must pay his own fare from the closing point to New York. In nine cases out of ten the company opens at a town near New York, and closes at some distant point. The manager pays for the short ride; the actor, the long one. I know of a case where a company opened in New England and closed in Salt Lake City—without notice—and the members had to pay their own fares to New York.

A company was recently taken to London to produce an American play. They spent ten days on the water and a



"I Brought My Son Johnny Down Here to See if You Can't Make an Actor Out of Him; He Ain't Good for Nothing Else"

The manager of an attraction which is said to have played to more money than any play ever produced enforced the half-salary clause on his company when they were "playing to capacity and selling out weeks in advance." Even the chorus, who got from fifteen to eighteen dollars per week, did not escape. Where is the justice of this, and by what right does the manager thus take advantage of his employees?

A certain manager once closed his company on election day, which happened to fall on Wednesday. The regular matinee days of the theatre were Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Wednesday being a holiday, an extra performance was given in the afternoon, and a "midnight matinee" was given after the regular evening performance, at which election returns were read between the acts. This made six performances that the company played in three days, and they were paid one-half of one week's salary, the season was closed the following day, and they were left to pay their own transportation to New York.

Instances of this kind could be given without number, but enough has been said, I think, to show the reader that the actor is not the person most culpable in contract-breaking.

No employer excepting the theatrical manager requires his employees to share his losses. All other wage-earners who are employed by the week or month are paid full salaries even if a holiday, death or other cause compels a suspension of business.

That actors have many weaknesses and that many of them are vain and hard to control I freely admit. But I do assert that the attitude of independence prevalent among some successful actors was produced by the heartless and sometimes brutal treatment of managers during their early career.

It is an absolute fact that many managers have no feeling for an actor except contempt, unless, perchance, he has made himself so valuable that the manager is compelled to treat him with a show of respect. When the manager is making money out of the player no one is more affable or agreeable, but one whose place can be easily filled is often treated like dirt. Sometimes it happens that a manager gets in a hole for a certain type of actor to play an important part. When the right man appears it is wonderful to see the difference in his reception at this time and on a former occasion, when he called on the manager and the latter did not need him. The manager is now all smiles and asks him to have a seat, whereas on the previous visits he was greeted with a stony stare and brusquely told that there was nothing open.

The average manager's attitude toward the actor is pretty well exemplified in the following story: An actor who had received no salary for several weeks called upon the manager and asked him for a small amount of money.

"Don't bother me about small matters," said the manager irritably.

"But," said the actor, "I need it—I must live."

"Not necessarily," said the manager, and walked away.



They Couldn't Miss the Opportunity of Taking a Curtain Call

(Continued on Page 36)



# SACHARISSA

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON

SACHARISSA took the chair. She knew nothing about parliamentary procedure; neither did her younger, married sister, Ethelinda, nor the recently-acquired family brother-in-law, William Augustus Destyn.

"The meeting will come to order," said Sacharissa, and her brother-in-law reluctantly relinquished his new wife's hand—all but one finger.

"Miss Chairman," he began, rising to his feet.

The chair recognized him and bit into a chocolate.

"I move that our society be known as The Green Mouse, Limited."

"Why limited?" asked Sacharissa.

"Why not?" replied her sister warmly.

"Well, what does your young man mean by limited?"

"I suppose," said Linda, "that he means it is to be the limit. Don't you, William?"

"Certainly," said Destyn gravely; and the motion was put and carried.

"Rissa, dear!"

The chair casually recognized her younger sister.

"I propose that the object of this society be to make its members very, very wealthy."

The motion was carried; Linda picked up a scrap of paper and began to figure up the possibility of a new touring-car.

Then Destyn arose; the chair nodded to him and leaned back, playing a tattoo with her pencil-tip against her snowy teeth.

He began in his easy, agreeable voice, looking across at his pretty wife:

"You know, dearest—and Sacharissa, over there, is also aware—that, in the course of my economical experiments in connection with your father's Wireless Trust, I have accidentally discovered some brand-new currents of a most extraordinary character."

Sacharissa's expression became skeptical; Linda watched her husband in unfeigned admiration.

"These new and hitherto unsuspected currents," continued Destyn modestly, "are not electrical but psychical. Yet, like wireless currents, their flow eternally encircles the earth. These currents, I believe, have their origin in that great unknown force which, for lack of a better name, we call fate, or predestination. And I am convinced that by intercepting one of these currents it is possible to connect the subconscious personalities of two people of opposite sex who, although ultimately destined for one another since the beginning of things, have, through successive incarnations, hitherto missed the final consummation—marriage!—which was the purpose of their creation."

"Bill, dear," sighed Linda, "how exquisitely you explain the infinite."

"Fudge!" said Sacharissa; "go on, William."

"That's all," said Destyn. "We agreed to put in a thousand dollars apiece for me to experiment with. I've made an instrument—here it is."

He drew from his waistcoat pocket a small, flat jeweler's case and took out a delicate machine resembling the complicated interior of a watch.

"Now," he said, "with this tiny machine concealed in my waistcoat pocket, I walk up to any man and, by turning a screw like the stem of a watch, open the microscopical receiver. Into the receiver flow all psychical emanations from that unsuspecting citizen. The machine is charged, positively. Then I saunter back here, place the instrument on a table—like that—touch a lever. Do you see that hair-wire of Rosium uncoil like a tentacle? It is searching, groping for the invisible, negative, psychical current which will carry its message."

"To whom?" asked Sacharissa.

"To the subconscious personality of the only woman for whom he was created, the only woman on earth whose psychic personality can intercept that wireless greeting and respond to it."

"How can you tell whether she responds?" asked Sacharissa incredulously.

He pointed to the hair-wire of Rosium:

"I watch that. The instant that the psychical current reaches and awakens her, crack!—a minute point of blue incandescence tips the tentacle. It's done; psychical communication is established. And that man and that woman, wherever they may be on earth, surely, inexorably, will be drawn together, even from the uttermost corners of the world, to fulfill that for which they were destined since time began."



"Yes, Pa-pah!"

There was a semi-respectful silence; Linda looked at the little jewel-like machine with a slight shudder; Sacharissa shrugged her young shoulders.

"How much of this," said she, "is theory and how much is fact?—for, William, you always were something of a poet."

"I don't know. A month ago I tried it on your father's footman, and in a week he'd married a perfectly strange parlour-maid."

"Oh, they do such things, anyway," observed Sacharissa, and added, unconvinced: "Did that tentacle burn blue?"

"It certainly did," said Destyn.

Linda murmured: "I believe in it. Let's issue stock."

"To issue stock is one thing," said Destyn, "to get people to buy it is another. You and I may believe in Green Mouse, Limited, but the rest of the world is always from beyond the Mississippi."

"The thing to do," said Linda, "is to practice on people. They may not like the idea, but they'll be so grateful, when happily and unexpectedly married, that they'll buy stock."

"Or give us testimonials," added Sacharissa, "that their bliss was entirely due to a single dose of Green Mouse, Limited."

"Don't be flippant," said Linda. "Think what William's invention means to the world! Think of the time it will save young men barking up wrong trees! Think of the trouble saved—no more doubt, no timidity, no hesitation, no speculation, no opposition from parents."

"Any of our clients," added Destyn, "can be instantly switched on to a private psychical current which will clinch the only girl in the world. Engagements will be superfluous; those two simply can't get away from each other."

"If that were true," observed Sacharissa, "it would be most unpleasant. There would be no fun in it. However," she added, smiling, "I don't believe in your theory or your machine, William. It would take more than that combination to make me marry anybody."

"Then we're not going to issue stock?" asked Linda.

"I do need so many new and expensive things."

"We've got to experiment a little further, first," said Destyn.

Sacharissa laughed: "You blindfold me, give me a pencil and lay the Social Register before me. Whatever name I mark you are to experiment with."

"Don't mark any of our friends," began Linda.

"How can I tell whom I may choose. It's fair for everybody. Come; do you promise to abide by it—you two?" They promised doubtfully.

"So do I, then," said Sacharissa. "Hurry up and blindfold me, somebody. The bus will be here in half an hour, and you know how father acts when kept waiting."

Linda tied her eyes with a handkerchief, gave her a pencil and seated herself on an arm of the chair watching the pencil hovering over the pages of the Social Register which her sister was turning at hazard.

"This page," announced Sacharissa, "and this name!" marking it with a quick stroke.

Linda gave a stifled cry and attempted to arrest the pencil; but the moving finger had written.

"Whom have I selected?" inquired the girl, whisking the handkerchief from her eyes. "What are you having a fit about, Linda?"

And, looking at the page, she saw that she had marked her own name.

"We must try it again," said Destyn hastily. "That doesn't count. Tie her up, Linda."

"But—that wouldn't be fair," said Sacharissa, hesitating whether to take it seriously or laugh. "We all promised, you know. I ought to abide by what I've done."

"Don't be silly," said Linda, preparing the handkerchief and laying it across her sister's forehead.

Sacharissa pushed it away. "I can't break my word, even to myself," she said, laughing. "I'm not afraid of that machine."

"Do you mean to say you are willing to take silly chances?" asked Linda uneasily. "I believe in William's machine whether you do or not. And I don't care to have any of the family experimented with."

"If I were willing to try it on others it would be cowardly for me to back out now," said Sacharissa, forcing a smile; for Destyn's and Linda's seriousness was beginning to make her a trifle uncomfortable.

"Unless you want to marry somebody pretty soon you'd better not risk it," said Destyn gravely.

"You—you don't particularly care to marry anybody, just now, do you, dear?" asked Linda.

"No," replied her sister scornfully.

There was a silence; Sacharissa, uneasy, bit her underlip and sat looking at the uncanny machine.

She was a tall girl, prettily formed, one of those girls with long limbs, narrow, delicate feet and ankles.

That sort of girl, when she also possesses a mass of chestnut hair, a sweet mouth and gray eyes, is calculated to cause trouble.

And there she sat, one knee crossed over the other, slim foot swinging, perplexed brows bent slightly inward.

"I can't see any honorable way out of it," she said resolutely. "I said I'd abide by the blindfolded test."

"When we promised we weren't thinking of ourselves," insisted Ethelinda.

"That doesn't release us," retorted her Puritan sister.

"Why?" demanded Linda. "Suppose, for example, your pencil had marked William's name! That would have been im—immoral!"

"Would it?" asked Sacharissa, turning her honest, gray eyes on her brother-in-law.

"I don't believe it would," he said; "I'd only be switched on to Linda's current again." And he smiled at his wife.

Sacharissa sat thoughtful and serious, swinging her foot.

"Well," she said, at length, "I might as well face it at once. If there's anything in this instrument we'll all know it pretty soon. Turn on your receiver, Billy."

"Oh," cried Linda tearfully, "don't you do it, William!"

"Turn it on," repeated Sacharissa. "I'm not going to be a coward and break faith with myself, and you both know it! If I've got to go through the silliness of love and marriage I might as well know who the bandarlog is to be. . . . Anyway, I don't really believe in this thing. . . . I can't believe in it. . . . Besides, I've a mind and a will of my own, and I fancy it will require more than amateur psychical experiments to change either. Go on, Billy."

"You mean it?" he asked, secretly gratified.

"Certainly," with superb affectation of indifference. And she rose and faced the instrument.

Destyn looked at his wife. He was dying to try it.

"Will!" she exclaimed, "suppose we are not going to like Rissa's possible f-fiancé! Suppose father doesn't like him!"

"You'll all probably like him as well as I shall," said her sister defiantly. "Willy, stop making frightened eyes at your wife and start your infernal machine!"



There was a vicious click, a glitter of shifting clock-work, a snap, and it was done.

"Have you now, theoretically, got my psychical current bottled up?" she asked disdainfully. But her lip trembled a little.

He nodded, looking very seriously at her.

"And now you are going to switch me on to this unknown gentleman's psychical current?"

"Don't let him!" begged Linda. "Billy, dear, how can you when nobody has the faintest idea who the creature may turn out to be!"

"Go ahead!" interrupted her sister, masking misgiving under a careless smile.

Click! Up shot the glittering, quivering tentacle of Rosium, vibrating for a few moments like a thread of silver. Suddenly it was tipped with a blue flash of incandescence.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! There he is!" cried Linda excitedly. "Rissy! Rissy, little sister, what have you done?"

"Nothing," she said, catching her breath. "I don't believe that flash means anything. I don't feel a bit different—not the least bit. I feel perfectly well and perfectly calm. I don't love anybody and I'm not going to love anybody—until I want to, and that will probably never happen."

However, she permitted her sister to take her in her arms and pet her. It was rather curious how exceedingly young and inexperienced she felt. She found it agreeable to be fussed over and comforted and cradled, and for a few moments she suffered Linda's solicitude and misgivings in silence. After a while, however, she became ashamed.

"Nothing is going to happen, Linda," she said, looking dreamily up at the ceiling; "don't worry, dear; I shall escape the bandariog."

"If something doesn't happen," observed Destyn, pocketing his instrument, "the Green Mouse, Limited, will go into liquidation with no liabilities and no assets, and there'll be no billions for you or for me or for anybody."

"William," said his wife, "do you place a low desire for money before your own sister-in-law's spiritual happiness?"

"No, darling, of course not."

"Then you and I had better pray for the immediate bankruptcy of the Green Mouse."

Her husband said, "By all means," without enthusiasm, and looked out of the window. "Still," he added, "I made a happy marriage. I'm for wedding bells every time. Sacharissa will like it, too. I don't know why you and I shouldn't be enthusiastic optimists concerning wedded life; I can't see why we shouldn't pray for Sacharissa's early marriage."

"William!"

"Yes, darling."

"You are considering money before my sister's happiness!"

"But in her case I don't see why we can't conscientiously consider both."

Linda cast one tragic glance at her material husband, pushed her sister aside, arose and fled. After her sped the contrite Destyn; a distant door shut noisily; all the elements had gathered for the happy, first quarrel of the newly-wedded.

"Fudge," said Sacharissa, walking to the window, slim hands clasped loosely behind her back.

The snowstorm had ceased; across Fifth Avenue the park resembled the mica-incrusted view on an expensive Christmas card. Every limb, branch and twig was outlined in clinging snow; crystals of it glittered under the morning sun; brilliantly dressed children, with sleds, romped and played over the dazzling expanse. Overhead the characteristic deep blue arch of a New York sky spread untroubled by a cloud.

Her family—that is, her father, brother-in-law, married sister, three unmarried sisters and herself—were expecting to leave for Tuxedo about noon. Why? Nobody knows why the wealthy are always going somewhere. However, they do, fortunately for story-writers.

"It's quite as beautiful here," thought Sacharissa to herself, "as it is in the country. I'm sorry I'm going."

Idling there by the sunny window and gazing out into the white expanse, she had already dismissed all uneasiness in her mind concerning the psychical experiment upon herself. That is to say, she had not exactly dismissed it, she used no conscious effort, it had gone of itself—or, rather, it had been crowded out, dominated by a sudden and strong disinclination to go to Tuxedo.

As she stood there the feeling grew and persisted, and, presently, she found herself repeating aloud: "I don't want to go, I don't want to go. It's stupid to go. Why should I go when it's stupid to go and I'd rather stay here?"

Meanwhile Ethelinda and Destyn were having a classical reconciliation in a distant section of the house, and the young wife had got as far as:

"Darling, I am so worried about Rissa. I do wish she were not going to Tuxedo. There are so many attractive men expected at the Courlands'."

"She can't escape men anywhere, can she?"

"N-no; but there will be a concentration of particularly good-looking and undesirable ones at Tuxedo this week. That idle, horrid, cynical crowd is coming from Long Island, and I don't want her to marry any of them."

"Well, then, make her stay at home."

"She wants to go."

"What's the good of an older sister if you can't make her mind you?" he asked.



"Then—You are the Sweetest Woman in the World! . . . Good-by—Sacharissa—Dear"

"She won't. She's set her heart on going. All those boisterous winter sports appeal to her. Besides, how can one member of the family be absent on New Year's Day?"

Arm in arm they strolled out into the great living-room, where a large, pompous, vividly-colored gentleman was laying down the law to the triplets—three very attractive young girls, dressed precisely alike, who said, "Yes, pa-pah!" and "No, pa-pah!" in a grave and silvery-voiced chorus whenever filial obligation required it.

"And another thing," continued the pudgy and vivid old gentleman, whose voice usually ended in a softly mellifluous shout when speaking emphatically: "that worthless Westbury-Cedarhurst-Jericho-Meadowbrook set are going to be in evidence at this house-warming, and I caution you now against paying anything but the slightest, most superficial and most frivolous attention to anything that any of those young whip-snapping, fox-hunting cubs may say to you. Do you hear?" with a mellow shout like a French horn on a touring-car.

"Yes, pa-pah!"

The old gentleman waved his single eyeglass in token of dismissal, and looked at his watch.

"The bus is here," he said fussily. "Come on, Will; come, Linda, and you, Flavilla, Drusilla and Sybilla, get your furs on. Don't take the elevator. Go down by the stairs, and hurry! If there's one thing in this world I won't do it is to wait for anybody on earth!"

Flunkies and maids flew distractedly about with fur coats, muffs and stoles. In solemn assemblage the family expedition filed past the elevator, descended the stairs to the lower hall, and there drew up for final inspection.

A mink-invested footman waited outside; valets, butlers, second-men and maids came to attention.

"Where's Sacharissa?" demanded Mr. Carr sonorously.

"Here, dad," said his oldest daughter, strolling calmly into the hall, hands still linked loosely behind her.

"Why haven't you got your hat and furs on?" demanded her father.

"Because I'm not going, dad," she said sweetly.

The family eyed her in amazement.

"Not going?" shouted her father, in a mellow bellow. "Yes, you are! Not going! And why the dickens not?"

"I really don't know, dad," she said listlessly. "I don't want to go."

Her father waved both pudgy arms furiously. "Don't you feel well? You look well. You are well. Don't you feel well?"

"Perfectly."

"No, you don't! You're pale! You're pallid! You're peaked! Take a tonic and lie down. Send your maid for some doctors—all kinds of doctors—and have them fix you up. Then come to Tuxedo with your maid to-morrow morning. Do you hear?"

"Very well, dad."

"And keep out of that elevator until it's fixed. It's likely to do anything. Ferdinand," to the man at the door, "have it fixed at once. Sacharissa, send that maid of yours for a doctor!"

"Very well, dad!"

She presented her cheek to her emphatic parent; he saluted it explosively, wheeled, marshaled the family at a glance, started them forward, and closed the rear with his own impressive person. The iron gates clanged, the door of the opera bus snapped, and Sacharissa strolled back into the rococo reception-room not quite certain why she had not gone, not quite convinced that she was feeling perfectly well.

For the last few minutes her face had been going hot and cold, alternately flushed and pallid. Her heart, too, was acting in an unusual manner—making sufficient stir for her to become uneasily aware of it.

"Probably," she thought to herself, "I've eaten too many chocolates." She looked into the large gilded box, took another and ate it reflectively.

A curious languor possessed her. To combat it she rang for her maid, intending to go for a brisk walk, but the weight of the furs seemed to distress her. It was absurd. She threw them off and sat down in the library.

A little while later her maid found her lying there, feet crossed, arms stretched backward to form a cradle for her head.

"Are you ill, Miss Carr?"

"No," said Sacharissa.

The maid cast an alarmed glance at her mistress' pallid face.

"Would you see Doctor Blimmer, miss?"

"No."

The maid hesitated:

"Beg pardon, but Mr. Carr said you was to see some doctors."

"Very well," she said indifferently. "And, please, hand me those chocolates. I don't care for any luncheon."

"No luncheon, miss?" in consternation.

Sacharissa had never been known to shun sustenance. The symptom thoroughly frightened her maid, and in a few minutes she had Doctor Blimmer's office on the telephone; but that eminent practitioner was out. Then she found in succession the offices of Doctors White, Black and Gray. Two had gone away over New Year's, the other was out.

The maid, who was clever and resourceful, went out to hunt up a doctor. There are, in the cross streets, plenty of doctors between the Seventies and Eighties. She found one without difficulty—that is, she found the sign in the window, but the doctor was out on his visits.

She made two more attempts with similar results, then, discovering a doctor's sign in a window across the street, started for it regardless of snowdrifts, and at the same moment the doctor's front door opened and a young man, with a black leather case in his hand, hastily descended the icy steps and hurried away up the street.

The maid ran after him and arrived at his side breathless, excited:

"Oh, could you come—just for a moment, if you please! Miss Carr won't eat her luncheon!"

"What!" said the young man, surprised.

"Miss Carr wishes to see you—just for a —"

"Miss Carr?"

"Miss Sacharissa!"

"Sacharissa?"

"Y-yes, sir—she —"

"But I don't know any Miss Sacharissa!"

"I understand that, sir."

"Look here, young woman, do you know my name?"

"No, sir, but that doesn't make any difference to Miss Carr."

"She wants to see me!"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"I—I'm in a hurry to catch a train." He looked hard at the maid, at his watch, at the maid again.

"Are you perfectly sure you're not mistaken?" he demanded.

"No, sir, I —"

"A certain Miss Sacharissa Carr desires to see me? Are you certain of that?"

"Oh, yes, sir—she —"

"Where does she live?"

"One thousand eight and a half Fifth Avenue, sir."

"I've got just three minutes. Can you run?"

"I—yes!"

"Come on, then!"

And away they galloped, his overcoat streaming out behind, the maid's skirts flapping and her narrow apron flickering in the wind. Wayfarers stopped to watch their pace—a pace which brought them to the house in something under a minute. Ferdinand, the second man, let them in.



"Now, then," panted the young man, "which way? I'm in a hurry, remember!" And he started on a run for the stairs.

"Please follow me, sir; the elevator is quicker!" gasped the maid, opening the barred doors.

The young man sprang into the lighted car, the maid turned to fling off hat and jacket before entering, something went fizz-bang! snap! clink! and the lights in the car were extinguished.

"Oh!" shrieked the maid, "it's running away again! Jump, sir!"

The ornate, rococo elevator, as a matter of fact, was running away, upward, slowly at first. Its astonished occupant turned to jump out—too late.

"P-push the third button, sir! Quick!" cried the maid, wringing her hands.

"W-where is it!" stammered the young man, groping nervously in the dark car. "I can't see any."

"Cr-rack!" went something.

"It's stopped! It's going to fall!" screamed the maid. "Run, Ferdinand!"

The man at the door ran upstairs for a few steps, then distractedly slid to the bottom, shouting:

"Are you hurt, sir?"

"No," came a disgusted voice from somewhere up the shaft.

Every landing was now noisy with servants, maids sped upstairs, flunkies sped down, a butler waddled in a circle.

"Is anybody going to get me out of this?" demanded the voice in the shaft.

"I've a train to catch."

The perspiring butler poked his head into the shaft from below:

"Ow far hup, sir, might you be?"

"How the devil do I know?"

"Can't you see nothink, sir?"

"Yes, I can see a landing and a red room."

"E's stuck hunder the library!" exclaimed the butler, and there was a rush for the upper floors.

The rush was met and checked by a tall, young girl who came leisurely along the landing, nibbling a chocolate.

"What is all this noise about?" she asked. "Has the elevator gone wrong again?"

Glancing across the landing at the grille which screened the shaft she saw the gilded car—part of it—and half of a young man looking earnestly out.

"It's the doctor!" wailed her maid.

"That isn't Doctor Blimmer!" said her mistress.

"No, miss, it's a perfectly strange doctor."

"I am not a doctor," said the young man coldly.

Sacharissa drew nearer.

"If that maid of yours had asked me," he went on, "I'd have told her. She saw me coming down the steps of a physician's house—I suppose she mistook my camera case for a case of medicines."

"I did—oh, I did!" moaned the maid, and covered her head with her apron.

"The thing to do," said Sacharissa calmly, "is to send for the nearest plumber. Ferdinand, go immediately!"

"Meanwhile," said the imprisoned young man, "I shall miss my train. Can't somebody break that grille? I could climb out that way."

"Sparks," said Miss Carr, "can you break that grille?"

Sparkstried. A kitchen-maid brought a small tackhammer—the only "ammer in the 'ouse," according to Sparks, who pounded at the foliated steel grille and broke the hammer off short.

"Did it 'it you in the 'ead, sir?" he asked, panting.

"Exactly," replied the young man, grinding his teeth.

Sparks oped as 'ow it didn't 'urt the gentleman. The gentleman staunchly his wound in terrible silence.

Presently Ferdinand came back to report upon the availability of the family plumber. It appeared that all plumbers, locksmiths and similar indispensable and free-born artisans had closed shop at noon and would not re-open until after New Year's, subject to the Constitution of the United States.

"But this gentleman cannot remain here until after New Year's," said Sacharissa. "He says he is in a hurry. Do you hear, Sparks?"

The servants stood in a helpless row.

"Ferdinand," she said, "Mr. Carr told you to have that elevator fixed before it was used again!"

Ferdinand stared wildly at the grille and ran his thumb over the bars.

"And Clark"—to her maid—"I am astonished that you permitted this gentleman to risk the elevator."

"He was in a hurry, miss. I thought he was a doctor."

The maid dissolved into tears.

"It is now," broke in the voice from the shaft, "an utter impossibility for me to catch my train."

"I am dreadfully sorry," said Sacharissa.

"Isn't there an axe in the house?"

The butler mournfully denied it.

"Then get the furnace-bar."

It was fetched; nerve-racking blows rained on the grille; puffing servants applied it as a lever, as a battering-ram, as a club. The house rang like a boiler factory.

"I can't stand any more of that!" shouted the young man. "Stop it!"

Sacharissa looked about her, hands closing both ears.

"Send them away," said the young man wearily. "If I've got to stay here I want a chance to think."

After she had dismissed the servants Sacharissa drew up a chair and seated herself a few feet from the grille. She could see half the car and half the man—plainer, now that she had come nearer.

He was a young and rather attractive-looking fellow, cheek tied up in his handkerchief, where the head of the hammer had knocked off the skin.

"Let me get some witch-hazel," said Sacharissa, rising.



Lips Pressed to the White Hands Crushed Fragrantly Between His Own

"I want to write a telegram first," he said.

So she brought some blanks, passed them and a pencil down to him through the grille, and reseated herself.

When he had finished writing he sorted out some silver, and handed it and the yellow paper to Sacharissa.

"It's dark in here. Would you mind reading it aloud to me to see if I've made it plain?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Sacharissa; and she read:

MRS. DELANCY COURLAND,

Tuxedo.

I'm stuck in an idiotic elevator at 1008 1/2 Fifth Avenue. If I don't appear by New Year's you'll know why. Be careful that no reporters get hold of this.

KILLIAN VAN K. VANDERDYNK.

Sacharissa flushed deeply. "I can't send this," she said. "Why not?" demanded the young man irritably.

"Because, Mr. Vanderdyck, my father, brother-in-law, married sister, and three younger sisters are expected at the Courlands'. Imagine what effect such a telegram would have on them!"

"Then cross out the street and number," he said; "just say I'm stuck in a strange elevator."

She did so, rang, and a servant took away the telegram.

"Now," said the heir apparent to the Prince Regency of Manhattan, "there are two things still possible. First, you might ring up police headquarters and ask for aid; next, request assistance from fire headquarters."

"If I do," she said, "wouldn't the newspapers get hold of it?"

"You are perfectly right," he said.

She had now drawn her chair so close to the gilded grille that, hands resting upon it, she could look down into the car where sat the scion of the Vanderdycks on a flimsy Louis XV chair.

"I can't express to you how sorry I am," she said. "Is there anything I can do to—to ameliorate your imprisonment?"

He looked at her in a bewildered way.

"You don't expect me to remain here until after New Year's, do you?" he inquired.

"I don't see how you can avoid it. Nobody seems to want to work until after New Year's."

"Stay in a cage—two days and a night!"

"Perhaps I had better call up the police."

"No, no! Wait. I'll tell you what to do. Start that man, Ferdinand, on a tour of the city. If he hunts hard enough and long enough he'll find some plumber or locksmith or somebody who'll come."

She rang for Ferdinand; together they instructed him, and he went away, promising to bring salvation in some shape.

Which promise made the young man more cheerful and smoothed out the worried pucker between Sacharissa's straight brows.

"I suppose," she said, "that you will never forgive my maid for this—or me either."

He laughed. "After all," he admitted, "it's rather funny."

"I don't believe you think it's funny."

"Yes, I do."

"Didn't you want to go to Tuxedo?"

"I!" He looked up at the pretty countenance of Sacharissa. "I did want to—a few minutes ago."

"And now that you can't your philosophy teaches you that you don't want to?"

They laughed at each other in friendly fashion.

"Perhaps it's my philosophy," he said, "but I really don't care very much. . . . I'm not sure that I care at all. . . . In fact, now that I think of it, why should I have wished to go to Tuxedo? It's stupid to want to go to Tuxedo when New York is so attractive."

"Do you know," she said reflectively, "that I came to the same conclusion?"

"When?"

"This morning."

"Be-before you—I —"

"Oh, yes," she said rather hastily, "before you came —"

She broke off, pink with consternation. What a ridiculous thing to say! What on earth was twisting her tongue to hint at such an absurdity?

She said, gravely, with heightened color: "I was standing by the window this morning, thinking, and it occurred

to me that I didn't care to go to Tuxedo. . . . When did you change your mind?"

"A few minutes a—that is—well, I never really wanted to go. It's jollier in town. Don't you think so? Blue sky, snow—er—and all that?"

"Yes," she said, "it is perfectly delightful in town to-day."

He assented, then looked discouraged.

"Perhaps you would like to go out?" he said.

"I? Oh, no. . . . The sun on the snow is bad for one's eyes; don't you think so?"

"Very. . . . I'm terribly sorry that I'm giving you so much trouble."

(Continued on Page 38)



# GOLDEN GRAFTING

## How the California Orange Growers Reaped Success

By WALTER V. WOEHHLKE

SIX thousand dollars a year was not enough for the three brothers. An income of six thousand a year, divided by three, was not, in their opinion, an adequate compensation for the effort involved in planting twelve hundred acres to corn and in converting the crop into prime beef. Therefore they sold the farm, realized eighty-five thousand dollars and moved to California. The three brothers to-day have an income of twelve to fifteen thousand a year derived from a ranch of but fifty acres, for which they paid fifty thousand dollars. They live in a climate of perpetual summer, a mile from a town of six thousand inhabitants, and within an hour's ride of a large city. Their profit of twenty-five per cent. on the investment is made out of oranges. When they came to California they could not tell an orange from a fig tree. Their ignorance concerning the raising of oranges was stupendous; yet their venture succeeded. They made money because they followed implicitly the advice of their uncle, who had paid good, hard cash—thirty thousand dollars—for the experience he placed at the disposal of his nephews gratuitously. This uncle, in 1887, had invested twenty thousand dollars in a twenty-acre grove which never paid him a cent in profits until the year the nephews arrived. For this reason his knowledge of oranges was extensive, his advice sound; and the brothers, heeding his counsel, prospered.

When the three brothers were considering the exchange of their two square miles in Iowa for the garden plot in California they were shown over an orange grove of two hundred and twenty-five acres. In the corn belt a farm of equal size would have supported two families in comfort, and would have given employment to three or four hired men. The orange grove gave a living to thirty men, whose families were comfortably housed in a model settlement of rose-covered bungalows; over a hundred souls were dependent upon it for their bread all the year around; and six months out of every twelve fifty additional workers were busy in a bloodless "packing-house" filled with



Exterior of Packing-House in California Citrus Belt

miles of endless belts and tons of costly machinery, preparing the crop for the market. And after the help had taken its share of the crop receipts, enough was left over to keep up the mansion of the owner, who made the ranch produce a hundred thousand dollars every year. Twenty thousand trees were working for this man, each tree presenting him with a crisp five-dollar bill every year. When he planted the first tree on the baked, parched land twenty years ago, the two hundred and twenty-five acres were barely able to keep three hundred dollars' worth of sheep alive; to-day every acre furnishes oranges worth four to five hundred dollars. As a sheep pasture the land could be bought for ten dollars per acre; to-day the owner laughs at an offer of three hundred thousand dollars for his grove.

No scarlet-robed wizards in fantastic headgear brought about this transformation of arid, thirsty grazing-land into the highest-priced and most remunerative fruit groves of the world; the miracle was worked by practical, hard-headed, fighting business men who applied scientific principles to the tilling of the soil, and made use of every modern method of commerce in disposing of their perishable crop. The man who makes those two hundred and twenty-five parched acres pay him a hundred thousand dollars a year is no magician; neither is he a farmer. He never was a farmer; he occupied a pulpit when he began raising oranges. To-day he preaches the gospel of intensive soil cultivation, of up-to-date business methods on the farm and in the grove, and the performance of his ranch proves that he practices what he preaches.

Whatever they may have been in the past, the orange growers of California are no longer mere farmers. They are astute business men, who run orange producing and distributing plants on a commercial basis. Like bankers, manufacturers and merchants, they own touring-cars and send their children to college; if they can't keep up the pace set by the leaders and keep within hailing distance of them, they drop out. They are not peaceful tillers of the soil who sow the seed and are content to let Nature do the rest. They have openly defied the old dame's anger and defeated her; they attacked powerful competitors and routed them; they grappled with the railroads, the private car lines, the box trust, and they beat them; they created markets for their oranges where none existed. During the three

decades of warfare hundreds, even thousands, of the growers lost courage, hope, money, and dropped out of the ranks, but the ablest fighters remained, and this process of elimination has made the California orange growers a class of men whose equal cannot be found anywhere among those who cultivate the soil. These men have made it possible to produce more than thirty thousand carloads of citrus fruits annually upon an area of but eighty thousand acres, to pay ten million dollars for the transportation of the crop to the markets, and to sell it at prices that give the growers an average return of three hundred dollars per acre. They have made it possible to support a family comfortably on the yield of five acres, and to pass the summer in Honolulu or New York on the yield of ten. They have made their ten-acre groves, scarcely large enough for a good-sized calf-lot in Kansas, worth more than a quarter section of rich wheat

land in Dakota. They have set an example for the young fruit industry of the West that is revolutionizing the fresh-fruit trade of the world, and by their methods the Oregon apple grower was enabled to sell his product in New York at a profit, while the home-grown apple was disposed of at a loss to the producer.

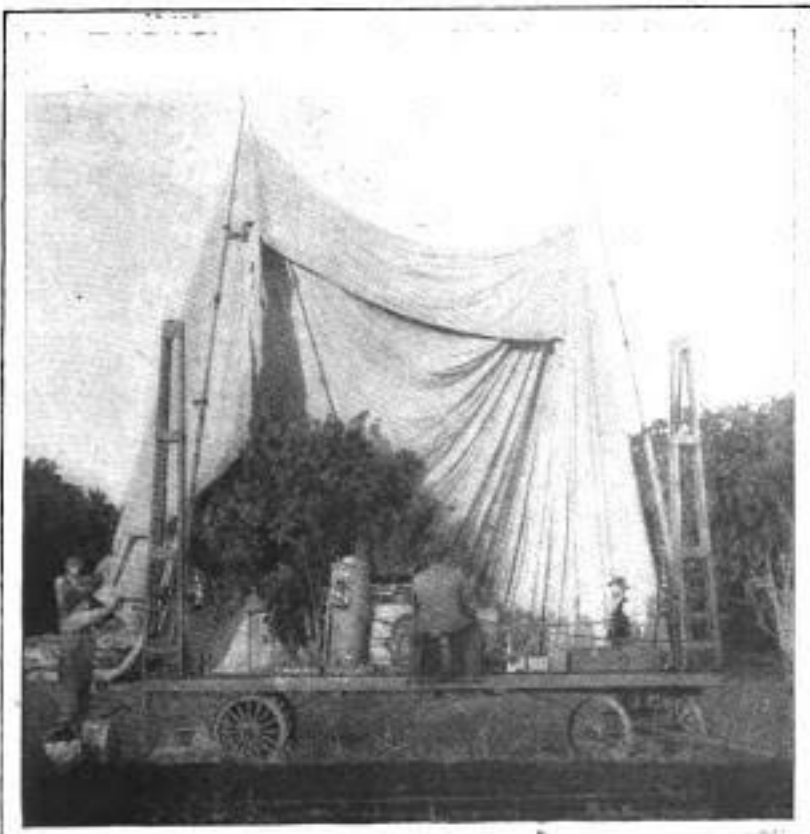
But, unless the newcomer is prepared to cast aside all ancient notions and prejudices acquired in Eastern deciduous orchards, to spend money unstintingly upon his orange-producing plant in a manner considered criminally extravagant in Indiana, unless he intends to take care of his grove as he would of a racing-stable full of thoroughbreds, he had better leave orange growing alone. The process of converting climate into automobiles and European tours, by way of the orange tree, necessitates a complete breaking-away from the conventional methods and standards of the corn or peach belt. The sowing of pennies in the black loam of the Middle West may bring forth a harvest of nickels, but an orange grove requires dime seeds, with a sprinkling of quarters, before it will yield its golden harvest.

### The Old-Time Orange Growers

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when the first commercial orchards of California were beginning to bear fruit in quantities, the silver seed was unknown and unnecessary. San Francisco and the few other cities of the Pacific Coast that could be reached by water were ready then to take all oranges grown in the State, paying four and five cents apiece for them, wholesale. There was no competition, and the comparatively few growers of the State, in several seasons, realized seven and eight hundred dollars per acre. Such profits attracted a flood of capital into the business, especially when the Southern Pacific completed its line through the orange country to the East, and the Santa Fe pushed its rails in the same direction. Everybody planted orange groves, confident of a ready market for the product beyond the Rockies.

It did not occur to the multitude of planters that perhaps a small amount of knowledge concerning the habits of the exotic plant might be necessary to success. With the picture of the old apple tree at home vividly before them, they tried to make the orange trees follow the patterns as closely as possible. High-stemmed trees, with all the lower branches trimmed off, were all the rage in those days. They looked more like trees, and their height permitted the growers to drive right under them and pick the oranges into the wagon. The cool regions near the coast, with the fresh trade winds to temper the summer's heat, were preferred by the early planters in choosing sites for their groves, and only the richest kind of clay soil was good enough for them. Oh, it was an idyl, a vision of bliss and wealth, of leisure and comfort, this orange grove of a few decades ago, with its background of mountains, its sweeping sea breeze and its mocking-birds and hummers.

It was a dream that fell short of realization. True, the rich, red clay chosen by the growers was fertile and fat,



Fumigating Groves With the Aid of a Gasoline Engine That Places the Tents



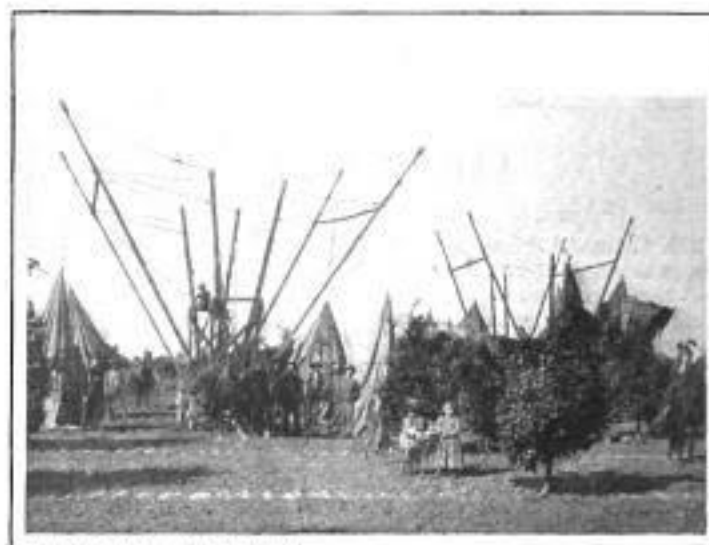
but the winter rains changed it into a sticky mud, cut wide gullies through the grove and exposed the roots of the trees, and in summer the sun baked the floor of the orchard into a nice, hard, adobe brick that a pick could scarcely penetrate. The strong trades of the Pacific cooled the grower's heated brow, it is true, but they also knocked blossoms and fruit off the trees, drove the sharp thorns into the thin skin of the oranges and twisted the young trees, while the comfortable, foggy, summer days kept the fruit sour and immature. It was easy, pleasant work to stand on the wagon and pick the fruit off the high limbs, but unfortunately the best part of the crop was thrown away when the low limbs were sawed off; high up in the crown the fruit was dry, sunburnt, off-colored and wrinkled. The failure of the expected returns dispelled the beautiful vision; the grower kicked himself, pulled off his coat, and went to work in earnest. He moved out of the pleasant coast region with its equable climate and cooling winds, and migrated into the interior valleys where the thermometer throughout the long summer months flirts with the hundred-degree mark. There he perspired and cursed, but stayed on because he found that his oranges liked the heat and thrived in the oven. The fertile adobe he once thought indispensable for his trees he now passed by, and chose the lean, sandy soil with good, natural drainage which permitted him to feed fertilizer and water to his

seedlings into the seedless species, an obliging neighbor performing the work for him. The young shoots in the old trunks grew with astonishing rapidity, until within a few years a promising green crown covered the tops of the bare stems. But when the first fruit appeared the oranges were found to be dwarfed, hard, woody and bitter. Instead of grafting shoots of the Brazilian Navel upon the trees, twigs of the wild Australian Navels, hardly to be distinguished from the South American tree's foliage, had been used, and once more the saw had to go to work upon the trees. Eleven years after the grove had been bought the owner harvested the first full crop.

During the period of trying-out, when scores of orange varieties were experimented with to discover whether they were adapted to the California soil and climate, the slate upon which the growers recorded the result of the trials said nothing about insect pests. Around 1881, however, the growers began to make entries, or, rather, marginal notes in agate, concerning the appearance of scale insects in the groves. In 1885 a new slate had to be bought on account of the numerous scale en-

tries. The white or cottony cushion scale was then occupying the attention of the growers to the exclusion of all other troubles. Coming from Australia in a shipment of orange trees, the tiny insect had found California to its liking and multiplied until its myriads covered the groves with a white mantle, as though a blizzard had descended from the mountains into the valley. The white scale ate the groves clean and licked its chops for more. In the winter of 1884 a two-hundred-and-fifty-acre grove near San Gabriel produced fruit that sold for seventy-five thousand dollars; a year later not one orange grew on the trees, not a green leaf was to be seen. The white scale had taken possession. The citrus groves, nay, even the deciduous fruits, shade trees and shrubbery throughout the State seemed doomed. One grower ascribed the disappearance of his barbed-wire fence to the scale, but his allegations were not substantiated by convincing evidence. Spraying with whale-oil, soapuds, tobacco juice, kerosene, all the time-honored remedies, failed to be effective.

For years the growers fought, unable to check the mad career of the pest, until one of their number, Alexander Craw, of Los Angeles, a fruit grower with a hobby for entomology, announced his belief that somewhere in the home of the scale a parasite could be found that would keep the pest in check. According to his theory, Nature had provided a parasite to prey upon each species of insects; if it were not for the work of these parasites, Craw reasoned, almost every insect pest, with its colossal breeding power, could multiply in such numbers that in twenty years it would own the earth. Craw advised the growers to send an entomologist to Australia to hunt for the parasite which, according to his theory, devoured the white scale. Remember, this was a quarter of a century ago, when economic entomology was just beginning to attract the attention of trained specialists. The orange growers did not laugh at Craw's theories; they asked the State to send an expert to the Antipodes to look for the



Every Second Year the Scale-Infested Trees are Covered With Air-Tight Tents and Fumigated, at an Expense of Thirty Cents to One Dollar Per Tree. There are Ninety Trees to the Acre

parasite, but California could not spare the cash. Whereupon the growers put their hands into their pockets, collected a fund and asked Professor Albert Koebele to go to Australia and try his luck.

The professor's investigations confirmed Craw's theory; he found that the grub of a minute ladybird—they called it *Vedalia cardinalis* in their gratitude—liked nothing better for its food than the interior of a fat, white scale. The ladybird was transplanted to California, started to breed, eat, and multiply in such numbers that the white scale disappeared almost wholly. If to-day a grower notices the white scale in his grove he sends to Sacramento for a colony of the insect policemen.

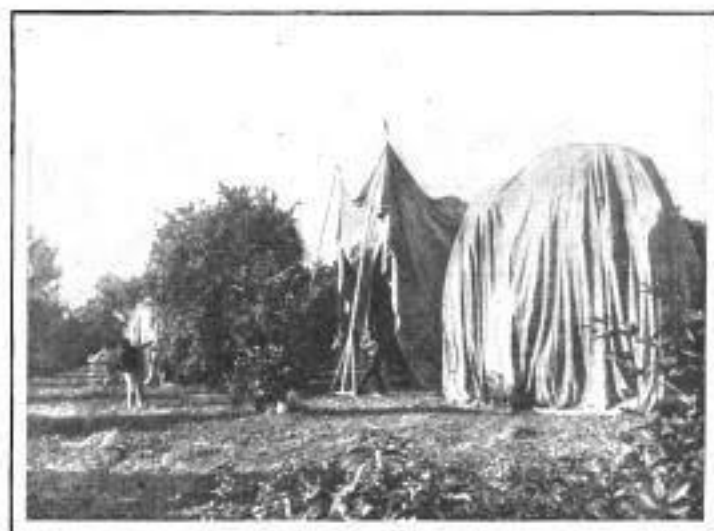
#### Putting the Little Pests to Sleep

AFTER the white scale had been eradicated the growers drew a sigh of relief, and made an entry upon their slate to the effect that, since bug eats bug, predaceous insects are best combated by other insects. They put this maxim into practice when scales of all hues, black, red, purple and yellow, imported from all corners of the globe, appeared in the orchards. They have revised their entry, however. The bug-versus-bug theory, for various reasons of a technical nature, did not give the expected results in every instance. In order to be certain of freedom from scales, the grower no longer relies on the natural enemies of the pests alone. He assists Nature by chloroforming the insects. He gives them gas. When this chloroforming process is under way the grove looks like the starting place of half a dozen balloons. Huge, air-tight, canvas bags resembling the latest styles in dirigible airships are hung over the trees, covering them from crown to root, and the bags are filled with a poisonous gas that puts an end to the scale. Unfortunately gas cannot kill all the eggs already laid, and two years after the process must be repeated. This method is effective—for a short while—and it is also expensive. According to the size, it costs from thirty cents to a dollar to "gas" a tree; as there are approximately one hundred trees to the acre, the expense varies between fifteen and fifty dollars per acre every year.

The successful grower to-day spends more money per acre, annually, to keep his trees free from insects than it

costs to sow, care for and harvest two acres of wheat or corn, and he pays the money cheerfully. If the cheer is absent he pays, anyway, for the horticultural commissions of the citrus counties watch for scale like hungry ladybirds, and fumigate infested trees whether the owner asks for gas or not; the expense constitutes a lien on the grove.

California began shipping oranges to the East in 1887; at the close of that decade the rancher who raised oranges had nearly completed his evolution into the scientific grower of citrus fruit who watched over his trees, their performance and diet, as



Fumigating a Full-Grown Orange Tree

trees according to their needs. He cultivated his orchard assiduously, winter and summer, supplied fertilizer by the ton, raised cover crops to be plowed under, and did not stop work in the winter because the apple trees back home needed no attention in January. He reduced the height of the trees until their lowest branches swept the ground, because on these limbs he found the largest, juiciest and choicest fruit. He learned to trim and prune his trees to a nicety, that the sun might reach the innermost recesses of the heavy foliage and color the fruit a deep orange. He ransacked South America, South Africa, the West Indies, China and Australia for new and better varieties until he discovered the Washington Navel orange, a Brazilian importation that thrived wonderfully in California and bore a prolific crop. The Washington Navel was large, sweet, juicy, deeply colored, with excellent keeping qualities and, above all, it contained no seeds.

Putting his hand deep into his pocket, the grower proceeded to change his bearing, seedling trees into Navels. Every limb of the old trees was sawed off until nothing but the bare stem remained, and into the bark of the trunks young shoots of the new variety were embedded. Three or four full crops, the work of almost half a decade, were lost to the grower by the process, but he was willing to stand the loss for the sake of future gain. Often this budding-over process did not succeed at once. When the uncle of the three Iowans began his career as an orange grower he realized the value of the new variety and proceeded to change his twenty acres of



A Plant for Preparing Oranges for the Market Six Years Ago



though they were colts in training for the Futurity. The trees were thriving and prosperous, but the grower was not. He raised an abundance of good oranges, but he did not know how best to dispose of them. It was time for him to begin his second metamorphosis. The tiller of the soil had to become a keen, shrewd, pushing business man, able to sell his goods against powerful competition.

The California orange grower at that time was in the position of a new and struggling firm fighting to obtain a foothold in the territory of two old-established, strongly-intrenched rivals, who could produce their goods at half the cost and transport them to the market at half the expense imposed upon the newcomer. The oranges grown in Italy and Spain and the crops of Florida absolutely controlled the American markets in the East. The importers of Italian citrus fruits could ship a box of oranges from Messina to New York for thirty cents; when competition for cargoes became fierce among the vessel owners, the rate would drop as low as ten and seven cents a box. To reach New York the California grower had to pay a freight rate of a dollar per box, with no opportune rate wars to help him dump his crop. The Italian growers paid their laborers twenty-three or twenty-five cents for ten to twelve hours' work; in California labor cost \$1.50 for nine hours, and was scarce at that price. Both Italy and Florida had well-developed home markets, able to absorb the surplus; the thinly-settled Western States, with their inadequate transportation facilities, could not be

counted upon as large consumers of the California fruit. The territory between the Missouri and the Atlantic Coast was the only market open to the output of California groves, and the East did not want the California product.

The wholesalers were not at all enthusiastic about the oranges of the Pacific Coast. The first shipments of the fruit had arrived in the auction-rooms of the Atlantic seaboard with half the oranges a pulpy mass of corruption. The early, seed-filled oranges, picked and packed for shipment without method or system, as though they were to be transported to town three miles away instead of three thousand miles across the continent, were not famous for their keeping qualities. Bumping along at a snail's pace over the rickety, forty-pound rails, freezing on the snow-covered passes of the Sierras and the Rockies, baked in the endless miles of Arizona and Nevada desert, stewed in the humid heat of the Mississippi Valley, many of them gave up the ghost during the strenuous journey of two and sometimes three weeks. The odor of decayed seedlings still lingered in the sensitive nostrils of the trade when the new and improved stock, the Navel orange, seedless, deep-hued, large and juicy, began to arrive in the Eastern markets. Thanks to the tons of ice, for which the grower had to pay three prices, it was no more odoriferous than the Sicily and Florida product forwarded without ice, but the prejudice against Californias was tenacious.

Since the trade would not listen, the California grower decided to appeal to the man who eats the orange. He

made his appeal to the consumer's eye, for he knew that the eye does the buying, while the mouth only chews and swallows. Remembering that it is said that a blindfolded person can scarcely tell whether he is taking a bite out of an apple or a potato, he proceeded to attract the consumer's eye to his highly-colored, large oranges. He packed them in neat boxes, arranging fruit of uniform size in symmetrical rows and patterns. To remove the dust, he washed each orange as it came from the tree, dried it and brushed it, to make it glow and shine. To give his product an air of exclusiveness, he wrapped each orange in tissue-paper. To earn the confidence of the trade the grower—at least the successful one—threw all injured, deformed, green, spotted or frozen fruit on the dump; the selected oranges he divided into three grades: fancy, choice and orchard run. The graded fruit once more was sorted according to size before it was packed in standard boxes, stamped with the grade and the number of the oranges contained within.

The self-advertising campaign of the California orange was expensive; it increased the cost of preparing the oranges for the market from twenty and twenty-five to forty and fifty cents per box. On a ten-acre grove the added charges were at least two hundred dollars annually, but the object of the campaign was attained: the California oranges stood out above all others on the fruit-stands of the East, were seen, bought, eaten, and came

(Continued on Page 27)

# The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

XVII

ARKWRIGHT saw no one but his valet-masseur for several days; on the left side of his throat the marks of Craig's fingers showed even above the tallest of his extremely tall collars. From the newspapers he gathered that Margaret had gone to New York on a shopping trip—had gone for a stay of two or three weeks. When the adventure in the garden was more than a week into the past, as he was coming home from a dinner toward midnight he jumped from his electric brougham into Craig's arms.

"At last!" exclaimed Josh, leading the way up the Arkwright steps and ringing the bell. Grant muttered a curse under his breath. When the man had opened the

door, "Come in," continued Josh loudly and cheerily, leading the way into the house.

"You'd think it was his house, by gad!" muttered Grant.

"I've been walking up and down before the entrance for an hour. The butler asked me in, but I hate walls and roof. The open for me—the wide open!"

"Not so loud," growled Arkwright. "The family's in bed. Wait till we get to my part of the house."

When they were there, with doors closed and the lights on, Craig exhaled his breath as noisily as a blown swimmer. "What a day! What a day!" he half-shouted, dropping on the divan and thrusting his feet into the rich and rather light upholstery of a near-by chair.

Grant eyed the feet gloomily. He was proud of his furniture and as careful of it as any old maid.

"Go ahead, change your clothes," cried Josh. "I told your motorman not to go away."

"What do you mean?" Arkwright demanded, his temper boiling at the rim of the pot.

"I told him before you got out. You see, we're going to New York to-night—or rather this morning. Train starts at one o'clock. I met old Roebuck at the White House to-night—found he was going by special train—asked him to take us."

"Not I," said Arkwright. "No New York for me. I'm busy to-morrow. Besides, I don't want to go."

"Of course you don't," laughed Craig, and Arkwright now noted that he was in the kind of dizzy spirits that most men can get only by drinking a very great deal indeed. "Of course you don't. No more do I. But I've got to go—and so have you."

"What for?"

"To help me get married."

Grant could only gape at him.

"Don't you know Margaret has gone to New York?"

"I saw it in the paper, but —"

"Now, don't go back a week to ancient history."

"I don't believe it," foamed Grant, so distracted that he sprang up and paced the floor, making wild gestures with his arms and head.

Craig watched, seemed hugely amused. "You'll see, about noon to-morrow. You've got to put in the



"You Cheap Jay!" He Bellowed. "You Don't Know New York Cab-Fares"

morning shopping for me. I haven't got — You know what sort of a wardrobe mine is. Wardrobe? Hand-satchel! Carpet-bag! Rag-bag! If I took off my shoes you'd see half the toes of one foot and all the heel of the other. And only my necktie holds this collar in place. Both buttonholes are gone. As for my underclothes—but I'll spare you those."

"Yes, do," said Grant with a vicious sneer.

"Now, you've got to buy me a complete outfit." Craig drew a roll of bills from his pocket, counted off several, threw them on the table. "There's four hundred dollars, all I can afford to waste at present. Make it go as far as you can. Get a few first-class things, the rest decent and substantial, but not showy. I'll pay for the suits I've got to get. They'll have to be ready-made—and very good ready-made ones a man can buy nowadays. We'll go to the tailor's first thing—about seven o'clock in the morning, which'll give him plenty of time for alterations."

"I won't!" exploded Grant, stopping his restless pacing and slamming himself on to a chair.

"Oh, yes, you will," asserted Craig, with absolute confidence. "You're not going back on me."

"There's nothing in this—nothing! I've known Rita Severence nearly twenty years, and I know she's done with you."

Craig sprang to his feet, went over and laid his heavy hand heavily upon Arkwright's shoulder. "And," said he, "you know me. Did I ever say a thing that didn't prove to be true, no matter how improbable it seemed to you?"

Arkwright was silent.

"Grant," Craig went on, and his voice was gentle and moving, "I need you. I must have you. You won't fail me, will you, old pal?"

"Oh—I'll go," said Grant in a much-softened growl. "But I know it's a wild-goose chase. Still, you do need the clothes. You're a perfect disgrace."

Craig took away his hand and burst into his noisy, boyish laughter, so reminiscent of things rural and boorish, of the coarse, strong spirits of the happy-go-lucky



irresponsibles that work as field-hands and wood-haulers. "By cracky, Grant, I just got sight of the remnants of that dig I gave you. It was a beauty, wasn't it?"

Arkwright moved uneasily, fumbled at his collar, tried to smile carelessly.

"I certainly am the luckiest devil," Craig went on. "Now, what a stroke pushing you over and throttling you was!" And he again laughed loudly.

"I don't follow you," said Grant sourly.

"What a vanity-box you are! You can't take a joke. Now, they're always poking fun at me—pretty nasty, some of it—but don't I always look cheerful?"

"Oh—*you!*" exclaimed Grant in disgust.

"And do you know why?" demanded Craig, giving him a rousing slap on the knee. "When I find it hard to laugh I begin to think of the greatest joke of all—the joke I'll have on these merry boys when the cards are all played and I sweep the tables. I think of that, and, by gosh, I fairly roar!"

"Do you talk that way to convince yourself?"

Craig's eyes were suddenly shrewd. "Yes," said he, "and to convince you, and a lot of other weak-minded people who believe all they hear. You'll find out some day that the world thinks with its ears and its mouth, my boy. But, as I say, who but I could have tumbled into such luck as came quite accidentally out of that little 'rough-house' of mine at your expense?"

"Don't see it," said Grant.

"Why, can't you see that it puts you out of business with Margaret? She's not the sort of woman to take to the fellow that shows he's the weaker."

"Well, I'll be—damned!" gasped Arkwright. "You have got your nerve! To say such a thing to a man you've just asked a favor of."

"Not at all," cried Craig airily. "Facts are facts. Why deny them?"

Arkwright shrugged his shoulders. "Well, let it pass. . . . Whether it's settled me with her or not, it somehow—curiously enough—settled her with me. Do you know, Josh, I've had no use for her since. I can't explain it."

"Vanity," said Craig. "You are vain, like all people who don't talk about themselves. The whole human race is vain—individually and collectively. Now, if a man talks about himself as I do, why, his vanity froths away harmlessly. But you and your kind suffer from ingrowing vanity. You think of nothing but yourselves—how you look—how you feel—how you are impressing others—what you can get for yourself—self—self—self, day and night. You don't like Margaret any more because she saw you humiliated. Where would I be if I were like that? Why, I'd be dead or hiding in the brush; for I've had nothing but insults, humiliations, sneers, snubs, all my life. Crow's my steady diet, old pal. And I fatten and flourish on it."

Grant was laughing, with a choke in his throat. "Josh," said he, "you're either more or less than human."

"Both," said Craig. "Grant, we're wasting time. Walter!" That last in a stentorian shout.

The valet appeared. "Yes, Mr. Craig."

"Pack your friend Grant, here, for two days in New York. He's going to-night and—I guess you'd better come along."

Arkwright threw up his hands in a gesture of mock despair. "Do as he says, Walter. He's the boss."

"Now you're talking sense," said Craig. "Some day you'll stand before kings for this—or sit, as you please."

On their way out Josh fished from the darkness under the front stairs a tattered and battered suitcase and handed it to Walter. "It's my little all," he explained to Grant. "I've given up my rooms at the Wyandotte. They stored an old trunkful or so for me, and I've sent my books to the office."

"Look here, Josh," said Grant, when they were under way, "does Margaret know you're coming?"

"Does Margaret know I'm coming?" repeated Joshua mockingly. "Does Margaret know her own mind and me? . . . Before I forget it here's a list I wrote out against a lamp-post while I was waiting for you to come home. It's the things I must have, so far as I know. The frills and froth you know about—I don't."

#### XVIII

MISS SEVERENCE, stepping out of a Waldorf elevator at the main floor, shrank back wide-eyed. "You?" she gasped.

Before her, serene and smiling and inflexible, was Craig. None of the suits he had bought at seven that morning was quite right for immediate use; so there he was in his old lounge suit, baggy at knees and elbows and liberally bestrewn with lint. Her glance fell from his mussed collar to his backwoodsman's hands, to his feet, so cheaply and shabbily shod; the shoes looked the worse for the elaborate gloss the ferry bootblack had put upon them. She advanced because she could not retreat; but never had she been so repelled.

She had come to New York to get away from him. When she entered the train she had flung him out of the

window. "I will not think of him again," she had said to herself. But—Joshua Craig's was not the sort of personality that can be banished by an edict of will. She could think angrily of him, or disdainfully, or coldly, or pityingly—but think she must. And think she did. She told herself she despised him; and there came no echoing protest or denial from anywhere within her. She said she was done with him forever, and well done; her own answer to herself there was, that while she was probably the better off for having got out of the engagement, still it must be conceded that socially the manner of her getting out meant scandal, gossip, laughter at her. Her cheeks burned as her soul flamed.

"The vulgar boor!" she muttered.

Was ever woman so disgraced, and so unjustly? What had the gods against her, that they had thus abused her? How Washington would jeer! How her friends would sneer! What hope was there now of her ever getting a husband? She would be an object of pity and of scorn. It would take more courage than any of the men of her set had to marry a woman rejected by such a creature—and in such circumstances!

"He has made everybody think I sought him. Now he'll tell everybody that he had to break it off—that he broke it off!"

She ground her teeth; she clenched her hands; she wept and moaned in the loneliness of her bed. She hated Craig; she hated the whole world; she loathed herself. And all the time she had to keep up appearances—for she had not dared tell her grandmother—had to listen while the old lady discussed the marriage as an event of the not remote future.

Why had she not told her grandmother? Lack of courage; hope that something would happen to reveal the truth without her telling. Hope that something would happen? No, fear. She did not dare look at the newspapers. But, whatever her reason, it was not any idea that possibly the engagement might be resumed. No, not that. "Horrible as I feel," thought she, "I am better off than in those weeks when that man was whirling me from one nightmare to another. The peace of desolation is better than that torture of doubt and repulsion. Whatever was I thinking of to engage myself to such a man, to think seriously of passing my life with him? Poor fool that I was, to rail against monotony, to sigh for sensations! Well, I have got them."

Day and night, almost without ceasing, her thoughts had boiled and bubbled on and on, like a geyser ever struggling for outlet and ever falling vainly back upon itself.

Now—here he was, greeting her at the elevator car, smiling and confident, as if nothing had happened. She did not deign even to stare at him, but, with eyes that seemed to be simply looking without seeing any especial object, she walked straight on. "I'm in luck," cried he, beside her. "I had only been walking up and down there by the elevators about twenty minutes."

She made no reply. At the door she said to the carriage-caller: "A cab, please—no, a hansom."

The hansom drove up; its doors opened. Craig pushed aside the carriage man, lifted her in with a powerful upward swing of his arm against her elbow and side—so powerful that she fell into the seat, knocking her hat awry and loosening her veil from the brim so that it hung down distressfully across her eyes and nose. "Drive up Fifth Avenue to the Park," said Craig, seating himself beside her. "Now, please don't cry," he said to her.

"Cry?" she exclaimed. Her dry, burning eyes blazed at him.

"Your eyes were so bright," laughed he, "that I thought they were full of tears."

"If you are a gentleman you will leave this hansom at once."

"Don't talk nonsense," said he. "You know perfectly well I'll not leave. You know perfectly well I'll say what I've got to say to you, and that no power on earth can prevent me. That's why you didn't give way to your impulse to make a scene when I followed you into this trap."

She was busy with her hat and veil.

"Can I help you?" said he with a great show of politeness that was ridiculously out of harmony with him in every way. That, and the absurdity of Josh Craig, of all men, helping a woman in the delicate task of adjusting a hat and veil, struck her as so ludicrous that she laughed hysterically; her effort to make the laughter appear an outburst of derisive, withering scorn was not exactly a triumph.

"Well," she presently said, "what is it you wish to say? I have very little time."

He eyed her sharply. "You think you dislike me, don't you?" said he.

"I do," replied she, her tone as cutting as her words were curt.

"How little that amounts to! All human beings—Grant, you, I, all of us, everybody—are brimful of vanity. It slops over a little one way and we call it like. It slops over the other way and we call it dislike—hate—loathing—according to the size of the slop. Now, I'm not here to

deal with vanity, but with good sense. Has it occurred to you in the last few days that you and I have got to get married, whether we will or no?"

"It has not," she cried with the frantic fury of a human being, cornered by an ugly truth.

"Oh, yes, it has. For you are a sensible woman—entirely too sensible for a woman, unless she marries an unusual man like me."

"Is that a jest?" she inquired in feeble attempt at sarcasm.

"Don't you know I have no sense of humor? Would I do the things I do and carry them through if I had?"

In spite of herself she admired this penetration of self-analysis. In spite of herself the personality beneath his surface, the personality that had a certain uncanny charm for her, was subtly reasserting its inexplicable fascination.

"Yes, we've got to marry," proceeded he. "I have to marry you because I can't afford to let you say you jilted me. That would make me the laughing-stock of my State; and I can't afford to tell the truth that I jilted you because the people would despise me as no gentleman. And, while I don't in the least mind being despised as no gentleman by fashionable noddle-heads or by those I trample on to rise, I do mind it when it would ruin me with the people."

Her eyes gleamed. So! She had him at her mercy!

"Not so fast, young lady," continued he in answer to that gleam. "It is equally true that you've got to marry me."

"But I shall not!" she cried. "Besides, it isn't true."

"It is true," replied he. "You may refuse to marry me, just as a man may refuse to run when the dynamite blast is going off. Yes, you can refuse, but—you'd not be your grandmother's granddaughter if you did."

"Really!" She was so surcharged with rage that she was shaking with it, was tearing up her handkerchief in her lap.

"Yes, indeed," he assured her, tranquil as a lawyer arguing a commercial case before a logic-machine of a judge. "If you do not marry me all your friends will say I jilted you. I needn't tell you what it would mean in your set, what it would mean as to your matrimonial prospects, for you to have the reputation of having been thrown over by me—need I?"

She was silent; her head down, her lips compressed, her fingers fiercely interlaced with the ruins of her handkerchief.

"It is necessary that you marry," said he, summing up. "It is wisest and easiest to marry me, since I am willing. To refuse would be to inflict an irreparable injury upon yourself in order to satisfy a paltry whim for injuring me."

She laughed harshly. "You are frank," said she.

"I am paying you the compliment of frankness. I am appealing to your intelligence, where a less intelligent man and one that knew you less would try to gain his point by chicanery, flattery, deception."

"Yes—it is a compliment," she answered. "It was stupid of me to sneer at your frankness."

A long silence. He lighted a cigarette, smoked it with deliberation foreign to his usual self but characteristic of him when he was closely and intensely engaged; for he was like a thoroughbred that is all fret and champ and pawing and caper until the race is on, when he at once settles down into a calm, steady stride, with all the surplus nervous energy applied directly and intelligently to the work in hand. She was not looking at him, but she was feeling him in every atom of her body, was feeling the power, the inevitableness of the man. He angered her, made her feel weak, a helpless thing, at his mercy. True, it was his logic that was convincing her, not his magnetic and masterful will; but somehow the two seemed one. Never had he been so repellent, never had she felt so hostile to him.

"I will marry you," she finally said. "But I must tell you that I do not love you—or even like you. The reverse."

His face, of the large, hewn features, with their somehow pathetic traces of the struggles and sorrows of his rise, grew strange, almost terrible. "Do you mean that?" he said, turning slowly toward her.

She quickly shifted her eyes, in which her dislike was showing, shifted them before he could possibly have seen. And she tried in vain to force past her lips the words which she believed to be the truth, the words his pathetic, powerful face told her would end everything. Yes, she knew he would not marry her if she told him the truth about her feelings.

"Do you mean that?" he repeated, stern and sharp, yet sad, wistfully sad, too.

"I don't know what I mean," she cried, desperately afraid of him, afraid of the visions the idea of not marrying him conjured. "I don't know what I mean," she repeated. "You fill me with a kind of—of—horror. You draw me into your grasp in spite of myself—like a whirlpool—and rouse all my instinct to try and save myself. Sometimes that desire becomes a positive frenzy."

He laughed complacently. "That is love," said he.

She did not resent his tone nor dispute his verdict externally. "If it is love," replied she evenly, "then never did love wear so strange, so dreadful a disguise."

He laid his talon-hand, hardened and misshapen by manual labor, but, if ugly, then ugly with the majesty of



the twisted, tempest-defying oak, over hers. "Believe me, Margaret, you love me. You have loved me all along. . . . And I you."

"Don't deceive yourself," she felt bound to say. "I certainly do not love you if love has any of its generally-accepted meanings."

"I am not the general sort of person," said he. "It is not strange that I should arouse extraordinary feelings, is it? Driver"—he had the trap in the roof up and was thrusting through it a slip of paper—"take us to that street and number."

She gasped, with a tightening at the heart. "I must return to the hotel at once," she said hurriedly.

He fixed his gaze upon her. "We are going to the preacher's," said he.

"The preacher's?" she murmured, shrinking in terror.

"Grant is waiting for us there"—he glanced at his watch—"or, rather, will be there in about ten minutes. We are a little earlier than I anticipated."

She flushed crimson, paled, felt she would certainly choke with rage.

"Before you speak," continued he, "listen to me. You don't want to go back into that torment of doubt in which we've both been hopping about for a month, like a pair of damned souls being used as tennis balls by fiends. Let's settle the business now, and for good and all. Let us have peace—for God's sake, peace! I know you've been miserable. I know I've been on the rack. And it's got to stop. Am I not right?"

She leaned back in her corner of the cab, shut her eyes, said no more—and all but ceased to think. What was there to say? What was there to think? When Fate ceases to tolerate our pleasant delusion of free will, when it openly and firmly seizes us and hurries us along, we do

not discuss or comment. We close our minds, relax and submit.

At the parsonage he sprang out, stood by to help her descend, half-dragged her from the cab when she hesitated. He shouted at the driver: "How much do I owe you, friend?"

"Six dollars, sir."

"Not on your life!" shouted Craig furiously. He turned to Margaret, standing beside him in a daze. "What do you think of that? This fellow imagines because I've got a well-dressed woman along I'll submit. But I'm not that big a snob." He was looking up at the cabman again. "You miserable thief!" he exclaimed. "I'll give you three dollars, and that's too much by a dollar."

"Don't you call me names!" yelled the cabman, shaking his fist with the whip in it.

"The man's drunk," cried Josh to the little crowd of people that had assembled. Margaret, overwhelmed with mortification, tugged at his sleeve. "The man's not overcharging much—if any," she said in an undertone.

"You're saying that because you hate scenes," replied Josh loudly. "You go on into the house. I'll take care of this hound."

Margaret retreated within the parsonage gate; her very soul was sick. She longed for the ground to open and swallow her forever. It would be bad enough for a man to make such an exhibition at any time; but to make it when he was about to be married, and in such circumstances! to squabble and scream over a paltry dollar or so!

"Here's a policeman!" cried Craig. "Now, you thief, we'll see!"

The cabman sprang down from his seat. "You cheap jay!" he bellowed. "You don't know New York cab-fares. Was you ever to town before—eh?"

Craig beckoned the policeman with vast, excited gestures. Margaret fled up the walk toward the parsonage door, but not before she heard Craig say to the policeman: "I am Joshua Craig, assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States. This thief here —" And so on until he had told the whole story. Margaret kept her back to the street, but she could hear the two fiercely-angry voices, the laughter of the crowd. At last Craig joined her—panting, flushed, triumphant. "I knew he was a thief. Four dollars was the right amount, but I gave him five, as the policeman said it was best to quiet him."

He gave a jerk at the knob of the parsonage street bell as if he were determined to pull it out; the bell within rang loudly, angrily, like the infuriate voice of a sleeper who has been roused with a thundering kick. "This affair of ours," continued Craig, "is going to cost money. And I've been spending it to-day like a drunken sailor. The more careful I am, the less careful I will have to be, my dear."

The door opened—a maid, scowling, appeared.

"Come on," cried Joshua to Margaret, and he led the way, brushing the maid aside as she stood her ground, attitude belligerent, but expression perplexed. To her, as he passed, Craig said peremptorily: "Tell Doctor Scones that Mr. Craig and the lady are here. Has Mr. Arkwright come?"

By this time he was in the parlor; a glance around and he burst out: "Late, by cracky! And I told him to be here ahead of time."

He darted to the window. "Ah! There he comes!" He wheeled upon Margaret just as she dropped, half-fainting, into a chair. "What's the matter, dear?" He leaped to her side. "No false emotions, please. If you

(Continued on Page 33)



"I Don't Believe I Can Ever Love Him"



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## In Love With Your Job

"FORTY years of service have been given me in the pursuit of a profession that has no equal in the world," said President Eliot, discussing his resignation from Harvard.

There spoke the fortunate man. Novelists are vastly to blame for stuffing the youth of the nation with Tom Lawson tips on the quest of happiness. They keep up the old myth that it is all a question of marrying the one girl, when every sensible man knows that, if he hadn't met Nancy that summer he would have met Jane next fall, and it would have been all the same. The real secret of happiness is to be in love with your job; to do work that you like to do; that interests you; that you believe in.

This explains why so many men are not happy—a phenomenon which the foolish theory of the novelists would compel us, most ungallantly, to charge up to our wives. Of the thirty millions engaged in gainful occupations, so many wish they were doing something else; and so many, if they were doing something else, would be wishing backward!

By a well-known psychological process, charms appear where you desire them to be. Grouchy, scientific persons allege that you fell in love not so much with Nancy as with what your fond, desiring imagination made her seem to be. Try this process on your job.

## Hauling the Load to the Station

FOR every ton of freight transported by rail during the past year shippers paid the railroads a small fraction over a dollar. That was the average charge, and the average haul was a little under one hundred and thirty-two miles.

The average cost of hauling a ton of goods over the streets of New York, from the dock to the consignee, is estimated at eighty cents, or nearly the average price of the rail haul. Much of the freight for the metropolis is towed in. Draying, towing, lighterage and expenses of handling on the water-front make a total cost in moving a ton of goods from the railroad terminal to the consignee of about two dollars and a quarter, or more than double the price of the rail haul proper. That this cost can be materially reduced is the opinion of some capable transportation men. As New York contains nearly five per cent. of the population of the country and does about ten per cent. of the manufacturing, a needlessly expensive method of handling freight there is an item of considerable importance.

We speak about good roads, perhaps, oftener than our readers care to listen. But in this question of transportation cost, the railroad freight rate, which properly enough receives much attention, is only one factor. There is more to be saved, we believe, by reducing the cost of the haul to and from the freight car than can possibly be saved by lowering the rail charge.

## Whales of the Sucker Species

TO ATTEMPT to buy "permanent and healthy control of the Associated Press" was gravely proposed to some of the richest and shrewdest business men in the country. And we wonder that they didn't try it—in

view of the bait which they and other rich and shrewd business men have eagerly swallowed in the same line.

That confidence-men fritter away their time on farmers when gentlemen hursting with cash are eagerly offering their unctuous sides to the gaff is simply another evidence of the low level of intelligence among swindlers. A bright confidence-man would cultivate a chinwhisker, introduce himself in the highest circles of Wall Street as the proprietor of Frog Catchers' Gazette and go home laden with spoils. To sell gold bricks in Indiana while opulent corporations are anxious to spend thousands trying to forge public opinion is like stealing frozen turnips when roast turkey may be had for the asking.

In this matter of trying to control public opinion by purchase, high finance is the prize sucker of the world—the great leviathan and behemoth among suckers. It cannot even understand that the services of a bought journal in moulding public opinion are of just the same value that the services of an outcast would be in introducing one into respectable society.

## Eliminating the Superfluous E

NEXT year, at Chautauqua, will occur the fifth world's congress of Esperantists, who hope eventually to repair the great misfortune which happened at the tower of Babel.

Esperanto is a simple, logical, euphonious, scientific world-language, carefully constructed by very learned philologists. Its universal adoption would end the vastly wasteful and very heart-breaking struggle with those illogical peculiarities of construction and spelling which all other tongues admittedly possess, and would much advance the brotherhood of man. It may not be adopted next year, however, for we hear a rumor that a party of erudite Esperantists is thinking of bringing forward a much improved, simplified, more logical, euphonious and scientific form of Esperanto. At least, until Esperanto is properly reformed the world will have to muddle along with English, French and German—somewhat, if we may say it without offense, as it will have to hobble on with the old capitalist system until the Socialists can agree among themselves upon the system which is to supplant it. Meanwhile, the Esperantists may contribute to knocking out a few silent letters and to greater unanimity as to whether "a" should be pronounced as in father.

The truth is, there is hardly any such thing known as a radical social action. The term implies a rapid movement of the mass, and the mass cannot move rapidly. The great Anglo-Saxon political revolutions have proceeded with about that celerity which makes molasses in January a byword. Fear that the nation might, under anybody's urging, rush heedlessly over a precipice is not founded in reason. About a decade to a superfluous "e" is as fast as we can go.

## Our Tender Home Roots

AN EMINENT and admirable New Englander died the other day—as an appreciation of him notes—"in the house in which he was born," eighty-one years before.

The phrase sounds strange in America. Even in New England, if it were applied to a common man, the supposition would be that deceased was bedridden and so unable to move West.

We hear often that Americans have no roots; no deep, inbred attachment to one spot, whose elms, picket-fences, whatnots and crayon portraits have absorbed the family joys and sorrows until precious associations leak from them as water does from the 1832 plumbing. If domestic associations need a physical object to cluster about, those of the typical American must hive on the little bundle of rent receipts in the left-hand bureau drawer. His fondest domiciliary recollection is of the funny Swede janitor they had on Poplar Street the year after Tootsie was born.

This we by no means deplore, but rejoice in. Our New Englander's ancestral home, be it observed, was a mighty good one. Otherwise he would have moved out long ago and sold it for a boarding-house. Eighty-odd million of us were not so lucky; we keep moving to get a house that our posterity may be satisfied to stay in.

The experience doesn't hurt. The man who cannot recall when he took home his bride without looking at the identical ingrain carpet must have had his attention badly distracted at the time. If his roots will not stand moving to the next ward he would better be rid of them. The late election shows that, as a nation, we are not suffering from a lack of roots.

## A Second Party Needed

SOME time ago we expressed the idea that a live third party would be a good thing for politics in the United States. We seem to be upon surer ground in opinion, now, that there should be a live second party.

After all the apologists are done, those election returns exhibit the alleged Jeffersonians in a state of dissolution. They are not even effective opposition. This year, Bryan,

the radical, running against Taft, the conservative, was about as badly beaten as Parker, the conservative, running against Roosevelt, the radical, was four years ago. In the last four contests the Republicans have averaged pretty well up to two-thirds of the electoral vote.

The solid South goes Democratic from local causes. Without it, that party would be nowhere. That it carried some Northern State elections signifies nothing. The votes there turned upon local issues. So there is to-day no advocate of a national policy, opposed to the policy of the Republicans, that need be taken into practical account.

Republican rule and polity may be so universally acceptable that when Judge Taft, eight years hence, picks out his successor the selection will be joyously ratified. Surely this election, with the great Taft vote at the largest industrial centres and the very small Socialist vote there, argues that there is not much acute discontent in the United States.

Yet, just for the sake of moderating a bit the appetite of the tariff beneficiaries and of pruning a few millions here and there from the Government budget, we would fain see an opposition. If it were an opposition that stood broadly and lucidly for basic convictions, instead of being a mere heterogeneous aggregation of "outs," we would see it still fairer.

## Faith as a Basis for Dollars

REVIEWING Professor Andrews' Substitutes for Cash in the Panic of 1907, the Economist (of London) observes: "We wonder how many millions or tens of millions were lost in the United States last autumn by a crisis which would have been impossible under a rational system of currency and banking."

Professor Andrews concludes that substitutes for money were necessary under the circumstances, with which opinion the Economist inclines to agree, but adds, "although it involves the severest reproach that can be leveled at the banking system of a rich and civilized country."

The difference between our system and those abroad is not measured by mere elastic currency. England's currency, for example, is much less elastic than ours. The difference is that in other great commercial nations the immense prestige of the Government is available for the support of the banking system in a crisis. Every banking and currency system rests upon faith. Faith in individual institutions may be shaken, but not faith in the Government. It is that which eliminates the disastrous panic element. Every banker knows that runs are foolish. Every banker should be eager to secure a token which will check the folly.

The Republican platform merely mentions postal savings-banks and some vague generalities about currency reform. But we very much hope the subject will receive adequate consideration at the hands of the Taft Administration.

The British postal savings-bank, by the way, holds nearly eight hundred million dollars of deposits and at the last statement had less than two millions of cash on hand. There are no runs on it because people do not question the credit of the nation. But the savings department is that branch of banking in which there is least need here for Federal action.

## The Panic Explained at Last

WE KNOW now why there was a panic last year. Happenings of the last fortnight remove all doubt upon that contested subject; yet it had been so obscured by controversy that recent revelations coming from widely-separated points have not been generally understood.

There was a panic in October, 1907, because the tariff will be revised in the spring of 1909. In Ohio, Mr. Taft sternly affirms it. From New York comes Chairman Payne personally to direct the assault. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Daizell is rolling up his sleeves. In Illinois, Speaker Cannon turns down his thumb. The deed will be consummated, it is thought, just about eighteen months after the panic occurred; and that is precisely the period which elapsed from the beginning of the previous panic, in February, 1893, to the passage of the Wilson Bill, in August, 1894. Thus there is no doubt that the tariff, through some clairvoyance, which is as little explicable by reason as anything else about it, is able to sense an impending thrust into its vitals about a year and a half ahead, and experiences a convulsion the phenomena of which we designate by the word panic.

This fit was less severe than the other, because Messrs. Payne, Daizell and Cannon, while proceeding inflexibly to the carnage, will desist, for old acquaintance' sake, from the wanton barbarities which characterized the Wilson Bill. That bill, in its first year, reduced duties to only 41.75 per cent.—as compared with 42.55 per cent. last year. The present executioners will favor, we expect, a humane and decent average between those two figures, which would amount to an average reduction of four-tenths of one per cent.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## The Father of Mothers' Day

**P**HRASING it as did the Honorable Elmer Jacob Burkett himself, on that notable occasion in the Senate when he was protesting, tremulously, that he was not, is not and never shall be puerile—the same intimation having been conveyed to Elmer Jacob by that pleasant, genial, kindly old party, Senator Teller, of Colorado, to say nothing of animadversions to the same general effect by Senator Fulton, of Oregon, and a few withering cracks by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who, from his ears up, gives our most celebrated imitation of an ostrich egg—phrasing it as did Senator Burkett himself: "There is not another thought, there is not another sentiment in this world that brings a man as close to his duty to his fellow-man and to his duty to his God as when he is thinking of that dear old mother. I cannot sit here and have the Senator from Colorado say that I am puerile, and accuse me of wasting time, when I have taken up so little of the time of this Senate—I ought to take up but little time of the Senate, for I realize that I am a new member, and I want to sit and listen to the wisdom of the older members."

Everybody take a long breath. Now, again: Phrasing it as did Senator Burkett himself, it may be said that when he did conclude to take up a little time of the Senate he made a commotion that sounded like the Honorable William Howard Taft falling downstairs. Coming over from the House—where his piercing black eye, his piercing black tie and his piercing black coat had pierced everybody—to the Senate, and assuming a seat in that great deliberative body, Mr. Burkett lurked in the shadows for quite a spell, listening to the wisdom of the older members, if it may be called that—wisdom, I mean—and rarely appearing, except as a perfectly good listener, in that terrific arena of forensic faradiddle until along in May last, in the early days of May, the May days of May, to be exact. Then he hopped in. He hopped in and hopped out again, assisted by the slapsticks of various Senatorial comedians, including the Honorable John Kean and Messrs. Gallinger and Fulton, aforesaid, not to mention Gloomy Gus, as personated by Mr. Teller. It was this way. Mr. Burkett thought up a great scheme for the Senate. He decided that the Senate was forgetting its mother, or mothers, and sought a remedy. That remedy was none other than the poetical, sentimental, alluring proposition of recognizing Sunday, May 10, as Mothers' Day, and requiring each Senator and each officer and each employee of the Senate, from Charley Bennett and Dan Ransdell to Old Ike, to wear a white carnation in honor and in token of their mothers.

### The Cynical Senate Sneers

**H**AVING thought this up Mr. Burkett acted, for with him the thought is father—no, mother—of the act. He introduced a resolution to the general effect outlined above, prescribing the flower as aforesaid, and waited. That was on May 8. The resolution went over a day, under the rules, and came up on May 9. Mr. Burkett wanted immediate decision, for next day was May 10, Mothers' Day, and the time was short enough to allow the Senators and others to outfit themselves with the white carnations. Senator Kean moved that all after the word "Resolved" be stricken out and the Fifth Commandment substituted, reciting said commandment without an error, much to the astonishment of the Senate and greatly to the honor and increment of New Jersey. Senator Fulton moved that the resolution be referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Teller shed a few tears over wasting the time of the Senate with such nonsense. Senator Fulton demanded that father and sister and brother and mother-in-law be recognized, also, and Senator Gallinger said he didn't, and he doubted if the other Senators did, have to wear a white carnation to remind him of his mother.

Then Senator Burkett made his splash. He spoke with tears gemming his eyes, with a voice shaking with emotion, with every tremolo stop pulled out. He pleaded for the white carnation. He pleaded for the day. He urged the Senate to get awake to its manifest duty, and when he had finished the Senate went on with a bill relating to light-houses, and Senator Burkett wore his carnation next day without Senatorial company.

And another time he moved forward to the firing line, another time he showed his utter eagerness concerning the welfare of the country, when he opposed the opening of post-offices on Sunday so citizens might be able to get their mail. Strong argument he made, too. He said that when the post-offices are opened on Sunday the boys and girls go to the post-offices and flirt. He was against that. He wanted to stop it. He didn't think any boy and any girl had a right to go to any post-office on Sunday and flirt. It was contrary to the Constitution, or something, and



He Feels Deeply. Moreover, He Lives in Lincoln, Neb.

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

he desired to have an end put to it. He declaimed in impassioned tones concerning this blot on our national escutcheon. "Do not open the post-offices on Sunday," he thundered, "and then the boys and girls will have no place to go and flirt. They will be compelled to remain at home, instead of meeting one another in our Federal buildings under the guise of going there for the mail. We can wait for our mails until Monday," or words to that general effect.

Being dignified members of a dignified body no Senator said: "But, apparently, the girls can't wait for their mails until Monday," which would have been a hot one; but, of course, the Senate never does such things. Also, it does not close post-offices on Sunday, as Mr. Burkett discovered to his utter disgust.

Now, it must be apparent that a Senator from Nebraska who can put across two epochal movements like this in one session is to be reckoned with in the future. To be sure, he didn't win, but he planted the seed, he planted the seed. Wherefore, we may expect to observe him galloping to the front in the coming session of Congress, waving aloft resolutions for various other great reforms, forbidding the boys and girls from going skating on Sunday on any ice that forms on Government waters, putting a bathrobe on Greenough's statue of Washington and formulating other crusades of great importance.

You see, Elmer Jacob Burkett is an intense man. He feels deeply. Moreover, he lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, and it is pretty hard for any person who lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, to get into the limelight so long as a certain other party inhabits that spot. But he is on to the fact that any public man who allies himself with the uplift will be uplifted, and he'd much rather be going up than down.

Like a large number of other statesmen who are now statesmanizing in our leading centres of such endeavor, Mr. Burkett was born in Iowa, and remained there until he had graduated from Tabor College. Then he became superintendent of schools at Leigh, Nebraska, and from that time forth, which was in 1892, or thereabouts, cast his fortunes with the State that contains the river of which Mr. Bryan was the Boy Orator until he became bald and took on weight. He became a lawyer in Lincoln and, presently, came to Congress as a Representative, walking gracefully across to the Senate when the Honorable C. H. Dietrich went home, removed, forever, from the toga.

Mr. Burkett is forty-one, thereby qualifying handily for the Younger Set—apologies to Robert W. Chambers—in the Senate, and entering heartily into all the sports and pastimes of that sprightly combination, which include the baiting of Nelson W. Aldrich and the debating of Eugene Hale and Henry Cabot Lodge. He talks well, in a fervid and florid way, and has all the arts and graces of the real thing in a Western politician, being able to shake hands with a longer and more lingering handclasp than anybody

in the Younger Set, with the possible exception of William Alden Smith, who never lets go until you call time on him. He tore into the schools of the District of Columbia one day, where the tearing always is good, appearing before the Senate as a schoolmaster and lecturing that body quite as pedantically as he used to hand it out to the pupils at Leigh. He knew what he was talking about, too.

This year Burkett will be found lined up again with the younger set in the Senate. As these men promise to cut quite a figure in shaping legislation, especially after March 4, he will have a chance to show whether there is more serious stuff in him.

### He Wanted to Know

**T**HERE is a fine old family living up in New York State that has plenty of servants, but has never had a butler, deeming such an appurtenance a frivolity. A time ago the son married a high-born Massachusetts young lady and the couple came home to visit the groom's parents.

The older sister, having ideas of her own about what the bride might expect, decided to hire a butler for the occasion and went to the city to find one. She asked the caterer who usually sent up their ice cream and such things when they had a party if he could furnish one, and the caterer said he could. He called in a clean-cut, fine-looking man of about fifty and told him to do what the lady wanted.

"What will my duties be?" asked the man.  
"Oh, nothing much but to stand around and butler, and, mostly, give an imitation of an old family retainer who has been with us for twenty years. That's what I want most. I want you to make them think you have been our butler for a quarter of a century." The bride and groom came. There was a big dinner in their honor. The guests remarked the butler, calm, important, handsome and dignified.

"Old family retainer," lied the sister glibly. "Been with us many years. Couldn't keep house without him. I think it is lovely to have these old family servants. Now, James, there, is a perfect butler. He has been with us since I was born. Knows all about us and all our ways perfectly. I consider James the finest example of an old family retainer —"

"I beg pardon, Miss," said James, coming up and breaking in on the conversation, "but will you kindly tell me where the refrigerator is?"

### Politics in Indiana

**T**HEY play politics every minute of every day out in Indiana. Some crafty Republican, living in West Lafayette, finding the tide in that city going the way of the Democratic candidate for Governor, turned out one night a few weeks before election and plastered every dead wall in the place with posters reading:

#### VOTE FOR TOM MARSHALL

And We Will Put a Saloon in Every Vacant Room in West Lafayette

#### AND REVIVE PROSPERITY

Perhaps that didn't help some with the proletariat!

### Morton and Methuselah

**G**EORGE B. SLOAN was seconding the nomination of Levi P. Morton in the State convention in New York that named that aged statesman for governor.

The bosses had decreed the nomination of Morton, but there was a good deal of protest because Morton was, even then, so old a man. However, the bosses had their way, and Sloan was sent up to make a seconding speech.

"Levi P. Morton," declaimed Sloan, "was born in Vermont. One hundred and nineteen years ago —"

He meant to go on with something about Ethan Allen and Ticonderoga, but the continuity of his remarks was destroyed by a bull-voiced delegate who interrupted him just there with the belloyed inquiry: "Great Scott, is he as old as that?"

### The Hall of Fame

**C**Maxfield Parrish, the artist, makes his pictures in a beautiful country home at Windsor, Vermont.

**C**S. B. Palmer, president of the New Jersey Zinc Company, is the champion flapjack eater of Vermont.

**C**Nox McCain, the lecturer, used to be George Nox McCain when he was a reporter in Philadelphia, but Nox McCain is noisier on the billboards.



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MRS. JOHN ADAMS  
First Mistress of the White House (1792)



PRESIDENT-ELECT WILLIAM H. TAFT  
The Incoming Occupant of the White House (1909)

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### Did You Know All This?

Ten thousand persons have passed through the White House on a New Year's Day and shaken hands with the President.

Every visitor to the White House must keep his hands always in sight—during the public receptions.

The White House piano is all inlaid with gold, and the White House china service consists of over 1,500 pieces.

There were ten weddings and twelve births within the White House.

Not a single President came from West of the Mississippi.

Hayes was the only President to take the oath of office within the White House, and he took that oath a day ahead of time.

Jefferson did his marketing, and John Quincy Adams his own gardening. Mrs. John Adams used the East Room to dry the wash.

The wife of President John Adams had not wood enough to keep the big mansion warm.

Two private secretaries of the Presidents married each a daughter of a President. Four daughters of Presidents married in the White House.

Two first ladies died in the White House.

The Prince of Wales was a guest at the White House for one week; General Lafayette was a guest of J. Q. Adams; Prince Napoleon Bonaparte visited Lincoln; and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia visited Grant.

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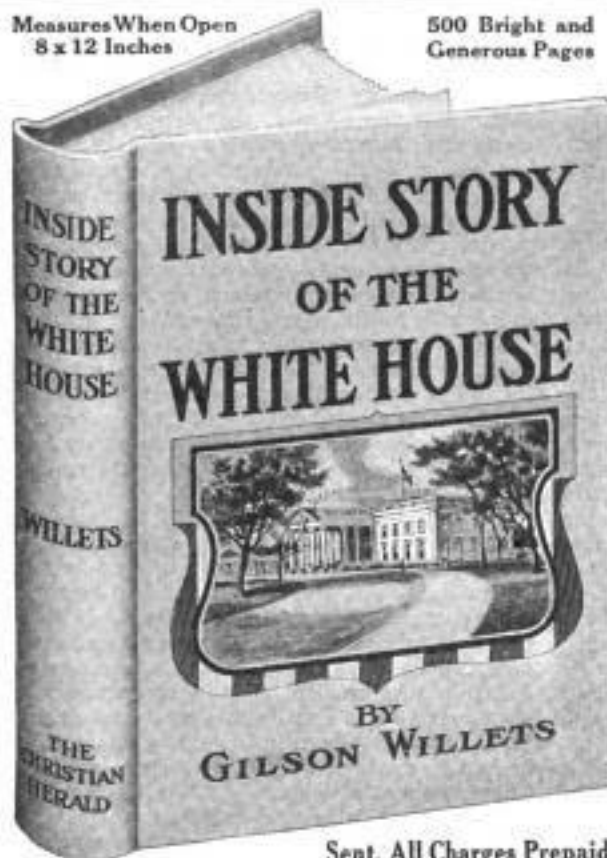


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### Presidential Home Life

that are Interwoven with its Intensely Dramatic History? Here we see the Intimate, Personal, Fireside Life of our **26 Presidents**, their Wives, their Daughters and their Sons, since that New Year's Day when, with a splendid Reception, John Adams first opened the doors of the Stately Mansion. It tells how they Worked and how they Played. Never was a Book more full of Captivating and Diversified Incidents or more Absorbing from the First Page to the very Last.

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**ELABORATE** plans are well under way to make 1909 a Red Letter Year in the history of The Christian Herald. With the many additions and improvements now in contemplation, we will, during the coming year, be more rightfully entitled than ever before to acclaim **The Christian Herald the Queen of American Weeklies** and the **Brightest and Best Family Paper in the World**. Only the Best in Literature and Art will be presented, and Every One of its **52 Issues**, the Year Around, will Sparkle with Gems from Cover to Cover.



REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.  
Regular Contributor for 1909

The Christian Herald is the "Almoner to Nations in Distress." It has distributed in Relief at Home and Abroad during the past fifteen years the enormous sum of **Four Million Dollars**. Emperors, Kings and Queens have received its representatives to express their thanks for the generous assistance afforded in staying the ravages of famine and pestilence. The American Government has repeatedly placed warships and chartered vessels at its disposal for the transportation of relief supplies.

In our own country the beneficences of The Christian Herald are without number. Its **Bowery Mission** supports the world-famed **Bread Line**, at which a hot breakfast is given to **2,000 Homeless Men** and boys every midnight, and its "Children's Paradise," the Model Fresh-Air Home of the World, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., has



MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER  
Member Editorial Staff

entertained for a ten days' outing over 31,000 children of the tenements, receiving 3,000 children annually. More could be said, but more is not needed.

## ANOTHER NOTEWORTHY PREMIUM!

### For the Whole Family

The attractive Volume of Enchanting Stories and Immortal legends, compiled by **Hamilton Wright Mabie**, under the title, **World-Famed Stories and Legends**, a book for the Library Table, to be read aloud on Winter evenings; a veritable **Treasure-House of Fiction**.

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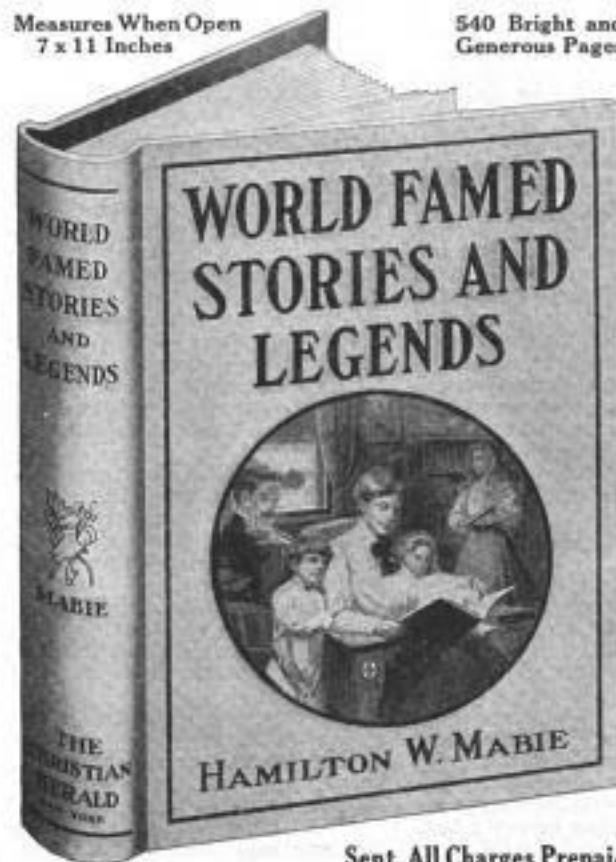
Here, too, in the second half of this Generous Volume, are the Legends that have Rocked the Cradles of Nations in their Infancy, and have been handed down through the ages; Legends that are Ingrained in the Fibre of all English-speaking Peoples; that are, many of them, Old beyond years, yet will be New long after we are dead and gone.

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HON. SELAH MERRILL, D.D.  
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# THRIFT

## Men and Their Wives

A WOMAN saved by putting away what change she could get her hands on each night by going through her husband's pockets. Her husband never missed the money, and would never have saved it himself. She made the thing regular, however, by an arrangement under which the husband was to keep every copper received in change through the day, putting it in a special pocket for her, which she emptied when he got home. Sometimes there were three or four pennies, and, again, as many as fifteen or twenty.

After this plan had been in operation about six weeks the husband wanted a loan of a dollar or so. The wife advanced the money until next salary day, but charged one hundred per cent. interest. Eventually the loan feature of this plan became fairly constant, the rate being lowered for amounts of five dollars.

When the plan had been in operation about a year the husband suddenly got into a corner where money was needed, and urgently. On his way home that night he thought of the penny-and-loan fund.

To his surprise there was a fund of more than one hundred dollars in his wife's hands, out of which he got a fifty-dollar loan at reasonable terms.

There are hundreds of women to whom it would never occur to look upon a husband as a circulating note. This husband, regarded in that way, was practically a note for one thousand dollars, paying four per cent. interest in pennies, assuming that the contents of the penny-pocket averaged twelve and a half cents a day, six days in the week. Add the profits on his loan patronage, and he was like a bond for twenty-five hundred dollars. His pennies alone would buy, at the age of forty, a thousand-dollar twenty-payment participating life-insurance policy in one of the best companies in the United States.

### The Family Fine System

Another wife accumulated a private surplus by a weekly-envelope plan covering household expenses. It had been customary for the husband to hand over what money was wanted for the house each morning. No accounts were kept. So the wife proposed that he put twenty-four dollars into a regular pay-envelope for her each salary night, to cover household expenses. This was done, and she began saving, putting aside some weeks two dollars, some weeks five, and meeting an occasional deficit on the week out of her surplus. Each time the husband brought home a guest to dinner he paid a dollar, which was less than half the cost of entertaining downtown in a restaurant. At the end of a year this fund exceeded one hundred dollars. The husband had contemplated an addition to his life insurance for several years. At the wife's suggestion he took out a twenty-five-hundred-dollar twenty-payment non-participating policy, annual premium of seventy-three dollars, which the wife undertook to pay.

In a family of four the husband assumes responsibility for good behavior of the boy, aged eight, and the mother for her daughter, aged six. Misconduct is charged to the parents respectively, on the principle that it is due to lack of discipline and good feeling. A secret schedule of fines is adhered to, the parents paying assessed amounts each night, money going into a fund for the children's education. This schedule ranges from a dollar penalty for a falsehood to a cent for bad table-manners:

Telling a falsehood	\$1.00
Taking property of another	1.00
Coarse or improper language or conduct	1.00
Destroying property (no matter whose)	.75
Disobedience	.75
Neglect sanitary provisions	.50
Talebearing	.50
Punishments at school	.30
Failure to be punctual	.25
Quarrelling between themselves, each	.25
" " with other children	.25
Impudence	.25
"I forgot"	.20
Impoliteness to visitors and others, when not downright impudence	.10
Breaches table-manners and deportment about house	.01

A traveling salesman married a business woman. This couple immediately put the family on a square, business basis. The

husband had saved nothing. His wife had saved three hundred dollars. A meeting was held for purposes of incorporating a "holding company." The husband estimated his income for the coming year. The wife turned over to the company her three hundred dollars, receiving stock in ten-dollar shares. The husband bought an equal amount of stock on credit. It was agreed that this stock must earn eight per cent. dividends. The three hundred dollars real money was put out at five per cent. interest. That left three per cent. for the husband to pay on his wife's stock, and eight per cent. on his own, as well as his stock to free from indebtedness.

At the end of a year the holding company had earned forty-eight dollars dividends, which the shareholders put back into its funds. The husband had also paid for ten of his shares—one hundred dollars. So the company wound up the year with four hundred and forty-eight dollars assets.

That part of the plan was chiefly a pleasant diversion the first year. After a few months of married life, though, this couple found that there was such an institution as the "plant" (namely, the household), and it needed money for repairs and depreciation. The holding company, having a charter as broad as that of Bay State Gas, took over this function. A stated sum was paid in monthly to cover repairs and depreciation. At the end of the year the company had a surplus of one hundred and thirty dollars on the repair account, which was charged off and put out at interest, husband and wife each receiving six and one-half shares of stock therefor, and undertaking to pay the extra three per cent. necessary to make up the dividend.

At the beginning of the second year the husband took twenty more shares on credit, and the wife ten. On these, of course, they paid the full eight per cent. dividend, and were also under obligations to pay off principal in installments. During that year, too, the holding company continued its household repair business.

At the end of the second year the husband had purchased fifteen of his fifty shares, and the wife had paid for six of her ten. The repair department had closed with a profit of ninety dollars. Dividends on capitalization were eighty-two dollars. The holding company was now capitalized on paper at ten hundred and thirty dollars. Its actual cash assets were ten hundred and sixty dollars capital and savings plus that earned by dividends and profits on repairs. At this point the company suddenly went out of existence, for, with the capital and accumulations, a first payment was made on a home. Thus a pleasant fiction brought about a net saving of more than seven hundred dollars in two years, and was replaced by an old-fashioned mortgage that was much simpler, and at the same time absorbed savings at a faster rate.

### Saved When He Had To

At only three periods of his life has a certain salaried accountant been able to save, and for each there was an incentive.

When fifteen years old he left school in Massachusetts, going to work in a factory where elastic gores for shoes were woven—an important industry then, when gore shoes were in universal use. While learning the trade he was paid three dollars a week. After a few months a loom was given him and he earned eight to ten dollars on piece-work. In eighteen months he got a fast, new type of loom on which he could make fifteen to eighteen dollars. One of his chums decided to go to a business school in the city, and the loom-hand wanted to go, too. So he stopped buying bicycles and other luxuries and got out a savings-bank book that had shown a balance of twenty dollars for more than a year. By hard work and economy he saved three hundred dollars in six months, spent eight months learning bookkeeping, kept the books of a wholesale house during the summer vacation for eight dollars a week, and finished his school course in the fall.

For two or three years he saved nothing, buying bicycles, boats and guns with his

spare cash. Then, suddenly, he found that he wanted to marry. Giving up a bookkeeper's job at fifteen dollars he got a better-paid position, and also undertook to audit books evenings. This brought in about twenty-five dollars a week, out of which he put aside forty per cent., accumulating a thousand dollars in less than two years. Then he married and stopped saving again, and did not begin until his two children grew out of a city apartment, and he rented a house in the suburbs.

Presently he wanted a home and went to work to get it. In two years, by economy and extra work, he got together enough money to buy a valuable lot, joined a building and loan society, and is now putting up his house, with the incentive of a reasonable mortgage to be cleared off.

Since leaving school this accountant has been handling money belonging to others. He believes money in itself has no attraction for the average youth, but that, as in his own case, young fellows prefer to spend it in traps, vacations, good living. He has never been able to save unless amusements and luxurious comforts were overshadowed by a desire for something bigger and better.

In a family where the husband handed over a fixed amount for household expenses each week the wife kept her accounts by the simple method of dividing the allowance, putting so much into an envelope marked groceries, so much into others labeled light and fuel, servant, children's clothing, and so forth. There was no savings envelope. Occasionally she deposited a few dollars surplus in a bank. There was no envelope marked sickness either, so for several years the savings-account was drawn upon to meet doctors' bills. It never grew very fast.

This family moved to the suburbs. It was difficult to find servants, and they seldom stayed more than a week when hired. Presently the servant envelope began to show a surplus on its four dollars, received regularly. The wife became so interested in that envelope that she stopped worrying about servants and did most of the work herself. For two years she has had no servant. An average of two dollars a week is spent for washing and ironing, done outside, and periodical house-cleanings. The rest goes into a savings-bank.

### A Small Boy's Savings

A traveling salesman had an only son with whom he had been liberal in the matter of spending money, and rather thoughtless. The boy began developing extravagant habits, and had no appreciation of the value of money. So the father made it a rule that all the spending money he got in future must be earned. The boy's mother was made the employer, and a regular schedule of prices for definite chores was drawn up—two cents a basket for splitting kindling, five cents an hour for hoeing garden, five cents for going to the corner store, three cents a hundred for collecting potato bugs.

This reformed the boy in one way, for it made him ambitious. He got out of bed early in the morning to earn money. There was always a big pile of kindling on hand, and he kept an eye open for odd jobs of all kinds.

But the reason he worked for money was that he might buy more or less useless things that he had bought under the old arrangement. So a saving plan was added to the earning plan.

The boy was permitted to spend one-quarter of all the money he made in his own way, without supervision. Another quarter went into a small home bank, to be deposited in a savings-account at interest. The remaining fifty per cent. of his earnings was kept back by his father, half to be invested in books and half in tools and toys.

Before anything was bought out of this final fund, however, father and son had a conference and agreement on articles to be purchased or books selected. Thus the fund went chiefly to the purchase of educational toys, such as a printing-press, a scroll-saw, a camera. No anticipation of payments was permitted, nor any transfer of money from one fund to another to hurry the consummation of a purchase. In that way the fact that there was a surplus on hand did not kill the incentive to work for an object.

# SINCERITY TALKS

by  
Richard D. Needles

## NECESSARY LUXURIES.

SOME men buy an evening suit (full dress) at least once a year.

Some men buy two of them a year.

Some men follow the same course as to dinner suits. (Tuxedos.)

Some men don't buy them at all, because they think they seldom have occasion for wearing such garb.

Which reminds one of what the Texan said about not needing his gun very often but when he *did* need it he needed it mighty bad and mighty quick.

We believe that about the principal reason so many men think they do not often need a dress suit is the carefully developed and maintained idea that such garments must be, considering their limited sphere of activity, more expensive than anything else a man buys to wear.

There is no more reason why your full dress clothes must be made at a *luxurious* price by a merchant tailor than that your business suit or your frock suit or your overcoat should be so made.

It is perfectly logical, is it not? that when we pay our head designer and our cutters salaries akin to those enjoyed by rulers of states, that these men should possess the scientific craftsmanship to produce full dress apparel second to none.

Sincerity full dress garb is characterized by a dignity and refinement that add to the distinction of the wearer. Such clothes necessarily call for fineness of fabric, superbness of lining and a splendid workmanship—and we have the organization to give all that and more.

The winter season, with its dinners and dances and theatrical attractions, makes full dress demands upon the college chap and his father. It's money in your pocket to equip yourself with Sincerity opera coats, tuxedos and full dress suits. You will want one or the other, or all, as quickly and as badly as the Texan wanted his gun—and your dealer can supply you right now, before 6 o'clock—the hour to get into them.

Our Style Book illustrates in half-tones the real garments mentioned above. All our other styles, too. A postal to us, and we mail it at once.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.  
Chicago.

Our label in every garment is your guaranty.



Opera Coat—Tuxedo, (dinner coat) Evening Dress. Perfectly tailored "Sincerity" Styles.



# How Rich Men Invest Their Surplus

## Security Comes First

THERE is one thing that certainly should not be lost sight of in considering the matter of investments—this is the fact that nothing counts up so fast as interest—just plain interest. Why? Because that doesn't involve the backset of taking a loss. Your rich man of the true investor type never quite loses sight of this fact. That is why he places security ahead of every other consideration.

If he has a really considerable fortune to begin with, and then sticks to this text from start to finish, and lives a reasonable time to put it into practice, he is bound to see that fortune immensely increased.

Provided the security is sound, the law of interest works with implacable persistence and industry. It keeps on grinding day and night, month in and month out, and never stops to rest a minute. It knows no "exceptions."

Here, then, is the situation: The man of liberal means may, if he will hold the reins tight enough on himself, become much wealthier along the avenue of the interest table. About all he will need to do will be to live up to the rule of investing his money with the same regard to perfect security that any able and conscientious man would exercise in the investment of a trust fund. Under such conditions the volume of increase will roll up with mathematical precision.

But, in discussing the question of how men of large means place their investments, we are up against a problem in human nature—and that is the element which generally upsets all our fine calculations. Not all men who have plenty of means are gifted with the investor temperament. This may be a new phrase to the reader; but rest assured of the existence of the thing itself, and also of the fact that it has to be reckoned with in the analysis of this problem!

About seven years ago I faced this problem in a personal way and determined to retire from active business and join the investor ranks. After making a clean-up of my business interests I turned my attention to the investment proposition and settled down to enjoy myself. Perhaps I did so, after a fashion—but I frankly confess that the strain on my disposition was so great that at the end of two years I was certainly an undesirable companion. My investments were all right, but my disposition was making fast strides in the direction of bankruptcy. On the steamer, coming back from Europe, I confided to my family that I had discovered that I had not the investor temperament, that I felt sidetracked, out of my element, and that I could not stand the feeling that I was no longer in the active, constructive push of things.

Just as soon as I touched the home shore I jumped into affairs and have had my hands full ever since—and will never attempt the rôle of the inactive investor again until age or something else forces me to do so. I'd rather make simply the same amount of money by hard work that I might make from investments pure and simple than to step out of the race, fold my hands, or become a professional pleasure-chaser. I have spoken at such length with regard to the "investor temperament" for the reason that unless this is understood it is impossible to understand American life or American men of affairs; at the same time I should say that I have not followed the plan of putting all my eggs in one basket. No wise man will follow such a course, but will see to it that a very considerable part of his resources is put away in the most substantial securities before he begins to take any liberties with any part of his funds.

There is just one point with regard to the selection of securities on which my own personal views may not entirely coincide with those of the average careful investor. It has been my experience that the most secure as well as the most profitable investments I have made are not in the first mortgage class. For example, I am a part owner of a large office building in one of the largest cities of

the country, and I would not exchange my interest in this enterprise, dollar for dollar, for any first mortgage security I can think of at the moment. This is not alone because of the high percentage which this investment pays me, but it is also because I believe the investment to be just as secure as any first mortgage proposition which could be brought to me. Again, the professional investor is inclined to look askance at stocks or shares of any kind. I have several blocks of preferred stocks which I consider as carrying all the necessary security that conservative selection would demand, and they certainly pay better than any of the standard first mortgage bonds into which I could have put the money at the time I invested in these preferred stocks.

Of course, no man of fortune who has good judgment or who gets good advice before investing will put any considerable amount into any investment or security that he does not first thoroughly investigate—and the wider his business experience and connections the greater is his opportunity of making investments which will, first, afford ample security, and, second, pay him a considerably larger return than those standard securities of the first mortgage type which are commonly considered to need no investigation.

—THEODORE P. SHONTS.

## Wisdom in Division

IT IS my observation that the man of wealth, confronted with the problem of investing his surplus, is inclined to divide it into four parts to be put into four different classes of securities. Of course this varies with different individuals, and the proportion put into these several classes of securities is also variable. However, I have in mind one representative and very successful investor of large wealth who puts about one-fifth of his surplus into the very highest class of city or county bonds obtainable. These investments would generally yield interest not to exceed four per cent., as an average, but occasionally he would get an added return from the increased market value of the securities.

Of course his purpose in acquiring these high-grade securities bearing a low rate of interest is almost entirely a protective one. He keeps them so that he may have something which he may sell at any time, at short notice, without a sacrifice. The valuation of these high-grade securities is not easily disturbed even at a time of financial disturbance, when less desirable holdings feel the depression. The result is that a man who puts aside a reasonable amount of his money in securities of this sort can always get money when he needs it.

The next class of securities considered by the wealthy investor whom I have in mind is that of high-grade mortgage and railroad bonds yielding an interest return in the neighborhood of four to four and one-half per cent.

Then, if he still has money to invest, he generally takes on a line of good corporation bonds—those issued by big public-service corporations like the gas and electric light companies and street or interurban railway and telephone companies. In selecting this kind of securities any investor should take good care to know that his bonds will mature within a reasonable time before the termination of the franchise of the company—and by a reasonable time I would be understood to mean five years, for example.

In the fourth class are the second-grade railway securities, the industrials and the various other kinds of liens and securities into which the shrewd investor puts his money. It is this class which offers the largest chance for profit, but, at the same time, involves a larger degree of risk. The investor of whom I am thinking puts about

forty per cent. of his surplus into the third class of securities which I have named, and about twenty per cent. into each of the other classes.

Investment in industrial securities demands special knowledge. If the investor, through his natural business associations, gains a clear insight into the conditions governing the prosperity of certain industrial institutions, and knows that they have the right resources, the right prospects and the right management, he can well afford to invest in their securities.

But my observation is that the man of large wealth and experience as an investor will not put his money into industrials unless he is especially well posted on the resources and the affairs of the concerns in question.

There is one point with regard to investments on which I would like to place especial emphasis. The average business man, when he rolls up a little surplus and begins to play the part of an investor, is almost invariably inclined to do the very thing which he ought not to do—and that is, to pass over the highest classes of securities and put his money into those which promise a high rate of return and at the same time involve more than a reasonable degree of risk. He justifies this action by reasoning that, as he has so small a surplus to invest, he must make the most of it, and make it bring him in "something worth while." As a matter of fact, his reasoning and his action should be just the reverse of this. Because he has so little, he should put it into something in which he will not, by any chance, suffer a loss. Because of this peculiar and illogical way of reasoning the man who is a beginner in investing usually gets nipped, and if business men generally would begin by buying high-grade securities there would be a great many more wealthy investors.

—ALBERT W. HARRIS.

## Investment by Vote

WHILE not in the least assuming that I am a large investor—which I am not—ever since I have been in active business life it has been one of my responsibilities to make investments, either for others or for myself. As my whole environment, interest and training led me into the newspaper field it was inevitable that my knowledge of finance should be comparatively superficial. It could not, under any circumstances, have been anything else. However, this very fact makes my situation representative of that in which thousands of active men of affairs find themselves; and, therefore, it may not be without its point.

Every man, I take it, who finds himself with the responsibility on his shoulders of investing any considerable sum of money will hardly wish to relinquish the exercise of his personal judgment and to rely wholly upon the judgment of others. If he has the modern spirit he is going to have some choice in the discharge of his responsibilities, even if he feels that others may be far better posted in the details of investments than himself.

What, then, is he going to do about it? Here is what I have always done, and the plan has not, in a single instance, entailed a loss. Among my personal acquaintances are three men who are experts in the investment field. To each of these I have, from time to time, written substantially this: "I have so many thousand dollars to invest for myself or So-and-so. Will you please send me a list of the securities into which you would advise me to put this money? I am not content with a return of less than four per cent., and would like to realize five to five and a half per cent. And the security must be good and sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man."

On receiving and comparing these lists I have invariably found that they contained

certain identical items. Those items appearing in the three lists were my first selection. Next I took the recommendations by two of my advisers and added them to those on which all were agreed.  
—M. McCORMICK.

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# COLLEGE-BRED FARMERS

## The Seed and the Soil

BEFORE entering the Nebraska School of Agriculture I worked on my farm with my father. Our yields were fully up to the average of farmers in our community, but I was not satisfied with this. Many times we would come face to face with problems that were too much for us, and the realization of this fact led me to take a scientific agricultural training.

After returning to the farm it was not thought advisable to purchase any great amount of additional machinery, but work was carried on with what we had on hand. Our equipment of farm tools was about what you might find on any average Western farm.

We had on one part of our farm a field containing thirty-three acres quite rolling, and the soil mixed with clay. The neighbors considered it one of the poorest fields in our locality. However, there was good foundation soil. At the opening of this year's operations—my first year out of school—I asked a neighbor what he would consider a good yield of corn from that field. He answered I could not get from it as large a crop as any of my neighbors from their fields of the same acreage. Here, however, are the results of that test of the field under scientific principles of farming. It yielded me sixty-one bushels and a half to the acre. The field of a neighbor, much better in soil, yielded him forty bushels to the acre, and another neighbor secured from a field from equally good soil thirty-five bushels an acre. My success was a revelation to the neighborhood, and the farmers admitted it.

Now what was the cause of this greater yield? Two things: scientific seed selection and scientific cultivation. I chose my seed with the greatest care and in accordance with the teachings I had received at the university. The soil was thoroughly cultivated and handled according to the principles I had been taught in school.

The same year I had an equally striking demonstration of what could be done under right cultivation of the wheat crop. I secured a yield of forty-four bushels and three-quarters on a field of twenty-one acres. This was six to ten bushels better an acre than the yield secured by neighbors who had fields equally good or better. Now let me give the results obtained the following year from the field of twenty acres which had been yielding about forty bushels to the acre, or about the same as the field across the road, both being alike in soil and in previous cultivation and both having been cultivated by two of the best "practical" farmers in the community. My field had been in my hands for two years, and the crop of corn it produced is the result of two years of scientific farming put into practice. It yielded me an average of seventy-eight bushels and a half of corn to the acre. That of my neighbor, who was held to be the "crack farmer" of the community, brought him forty bushels to the acre, thus giving an advantage of thirty-eight bushels and a half of corn to the acre, a direct result of two years' cultivation under scientific principles. How is this accomplished? By difference in rotation of the two years previous and planting the crop; by the difference in preparation of the soil and in cultivating the crop; and last, but by no means least, the difference in the selection of seed.

All these crops, with the exception of the wheat, were fed on the farm, and the manure returned to the soil. By careful feeding we netted fifty cents for our corn, while at the same time the other farmers were selling corn to the elevators for thirty cents, and still others, through poor management in feeding their corn, actually got out of it a smaller return than this. Some selected animals poor in type and quality for feeding and violated every known principle of feeding, thereby increasing the cost of the gains in weight on their animals from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent.

I figure that during the first year out of school the net profit to me as a result of my agricultural education was \$500—to say nothing of the improvements in live stock, garden, orchard, land and the like. But above all, the farm, at the close of the first three years of scientific handling, is in a condition to produce a maximum yield the next year instead of a minimum. The real

value which was added to the farm of one hundred and ninety acres, solely by methods of farming, was shown when last year the farm sold for fifteen dollars more an acre than land was at that time selling for, which had three years previous outsold it by three to five dollars an acre—thus showing the relative increase of seventeen to twenty dollars over the surrounding farms. All this relative increase can be credited to nothing else than the practical application of scientific agricultural methods.

—P. A. NICHEY.

## A City Boy on the Farm

I WAS raised a city boy, my father being a physician. After going through the graded school I entered high school, and toward the finish of my course there I became ill and lost so much time from school that it was impossible for me to graduate with my class. Therefore, I refused to go back to the high school and graduate with the next class. About this time some chance circumstances directed my attention to the school of agriculture; it seemed that this would be a very interesting line of study, so I investigated it more fully and became so interested in it that I entered upon the scientific course of agriculture in the fall of 1902.

For the first time in my life I was actually and intensely interested in my school work. By hard work, and because I had the advantage of a high-school training back of me, I was able to finish the course in two years.

Immediately after leaving the college I was given a good position which placed me in charge of a herd of pure-bred shorthorns in Custer County, Nebraska. There I remained for nearly two years, and had entire responsibility for breeding, feeding and herding management. Here I was able to test out the practical value of what I had learned in my college course, as many of the cattle developed under my management were exhibited. Again, the commercial success of the herd was, of course, a most practical test of what my equipment in scientific training was worth. I found, for one thing, that the knowledge of veterinary surgery and medicine which I gained in this school was almost invaluable, as it enabled me to save the lives of several expensive animals, and also to save the disfigurement of many others.

A broad experience is generally to be desired, provided it can be had in early life and upon advantageous terms. Therefore, when the position of traveling dairy inspector, under the Food, Dairy and Drug Commission of Nebraska, was offered me I accepted it. This statement alone will suggest to the boy who is debating the advisability of taking a course in scientific agriculture the fact that such a training may lead into many avenues other than the actual operation of a farm.

—J. W. DAWSON.

## The Money in Know How

WHEN some doubting farmer of the old school asks me what is the good of a college education in farming I simply turn the tables by asking him these questions: "What is it worth in dollars and cents to know the value of a balanced ration for feeding of cattle—when that will produce the best results in the shortest possible time? What is it worth to know the value of different food-stuffs for all his stock and be able to select the very best one? What is it worth to the practical farmer to be able to interpret market quotations as to grades and classes of live stock; to know the real worth of crops such as clover and cow peas; which is the best binder, mow or spraying machine on the market; to know how to set out and trim and spray and care for an orchard so that it will yield richly; to know how to fill the place of a veterinary surgeon in case of injury or sickness among stock?"

Just as a matter of illustration: two summers ago there was a large peach crop in my section, and I marketed enough from approximately three acres to receive, for the crop, \$400. That same season another fruit grower only four miles distant let hundreds of bushels of peaches rot on the trees and ground simply because he did not know how to handle them, to sell

them or to pick them. At school I had been trained in these very things, and the only reason why I was not swamped in the same way as my neighbor was because of the instruction I had received. The next season—the one just past—I had another direct demonstration of the value of my training from still another angle. My trees in the peach orchard had been pruned, cultivated and cared for in accordance with the principles taught me in college. When the peach harvest came I found that the crop in all that region was a practical failure, and, while my neighbors had no peaches to sell, or next to none, my own trees yielded me a hundred bushels, which brought me a splendid price.

One strong point in our instruction in college was the value of alfalfa. Consequently I put ten acres into alfalfa, which is practically a new crop in my section, and last season harvested forty tons of hay, cured, from the ten acres. Had I not learned from the agricultural school the proper time to sow alfalfa, how and why to inoculate the ground, to keep out the grass and weeds, I would probably have made a rank failure of it and sustained the bad reputation the crop had among farmers of my locality, who had no faith in it and believed it wholly unadapted to that region. Now my neighbors are decidedly interested in it.

—L. L. ANDERSON.

## A Showing With Oats

IN THE three years since I graduated from the college of agriculture at the University of Nebraska I have had the management of a large ranch in addition to my own place. The scarcity and poor quality of help has made this labor harder, with result that I have had very limited opportunity to work out crop rotation and other plans for the improvement of my own land. However, whatever success I have had I attribute to my scientific training at the university.

There has been some opportunity for me to work out the principles which I have been taught there. For example, from ten acres of land I thrashed 965 bushels of oats. The highest oats ever grown by any neighbor is but seventy bushels to the acre, and forty bushels has been about the highest except in these two cases. My crop was secured by special preparation of the seed-bed, by obtaining the proper kind of seed for my locality, and by fanning the seed thoroughly before it was put on the land.

—H. D. LUTE.

## Eyes of High Value

PERHAPS the most interesting miniature in J. Pierpont Morgan's great collection represents the eye of the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was the wife of the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. It is beautifully executed, and shows the eye as if rising from a bank of blue and gray clouds. There is just a suggestion of cheek and forehead, the latter half-covered by the lady's light, flaxen hair, which falls in curls over it.

So far as known, this was the first painting of the kind ever made. It was done by Cosway, the famous miniaturist, on a commission given by the Prince Regent, who wore it on a bracelet. The Prince gave to Mrs. Fitzherbert a similar painting of his own eye, which is now the property of the Earl of Portarlington.

From this beginning there started a fad for "eyes," as they were called, which lasted for a number of years, and the miniaturists of the day were kept busy with orders for them. Many examples of this curious art are still in existence, and only three years ago an exhibition of them was given in London.

It is interesting in this connection to record the fact that Queen Victoria, when the eldest son of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) was a very little baby, had such paintings made of each of his features separately—not only the eyes, but the nose, mouth and ears. These she had mounted on a bracelet, which she never exhibited, however, to anybody outside of the family, unless it were a very intimate friend. It will be remembered that the child, who was called the Duke of Clarence, died when he had scarce attained manhood.



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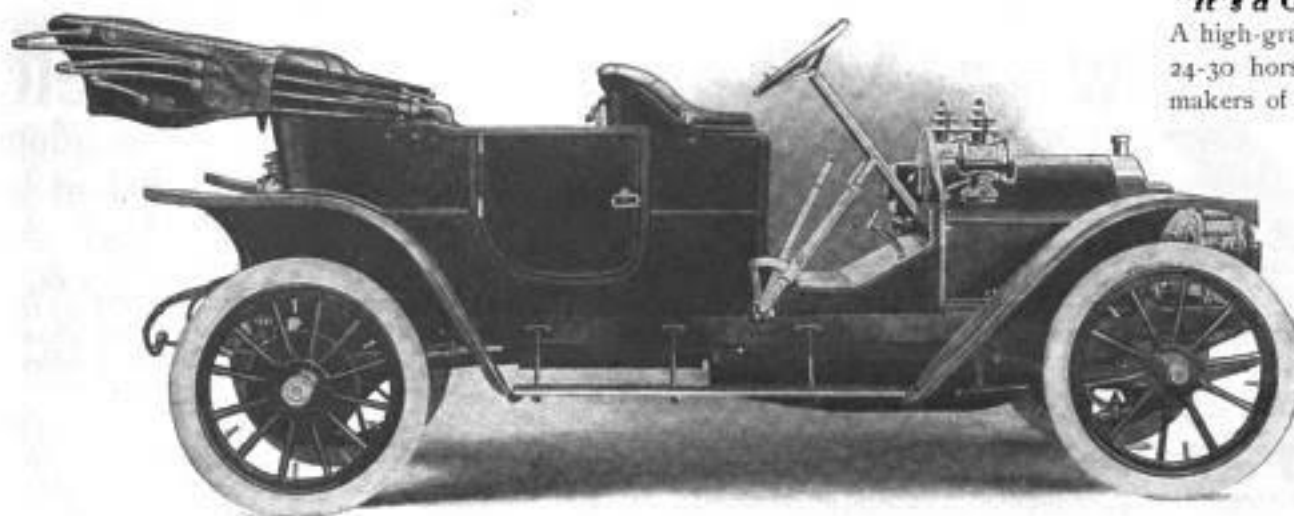
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# RECLAMATION TOWNS

## An Experiment in Civilization

By RENÉ BACHE

WHAT the Reclamation folks call an "experiment in civilization" is in progress in certain newly-irrigated valleys of the West, where model towns, known as farm villages, are being laid out and occupied by suitable assemblages of inhabitants. In southern Montana, for example, eight of these towns are being established, all of them on railroad lines, and each of them with a handsome and substantial station for passengers and freight.

The most remarkable point about the towns in question is that they are designed mainly for occupancy by farmers—the farmers, that is to say, who take up homesteads on the lands watered by the Government. Instead of living on his farm in the usual fashion, the reclaimed agriculturist will make his home in the village, enjoying all the social and other advantages accruing from urban residence, and will go out every day, by wagon or trolley, to his fields.

The Sun River Valley, in Montana, which is one of the greatest of the Government projects, is to have twenty such towns, arranged at equal distances, six miles apart, like checkers on a checker-board. Thanks to this method of fixing things no farm in the valley can possibly be more than three miles from a town, and a great majority of the farmsteads will be much nearer. Thus, if a farmer prefers to live on his farm he may still send his children to school every day, and church and village store will be easily accessible. On the other hand, if he dwells in the town he can reach the scene of his agricultural pursuits within a few minutes.

It will thus be seen that the plan in question does away with the isolation which hitherto has been regarded as a curse almost inseparable from agricultural existence. During the first five years after the farmer takes up one of these homesteads, bestowed free of cost by the Government, he is obliged, under the terms of his contract with Uncle Sam, to live on his farm. But meanwhile he has an opportunity to secure, for a small price, a lot in the most convenient town, on which he may build and reside afterward.

The plan on which these farm villages are laid out is decidedly interesting. It is substantially the same for all of them, a schoolhouse being the centre, with broad avenues radiating from it. The blocks in the immediate neighborhood of the schoolhouse—the middle quadrangle of blocks, as one might say—are cut up into small lots for stores and dwellings. Outside of this quadrangle the land is divided into larger patches, covering one or more acres, which are suitable for truck gardening, poultry-keeping or agriculture of any sort that may be pursued on a small scale.

The country beyond, in all directions, is partitioned off into farmsteads, suitable for grain, for fruit-growing, or what-not. Before long trolleys will connect all of the towns in each valley, the power for running the cars being furnished, in the shape of electricity, from the irrigation works. This is, indeed, a very simple matter. But no little picturesqueness attaches to the expectation that the farmers, very soon, will produce their own electricity for business and domestic purposes.

The individual farmer on such an irrigated tract receives his water, derived from the main canal, through a little ditch, into which the fluid pours with a small fall. This fall represents power, which is convertible into electricity. All that is necessary is to set up, at no great expense, the simple machinery requisite, and a current, the cost of which per kilowatt hour is almost nothing, will illuminate the house and barn, operate the churns in the dairy, and run various kinds of farm machinery, such as the corn-sheller, the feed-grinder, the circular-saw, the grindstone and the horse-clipper.

Arrangements of the kind described place the farmer upon an entirely new footing. Not only does he become a town-dweller, without in the least diminishing his agricultural activities, but he becomes the possessor of all sorts of luxuries and modern conveniences hitherto denied him. Even though he may prefer to remain on the farm the resources of civilization are

at his command. His children receive a first-class education—the school in each farm village is a graded school, employing the best of teachers—and all the newest novels and best of other books are offered to him through the medium of circulating libraries. For himself and for his family there is no longer any possible question of loneliness or of deprivation of any of the comforts of life.

In prehistoric times the aborigines of Arizona and New Mexico dwelt on the shelves of cliffs or in inaccessible parts of canyons, for safety against marauding Navajo and Apache.

These were the original farm villages in this country. Those which are now being established by the Government follow out the same idea, though with a different end in view. Once again the farmers become town-dwellers, but for the sake of enjoying the advantages of civilization and not for the purpose of defense against enemies—unless loneliness and deprivation of the comforts of life be regarded in that light, as foes to happiness. As for the irrigation which to-day makes such blessings possible, it is a fact of much interest that in the Southwest many of the canals recently dug by the Reclamation Service follow the lines of ditches excavated for the same purpose by the Indians in prehistoric times.

Mention was made a moment ago of the small patches of land, an acre or two or three acres in extent, in the model towns, designed for use as truck gardens and for other minor agricultural purposes. It is the intention of the Government to utilize these, in an incidental fashion, for the instruction of farmers in intensive agriculture—by which is meant the utilization of small areas, through high cultivation, for the production of relatively great returns. The Japanese and Chinese have developed this art in a wonderful way; we in this country are almost entirely ignorant of it. The story, recently published, of a man in southern California who has brought up a family on one acre of land, lived comfortably and put money in bank, was no fiction. It was literally true. There are dollars, and plenty of them, in such farming—whence, obviously, the know-how of it is worth while.

In southern Idaho four model towns have been laid out. It is a region in which hardly more than a few months ago the only inhabitants were jack-rabbits. There was not a human being within thirty miles. One year later there were four thousand people there. So dry was the land that even sagebrush did not grow well on it. To-day, thanks to the water which the Government has supplied, this is one of the most productive agricultural areas in the world. There are three banks, three newspapers, several hotels, and churches and schools. Each of the towns has its railroad station, with ready transportation for all sorts of products to the great markets.

The farm villages which the Reclamation Service is thus establishing are by no means for farmers only. All sorts of other people of the right kind are wanted, and are at liberty to purchase lots for building or other purposes. Laborers, skilled and unskilled, are needed to help the growth of the infant communities, and professional men, lawyers, physicians or what-not, may locate in these towns with a sure prospect of making a good living. Incidentally other parts of the country are benefited through an augmented demand for agricultural and other machinery, and for supplies of every imaginable kind. Not only the necessities of life but many of the luxuries are wanted, and paid for in cash, by the settlers of the newly-irrigated valleys, many of whom are buying pianos and automobiles.

A few years ago, when Congress gave great sums of money for the watering of the West, there was a howl of disapproval in the East. What was the East going to get out of all this expenditure? The outcry has died down. No longer is even a whimper on the subject heard. It has come to be realized that the cash expended on these projects produces a substantial benefit, not merely for one part of the United States, but for the whole people.

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Yes, sir—50  
Draknel  
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A smoke that has absolutely nothing in it but the purest selected leaf without a particle of flavoring. There's a half hour's pure, healthful smoke in every Draknel Havana—25 hours of comfort for a dollar bill. Send in the dollar bill and the Draknels will be back in a rush. If you aren't genuinely enthusiastic—fire 'em back at my expense and I'll return the money.

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THE MCCLURE COMPANY, 44 E. 23d St., New York

## GOLDEN GRAFTING

(Continued from Page 15)

into demand. The output of the Golden State grew by leaps and bounds until, in 1893, it had reached total shipments of forty-one hundred carloads. And in proportion as the output increased the returns dwindled. The season of 1892-1893 was a banner year in the quantity and quality of the oranges produced, and it was also the most unprofitable year in the history of the citrus industry. Many growers did not realize enough out of the sale of their oranges to pay freight, icing and selling charges. The more abundant the harvest, the heavier the loss. Something was wrong, radically wrong. Overproduction, the pessimists said, thinking of the forty-one hundred cars loaded with oranges that had gone East. The optimists, the undismayed fighters, laughed at the idea of overproduction when the entire output of California was barely sufficient to supply the country's population with five oranges, less than half a dozen per capita, in a year. They dismissed the phantom of overproduction and called a convention of the growers to discuss marketing methods and systems of crop distribution.

That convention laid the cornerstone for the greatest and most successful cooperative organization ever formed on American soil. By a unique combination of united action and individual enterprise, subordinated only to the general policy established by the governing body of the republic formed by the growers, the organization was able to increase the output of the California citrus groves from forty-one hundred carloads in 1893 to thirty-one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two carloads in 1904, without overloading the nation's stomachs, and it succeeded in selling this quantity of fruit at prices which, in the last six seasons, have given the movement for better automobile roads in the citrus belt a most decided impetus.

Before the memorable convention the owners of the groves raised the fruit and sold it to middlemen, speculative buyers who forced the prices down to the lowest possible level. If the grower attempted to evade the speculators, and shipped his fruit to the East on his own account, the speculators nevertheless exacted their pound of flesh in the form of packing and icing charges. They owned the facilities for preparing the crop for the market and for transporting it, and they demanded prices that put to shame even the efforts of the white scale. Since the convention, the growers, by virtue of cooperation, own the packing-houses, pick the oranges and prepare them for the market at cost, ship their own fruit and sell it without paying tribute to any one. By virtue of cooperation they have succeeded in booting the speculative middleman out of the industry; they have made the private-car lines toe the mark; they have thrown the European orange out of the country, planed the freight charges down ten per cent., and are just now engaged in a game of tag with the box trust. By virtue of cooperation the growers have developed a system of making money out of citrus fruits that assists every owner of a grove, whether he be a member or not, without crushing any one, because the system concerns itself only with the eternal problem of supply and demand, and leaves high finance severely alone. By virtue of cooperation chance has been eliminated from the industry, and close supervision and regulation of all factors bearing upon the consumption of citrus fruits has taken its place.

The organization that brought about the transformation of the industry is the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange, a fighting corporation with peace and harmony for its aims, a concern that has never paid a cent in dividends and yet has turned millions of dollars into the pockets of its four thousand members every year. The Exchange is a vast calculating and distributing machine. It knows exactly how many oranges you or I eat, or should eat, in a day or a week, and it tries with all the means at its disposal to show us that California oranges would best fill the bill. At the headquarters of the Exchange in Los Angeles the orange-consuming power of every large community in the United States and Canada is tabulated, and it is the main object of the Exchange to satisfy and stimulate the demand without overfeeding and

## The LIVE RUBBER STRIDE

TOLD IN PICTURES  
FOR YOUR BENEFIT



## The O'Sullivan Live Rubber Stride Means Action

**C**ATCH the spirit of the twentieth century, the spirit of quickened progress and achievement, the spirit of the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, turbine steamers and electric locomotives. Show it in your walk. Get that light, springy, vigorous stride that denotes initiative, energy and speed. Get the O'Sullivan Live Rubber Stride.

### For Whom Are Rubber Heels?

O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels are not for lazy, indolent people—though they need them most.

They are:

For people who do things;  
Who keep the wheels of business moving;  
Who make industries hum;  
The bread and butter earners;  
We are interested in them.

The Heels of Live Rubber will lessen for them the daily grind and the fatigue at night.

### Are You Ambitious to Succeed?

Have your shoes fitted with a pair of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels.

They indicate to your employer that you are looking for an opening to climb higher—that your motto is "Excelsior." They indicate that your employer's business is your business, and that you are alert and ready to carry a message to Garcia—that you don't need to be shown the road or be pushed into it.

The success of the American people is due to their initiative, push and courage, and you know the man or woman to whom it is a burden to walk is in no happy, energetic frame of mind to tackle large enterprises.

Learn to walk gracefully and naturally. Proper walking gives inspiration and, backed by red blood and opportunity—THERE IS ACTION.

### Learn to Walk Gracefully

Look to your shoes. Look to the heels of your shoes especially.

Whether you walk to your work or stand to your work, the heels ought never to be over an inch high, or for a woman an inch and a quarter, including the half inch of Live Rubber. The ball, or fore part, of the sole ought to be as wide as the spread of your foot—as you look over it—the toe to suit your personal taste (not the shoemaker's), and to conform to the contour of your foot.

The Name "O'Sullivan" on Rubber Heels Is Like "Sterling" on Silver.

### See to Your Heels Especially

Your heels are of paramount importance. All the weak insteps and flat feet can be traced to abnormal attitude in walking, toeing out. In walking the feet should be carried almost parallel.

The heel should be set under the shoe so as to receive the line of weight passing through the centre of the inside ankle bone. You remember our Brooklyn Bridge graphic and what the effect would be if the piers of the bridge were set three feet further apart. The same reason applies to the arch, or instep, of your foot. It weakens the instep. You are indisposed to walk, your foot has lost its spring. You sit down where you used to stand and you ride where you used to walk.

See to your boot heels. Have them equipped with Heels of Live Rubber—and walk. The spring of the Live Rubber will encourage you.

When you order rubber heels and pay 50 cents, see that you get O'Sullivan's, as there are substitutes that leave a bit more profit to shoe-makers.

### The Live Rubber Stride Won the Marathon

American grit and Live Rubber Heels carried John J. Hayes to victory in the Marathon. It was Hayes's head, plus O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels, that won us the coveted trophy, and head plus heels is an unconquerable combination in this LIVE RUBBER AGE.

If you are interested in this great victory and want to know all about it, in picture and story, send a two-cent stamp with the appended coupon and you will receive a set of beautiful cards of Hayes, depicting how he won the race and a handsome illustrated booklet telling all about the ancient and modern Marathon.

Two cts. in stamps, the cost of mailing, will bring you both. Mark your name in square on the coupon.

**O'SULLIVAN RUBBER COMPANY**  
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**STRAUSS THE TOY KING**

SPECIAL OFFER! To introduce my Big Catalogue of Toys, Games and Musical Novelties I will, on receipt of 10c, send you, all charges prepaid, this latest, sweetest, and funniest Musical Novelty you ever heard. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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**The Florsheim SHOE**  
LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

**The Chic**  
Dull Velvet Button Boot,  
Cuban Heel, Medium Sole



One of many neat and attractive styles in the Florsheim line—every one of them distinguished by the Florsheim Quality.

Florsheim Shoes are all made on "natural shaped" lasts that prevent cramping or distortion because they allow the foot to lie naturally in the shoe.

Most styles are \$5 and \$6.  
Write for style book.

**The Florsheim Shoe Co.**  
Chicago, U. S. A.

thereby causing congestion. That is the System which has made the orange industry in California a sound, commercial enterprise, a stable occupation, like making and selling steel or cotton.

The Exchange cares naught for sudden stimulations of the orange appetite and the consequent bull market. Instead of chasing high prices with its goods, its endeavors are directed toward the early detection of a weak stomach, of falling orange prices. It knows no sudden spasms, no feverish activity one day and headaches the next. Day after day, during the season, it sends out its trains of oranges, distributing them over the entire country as evenly as possible. If falling prices in Kansas City show that the town and the surrounding territory cannot absorb the allotted quantity of oranges at prevailing prices, Los Angeles is advised by wire, and shipments to that particular section are reduced until the Missouri stomach has recovered from its indisposition. Like any large dry-goods or shoe house, the orange growers have their salesmen in every city of importance. Through these salaried agents the Exchange feels the pulse of the orange markets. It is the business of every agent to sell California oranges, sell them in any manner, at auction or private sale, to wholesaler or jobber, f. o. b. California, spot cash, or cash on delivery and inspection, but sell the fruit, push it into every village and hamlet of his territory, get rid of it as fast as possible, provided he obtains prices for the fruit as high as those paid elsewhere. Every day the salesmen send their sales' reports to the general agencies in Chicago and Omaha, where they are condensed and wired to Los Angeles for the guidance in the routing of the shipments. Weather forecasts are studied religiously by the agents. Should a snowstorm suddenly descend upon Detroit and travel in the direction of Indianapolis, Los Angeles, basking unsuspectingly in the warm sun, hears of it and reduces shipments to the freezing, snow-bound cities; for oranges do not sell well when push-carts are stalled and fruit-stands hidden by frosted windows. If a hot wave strikes Chicago, a few additional carloads of lemons follow on its heels.

The California Fruit Growers' Exchange is a republic based upon economic instead of political principles. Its four thousand members are divided into eighty autonomous communities, called Associations, which comprise all members in a given locality. The Associations, as a rule, own the plants and machinery necessary for the washing, brushing, drying, sorting, grading, packing and labeling of the fruit raised by the members. The grower pays for the picking of the fruit and delivers it to the packing-house of the Association. Only the actual cost of the handling is charged against him. When the fruit is ready for shipment the local exchange, consisting of a number of Associations from the same district, takes charge of the marketing. There are thirteen of these local exchanges, and they in turn elect one member each to serve on the central body, which supervises the distribution of the crop and the development of the markets, leaving questions of purely local import to be settled by the district exchanges and the Associations. Each district exchange is entitled to ship its proportionate percentage of the total crop to all the markets of the country; each Association furnishes its pro-rata share to all the markets, and each grower thus gets the benefit of the average prices prevailing in all distributing centres every day in the orange season. As the crop is spread evenly over the country, so the returns are divided without favor among the growers, large or small, giving each the profit his enterprise and knowledge of the business entitle him to. The selling machinery of the Exchange is continuously at the disposal of every member, whether he owns five or five hundred acres, and the service is furnished at actual cost, with no rake-off, profit or commission.

So smoothly does the cooperative selling system work that it has maintained prices in the face of constantly increasing output, and it upheld the market even in the blast of the financial depression last year. With thousands of acres of new groves coming into bearing every year, the cry of overproduction is no longer heard in California, for the growers have demonstrated, beyond doubt, that the limit of the nation's orange appetite has not been reached. Last winter the Exchange supplemented the efforts of its Iowa salesmen by extensive advertising throughout the State; with the assistance

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Advancing prices of life's necessities are making many men debate seriously this Autumn the question of ready-to-wear clothes versus the custom tailor.

No household can well economize on food, or rent, or light, or fuel, without hardship. But a man can cut off this tailor luxury not only without hardship to himself, but in very many instances with positive benefit to his appearance and peace.

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**For the Holiday Table** you want fresh, crisp, appetizing salad nuts. Try "HATCH'S SALAD GOOSEBERRY," the authority of the peanut family. Packed in a box and paid for \$1.00. More wanted if you tried. A. M. FISHER, 11 Broadway, New York

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Remember this. New York City is "The Home of Jewelry." No matter where—nor of whom—you buy, some New York City house realizes a profit on nearly every article of Jewelry sold in America. Why should you pay two or three profits?

Buy from us and you buy direct from "The Home of Jewelry"—New York City. You buy direct from the makers. You pay but one very small profit—that of the manufacturer. You get full value for your money—in Jewelry. You get newest and latest designs.

Write for our catalog to-day. A post-card will do. You are welcome to the catalog in any event. It is sent postpaid—FREE—for the asking. Address us at once—

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7760—Large, handsome, Solitaire Diamond, round white and full-cut with 6 white brilliant Diamonds set in Platinum-tipped, solid 14 karat gold ring. Price \$258.00. 7761—Solid 14 karat gold ring with fine large Topaz set about with 6 full-cut, white Diamonds. Another or Garnet may be substituted for the Topaz. Price \$25.00. 7762—Solid 18 karat gold ring with Platinum top in which are set 4 brilliant Sapphires and 20 full-cut Diamonds. Price \$119.00. 7763—Solid 14 karat gold ring with hand-carved "flame" bands, rose finish, set with large, full-cut, fine white Solitaire Diamond. Price \$123.00. 7764—Solid 18 karat ring with Platinum top in which are set a large brilliant Sapphire and 12 full-cut, fine white Diamonds. Price \$125.00. 7765—Solid 18 karat gold, Platinum-tipped ring with 9 full-cut, fine white Diamonds. Very brilliant. Price \$120.00. 7766—Solid 14 karat gold, Platinum-tipped ring set with full-cut, fine white Solitaire Diamond. Price \$60.00.

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of the Southern Pacific—these two having made peace long since—Iowa was covered with eight-sheet posters in many colors, setting forth the merits of California and its oranges. Iowa responded nobly and the posters doubled the normal orange consumption of the State.

This fall the Exchange saved its members three hundred thousand dollars per annum by superseding the combine of lumber firms which formerly supplied the growers with six million boxes every season. When the combine proceeded to levy additional tribute, to the extent of a five-cent advance in the price of a box, the Exchange rebelled. The growers taxed themselves a cent on each box handled through the Exchange, and with the pennies thus gathered they built a factory to furnish boxes at cost.

Though unable to resist the onslaught of the California orange growers, the peasant of Sicily still clings doggedly to the market America offers for his surplus lemons. The best portion of the Sicilian lemon crop is disposed of in Europe; the balance, varying in amount between two and a half and four and a half million boxes, is unloaded regularly upon the United States. Because of this dumping process the raising of lemons in California still is a lottery, since the arrival of cargo after cargo of foreign fruit, in years when the Sicilian crop is large, invariably smashes the market. Until a few years ago the California growers were drawing so many blanks that many of them, disheartened, budded their lemon trees into oranges. Only the occasional distribution of large prizes prevented the collapse of the lemon industry on the Pacific Coast.

During this period one of the lemon growers resolved to sell out when the lemon price dropped to thirty-five cents per box. He received eight hundred dollars per acre for his thirty-acre grove, two hundred dollars less than the current price for similar properties, and considered himself lucky for getting that amount. Three months after the sale lemons had risen from thirty-five cents to ten and eleven dollars per box, on account of frost in Sicily, and the purchaser of the thirty acres sold his crop for twenty-seven thousand dollars, receiving back, within ninety days, his investment of twenty-four thousand dollars and a bonus of one hundred dollars per acre. Conditions have improved in the last three or four years, but as late as 1906 the lemon price in New Orleans soared to nine and ten dollars per box when, during a prolonged hot spell, the usual supply of Sicilian lemons did not arrive.

The California Fruit-Growers' Exchange, after years of almost exclusive attention to the orange, has taken up the cudgel for the lemon, and a special sales' manager has been appointed whose department will handle lemons exclusively. Of the battle's issue there can be no doubt, for the lemon importers are playing directly into the hands of the Californians. The Sicilian growers have not profited by the loss of the American orange market; they have not learned that honesty is the best policy in business. For years the Eastern fruit brokers have complained of gross misrepresentation on the part of the Sicilian growers. They alleged that the brands on the boxes of imported fruit did not tell the truth about the size and quality of the lemons contained within, and their charges were confirmed officially last summer when the New York importers were warned by the authorities to comply with the provisions of the Pure Food Act prohibiting false labeling. A second body-blow was dealt the Sicilian lemon almost simultaneously when the president of the New York Fruit Exchange, in a circular to his customers, criticised the imported fruit and the dishonest methods of the foreign growers, until the yellow skin of the Italian lemon turned brown. The Californians smiled when the criticism reached their ears; they knew the enemy's weak spot, and they were sharpening their weapons for the final contest.

Within a few years their acreage will be large enough to supply all the lemons consumed in the United States and Canada; every year they are improving the quality of their fruit, increasing its size and juiciness, decreasing loss by decay, breeding the seeds out of it, and, when the lemon grown in California has reached the perfection of the California orange, California marketing methods will see to it that the United States no longer offers a dumping place for foreign-grown citrus fruit.

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## THE OLD MAID'S HONEYMOON

(Continued from Page 7)

theatre afterward. He was a business man, too, and frankly abhorred feminine delays, especially at dinnertime. Every girl in Woodstock was setting her cap at him and his motor car, and Rose was less sure of him and more eager for him than any of the other men she was engaged to.

As she sat and played the stenographer, in spite of herself, she endured a bitter mixture of boredom, terror, resentment and humiliation. A few large tears blinded her big eyes, and ran dustily down her cheeks. They gave Miss Eby a holy joy. She felt that they had something of poetic justice.

It was half-past seven before Ripley Ames growled:

"That's all just now. Type those off, and be quick about it."

Then he turned his face to the wall, while his fair tormentor slunk out of the room and ran down the steps without heeding Miss Eby's thanks. Salann paused to call in to Mrs. Ames:

"The doctor says Ripley's getting along all right. He couldn't wait."

She closed the door before any questions could be asked, and climbed the stairs, pausing now and then to hang on to the banisters and giggle. She slipped in slyly, as was her custom; she found her patient not asleep, as she expected, but looking at her with dull, fever-widened gaze. Instantly a light flashed to his eyes and a cry to his lips:

"Rose! Rose! My love, my beauty! At last! I knew you'd come! They said you wouldn't, but I knew, I knew!"

He held out imploring arms, and there was such commanding appeal in them that the bewildered old maid found herself drifting toward him. Then she stopped short and fell back against the door.

Ripley smiled with a lover's tolerance, and getting to his feet came tottering toward her, his long dressing-gown giving him a strange dignity. Straight to the door he came and, taking her in his arms, kissed her.

It was the first time a grown man had kissed her mouth since she had been a grown woman. It shocked her, scared her. She was not ready to understand why that strange custom of kissing had gained such importance in human history. She clung to the door like a bas-relief in plaster, till she saw that he was weakening and toppling. Then she supported him to a large easy chair. He would not let her go, but made her sit on the arm of the chair, her hands in his.

Salann was no actress. She would have failed even in amateur theatricals; she was not made for this part; she had not studied her lines, and had no idea of the plot. And never was there a worse case of stage-fright. But her audience was out of its head and saw everything in a rose-color of delight.

At first, the strange sensation of having a man make love to her overpowered her spinstery heart. She wondered how Rose Fairweather, who liked that sort of thing, had ever resisted the tenderness of this man. To her untutored soul Ripley was a Romeo.

In spite of herself, too, she was shocked. A lifetime of prudery, uninvaded by lovers, unmelting by love, had hardened her heart into a scorn of the silly delights of moonshine, the precious piffle that is whispered on piazzas and beaches.

And then she had always made a religion of candor. She had hated lies, even sweet lies. She loathed pretense, even for mercy's sake. And here she was forced to lie in word and deed, to pretend to be some one she was not. Outraged primness and forsaken self-respect and elaborate deceit—all those things were crying out within her, against her.

Her one justification was that it was for Ripley's sake. The doctor had said to humor him. She would have gone through fire, through snow, through hell, for Ripley's sake. So she must go through this.

The path of deceit was made easy, as usual. Ripley's talk was one rambling incoherence of contentment over his realized dream. Despair had awakened to find itself attainment. The adored one, who always mocked his advances, had come to him of her own accord.

There was little strain on Salann's inventive powers that evening. Ripley

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rattled on so fast that there were no chinks for her answers; or, if there were, he seemed not to hear such awkward love-nonsense as she contrived. As his eyes imagined Rose's beauty, his ears imagined the music they wanted to hear.

Gradually his joy wore itself out, and he began to yawn—as if they had been married a year. Salann got him to bed before he was quite asleep, and there he sank into a slumber, deep, sweet, untroubled all the long night. It was Salann who did not sleep.

When she knelt to say her prayers she begged for forgiveness and guidance in her duty. She begged forgiveness for rejoicing in the discomfiture of her—"rival" was the word she unconsciously used. Then she prayed forgiveness for the word. But above all she prayed for power to pretend, and to pretend well, until Ripley should come back to health.

Her one hope was that the patient would be his petulant self again next day. She was too modest to believe that he could be deceived in the sunlight. But he was. His first morning look at her warmed his eyes, and he called her "Rose," blessed her for relenting to him.

Poor Salann! the inevitable was beginning to happen. It had always been winter in the rocky farm of Salann's life. She had been born an old maid, she had won no sweethearts as girl or as young woman. People and plants thrive as best they may on what food they find. Habit makes desire; and a long-enough lack creates dislike. So Salann had not learned to want what she could never have. She had got along, somehow, without love, till she had come to despise it. It was taking revenge. When she had first come into the Ames' home, she had mutely admired Ripley; but there had been such an absence of affection in his manner to her, that her feelings had soon become matter-of-fact, everyday. She was to him a part of the household furniture. He became to her simply a regular boarder.

But now, in spite of herself, in an atmosphere glowing with love, she could not hope to resist the ineluctable.

In his twisted thoughts Ripley began to make history. Having satisfied himself of Rose's devotion, he proposed that they become engaged. So they became engaged. Their life ran as fast as events in a dream. In a few hours a few weeks had slipped away. Meanwhile his business was prospering enormously under the inspired uplift of delirium. He came home to "Rose" and described imaginary hours at the office, where money was coming in so rapidly under his Midas-touch that he was fairly millionairing into wealth. Like all business men, as soon as he had found success, he began to realize that he was tired.

He wanted what he was pleased to call "a swell wedding." So they had a swell wedding—in the back of his head. Then they took the train to New York, and they stopped at the Waldorf—no less. Ripley spent money with a lavishness Salann had never suspected him capable of reaching, even in a delirium.

Then they must go to Europe. Fortunately he fancied himself an excellent sailor. He felt no qualm, even in the hurricane that rose and assailed the ship, and he showed wonderful bravery in saving "Rose" from being carried overboard by a crushing, smashing sea that swept across the deck. They reached England. They saw all the sights in London—that is, all that he had happened to read about, though the Londoners would hardly have recognized them from the accounts he gave to Salann in exclamations like these:

"Take us to the Abbey, driver—Westminster Abbey—so this is Westminster Abbey—see all the famous dead men—William the Conqueror and Tennyson and Wat Tyler—and Shakespeare—it's a very fine building in spite of its age—must have cost a pile of money in its day—not so tall as we've got in America—but—drive us to the Tower—so this is the Tower—that is where they behead folks, eh?—we use the electric chair at Sing Sing—it's considered more up to date—now drive us to Windsor Castle—this is where Queen Victoria used to live—funny old place, isn't it, Rose?—well, I guess that's enough of England—let's go to France."

So they went through Europe at a speed which made the best record of a Cook's tourist look tame. They had need to hurry, because he was getting better daily.

In Paris Ripley spoke a lingo which he called French; and the people seemed



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to understand it perfectly. The bridal couple did France in one afternoon from the "Loover" to the "Moolang Rooj."

When they reached Italy, Ripley's imagination began to flag. He had read little about Italy, and he could hardly make up even such language as his French.

His glorious flights of fancy showed longer and longer pauses. The humdrum hours when he was only a sick business man came oftener. Then "Rose" became again Salann.

The disillusionment was so cruel that she hated the illusion. Better never to have learned to love than to have loved a phantom. Better not to have had the flight than to have suffered the fall. Then, of a sudden, the peevishness of her ward would fall from him; he would begin again to gibber romance and call her "Rose." His fingers would wind through hers, and he would carry her away on pinions of Arabian charm to paradises where she was beautiful and beloved.

But always the fairy voyages grew briefer, and the drop from the clouds to the hard earth came sooner and sharper. The mad honeymoon was waning. Estrangement was ruining the dream. The fantastic wedlock was undergoing a fantastic divorce.

At length—it seemed years to Salann, but it was only days enough to make a week or two—his delirium left him for good. The decree was made absolute. Ripley's brain was as well as ever. He was now the convalescent; hungry, peevish, absolutely oblivious of all that he had gone through, all he had carried Salann through.

Finally he was strong enough to hear reports from his office. They nearly gave him a relapse. In place of the unbounded wealth his delirium had heaped up, he found that in his absence expenses had grown like weeds in the gardener's absence, income had wilted like flowers in a gardener's absence.

The sick man became well because he had to. The complaining patient became the daring business man. Romeo turned into Shylock and forgot that he had ever known romance, except for one anxious moment—the first time he met Miss Fairweather. He advanced toward her under a vague memory of the life they had spent together in the Alhambra of his delirium. But Miss Fairweather knew only of her excursion into the realm of stenography, and the trouble with Mr. Applegate it had brought about. When Ripley Ames approached her, with glowing eyes and hand outstretched, she cut him dead, and left him standing, dazed. Mechanically he looked at his watch, remembered with a start some business engagement, and effaced Miss Fairweather from his plans for all time. There is no antiseptic for the germ of love like a season of life-and-death struggle with business difficulties.

Ripley, never dreaming of the old maid's share in his soul, and never learning it from her, closed the door of that little steel safe he called a heart, and gave no sign that he had, or ever had had, a secret love locked up within him.

Salann closed up part of her heart, too, but it was like shutting the gate on a secret garden. The winter might come and fill it with frost and snow, but no spite of time could destroy the eternal fact that flowers had once grown there.

All her life Salann shall look with different eyes upon the world and its people, upon every young couple that she sees mooning together at twilight, upon every shadowy piazza, every old gate, upon every romance she hears of in gossip or reads of in newspapers or books. Especially, she looks with different eyes upon that hard-headed business man at whose elbow she is only a poor and distant relation, but in whose dream-life she played a thrilling part.

Most of all she looks with different eyes upon the plain and peaked face that looks back out of her mirror. Sometimes the face in the mirror looks as if it felt very sorry for the poor, old Salann outside.

And if, sometimes, late at night, in her old-maidenly room, Salann weeps over what has been and what might have been, she never betrays her secret when she goes abroad. Sometimes she even delights in the remembrance of that mystic honeymoon; and when she passes Rose Fairweather on the street, and thinks of her scorn for Ripley Ames, as a lover, Salann always says to herself:

"Little she knows what she's missing."  
And she snickers behind her mit.



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## The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 17)

could weather the real ones what's the use of getting up ladylike excitement over ———  
"Sit down and shut up!" exclaimed Margaret. "If you don't I shall scream—scream—scream!"

The maid gaped first at one, then at the other, left them reluctantly to admit Arkwright. As she opened the door she had to draw back a little. There was Craig immediately behind her. He swept her aside, flung the door wide. "Come on! Hurry!" he cried to Grant. "We're waiting." And he seized him by the arm and thrust him into the parlor. At the same instant the preacher entered by another door. Craig's excitement, far from diminishing, grew wilder and wilder. The preacher thought him insane or drunk. Grant and Margaret tried in vain to calm him. Nothing would do but the ceremony instantly; and he had his way. Never was there a more undignified wedding. When the responses were all said and the marriage was a fact, Craig seemed suddenly to subside.

"I should like to go into the next room for a moment," said the pallid and trembling Margaret.

"Certainly," said Doctor Seones sympathetically, and, with a fierce scowl at the groom, he accompanied the bride from the room.

"What a mess you have made!" exclaimed Arkwright indignantly. "You've been acting like a lunatic."

"It wasn't acting—altogether," laughed Josh, giving Grant one of those tremendous slaps on the back. "You see, it was wise to give her something else to think about so she couldn't possibly hesitate or bolt. So I just gave way to my natural feelings. It's a way I have in difficult situations."

Grant's expression as he looked at him was a mingling of admiration, fear and scorn. "You are full of those petty tricks," said he.

"Why petty? Is it petty to meet the requirements of a situation? The situation was petty—the trick had to be. Besides, I tell you, it wasn't a trick. If I hadn't given my nerves an outlet I might have balked or bolted myself. I didn't want to have to think any more than she."

"You mustn't say those things to me," objected his friend.

"Why not? What do I care what you or any one else thinks of me? And what could you do except simply think? Old pal, you ought to learn not to judge me by the rules of your little sphere. It's a ridiculous habit." He leaped at the door where Margaret had disappeared and rapped on it fiercely.

"Yes—yes—I'm coming," responded a nervous, pleading, agitated voice; and the door opened and Margaret appeared.

"What shall we do now?" she said to Craig. Grant saw, with an amazement he could scarcely conceal, that for the time, at least, she was quite subdued, would meekly submit to anything.

"Go to your grandmother," said Craig promptly. "You attend to the preacher, Grant. Twenty-five's enough to give him."

Margaret's cheeks flamed, her head bowed. Grant flushed in sympathy with her agony before this vulgarity. And a moment later he saw Margaret standing, drooping and resigned, at the curb, while Craig excitedly hailed a cab. "Poor girl!" he muttered; "living with that nightmare-in-breeches will surely kill her—so delicate, so refined, so sensitive!"

### XIX

"IF YOU like I'll go up and tell your grandmother," said Craig, breaking the silence as they neared the hotel. But Margaret's brain had resumed its normal function, was making up for the time it had lost. With the shaking off of the daze had come amazement at finding herself married. In the same circumstances a man would have been incapacitated for action; Craig, who had been so reckless, so headlong, a few minutes before, was now timid, irresolute, prey to alarms. But women, beneath the pose which man's resolute apotheosis of woman as the embodiment of unreasoning imagination has enforced upon them, are rarely so imaginative that

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the practical is wholly obscured. Margaret was accepting the situation, was planning soberly to turn it to the best advantage. Obviously, much hung upon this unconventional, this vulgarly-sensational marriage being diplomatically announced to the person from whom she expected to get an income of her own. "No," said she to Joshua, in response to his nervously-made offer. "You must wait down in the office while I tell her. At the proper time I'll send for you."

She spoke friendly enough, with an inviting suggestion of their common interests. But Craig found it uncomfortable even to look at her. Now that the crisis was over his weaknesses were returning; he could not believe he had dared bear off this "delicate, refined creature," this woman whom "any one can see at a glance was a patrician of patricians." That kind of nervousness as quickly spreads through every part, moral, mental and physical, of a man not sure of himself as a fire through a haystack. He could not conceal his awe of her. She saw that something was wrong with him; being herself in no "patrician" mood, but, on the contrary, in a mood that was most humanly plebeian, she quite missed the cause of his clumsy embarrassment and constraint. "It'll be some time, I expect," said she. "Don't bother to hang round. I'll send a note to the desk, and you can inquire—say, in half an hour or so."

"Half an hour!" he cried in dismay. Whatever should he do with himself, alone with these returned terrors, and with no Margaret there to make him ashamed not to give braver battle to them?

"An hour, then." She nodded, shook hands with a blush and a smile, not without its gleam of appreciation of the queerness of the situation. He lifted his hat, made a nervous, formal bow and turned away, though no car was there. As the elevator was starting up with her he came hurrying back.

"One moment," he said. "I quite forgot."

She joined him and they stood aside, in the shelter of a great wrap-rack. "You can tell your grandmother—it may help to smooth things over—that my appointment as Attorney-General will be announced day after to-morrow."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, her eyes lighting up.

He went on to explain. "As you know, the President didn't want to give it to me. But I succeeded in drawing him into a corner where he either had to give it to me or be put in an equivocal position."

"She'll be delighted!" exclaimed Margaret.

"And you?" he asked with awkward wistfulness.

"I?" said she, blushing and dropping her glance. "Is it necessary for you to ask?"

She went back to the elevator still more out of humor with herself. She had begun their married life with what was very nearly a—well, it certainly was an evasion; for she cared nothing about his political career, so soon to end. However, she was glad of the appointment, because the news of it would be useful in calming and reconciling her grandmother. Just as her spirits began to rise it flashed into her mind: "Why, that's how it happens I'm married! If he hadn't been successful in getting the office he wouldn't have come."

He manoeuvred the President into a position where he had to give him what he wanted. Then he came here and manoeuvred me into a position where I had to give him what he wanted. Always his 'game'! No sincerity or directness anywhere in him, and very little real courage. Here she stopped short in the full swing of pharisaism, smiled at herself in dismal self-mockery. "And what am I doing? Playing my 'game'! I'm on my way now to manoeuvre my grandmother. We are well suited—he and I. In another walk of life we might have been a pair of swindlers, playing into each other's hands. . . . And yet I don't believe we're worse than most people. Why, most people do these things without a thought of their being—unprincipled. And, after all, I'm not harming anybody, am I? That is, anybody but myself."

She had her campaign carefully laid out; she had mapped it in the cab between the parsonage and the hotel. "Grandmother," she began as the old lady looked up with a frown because of her long, unexpected absence, "I must tell you that, just before we left Washington, Craig broke off the engagement."

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Madam Bowker half-started from her chair. "Broke off the engagement!" she cried in dismay.

"Abruptly and, apparently, finally. I—I didn't dare tell you before."

She so longed for sympathy that she half-hoped the old lady would show signs of being touched by the plight which that situation meant. But no sign came. Instead, Madam Bowker pierced her with wrathful eyes and said in a furious voice: "This is frightful! And you have done nothing?" She struck the floor violently with her staff. "He must be brought to a sense of honor—of decency! He must! Do you hear? It was your fault, I am sure. If he does not marry you, you are ruined!"

"He came over this morning," pursued Margaret. "He wanted to marry me at once."

"You should have given him no chance to change his mind again," cried Madam Bowker. "What a trifle you are! No seriousness! Your intelligence all in the abstract; only folly and fritter for your own affairs. You should have given him no chance to change!"

Margaret closed in and struck home. "I didn't," said she tersely. "I married him."

The old lady stared. Then, as she realized how cleverly Margaret had trapped her, she smiled a grim smile of appreciation, of forgiveness. "Come and kiss me," said she. "You will do something, now that you have a chance. No woman has a chance—no lady—until she is a Mrs. It's the struggle to round that point that wrecks so many of them."

Margaret kissed her. "And," she went on, "he has been made Attorney-General."

Never, never had Margaret seen such unconcealed satisfaction in her grandmother's face. The stern, piercing eyes softened and beamed affection upon the girl; all the affection she had deemed it wise to show theretofore always was tempered with sternness. "What a pity he has not money," said she. "Still, it can be managed, after a fashion."

"We must have money," pursued the girl. "Life with him, without it, would be intolerable. Poor people are thrown so closely together. He is too much for my nerves—often."

"He's your property now," Madam Bowker reminded her. "You must not underestimate your own property. Always remember that your husband is your property. Then your silly nerves will soon quiet down."

"We must have money," repeated Margaret—"a great deal of money."

"You know I can't give you a great deal," said the old lady apologetically. "I'll do my best. . . . Would you like to live with me?"

There was something so fantastic in the idea of Joshua Craig and Madam Bowker living under the same roof, and herself trying to live with them, that Margaret burst out laughing. The old lady frowned; then, appreciating the joke, she joined in. "You'll have to make up your mind to live very quietly. Politics doesn't pay well—not Craig's branch of it, except in honor. He will be very famous."

"Where?" retorted Margaret disdainfully. "Why, with a lot of people who aren't worth considering. No, I am going to take Joshua out of politics."

The old lady looked interest and inquiry. "He has had several flattering offers to be counsel to big corporations. The things he has done against them have made them respect and want him. I'm going to get him to leave politics and practice law in New York. Lawyers there—the shrewd ones, like him—make fortunes. He can still speak occasionally and get all the applause he wants. Joshua loves applause."

The old lady was watching her narrowly. "Don't you think I'm right, Grandma? I'm telling you because I want your opinion."

"Will he do it?"  
Margaret laughed easily. "He's afraid of me. If I manage him well he'll do whatever I wish. I can make him realize he has no right to deprive myself and him of the advantages of my station."

"Um—um," said the old lady, half to herself. "Yes—yes—perhaps."  
"He will be much more content once he's settled in the new line. Politics as an end is silly—what becomes of the men who stick to it? But politics as a means is sensible, and Joshua has got out of it about all he can get—about all he needs."  
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"So do thousands of other men. And even if he should get it how would we live—how would I live—while we were waiting—and after it was over? I detest politics—all those vulgar people." Margaret made a disdainful mouth. "It isn't for our sort of people—except, perhaps, the diplomatic posts, and they, of course, go by 'pull' or purchase. I like the life I've led—the life you've led. You've made me luxurious and lazy, Grandma. Rather than President I'd prefer him to be ambassador to England, after a while, when we could afford it. We could have a great social career."

"You think you can manage him?" repeated Madam Bowker.

She had been simply listening, her thoughts not showing at the surface. Her tone was neither discouraging nor encouraging, merely interrogative. But Margaret sensed a doubt. "Don't you think so?" she said a little less confidently.

"I don't know. . . . I don't know. . . . It will do no harm to try."

Margaret's expression was suddenly like a real face from which a mask had dropped. "I must do it, Grandma. If I don't I shall—I shall hate him! I will not be his servant! When I think of the humiliations he has put upon me I—I almost hate him now!"

Madam Bowker was alarmed, but was too wise to show it. She laughed. "How seriously you take yourself, child," said she. "All that is very young and very theatrical. What do birth and breeding mean if not that one has the high courage to bear what is, after all, the lot of most women, and the high intelligence to use one's circumstances, whatever they may be, to accomplish one's ambitions? A lady cannot afford to despise her husband. A lady is, first of all, serene. You talk like a Craig rather than like a Severance. If he can taint you this soon how long will it be before you are at his level? How can you hope to bring him up to yours?"

Margaret's head was hanging. "Never again let me hear you speak disrespectfully of your husband, my child," the old lady went on impressively. "And if you are wise you will no more permit yourself to harbor a disrespectful thought of him than you would permit yourself to wear unclean linen."

Margaret dropped down at her grandmother's knee, buried her face in her lap. "I don't believe I can ever love him," she murmured.

"So long as you believe that you never can," said Madam Bowker; "and your married life will be a failure—as great a failure as mine was—as your mother's was. If I had only known what I know now—what I am telling you—Madam Bowker paused, and there was a long silence in the room. "Your married life,

my dear," she went on, "will be what you choose to make of it. You have a husband. Never let yourself indulge in silly repinings or ruinous longings. Make the best of what you have. Study your husband, not ungenerously and superciliously, but with eyes determined to see the virtues that can be developed, the faults that can be cured, and with eyes that will not linger on the faults that can't be cured. Make him your constant thought and care. Never forget that you belong to the superior sex."

"I don't feel that I do," said Margaret. "I can't help feeling women are inferior and wishing I'd been a man."

"That is because you do not think," replied Madam Bowker indulgently. "Children are the centre of life—its purpose, its fulfillment. All normal men and women want children above everything else. Our only title to be here is as ancestors—to replace ourselves with wiser and better than we. That makes woman the superior of man; she alone has the power to give birth. Man instinctively knows this, and it is his fear of subjection to woman that makes him sneer at and fight against every effort to develop her intelligence and her independence. If you are a true woman, worthy of your race and of your breeding, you will never forget your superiority—or the duties it imposes on you—what you owe to your husband and to your children. You are a married woman now. Therefore you are free. Show that you deserve freedom."

Margaret listened to the old woman with a new respect for her—and for herself. "I'll try, Grandmother," she said soberly. "But—it won't be easy."

"Easier than to resist and repine and rage and hunt another man who, on close acquaintance, would prove even less satisfactory," replied her grandmother. "Easy—if you honestly try." She looked down at the girl with the sympathy that goes out to inexperience from those who have lived long and thoughtfully and have seen many a vast and fearful boggy loom and, on nearer view, fade into a mist of fancy. "Above all, child, don't waste your strength on imaginary griefs and woes—you'll have none left for the real trials."

Margaret had listened attentively; she would remember what the old lady had said—indeed, it would have been hard to forget words so direct and so impressively uttered. But at the moment they made small impression upon her. She thought her grandmother kindly but cold. In fact, the old lady was giving her as deep commiseration as her broader experience permitted in the circumstances, some such commiseration as one gives a child who sees measureless calamity in a rainy sky on a long-anticipated picnic morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THE ACTOR'S HARD-LUCK STORY

(Continued from Page 9)

The manager knew that there were other actors ready to take the place of any deserter, for, strange as it may seem, actors can always be secured, even though they know that salaries are in arrears in the company. There are, I am glad to say, two or three managers who do not belong to this class, and I should like to mention their names, but I have refrained from using names, and shall throughout this article.

The idiosyncrasies of actors have furnished the newspapers with material for their cartoonists and humorous writers from time immemorial, but the eccentricities of theatrical managers have seldom, if ever, been touched upon. However, they have many of the same weaknesses which they are so fond of attributing to actors, and one of the most marked is vanity.

Few managers nowadays fail to put their own names first on all advertising matter. "Mr. So-and-So presents" the company, or star, greets one on every bill-board seen about town.

A few nights ago a new play was brought out for the first time in New York. There were two stars, and the company was managed by a firm composed of two men. After the third act there was an enthusiastic call for the two stars who had made an unquestioned hit. They came before the curtain and smiled and bowed, and to the astonishment of the audience two other men, who were not in the play, came with them and also smiled and bowed. The last two were the managers, whom not six people in the

house had ever seen or cared to see. They couldn't miss the opportunity of taking a curtain call.

To the credit of the manager who has employed more actors and produced more plays than any man who ever lived, be it said, that nothing can induce him to come before an audience; he is seldom seen outside the privacy of his office, and no newspaper, to my knowledge, has ever succeeded in getting his picture in it. This manager, and one or two others, are exceptions to the general type that I have used in this article, and it is a great pity that the exceptions are so few and the rule so general. I am not under contract to him either.

How many people know how an actor secures an engagement? Of course, there are a favored few who are always in demand, but you can count them on the fingers of your hands, the same as you can count the top-notchers of any other profession. But the other twenty-odd thousand have varied, trying, and often most humiliating experiences.

The general channel is through the dramatic agents. There are half a dozen of these firms in New York, and they keep the addresses and are supposed to know the records of all the actors in the profession. When a manager wishes to engage a company he selects an agent, an i tells him how many parts he wishes to fill and what their requirements are. The agent sends a postal card to three or four times as many



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people as are needed, requesting them to call at his office at a certain hour. At the appointed time the outer office is packed with an excited, expectant throng. The manager receives them one by one in the private office. He makes notes of those who impress him favorably and takes their addresses. Later the fortunate ones are again called to the agent's office, where they sign their contracts, and sometimes sign an agreement to pay the agent one-half of a week's salary as a commission.

Some of the scenes enacted at these gatherings are pitiful. The appearance of some of the women is particularly pathetic. Those who are just passing the line where they are no longer young enough to play juvenile parts, dress and make up in a vain attempt to look youthful. Some have had a bad season, and are compelled to wear their old stage dresses to try to look prosperous, for they know too well that the manager does not favor those who are needy, but those who "look like money." Many are the envious glances they cast at the girl who has had forty weeks and who, in consequence, is gowned in the latest fashion.

The men, as a rule, show up better than the women, for the simple reason that their stage clothes are usually such as they would wear on the street, and a season's use on the stage has not hurt them.

The present-day manager selects people who will look the parts, rather than those who can act them. This is an age of types on the stage, and the once great art of make-up, which was so important until recent years, is practically a lost art. The wonderful make-ups of Richard Mansfield, W. H. Thompson and Henry E. Dixey have made no impression upon the young manager of to-day. If the character in the play calls for a man who has gray hair, a gray-haired man must be found; if the character is bald, a bald-headed actor gets the job, and so on.

An actor who had lost his hair, and had been rejected many times because of it, decided to get a toupee. He did so, with such success that he looked ten years younger. The first engagement he applied for he was told that he looked too young, that the character in the play was described as a bald-headed man. He took off his toupee in the manager's presence and was engaged on the spot.

Another actor was refused because his hair was scant. One who wore a toupee, without which he was baldier than the first, was engaged. The manager could not realize that the first actor could wear a toupee for the part, and look as young as the man he had chosen.

An author who had written a play for a female star met a number of actors at an agency to select types to fit his characters. The leading male rôle was a Southerner, forty-two years old, of athletic build. One of the applicants was a man of forty-three, six feet in height and born and bred in the South. The author was delighted and hastened to tell the star of his good fortune.

"We are in great luck," he said to her. "I have found a man for our lead who can walk on without make-up. He is just the right age, too."

"How old is he?" she asked.  
"Forty-three," replied the author.  
"I couldn't think of playing opposite a man of that age," said the star.  
"But," insisted the author, "that is the age of the character mentioned in the lines of the play."

"I don't care," responded the lady. "I must have a young leading man."

And the author, who had conceived the character and had written the play, was forced to bow to her caprice. What chance has the actor?

One of our biggest managers is reported to have said that he preferred English to American actors, because the latter were not refined in their manners. An American actor of my acquaintance was introduced to a prominent star by a friend, who had told her that he thought that the actor was particularly suited for a certain part in her play. The actor was not engaged, and the star told the friend who had introduced them that she thought he was "too gentlemanly for the part."

A young leading man was discharged from a company where no fault was found with his work, but because the leading lady, who was the manager's fiancée, didn't like his "Adam's apple."

A lady who had come from England with an English star contracted a severe

cold. The star informed her that unless she was well by the next night she would send her back home. The actress did not recover, and, although she was not deported, she was reduced to a servant's part in the play, and her understudy played her part for the remainder of the season. This same star refused to allow her business manager to read his statements to her because his American accent annoyed her.

One actor whom I knew seemed to have a cinch on his engagement, because he was playing without salary and paying his own expenses. Of course, he had an income. The manager wanted to produce a new play, and asked the wealthy young man to put up the money for the production. The young man declined to do so. Thereupon the manager discharged him.

Any man who frequents the Players' Lambs or Greenroom clubs in New York will find, in mid-season, many well-known actors who are idle. He will hear these men say that they have refused offers of fifty, seventy-five or a hundred dollars a week. The outsider cannot understand this, and concludes that an actor who will remain idle for months when he might be earning even fifty dollars a week is either mad or a fool. But he is neither; and I will tell you why.

In the first place, an actor who has received a certain salary for three successive seasons has every reason to believe that he is worth that amount. If he fails to get it to-day he knows that he may do so to-morrow, for there are new companies being formed almost all the time, and he knows from past experience that many of the best engagements that he ever got came suddenly and without warning.

Another reason for his holding out is the difficulty which he knows he will encounter in getting his salary back to the old figure, for he knows that managers tell each other what they pay to actors.

One more reason is based upon an experience like this: Several years ago I went out with a company that closed after six weeks of bad business. For two months I tried to get an engagement at my former salary. At the end of that time I became convinced of the uselessness of the attempt. I went to the agents and told them I would accept fifty dollars less per week than I had been receiving. The next day I received by wire an offer to join a company in the West at my old salary. If the agents had been able to place me the day before I should have sacrificed fifty dollars per week for sixteen weeks.

Many other actors have gone through this same thing and therefore hesitate to make the sacrifice, knowing that the better engagement may come any day. As all business is based on precedent and experience, does it not seem that the actor's judgment in these instances was well founded, and that in any other profession his deductions would have yielded the proper results?

Whenever a company gets stuck in a town—that is, strands—there is always "a big advance sale in the next town." I have never known this to fail to be the case.

A company which had been in trouble for several weeks, and had only managed to struggle from town to town, finally found it impossible to move. The usual rumor of a big house waiting for them in the next stand spread through the company. Finally the manager decided to try the "traveling on trunks" scheme.

This method, which is often employed by companies in distress, consists in pledging the baggage of the company to the railroad, in lieu of fares. The railway company "double checks" the trunks, retaining the checks. The company manager gets the money from the theatre manager of the next town—if the advance sale warrants it, or if the local manager is easy—and pays the railway company the amount of transportation, and his trunks are released.

The company reached the town in which the house was "sold out" about sunset. All were in high spirits.

There was a free 'bus to the hotel and they all piled into it. The manager felt so good that he gave up his seat inside to the soubrette, and rode on the front seat with the driver.

"What beautiful sunsets you have in Texas," said the manager enthusiastically, pointing to a glow of orange and red in the west. "I have never seen anything to equal them anywhere else in the world."

"Sunset, hell!" said the driver. "That's the Opera House burning up."



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## SACHARISSA

(Continued from Page 12)

"I don't mind—really. If only I could do something for you."

"You are."

"I?"

"Yes; you are being exceedingly nice to me. I am afraid you feel under obligations to remain indoors and—"

"Truly, I don't. I was not going out." She leaned nearer and looked through the bars: "Are you quite sure you feel comfortable?"

"I feel like something in a zoo!"

She laughed. "That reminds me," she said, "have you had any luncheon?"

He had not, it appeared, after a little polite protestation, so she rang for Sparks. Her own appetite, too, had returned when the tray was brought; napkin and plate were passed through the grille to him, and, as they lunched, he in his cage, she close to the bars, they fell into conversation, exchanging information concerning mutual acquaintances whom they had expected to meet at the Delancy Courlands.

"So you see," she said, "that if I had not changed my mind about going to Tuxedo this morning you would not be here now. Nor I. . . . And we would never have—lunched together."

"That didn't alter things," he said, smiling. "If you hadn't been ill you would have gone to Tuxedo, and I should have seen you there."

"Then, whatever I did made no difference," she assented thoughtfully, "for we were bound to meet, anyway."

He remained standing close to the grille, which, as she was seated, brought his head on a level with hers.

"It would seem," he said laughingly, "as though we were doomed to meet each other, anyway. It looks like a case of Destiny to me."

She started slightly: "What did you say?"

"I said that it looks as though Fate intended us to meet, anyhow. Don't you think so?"

She remained silent.

He added cheerfully: "I never was afraid of Fate."

"Would you care for a—a book—or anything?" she asked, aware of a new constraint in her voice.

"I don't believe I could see to read in here. . . . Are you—going?"

"I—ought to." Vexed at the feeble senselessness of her reply she found herself walking down the landing, toward nowhere in particular. She turned abruptly and came back.

"Do you want a book?" she repeated.

"Oh, I forgot that you can't see to read. But perhaps you might care to smoke."

"Are you going away?"

"I—don't mind your smoking."

He lighted a cigarette; she looked at him irresolutely.

"You mustn't think of remaining," he said. Whereupon she seated herself.

"I suppose I ought to try to amuse you—till Ferdinand returns with a plumber," she said.

He protested: "I couldn't think of asking so much from you."

"Anyway, it's my duty," she insisted.

"Why?"

"Because you are under my roof—a guest."

"Please don't think—"

"But I really don't mind! If there is anything I can do to make your imprisonment easier—"

"It is easy. I rather like being here."

"It is very amiable of you to say so."

"I really mean it."

"How can you really mean it?"

"I don't know, but I do."

In their earnestness they had come close to the bars; she stood with both hands resting on the grille, looking in; he in a similar position, looking out.

He said: "I feel like an occupant of the Bronx, and it rather astonishes me that you haven't thrown in a few peanuts."

She laughed, fetched her box of chocolates, then began seriously: "If Ferdinand doesn't find anybody I'm afraid you might be obliged to remain to dinner."

"That prospect," he said, "is not unpleasant. You know when one becomes accustomed to one's cage it's rather a bore to be let out."

They sampled the chocolates, she sitting close to the cage, and as the box would not

go through the bars she was obliged to hand them to him, one by one.

"I wonder," she mused, "how soon Ferdinand will find a plumber?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

She bent her adorable head, chose a chocolate and offered it to him.

"Are you not terribly impatient?" she inquired.

"Not—terribly."

Their glances encountered and she said hurriedly:

"I am sure you must be perfectly furious with everybody in this house. I—I think it is most amiable of you to behave so cheerfully about it."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm feeling about as cheerful as I ever felt in my life."

"Cooped up in a cage?"

"Exactly."

"Which may fall at any—"

The idea was a new one to them both. She leaned forward in sudden consternation. "I never thought of that!" she exclaimed.

"You don't think there's any chance of its falling, do you?"

He looked at the startled, gray eyes so earnestly fixed on his. The sweet mouth quivered a little—just a little—or he thought it did.

"No," he replied, with a slight catch in his voice, "I don't believe it's going to fall."

"Perhaps you had better not move around very much in it. Be careful, I beg of you. You will, won't you, Mr. Vanderdyk?"

"Please don't let it bother you," he said, stepping toward her impulsively.

"Oh, don't, don't move!" she exclaimed.

"You really must keep perfectly still. Won't you promise me you will keep perfectly still?"

"I'll promise you anything," he said a little wildly.

Neither seemed to notice he had overdone it.

She drew her chair as close as it would go to the grille and leaned against it.

"You will keep up your courage, won't you?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly. By the way, how far is it to the b-basement?"

She turned quite white for an instant, then:

"I think I'd better go and ring up the police."

"No! A thousand times no! I couldn't stand that."

"But the car might—drop before—"

"Better decently dead than publicly paraphrased. . . . I haven't the least idea that this thing is going to drop. . . . Anyway, it's worth it," he added, rather vaguely.

"Worth—what?" she asked, looking into his rather winning, brown eyes.

"Being here," he said, looking into her engaging gray ones.

After a startling silence she said calmly:

"Will you promise me not to move or shake the car till I return?"

"You won't be very long, will you?"

"Not—very," she replied faintly.

She walked into the library, halted in the centre of the room, hands clasped behind her. Her heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

"I might as well face it," she said to herself; "he is—by far—the most thoroughly attractive man I have ever seen."

"I—I don't know what's the matter," she added piteously. "If it's that machine William made I can't help it; I don't care any longer; I wish—"

A sharp crack from the landing sent her out there in a hurry, pale and frightened.

"Something snapped somewhere," explained the young man with forced carelessness, "some unimportant splinter gave way and the thing slid down an inch or two."

"D-do you think—"

"No, I don't. But it's perfectly fine of you to care."

"C-care? I'm a little frightened, of course. . . . Anybody would be."

"Oh, I wish you were out and p-perfectly safe."

"If I thought you could ever really care what became of a man like me—"

Killian Van K. Vanderdyk's aristocratic senses began gyrating; he grasped the bars, the back of his hand brushed against hers, and the momentary contact sent a

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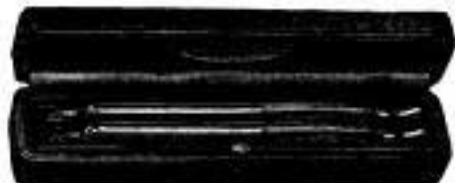
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# Oddities and Novelties OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

## The Coal-Mine Theatre

FOR educational purposes the United States Geological Survey is about to establish at Pittsburgh a very novel and curious sort of theatre. It will be in the top story of a high building, and will occupy an entire floor, which will be divided in two parts by a glass partition. One side of the partition will be for spectators only, and will be provided with chairs. The other half will be arranged with scenery, in such a manner as to represent a portion of the interior of a coal mine.

Coal operators in various parts of the country will be invited to send intelligent men, who are practical miners, to watch the performances at the theatre, and to take part in them when they choose to do so. The room on the stage side of the air-proof glass partition will be filled, for one experiment, with firedamp—that is to say, with air containing a dangerous quantity of this dreaded and deadly gas. Then men will go into it, in view of the audience, with patent helmets on their heads and oxygen apparatus strapped on their backs, and will show how long it is possible, with such aids, to remain safely in the poisoned atmosphere.

This is not for advertising purposes; it will be purely experimental. There will be a sort of walking track, of so many laps to the mile, around which the miner, wearing helmet and oxygen machine, will perambulate—the idea being to find out how much bodily effort he is capable of under such conditions. In order to vary the tests as much as possible, men will be required to do a variety of difficult stunts, such as walking up a high ladder, crawling through a long, dark passage, and coming down another ladder, just as they might be obliged to do in a real mine—repeating the performance, perhaps, with a dummy man carried in the arms.

It is altogether likely that some of the men subjected to these tests will succumb—in which case an emergency door in the glass partition will be instantly opened, and the victim of gas poisoning will be pulled out and revived. The expectation is that in this manner an accurate measurement will be obtained of the amount of work a man engaged in an effort of rescue in a mine can be expected to do, and of the length of time during which it would be safe for him to remain within the precincts invaded by poisonous gases.

The miners, who, as observers of or participants in the performances in question, derive practical information therefrom, are expected to become in their turn instructors, when they go back to the workings in which they are employed.

## Drug-Store Arithmetic

PEOPLE often permit themselves to wonder what the basis is on which apothecaries figure out the prices they charge for prescriptions. Some light is thrown upon this interesting question by an editorial recently printed in a publication which claims to be the official organ of the National Association of Retail Druggists.

From the statements made in this article it would appear that the method ordinarily adopted is to multiply the wholesale cost of the raw materials by two, and to add five or ten cents for the bottle, according to the size of the receptacle, plus a certain charge for mixing the ingredients. This charge may run from thirty cents for a four-ounce quantity to seventy cents for sixteen ounces. The sum total is the price of the prescription.

Prices of prescriptions vary at different places. It is a matter of common observation that a druggist in a conspicuous situation, whose rent is high, charges at least

double. But the system, with slight modifications, usually corresponds to that above described. One understands, then, what the apothecary is at when, on receiving an order for medicine signed by a physician, he does a little "sum," hastily, on a scrap of wrapping paper, as a preliminary to stating the amount to be paid.

In the case of an expensive prescription the cost of raw materials is likely to be the chief item. Suppose that it is one dollar. The apothecary multiplies it by two, and if sixteen ounces are to be put up he adds ten cents for the bottle and seventy cents for the mixing. This runs it up to rather a pretty penny. The publication quoted cites one mixture, with ingredients costing one dollar and seventy-five cents, the price of which, reckoned on this basis, was four dollars and twenty-five cents. It is the doubling that does it.

On the other hand, when the ingredients are cheap, the cost of mixing makes the price mount up. For example, the editorial quoted offers a prescription containing phosphate of magnesia, lemon juice and water. The value of materials, for four ounces, is three cents. But five cents is added for the bottle, and thirty cents for mixing, so that the price to the customer is forty cents.

One understands, then, why it is that the apothecary's bill, when there is sickness in the house, runs up to such alarming figures.

## War on the Shipworm

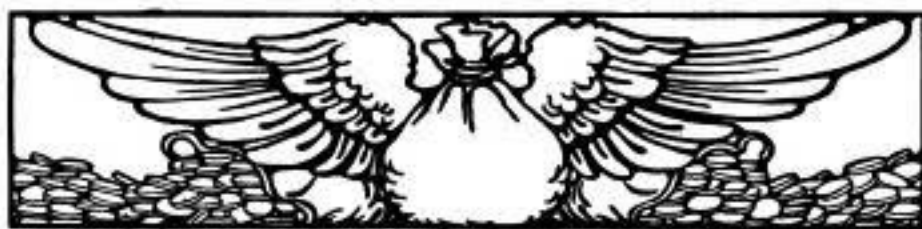
CONSIDERING the millions of dollars' worth of damage annually done by the "shipworm," it is surprising that nothing very definite has been known about the animal up to now. It is not a worm at all, of course, but a bivalve mollusc, which devours piles and all sorts of structures of wood in water. It first attracted serious attention in the eighteenth century, on account of the injury it did to the dikes of Holland.

Professor Charles P. Sigerfoos, who has made a special investigation of the subject, raising shipworms in aquaria and otherwise studying them, reports to the United States Fisheries Bureau that sometimes these wormlike molluscs attain a length of four feet or even more, with a diameter of an inch. Such a "worm" will lay as many as one hundred million eggs in a season—a fact which is calculated to discourage any attempt to exterminate the animal.

In the course of his studies Professor Sigerfoos hung boxes and other wooden things in sea water, and soon found large numbers of infant shipworms creeping over them. At this stage of their being they somewhat resemble tiny clams. Later, they begin to burrow in the wood, using for the purpose the front edges of their bivalve shells, on which teeth develop.

The eggs laid by the female are thrown into the water, and are almost immediately hatched, whereupon the young ones swim about for a while—that is to say, for perhaps a month—during which they lead a life the details of which are as yet unknown. At the end of that time they seek wood, wherever it may happen to be found, and proceed to burrow into it. Within two weeks after settling down they increase hundreds of times in size, and in four weeks they are ready to breed.

Thus it will be seen that the history of the shipworm is extremely simple. As it bores its way through a pile or other wooden object it chews up the material, so to speak, and swallows it in fine particles. When, as so commonly happens, many millions of the creatures attack a dock, or other structure under water, its destruction is a matter of only a comparatively short time. Hence the desirableness of finding a substance for use as a coating which shipworms cannot eat.



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(Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 11-28-08)

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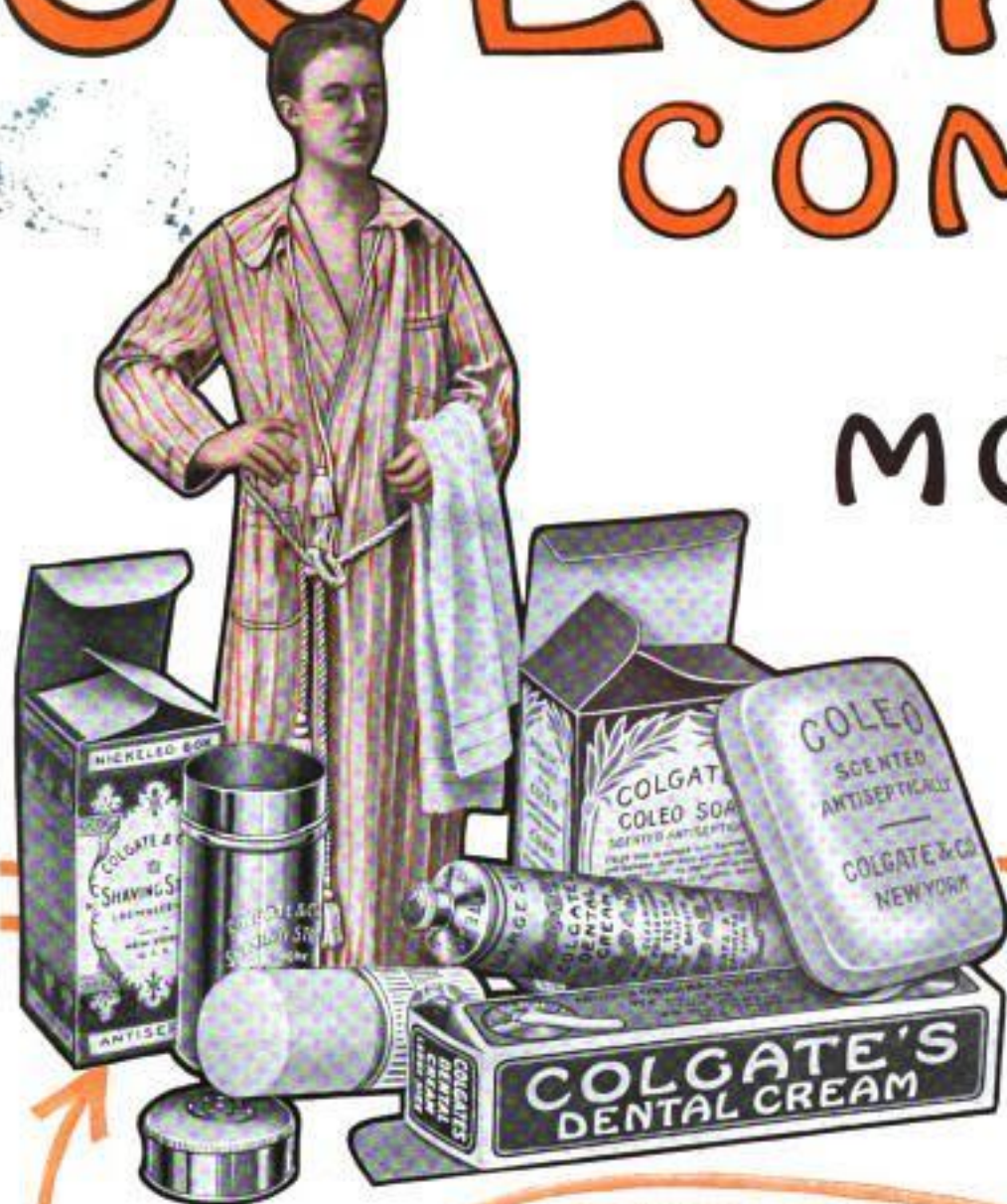
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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine  
Founded 1728 by Benj. Franklin



DECEMBER 5, 1908

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

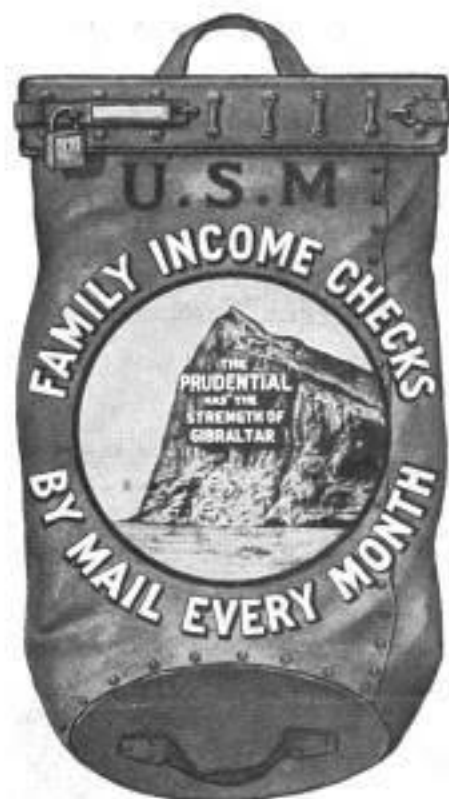


## CHRISTMAS NUMBER



# The Very Newest Idea in PRUDENTIAL Life Insurance

## A Statement by the President:



**T**HERE is no other business which bears so important a relation to the welfare of the family as that of Life Insurance. The Prudential's object is to provide for the men and women of the United States the most practical form of Life Insurance Protection—that which will contribute most completely to the welfare of those for whose benefit Life Insurance is taken.

With this sincere purpose in mind, The Prudential is issuing a Life Insurance Policy which, it is believed, meets more closely the necessities of the family—those who are left behind when the breadwinner dies—than any other form of Life Insurance before the American people to-day.

It is called the **Monthly Income** Policy, from the fact that the proceeds, instead of being payable in one sum, are paid to the family in a **series of checks** on the first of each month,—and continue for a period of 20 years or for the lifetime of the Beneficiary if it has been so selected.

The great advantages of this plan are apparent. Think of being able to leave your wife a **Monthly Income**,—a guaranteed sum which nothing can disturb—not affected by hard times, bad judgment in investments—which cannot be lost, depreciated or stolen—but which will come to her regularly **every month for twenty years, or her lifetime**,—thus enabling her to adjust the family expenditures, relieving her from all worry and putting poverty out of reach.

This is just what the new Monthly Income Policy accomplishes—it pays the rent, the household bills, provides food, clothing, education for the children—perpetuates your salary in fact—all by a monthly Income which cannot fail.

**THE COST of this policy is low.** For example, if you should be 30 years old you could, by paying The Prudential \$167.35 per year (which means a saving of only \$13.95 per month, or about \$3.50 per week), assure to your family after your death—**\$50 Every Month for 20 years**, or \$12,000 in all! At slightly higher cost, you could make this Income payable to your wife or daughter **for her entire lifetime**. This is called the Whole Life Plan.

You can also arrange to confine all your payments to the Company to the first 20 years after taking out the Policy. This is called the 20 Payment Life Plan.

Now suppose you would like to arrange to **protect your own old age**—to assure yourself of an Income which would start 20 years from to-day, if living, and last for 20 years longer, or—for you as long as you live and your wife as long as she lives if she survives you. This can be done too, under the Endowment Plan.

Suppose you and your wife were both 40 years of age: \$214.20 per year (a saving of \$4.12 weekly) paid to the Company for 20 years would provide a **guaranteed income** of \$25 per month, beginning at age 60 and **continuing as long as either you or your wife should live**,—and in any event for not less than 20 years.

Every rate and value in this Policy is absolutely guaranteed—in the Policy itself—while back of it are the great resources of The Prudential.

The success already attending this new Monthly Income Policy proves that it is striking the keynote of popular demand. You cannot afford to ignore a method of providing for your family or for your own old age a protection so sensible, so sure, so convenient, and so inexpensive. We wish to tell you what The Prudential can do for **You** in this matter. Write now while the subject is fresh in your mind. We will furnish you full Information—just adapted to **Your** particular case.

Remember, we believe this to be the greatest plan for the protection of your family ever devised—marking an epoch in Life Insurance. **You** should take advantage of it, for your family's sake. **Write Now** to

**The Prudential Insurance Co.  
OF AMERICA**

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

  
President

*In order that we shall know where you read this we would appreciate it if you would mention this publication in your letter.*



# Until Everybody has a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Santa Claus' bag must be full of them

Exchanged Until Satisfactory

## Clip Adds to Cost:

Ger. Silver	25c.
Ster. Silver	50c.
Gold Filled	\$1.00
Solid Gold	\$2.00

## Safety Ink Filler



25c. each  
By mail  
8c additional



Silver Filligree	Plain Black	Two Gold Bands	One Gold Band
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No. 414 7.00	13 3.50	23 G. M. 4.50	14 G. M. M. 5.00
No. 415 8.50	14 4.00	24 G. M. 5.00	15 G. M. M. 6.00

In holly design boxes for gift purposes

## That Christmas Gift

It is always a bit hard to select appropriate gifts for the members of your family or for a circle of friends. It is a fine thing to know an article which is as acceptable to all kinds of people as a

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

You can buy these pens at all prices, suiting all purses and all tastes. Gift pens are mounted styles. The price of the most inexpensive kind is so low that it makes the cheapest good Christmas present you can give, while in the finer and more ornamented kinds you can pay almost anything that you would pay for a Christmas gift.

When making out your list do not forget yourself. Make this a Waterman Christmas for you and for everybody else. Booklet sent on request.

### Ask any dealer

to show you the new Catalogue of Waterman's Ideals and show you the pens he has in stock.

Look for the Globe trade-mark. Beware of Imitations.

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It seems curious, but it is a fact that John Smith, Everyday American, can enjoy one luxury that Julius Caesar himself could not; and that is a *real* bath—with *real* soap—in a *real* bath-tub.

Caesar couldn't. Soap was unknown in his day. When he bathed, slaves covered his body with oils and ashes.

When John Smith bathes, he steps into a tub of water, as warm or as cold as he chooses to have it; covers himself with Ivory Soap lather, rubs it into the pores of his skin, rinses, dries himself with a coarse towel—and feels the equal of Caesar and as much the Master of the World.

It floats; and it is pure. These are the qualities that make Ivory Soap unequalled for use in the bath. Purity, in a bath soap, is of paramount importance. And a soap that does not sink has a very great advantage over one that does.

**Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats**



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Number 23

## THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE

By James Lane Allen

AUTHOR OF THE CHOIR INVISIBLE, A KENTUCKY CARDINAL AND AFTERMATH

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



THE stars burn  
out one by one  
like candles in too  
long a night.

Children, you love the snow.  
You play in it, you hunt in it;  
it brings the tinkling of sleigh-  
bells, it gives white wings to the trees  
and new robes to the world. Whenever  
it falls in your country, sooner or later it van-  
ishes: forever falling and rising, forming and  
falling and melting and rising again—on and  
on through the ages.

If you should start from your homes and  
travel northward, after a while you would find  
that everything is steadily changing: the air  
grows colder, living things begin to be left behind,  
those that remain begin to look white, the music  
of the earth begins to die out; you think no more  
of color and joy and song. On your journey, and  
always you are traveling toward the silent, the white,  
the dead. And at last you come to the land of sunlessness  
and silence—the reign of snow.

If you should start from your homes and travel south-  
ward, as you crossed land after land, in the same way you  
would begin to see that life was failing, colors fading, the  
earth's harmonies being replaced by the discords of Nature's  
lifeless forces, storming, crushing, grinding. And at last you  
would reach the threshold of another world that you dared not  
enter and that nothing alive ever faces—the home of the frost.

If you should rise straight into the air above your house-  
tops, as though you were climbing the side of an unseen  
mountain, you would find at last that you had ascended to a  
height where the mountain would be capped with snow. All  
round the earth, wherever its mountains are high enough,  
their summits are capped with the one same snow; for above  
us, everywhere, lies the upper land of eternal cold.

Some time in the future, we do not know when, but some  
time in the future, the Spirit of the Cold at the north will  
move southward; the Spirit of the Cold at the south will move  
northward; the Spirit of the Cold in the upper air will move  
downward to meet the other two. When the three meet there  
will be for the earth one whiteness and silence—rest.

A great time had passed—how great no one knew; there  
was none to measure it.

It was twilight and it was snowing. On a steep mountain-  
side, near its bald summit, thousands of feet above the line  
that any other living thing had ever crossed, stood two glorious  
fir trees, strongest and last of their race. They had climbed  
out of the valley below to this lone height, and there had so  
rooted themselves in rock and soil that the sturdiest gale had  
never been able to dislodge them; and now the twain occupied  
that beetling rock as the final sentinels of mortal things.

They looked out toward the land on one side of the mountain;  
at the foot of it lay a valley, and there, in old human times,  
a village had thriven, church spires had risen, bridal candles had  
twinkled at twilight. On the opposite side they looked toward the  
ocean—once the rolling, blue ocean, singing its great song, but level now

and white and still at  
last—its voice hushed with  
all other voices—the roar of  
its battleships ended long ago.

One fir tree grew lower down than  
the other, its head barely reached  
up to its comrade's breast. They had  
long shared with each other the wordless  
wisdom of their race; and now, as a slow,  
bitter wind wandered across the delicate green  
harps of their leaves, they began to chant—  
harping like harpers of old who never tired of  
the past.

The fir below, as the snowflakes fell on its locks  
and sifted closely in about its throat, shook  
itself bravely and sang:

"Comrade, the end for us draws nigh; the snow  
is creeping up. To-night it will place its cap upon  
my head. I shall close my eyes and follow all things  
into their sleep."

"Yes," thrummed the fir above, "follow all things  
into their sleep. If they were thus to sleep at last,  
why were they ever awakened? It is a mystery."

The whirling wind caught the words and bore them to the  
right and to the left over land and over sea:

"Mystery—mystery—mystery."

Twilight deepened. The snow scarcely fell; the clouds  
trailed through the trees so close and low that the flakes  
were formed amid the boughs and rested where they were  
created. At intervals out of the clouds and darkness the  
low musings went on:

"Where now is the Little Brother of the Trees—him of the  
long thoughts and the brief shadow?"

"He thought that he alone of earthly things was immortal."

"Our people, the Evergreens, were thrust forth on the earth a  
million ages before he appeared; and we are still here, a million  
ages since he left, leaving not a trace of himself behind."

"The most fragile moss was born before he was born; and  
the moss outlasted him."

"The frailest fern was not so perishable."

"Yet he believed he should have eternal youth."

"That his race would return to some Power who had sent  
it forth."

"That he was ever being borne onward to some far-off, divine  
event, where there was justice."

"Yes, where there was justice."

"Of old it was their custom to heap white flowers above their  
dead."

"Now white flowers cover them—the frozen white flowers  
of the sky."

It was night now about the mountaintop—deep night above  
it. At intervals the communing of the firs started up afresh:  
"Had they known how alone in the universe they were, would  
they not have turned to each other for happiness?"

"Would not all have helped each?"

"Would not each have helped all?"

"Would they have so mingled their wars with their prayers?"

"Would they not have thrown away their weapons and thrown their  
arms around one another? It was all a mystery."





"Mystery—mystery." Once in the night they sounded in unison:

"And all the gods of earth—its many gods in many lands with many faces—they sleep now in their ancient temples; on them has fallen at last their unending dusk."

"And the shepherds who avowed that they were appointed by the Creator of the universe to lead other men as their sheep—what difference is there now between the sheep and the shepherds?"

"The shepherds lie with the sheep in the same white pastures."

"Still, what think you became of all that men did?"

"Whither did Science go? How could it come to naught?"

"And that seven-branched golden candlestick of inner light that was his Art—was there no other sphere to which it could be transferred, lovely and eternal?"

"And what became of Love?"

"What became of the woman who asked for nothing in life but love and youth?"

"What became of the man who was true?"

"Think you that all of them are not gathered elsewhere—strangely changed, yet the same? Is some other quenchless star their safe habitation?"

"What do we know; what did he know on earth? It was a mystery."

"It was all a mystery."

If there had been a clock to measure the hour it must now have been near midnight. Suddenly the fir below harped most tenderly:

"The children! What became of the children? Where did the myriads of them march to? What was the end of the march of the earth's children?"

"Be still!" whispered the fir above. "At that moment I felt the soft fingers of a child searching my boughs. Was not this what in human times they called Christmas Eve?"

"Hearken!" whispered the fir below. "Down in the valley elfin horns are blowing and elfin drums are beating. Did you hear that—faint and far away? It was the bells of the reindeer! It passed: it was the wandering soul of Christmas."

Not long after this the fir below struck its green harp for the last time:

"Comrade, it is the end for me. Good-night!"

Silently the snow closed over it.

The other fir now stood alone. The snow crept higher and higher. It bravely shook itself loose. Late in the long night it communed once more, solitary:

"I, then, close the train of earthly things. And I was the emblem of immortality; let the highest be the last to perish! Power, that put forth all things for a purpose, you have fulfilled, without explaining it, that purpose. I follow all things into their sleep."

In the morning there was no trace of it.

The sun rose clear on the mountaintops, white and cold and at peace.

The earth was dead.



# THE PEDIGREE HUNTERS

IF THE rush to the genealogists keeps up we Americans shall soon lead the world in ancestors.

The birth rate among people of wealth is said to be at a low ebb, but the increase of their families in the other direction has never been so rapid. Even many of us in more moderate circumstances are acquiring lineages by the yard, and soon we shall all be old, old families, if we can manage to pay the price. Ancestors come high, that's the great drawback, and they are growing more and more expensive all the time.

It didn't used to cost very much to find out who grandfather's father was thirty or forty years ago, when most people never thought of digging back more than a generation or two into the unknown. There were always a few stray, hungry-looking family historians, men who had blundered into their calling a generation or two too soon, whose ambition never rose above a job at two dollars a day. Of course one couldn't expect very much at that price. These humble delvers into the past couldn't do much more than pore over a few old church or town registers within easy reach, and they considered it a triumph to add a century to an employer's line of descent. Even then the chances were even up that he had been presented with forebears that didn't belong to him, for in pedigree hunting the danger of mistakes is greater, perhaps, than in any other line of work.

## Family Trees the Most Costly of All

BUT nowadays there is the trained expert who travels about through New England and the South uncovering the history of his employer's dead relatives in all sorts of odd places, and who will spend years in forming a family tree complete in all its branches from the first immigrant.

And this expert now finds his work supplemented by that of an even more highly-trained investigator, who has come here from the Old World to introduce relatives who lived when knights were bold and barons held their sway.

This latest arrival in the field is a philologist, a paleographer, versed in mediæval Latin, Anglo-Saxon and old French. He has studied for years in European archives and libraries. He has channels of information that the average person would never think of. He delves in Domesday books, monastic records, chartularies, chronicles, heraldic manuscript collections, funeral and marriage certificates, school records, university registers, the French, Gascon and Norman rolls, sign manuals and signet bills, heralds' visitations, and a hundred other records of bygone centuries.

This marvel of scholarship will charge you one hundred dollars a day, four hundred and fifty dollars a week, fifteen hundred dollars a month, besides expenses, without any guarantee as to character or standing of ancestors, and sometimes it takes him a year or even longer to trace a pedigree until it vanishes in the mists of remote ages. And when it comes to the compiling of a complete family history, a matter that may involve looking through one hundred thousand documents and manuscripts, he may take three or four times as long, in which case his bill will be enough to stagger even a millionaire. But the man

## Digging Up the Root of the Family Tree

By E. L. BACON

who cannot afford such a high-priced family tree can console himself with the knowledge that the hunt often leads to many a disappointment. Often a man pays ten or fifteen thousand dollars only to discover a very ordinary lot of relatives indeed, the kind of people he and his wife wouldn't have cared to meet socially. In such a case the only consolation lies in the hope of digging back a little further eventually, if there is money enough left in the family treasury, and getting into more aristocratic circles, perhaps even to royalty itself. Sometimes it is a matter of several years to add really desirable relatives from the past to the clan, the kind you can hang up on the wall and tell your friends about. The reliable genealogist has an awful way of digging up one now and then who isn't fit to be mentioned.

It comes as a rude shock when a man who has always prided himself on his ancestry finds an unkempt rascal from some long-buried period being introduced into the family circle as a blood relation. So it was in the case of a certain scion of an old Boston family, a member of many fashionable clubs, who with a consuming thirst for knowledge of his forebears came to New York from the Back Bay district and set one of these skilled investigators at work.

"I am a direct descendant of a Pilgrim Father, a direct descendant, sir," said the man from the Hub impressively. "But we have never been able to trace our family on the other side. There is, however, a tradition, which I believe is founded on fact, that we come of a dual line."

The professional pedigree hunter took the meagre facts that were presented to him concerning the Pilgrim Father and the following week set sail for England. Two months later he came across his employer in London.

"I have found your Pilgrim ancestor," said the genealogist, "and have traced him back through two generations." "By George! You don't say so!" cried the Bostonian enthusiastically. "That is good news indeed."

"The immigrant was a poor farmer in Devonshire," continued the genealogist, "as was his father before him. But the grandfather was of a somewhat different sort."

"Ah!" interjected his employer. "Now we're getting somewhere."

"I haven't been able as yet to find out much about him," said the genealogist, "except the record of his death. Er—he died very suddenly. To tell the truth, he was hung—at Tyburn for stealing."

The descendant of the Pilgrims went up out of his chair as if something had stung him. "What!" he roared. "You mean to tell me I'm descended from a thief?"

"However," went on the genealogist, "I have hopes of getting back—"

"Back—not another step!" thundered his employer. "I've had enough. I'll pay your bill and that'll end it."

It cost him almost four thousand dollars to make that distressing discovery.

So many times do pedigree hunters encounter unpleasant revelations of this sort that it has become a moot

question among them whether the ethics of their profession should not allow of withholding a disclosure that would be sure to give a most disagreeable shock to a respectable family. Here is a case in point. In a New England town lived a nice old lady who had a vague idea of who her great-grandfather was, but, although taking the utmost pride in the short lineage within her knowledge, knew nothing at all of the generations that preceded him.

She hired a genealogist to look them up. He dug about in New England church and town records, scraped the moss off some old gravestones for the inscriptions, got back another generation or two and then found a clew that sent him to Virginia. At last he brought up in a sleepy little town in the wilds of Northumberland County. There, after a long search through the musty old papers in the courthouse, he discovered what he was after, a record of the man who turned out to be the old lady's first American ancestor. But it was the record of his conviction and sentence to prison on a charge of a nature that would have blackened for life the reputation of anybody. Of all the old reprobates of Colonial days he had gone the limit. His character, apparently, had not a single redeeming feature.

The effect this discovery would have upon the nice old lady back in New England was carefully considered by the genealogist. He went back to her and perjured himself like a gentleman. He had discovered the founder of her American line, he explained, but the facts to be obtained concerning him were extremely meagre, although he had evidently been a man of some reputation. He had picked up, too, for a trifling sum what was evidently a portrait of her ancestor and would be pleased to present it to her.

That portrait is hanging on the wall of the old lady's parlor to-day as an inspiration to her small grandchildren, who look up to it with pride as she tells them what a fine man their many times great-grandfather was, the same festive colonist who served a term behind the bars.

## The Pampered Plutocrat's Buccaneer

BUT the genealogist is never quite sure of how his client is going to take a revelation of the shortcomings of an ancestor. A pale, thin, luxurious young man who took only a languid interest in life was informed by his family historian that he had discovered that one of his progenitors had been a member of a buccaneering crew on the Spanish Main. The agent broke the news gingerly and with much anxiety. The young man was lounging back on a divan at the time, attired in a silk dressing-gown and leisurely sipping a cup of tea. It was hard for the genealogist to believe that he was looking upon the descendant of such a wild outlaw as he had dug up from the depths of the past.

To the agent's astonishment the pampered child of wealth rose up with a shout of joy and, hastily setting his cup of tea aside, embraced him rapturously.

"You don't mean to tell me," he cried, "that an ancestor of mine had the nerve to be a pirate? Good for the old boy! He was the real thing."

It is beyond the comprehension of the foreign genealogist why the Americans are developing such an eager interest in their ancestry, since so very few of them can be



traced back to any but very plain people. Europeans, unless they happen to be of noble descent, pay little attention to their forefathers. Professional pedigree hunters in England, or in any European country for that matter, would starve to death if it were not for an occasional legal matter that renders their services necessary. That is why most of the foreigners who take up genealogy as a profession are coming over here, where they find very few Americans as well equipped as they are to compete with.

They find eager patrons among the very wealthy old New York families, almost all of whom, the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Rhinelanders among them, are represented in the New York Genealogical Society, which has a fine building of its own in Fifty-eighth Street, a stone's throw from Central Park. J. Pierpont Morgan is an active member of this organization. So is Andrew Carnegie. So are John D. Rockefeller and his brother William. You have to be somebody to belong to this society. And yet, as one of its members explained recently, genealogy is the most democratic of hobbies, for it shows that we are all descendants of kings and beggars.

Talking about kings, there is hardly a New York family of great wealth that has not been connected with some ancient throne by some genealogical adventurer. J. Pierpont Morgan has a chart that shows him to be a direct descendant of Gwynedd Cymric, King of Wales thirteen hundred years ago. John D. Rockefeller's lineage has been traced through his mother's side, through the multitudinous Avery family of New England, to King Duncan, who was murdered by Macbeth. For the Astors has been found a Prince of Asturias.

But Mr. Morgan, though he was willing to pay a fat price for his chart, cannot look upon it without serious misgivings, for he knows that it is rare, indeed, that an American can be traced back, to a certainty, even as far as the early fifteenth century, there being very few, if any, parish records in the British Isles that antedate 1520. Very likely Mr. Rockefeller, who, it is said, in the male line, has never been able to get back beyond Godfrey Rockefeller, who lived in one of the German settlements of northern New York, is equally skeptical of his own royal lineage, although a few families in the South have been traced to Duncan without a doubtful link in the chain. As for the Astors, they realized long ago that there was no ground for the story of their descent from the Spanish prince, and the first ancestor on their family tree is still Jacob Ashdoer, or Astor, the jolly marketman, who lived in Walldorf, in Baden.

Many comparatively unknown people there are in America who can boast of far more distinguished ancestry and longer lineage than can any of the rich and prominent members of this aristocratic organization. Many a prominent New York family would be glad indeed of a line of descent to compare with that of Thornton Augustine Washington, a pharmacist near Index, Cass County, Missouri, the lineal descendant of Thornton Washington, George Washington's eldest full brother. If the first President had taken the advice of one of his officers, Colonel Nicola,

and had seized supreme power, what might have been the consequences? It is reasonable to suppose that the monarchy would have reverted to a republic before long. In that case this Missouri druggist, as pretender to the throne, might to-day be backed by a royalist party, basing his claim on the English law of royal succession.

All kinds of queer fish with nothing to do are caught by the fascination of pedigree hunting. You find men and women in the New York Genealogical Society's library with whom genealogical investigation has become an obsession. One of the members solemnly assured some recent visitors to the library that he could trace his lineage direct to Adam and Eve, and he unrolled a chart five yards long, showing his descent from the Garden of Eden through one hundred and ninety-three generations.

They gazed at him in wonder. Talk about ancestors! Who could ever hope to get ahead of a man with such a pedigree as that? He had most people who pride themselves on ancient lineage beaten to a standstill.

And a surprising number of people have implicit faith in this chart, on which are the Saltonstalls and several other old New England families, and it occupies an important place in the society's library.

But it is not always a desire for a long lineage that leads one to invest in an investigation of his family tree. A year ago a well-known business man enlisted the services of one of New York's most scholarly genealogists.

"I don't care a hang for coats of arms or aristocratic ancestors," said the client. "My father was a poor

farmer, and I don't know anything about more than two generations on either side. But those I know about didn't have any ability in the money-making line. What's more, none of 'em knew anything about music or cared about it. My father couldn't tell one note from another—couldn't even play a jew's-harp. Yet I know how to make money, for I've built up a big fortune, and I know good music, too. I can play classical pieces on the piano, though I've never had a lesson, and there's nothing I enjoy more than going to the opera. Now, I want to know where those two streaks in me came from."

The genealogist traced him back into England, but through all the generations discovered only poor, ignorant and ordinary people. He kept on; still nothing but the crudest lot imaginable. And then, at last, thirteen generations back, he found an ancestor in Scotland who had not only acquired immense tracts of land through his own efforts, but also had been noted for his passion for music.

"It's wonderful how characteristics will crop out after being buried for generations and generations," said the genealogist after telling the story. "It's the same way with faces. I've met men and women whose prototypes I've seen among portraits of their ancestors of three hundred years before. Why, I've seen Marie Antoinette a dozen times in the streets of New York. Who were those women? Could they have been descendants of the Queen's ancestors? Or did the Dauphin really survive and, perhaps, wander to America and found a family here? Sometimes I walk through the streets like a man in a dream, and the

crowd that goes by me are figures from long ago—men and women that I have seen, time and time again, in old pictures. Only yesterday I saw Catherine the Great in the subway. She hadn't changed a particle, except in the matter of clothes. Come here and look out of the window."

His office fronted on lower Broadway, and on the other side of the crowded street a fat man with a wooden leg was leaning against a doorway holding out a tin cup.

"Look at that beggar over there," exclaimed the genealogist. "Isn't he the living image of Henry the Eighth? He may be his lineal descendant for all we know."

There certainly was an astonishing resemblance to the Holbein portrait of the old English king.

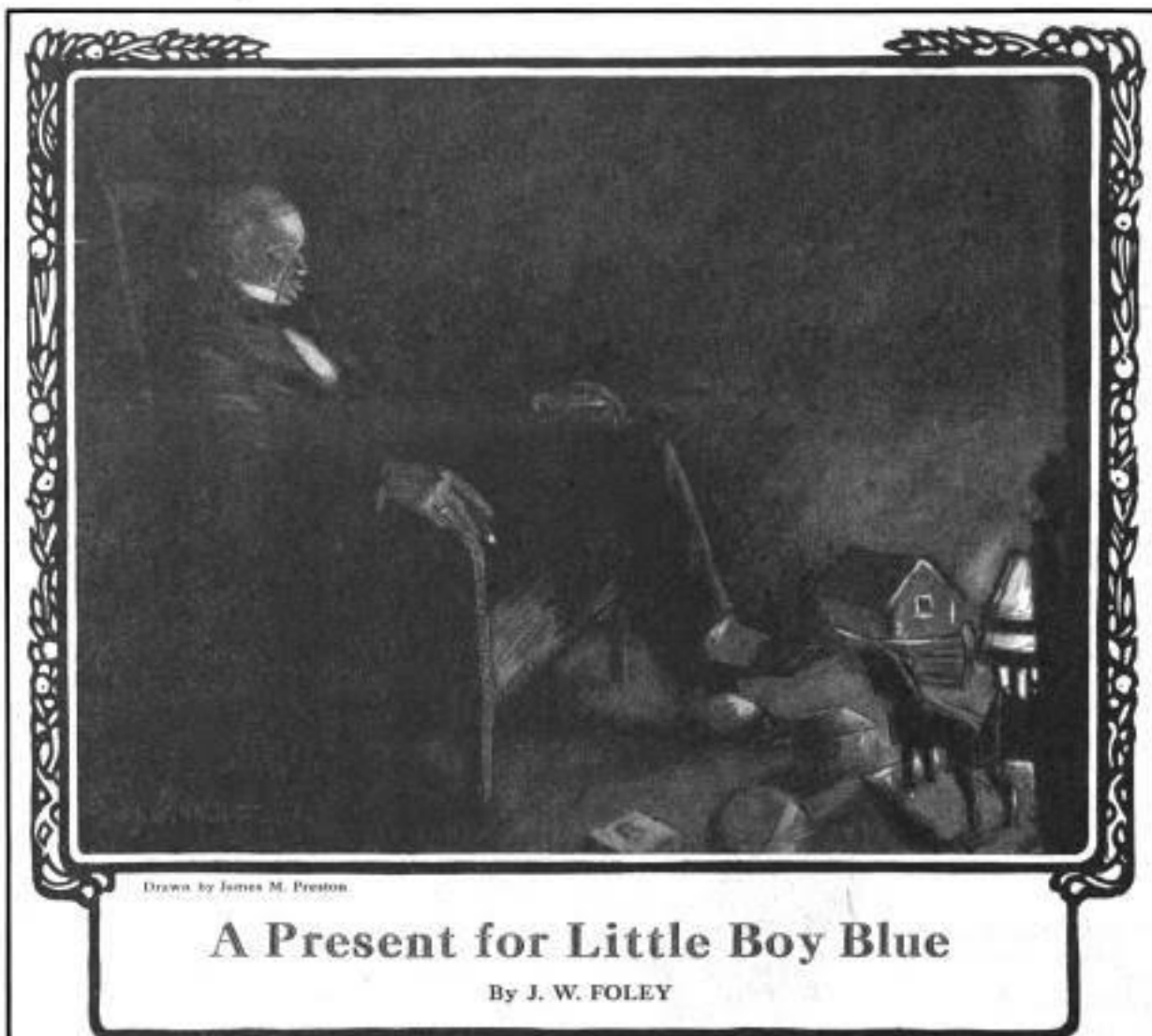
The beggar snapped his fingers at a newsboy with the air of one who had been born to command, then crouched down on the step and watched with blinking eyes the passing crowd. There was something medieval about him. He seemed altogether out of place in a modern city.

"If you want to know my opinion," said the genealogist, "I believe that is old Henry himself come to life again."

Who knows? At least it would not have been so surprising if the beggar had been one of King Henry's blood relations. There must be tens of thousands of American descendants of kings of that period and earlier.

But stop and do a little figuring, and see what it means, so far as arithmetic shows, to be descended from a king of three hundred years ago. In three hundred years

(Concluded on Page 40)



## A Present for Little Boy Blue

By J. W. FOLEY

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue  
Whenever he goes by our yard;  
And he says, "Good-morning" or "How-do-you-do?"  
But sometimes he winks awful hard.  
I guess he don't know what my name really is,  
Or else he forgot, if he knew;  
And my! You would think I am really part his—  
He calls me *his* Little Boy Blue!

Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue  
Once stood all his toys in a row,  
And said, "Now, don't go till I come back for you"—  
But that was a long time ago.  
And one time, at Christmas, when I had a tree,  
He brought me a sled, all brand-new,  
And smiled when he said it was partly for me  
And partly for Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he's not going to have any tree,  
So he says the best he can do  
Is try to get something to partly give me  
And partly give Little Boy Blue.  
Because, if he's here, it would make him so glad,  
And he said he knew it was true  
That ever and ever so many folks had  
A boy just like Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue,  
And said he would like to help trim  
Our tree when it came—he would feel that he knew  
It was partly for me and for him.  
He said he would fix it with lights and wax flowers,  
With popcorn and berries—you see,  
He'd like to come over and help to trim ours—  
He's not going to have any tree!



# THE SLEEPING COLUMN

How the Confederate Gray Guided the Union Blue



And We Rode on, the Line Sleeping, the Sabres Clanking Now and Then, the Horses Blowing Through Their Delicate Nostrils

WHILE the twilight faded from Little Traverse Bay they sat on the hotel veranda and told stories of the great war. When the Colonel had done the only one who had not contributed to the symposium was the gentleman with the white hair and mustache and the profile of a field-marshal.

"You were in the war, of course, Mr. Davenport?" asked one of the Northerners, who wore in his lapel the button of the Loyal Legion.

"I can claim little in that respect," said Davenport, "though I did see one night of service—if such it can be called—that I sometimes recall."

"Why, I never knew you were in the army," said the other Southerner, turning to Davenport with a movement which, for an instant, caught him in a sense of mutual interest from which the others were excluded.

"Oh, yes; in fact," Davenport paused to relight his pipe, "I served in both armies, the Northern and the Southern"—as he puffed, the tiny flame of the match for a moment lit up his handsome face with its ruddy illumination—"and under two of the most brilliant cavalry leaders of our armies—and was mentioned personally by two leading generals of the opposing forces."

A faint smile flickered an instant in the light of the match before he puffed it out. Colonel Hickman, the Northerner, who knew Davenport only as a man who lightened social occasions with his good humor, said:

"What's this? Another of your jokes?"

"Not at all," said Davenport. "I'll tell you about it if you care to hear."

The naval officer lighted an anticipatory cigarette; the others smoked in silence, their cigars glowing and fading like fireflies in the gloom at that end of the gallery, and Davenport, when his pipe was drawing satisfactorily, said:

"Although I have lived North all these years I was born and reared in northern Alabama. My father fell at Mill Springs. I can remember the day he went away—his new uniform of that soft, beautiful gray, and his red silk sash." Davenport spoke the word "gray" in the same significant tone he had employed in speaking the word "Alabama." "My mother died in April—of grief, they said." He paused, achieved an impersonal tone and went on: "I was then about twelve, and we were living with my grandfather, Colonel Weaver, on his plantation, about ten miles from Florence. My grandmother was dead. He was old and feeble, and the shock of mother's death, an event which took from him his only remaining child, added greatly to the cares the times brought him. My Cousin John, his only other grandson, was in Forrest's cavalry. Early in the war period he had gone to New Orleans and converted into gold as much of his property as he could; and among the fine excitements on which my young imagination fed, I recall the day he gave to Cousin John and me the boxes containing

## By BRAND WHITLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

forty-five thousand dollars in gold, and my grandmother's jewels, sealed in an old jar, and told us to hide them away. 'I prefer not to know where you conceal them,' I remember him saying. 'The times are troubled, I am old, the property belongs, anyway, to you and Weaver here'—he laid his thin hand on my shoulder—'you must care for it yourselves.' I remember, too, that warm day when Cousin John and I, with old Tobe to dig for us, buried that little fortune; the jewels in the orchard, the gold in —"

Davenport stopped, seemed for an instant to think, then laughed slightly in his amused and careless way.



Hanging Over the Baluster, I Could See, in the Light Tobe Made, a Man in Uniform—a Blue Uniform

"But no matter; these details, after all, have nothing to do with the story. Cousin John went away, and grandfather and I lived on there alone, and from that plantation I watched the progress of the war, feeding

on excitement, longing to go myself, begging grandfather to let me go, but I was too young and he was lonely. And the war rolled by and around us, sometimes too near for our comfort, but never too near for my boyish, romantic interest. Well, we came to the closing scenes of that war, though I did not know that they were the closing scenes. It was in the fall of '64, and events were connected with the preliminary operations of Hood's Tennessee campaign. Those were great days for me. General Forrest in command of the Southern cavalry, and General Wilson in command of the Northern cavalry, were circling about all over that country, fleeing from each other, pursuing each other, wheeling round and round. Forrest was enjoying the élan of his capture of the Undine, and was capturing other things than gunboats—horses, for instance, which were scarce. Both sides were raiding and commandeering wherever opportunity offered; they took horses from farmers, street cars, circuses—anything and anybody. The road was filled with cavalymen; they would sweep by, now the Southern men, now the Northern. Several times General Forrest himself came by and with his staff stopped at our house. He and grandfather were friends, though he never could stop long with us—General Wilson was usually too hot on his heels, or else he was on Wilson's trail.

"It was one of these hurried visits that ushered in the escapade I speak of. It was a beautiful day in November, and late in the afternoon I saw a party of horsemen coming down the pike. The sun

made glittering points on the metal of uniform and accoutrement, and I ran into the road to see General Forrest dash up with his staff. You know what such a spectacle meant to a boy—the longing to mount and be off with them, to live that fine life in which, then, I could see no tragedy. I can see Forrest now, reining up his magnificent stallion, an erect figure in gray uniform, long, gray hair tossed by the wind, and uniform, boots and hair—even beard and eyelashes—powdered with a fine white dust.

"'Call Colonel Weaver—quick!' he commanded. I was surprised; he usually rode in, but I divined that now he was not going to dismount. I turned and told a negro to call my grandfather, and in a moment the old gentleman came, bareheaded, down the walk. He went up to General Forrest's side, glad to see his friend. He stood there, his white head bared. Though Forrest was in a hurry he called to his staff officers, 'Keep your seats, gentlemen,' swung down out of his saddle and clasped my grandfather's hand.



"Colonel Weaver," he said, "I'm in a devil of a hurry; we've been raiding—I have a lot of stock, cattle and horses, that I got from the Union fellows, and I must get it across the Tennessee. Wilson's on my heels hot; he'll be along here any time. Can you lend me some negroes to run the stock over the river?"

"Certainly, General Forrest," said my grandfather. "Go call Mr. Paten," he commanded me, so as to lose no time. "Where shall I send them?"

"Have them meet my men at Cushing's Mill, about a mile above Endrow's, as soon as they can. Good-by, Colonel; sorry I can't stay longer."

"He saluted, swung into the saddle and they galloped off. His advance guard was just coming down the road, thundering on the gallop—his staff was riding so hard as to outstrip them all. I stood gazing after the disappearing staff."

"Why do you stand there, sir?" exclaimed my grandfather. "Where's Paten?"

"Paten was our overseer, and I ran then to call him; he came; he hadn't much to do in those days, poor fellow, and was glad enough of any occupation. My grandfather gave him directions, and pretty soon we could hear Paten shouting down at the quarters, and then he and about fifteen negroes were off. I wanted to go along, but my grandfather wouldn't let me; I was disappointed, and even mad, but afterward—well, no matter; I'll get ahead of my story. Grandfather had a chair brought out on the gallery, got his hat and cape, and we watched Forrest's men go tearing by—some of them saw us and some of them recognized grandfather and waved a hasty salute, which he gravely returned with his stick. You could see that he was tickled to death."

"All that evening he was nervous and anxious, moving about a good deal, peering at his watch, going out and looking up and down the road. The hours went by. Once grandfather went out the back hallway and listened, with his good ear, toward the quarters. Then he went out on the gallery and listened again. Ten o'clock came, still no sign or sound of Paten or of General Wilson. At half-past ten he sent me to bed. You can send a boy to bed but you can't make him sleep, and I lay there straining my ears. I knew my grandfather was up. After a long while I heard Tobe locking up for the night. Then it was still—a long time; I don't know how long, maybe half an hour, maybe an hour; then I heard a voice, and a loud hammering of the knocker on the front door. I heard Tobe, then grandfather, then voices in parley. Then the door opened. I felt the rush of night air up the stairs to the landing where I had crept, and, hanging over the baluster, I could see, in the light Tobe made, a man in uniform—a blue uniform. I could see his boots, his sword, and when he threw off his cape I saw the silver eagles of a colonel on his shoulder straps. They were down there in our hall, the Union colonel, my grandfather and old Tobe, bearing two tall candles. Surely great things were doing that night! I leaned over the rail and watched and listened; a chill ran through me, my teeth chattered as with cold."

"I would willingly oblige you, sir," my grandfather was saying, "but I have no one about the place who would answer your purpose. I can send one of my negroes if that —"

"I don't want a nigger," said the officer, almost impatiently, with that curious Northern distrust of the individual of that race whom they love so in the mass—the very reverse of our attitude and feeling toward the negro. "I want a white man."

"There are but three white persons on my plantation, sir," said grandpa: "my overseer, my grandson and myself. My overseer is not here to-night—ah! I thought, where is Paten? Safely across the Tennessee?"—I myself, as you see, am too old; my grandson is a boy."

"How old?" he asked.

"Sixteen."

"Where is he?"

"He has retired for the night."

"Call him!" said the Colonel peremptorily.

The atmosphere grew tense; I could feel it.

"Pardon me, sir," my grandfather was saying, and I could imagine him drawing himself up to full height, "but

I am not accustomed to receiving orders in my own house—or elsewhere, for the matter of that."

"My heart was still for an instant."

"I ask your pardon, sir," said the officer promptly, and I liked him for it. "Is it asking too much for you to summon your grandson?"

"Not at all, sir," I heard grandfather say, and I knew he was bowing in his stately way. "Tobe, call Master Weaver."

"I heard Tobe put down the candles and then start slowly up the stairway."

"While we wait, sir," said my grandfather, "will you not enter my drawing-room and be seated? I, sir, am Colonel Weaver; whom have I the honor —"

"I did not hear the rest, for I had reached my room, whither our old house-boy was following me. I did not care to have my grandfather know I had been eaves-dropping, and when Tobe came to my door and knocked I took my time and prolonged my pretended operation of dressing. I wore in those days a little cadet uniform of Confederate gray, with brass buttons, such as many young lads wore, and in my boyish pride I did not neglect to add to this the adornment of the cadet cap, with the gold letters,

embers in the fireplace, in the uniform of a colonel of cavalry. His boots were muddy, his uniform was stained with hard riding and he looked weary and jaded, yet restless and nervous. But his black eyes, lying in deep, dark circles, brightened."

"Rather a big boy," he said to himself, or to my grandfather more than to me. "Are you a soldier?" he asked me, noting my uniform."

"No, sir," I replied, "but I wish I were. I would be if —"

"If what?"

"If my grandfather would let me."

"How old are you?" the Colonel asked.

"Sixteen, sir," I said.

"Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

"He looked me over, scrutinized me carefully and said:

"All right; you'll do. Come with me. I want you to guide me to General Forrest's army."

"I looked inquiringly at my grandfather."

"Go with him," said the old gentleman."

"My heart was going fast with excitement, with desire, and, I own now, with a good deal of fear. Here, at last, was a chance for action, for the deeds I had dreamed—and yet, I feared; and then, too, I had a certain distaste for this business. I looked at my grandfather, and just then, with a nostalgic pang, I dreaded to leave the old gentleman. But he looked away from me."

"I cannot provide a mount for the boy, Colonel Hutchins," grandpa said: "our horses —"

"Never mind that," was the reply; "I'll provide a horse."

"And then we went out into the night. It was cool and a little moist. On the gallery we were joined by the waiting aide, who proved to be the adjutant. He had fallen asleep, his back against one of the columns, his chin on his breast. And out in the road there was a long line of horsemen, silent and dim; the horses, with hanging heads, evidently asleep, their riders sitting them limply, with hanging heads, likewise asleep—the whole regiment was asleep. Colonel Hutchins spoke to his orderly, and he, from somewhere out of that dim and silent mass, led forth a horse, a tall, raw-boned animal, that moved reluctantly and wearily, like all that weary, jaded column, and I remember that I exulted inwardly just a little to think that my general had led them this merry, killing pace. The Colonel mounted, his adjutant and his orderly mounted, and I mounted, and then the Colonel spoke in a low voice, "Forward." The line trembled, moved hesitatingly, and something like a tired sigh was exhaled from it, the united weariness of all those men and beasts. I fell in beside the Colonel at the head of the column."

"You know the way he went?" asked the Colonel."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; lead on. You look like a good boy; I can trust you."

"Now, I knew that General Forrest had gone over toward the river along the old Nashville pike, a high, hard road that led straight off to the northward, and this way I led the column. The Colonel, evidently too weary, spoke no more. He muffled himself up in his overcoat and sat hunched in his saddle; the officers of his staff did the same, and turning, looking back over the crupper of my horse, I saw the whole regiment in this same attitude, the horses stalking on with their heads low. I tried to imagine myself as the commander of this regiment. The night, the cloaked soldiers about me and behind me, the jolt of a carbine in its

holster now and then, the creak of leather saddle, the ring of a spur against a sabre, the peculiar soft, fluttering noise as the horses blew through their nostrils, the charm, the fascination of it all was on me there in the night along the dark road. I was keenly alive and awake, and left all to myself. I liked my isolation among those drowsy companions. Only once did the Colonel speak; then he said:

"You're sure this is the way?"

"This is the Nashville pike, sir," I said.

"Very well." And he huddled himself down into his cape again. The column drew, almost automatically, behind us. We went on thus for about two miles."

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"I am Not Accustomed to Receiving Orders in My Own House—or Elsewhere, for the Matter of That"

"C. S." on its front. Thus, in a moment, I descended the stairs. I heard some one tramping up and down before the house outside, possibly an adjutant or an orderly of this Colonel's. I could hear now and then the click of metal—were General Wilson's soldiers there?"

"As I entered the parlor my grandfather looked up and said:

"Colonel Hutchins, let me present my grandson, Master Weaver Davenport; Weaver, this is Colonel Hutchins, commanding the advance guard of General Wilson's army."

"I came to attention and saluted the tall, dark man who stood there with his back to the smouldering evening



# THE THIN SANTA CLAUS

The Chicken Yard That Was a Christmas Stocking

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



He Looked Like a Man Who Had Lost Nine Hundred Dollars, but He Did Not Look Like Santa Claus

MRS. GRATZ opened her eyes and looked out at the drizzle that made the Christmas morning gray. Her bed stood against the window, and it was easy for her to look out; all she had to do was to roll over and pull the shade aside. Having looked at the weather she rolled again on to the broad flat of her back and made herself comfortable for a while, for there was no reason why she should get up until she felt like it.

"Such a Christmas!" she said good-naturedly to herself. "I guess such weathers is bad for Santy Claus. Mebby it is because of such weathers he don't come to my house. I don't blame him, much. So muddy!"

She let her eyes close indolently. Not yet was she hungry enough to imagine the tempting odor of fried bacon and eggs, and she idly slipped into sleep again. She was in no hurry. She was never in a hurry. What is the use of being in a hurry when you own a good little house and have money in the bank and are a widow? What is the use of being in a hurry, anyway? Mrs. Gratz was always placid and fat, and she always had been. What is the use of having money in the bank and a good little house if you are not placid and fat? Mrs. Gratz lay on her back and slept, placidly and fatly, with her mouth open, as if she expected Santa Claus to pass by and drop a present into it. Her dreams were pleasant.

It was no disappointment to Mrs. Gratz that Santa Claus had not come to her house. She had not expected him. She did not even believe in him.

"Yes," she told Mrs. Flannery, next door, as she handed a little parcel of toys over the fence for the little Flannerys, "once I believes in such a Santy Claus myself, yet. I make me purty good times then. But now I'm too old. I don't believe in such things. But I make me purty good times, still. I have a good little house, and money in the bank —"

Suddenly Mrs. Gratz closed her mouth and opened her eyes. She smelled imaginary bacon frying. She felt real hunger. She slid out of bed and began to dress herself, and she had just buttoned her red flannel petticoat around her wide waist when she heard a silence, and paused. For a full minute she stood, trying to realize what the silence meant. The English sparrows were chirping as usual and making enough noise, but through their bickerings the silence still annoyed Mrs. Gratz, and then, quite suddenly again, she knew. Her chickens were not making their usual morning racket.

"I bet you I know what it is, sure," she said, and continued to dress as placidly as before. When she went down she found that she had won the bet.

A week before two chickens had been stolen from her coop, and she had had a strong padlock put on the chicken house. Now the padlock was pried open, and the chicken house was empty, and nine hens and a rooster were gone.

on the door-sill of the chicken house and laughed until the tears rolled down her face. Occasionally she stopped to wipe her eyes, and the flood of laughter gradually died away into ripples of intermittent giggles that were like sobs after sorrow. Mrs. Gratz had no great sense of humor, but she could see the fun of finding nine hundred dollars. It was enough to make her laugh, so she laughed.

"Goodness, such a Santy Claus!" she exclaimed with a final sigh of pleasure. "Such a Christmas present from Santy Claus! No wonder he is so fat yet when he eats ten chickens in one night already. But I don't kick. I like me that Santy Claus all right. I believes in him purty good after this, I bet!"

She went at once to tell Mrs. Flannery, and Mrs. Flannery was far more excited about it than Mrs. Gratz had been. She said it was the Hand of Retribution paying back the chicken thief, and the Hand of Justice repaying Mrs. Gratz for sending toys to the little Flannerys, and Pure Luck giving Mrs. Gratz what she always got, and a number of other things.

"Tis the luck of ye, Mrs. Gratz, ma'am," she said, "and often I do be sayin' it is the Dutch for luck, meanin' no disrespect to ye, and the fatter the luckier, as I often told me old man, rest his soul, and him so thin! And Christmas mornin' at that, ma'am, which is nothin' at all but th' judgment of Hivin on th' dirty chicken thief, pickin' such a day for his thievin', when there's plenty other days in th' year for him. Keep th' money, ma'am, for 'tis yours by good rights, and I knew there would

Mrs. Gratz stooped and entered the low gate and surveyed the vacant chicken yard placidly. If they were gone, they were gone.

"Such a Santy Claus!" she said good-naturedly. "I don't like such a Santy Claus—taking away and not bringing. Purty soon he don't have such a good name any more if he keeps up doing like this. People likes the bringing Santy Claus: I guess they don't think much of the taking-away business. He gets a bad name quick enough if he does this much."

She turned to bend her head to look into the vacant chicken house and stood still. She put out her foot and touched something her eyes had lighted upon, and the thing moved. It was a purse of worn, black leather, soaked by the drizzle, but still holding the bend that comes to men's purses when worn long in a back trouser pocket. One end of the purse was muddy and pressed deep into the soft soil where a heel had tramped on it. Mrs. Gratz bent and picked it up.

There was nine hundred dollars in bills in the purse. Mrs. Gratz stood still while she counted them, and as she counted her hands began to tremble, and her knees shook, and she sank

some good come till ye th' minute ye handed me th' presents for the kids. The good folks sure all gits ther reward in this world, only some don't, an' I'm only sorry mine is a pig instid of chickens, but not wishin' ye hadn't th' money yerself, at all, but who would come to steal a pig, and them such loud squealers? And who do you suspicion it was, Mrs. Gratz, ma'am?"

"I think mebby I got me a present from Santy Claus, yes?" said Mrs. Gratz.

"And hear th' woman!" said Mrs. Flannery. "Do ye hear that now? Well, true for ye, ma'am, and stick to it, for there's no tellin' who'll be claimin' th' money, and if ever Santy Claus brought a thing to a mortal soul 'twas him brought ye that. And 'twas only yesterday ye was sayin' ye had no belief in him?"

"Yesterday I don't have no beliefs in him," said Mrs. Gratz. "To-day I have plenty of beliefs in him. I like him plenty. I don't care if he comes every year."

"Sure not," said Mrs. Flannery, "and you with th' nine hundred dollars in yer pocket. I'd be glad of the chanst. I'd believe in him, meself, for four hundred and fifty."

That afternoon Mrs. Flannery, whose excitement had not abated in the least, went over to Mrs. Gratz's to spend the afternoon talking to her about the money. She felt that it was good to be that near it, at any rate, and when one can make a whole afternoon's conversation out of what Mrs. Casey said to Mrs. O'Reilly about Mrs. McNally, it is a shame to miss a chance to talk about nine hundred dollars. Mrs. Flannery was rocking violently and talking rapidly, and Mrs. Gratz was slowly moving her rocker and answering in monosyllables, when some one knocked at the door. Mrs. Gratz answered the knock.

Her visitor was a tall, thin man, and he had a slouch hat, which he held in his hands as he talked. He seemed nervous, and his face wore a worried look—extremely worried. He looked like a man who had lost nine hundred dollars, but he did not look like Santa Claus. He was thinner and not so jolly-looking. At first Mrs. Gratz had no idea that Santa Claus was standing before her, for he did not have a sleigh-bell about him, and he had left his red cotton coat with the white batting trimming at home. He stood in the door playing with his hat, unable to speak. He seemed to have some delicacy about beginning.

"Well, what it is?" said Mrs. Gratz.

Her visitor pulled himself together with an effort.

"Well, ma'am, I'll tell you," he said frankly. "I'm a chicken buyer. I buy chickens. That's my business—"



"Often I Do be Sayin' it is the Dutch for Luck, Meanin' No Disrespect to Ye, and the Fatter the Luckier, as I Often Told Me Old Man, Rest His Soul, and Him So Thin!"



dealin' in poultry—so I came out to-day to buy some chickens —”

“On Christmas Day?” asked Mrs. Gratz.

“Well,” said the man, moving uneasily from one foot to the other, “I did come on Christmas Day, didn’t I? I don’t deny that, ma’am. I did come on Christmas Day. I’d like to go out and have a look at your chickens —”

“It ain’t so usual for buyers to come buying chickens on Christmas Day, is it?” interposed Mrs. Gratz good-naturedly.

“Well, no, it ain’t, and that’s a fact,” said the man uneasily. “But I always do. The people I buy chickens for is just as apt to want to eat chicken one day as another day—and more so. Turkey on Christmas Day, and chicken the next, for a change—that’s what they always tell me. So I have to buy chickens every day. I hate to, but I have to, and if I could just go out and look around your chicken yard —”

It was right there that Mrs. Gratz had a suspicion that Santa Claus stood before her.

“But I don’t sell such a chicken yard, yet,” she said. The man wiped his forehead.

“Sure not,” he said nervously. “I was goin’ to say look around your chicken yard and see the chickens. I can’t buy chickens without I see them, can I? Somefolks might, but I can’t with the kind of customers I’ve got. I’ve got mighty particular customers, and I pay extra prices so as to get the best for them, and when I go out and look around the chicken yard —”

“How much you pay for such nice, big, fat chickens, meebby?” asked Mrs. Gratz.

“Well, I’ll tell you,” said the man. “Seven cents a pound is regular, ain’t it? Well, I pay twelve. I’ll give you twelve cents, and pay you right now, and take all the chickens you’ve got. That’s my rule.

But, if you want to let me go out and see the chickens first, and pick out the kind my regular customers like, I pay twenty cents a pound. But I won’t pay twenty cents without I can see the chickens first.”

“Sure,” said Mrs. Gratz. “I wouldn’t do it, too. Meebby I go out and bring in a couple such chickens for you to look at? Yes?”

“No, don’t!” said the man impulsively. “Don’t do it! It wouldn’t be no good. I’ve got to see the chickens on the hoof, as I might say.”

“On the hoof?” said Mrs. Gratz. “Such poultry don’t have no hoofs.”

“Runnin’ around,” explained the visitor. “Runnin’ around in the coop. I can tell if a chicken has got any disease that my trade wouldn’t like, if I see it runnin’ around in the coop. There’s a lot in the way a chicken runs. In the way it hists up its leg, for instance. That’s what the trade calls ‘on the hoof.’ So I’ll just go out and have a look around the coop —”

“For twenty cents a pound anybody could let buyers see their chickens on the hoof, I guess,” said Mrs. Gratz.

“Now, that’s the way to talk!” exclaimed the man.

“Only but I ain’t got any such chickens,” said Mrs. Gratz. “So it ain’t of use to look how they walk. So good-by.”

“Now, say —” said the man, but Mrs. Gratz closed the door in his face.

“I guess such a Santy Claus came back yet,” said Mrs. Gratz when she went into the room where Mrs. Flannery was sitting. “But it ain’t any use. He don’t leave any more such presents.”

“Th’ impudence of him!” exclaimed Mrs. Flannery.

“For nine hundred dollars I could be impudent, too,” said Mrs. Gratz calmly. “But I don’t like such now-days Santy Clauses, coming back all the time. Once, when I believes in Santy Clauses, they don’t come back so much.”

The thin Santa Claus had not gone far. He had crossed the street and stood gazing at Mrs. Gratz’s door, and now he crested again and knocked. Mrs. Gratz arose and went to the door.

“I believe he comes back once yet,” she said to Mrs. Flannery, and opened the door. He had, indeed, come back.

“Now, see here,” he said briskly, “ain’t your name Mrs. Gratz? Well, I knowed it was, and I knowed you was a widow lady, and that’s why I said I was a chicken buyer. I didn’t want to frighten you. But I ain’t no chicken buyer.”

“No?” asked Mrs. Gratz.

“No, I ain’t. I just said that so I could get a look at your chicken yard. I’ve got to see it. What I am is chicken-house inspector for the Ninth Ward, and the Mayor sent me up here to inspect your chicken house, and I’ve got to do it before I go away, or lose my job. I’ll go right out now, and it’ll be all over in a minute —”

“I guess it ain’t some use,” said Mrs. Gratz. “I guess I don’t keep any more chickens. They go too easy. Yesterday I have plenty, and to-day I haven’t any.”

“That’s it!” said the thin Santa Claus. “That’s just it! That’s the way toober-chlosis bugs act—quick like that.

would be all eat up inside of half an hour. Them bugs is awful rapacious.”

“Yes?” inquired Mrs. Gratz with interest. “Such strong bugs, too, is it not?”

“You bet they are strong —” began the stranger.

“I should think so,” interrupted Mrs. Gratz, “to smash up padlocks on such chicken houses. You make me afraid of such bugs. I don’t dare let you go out there to get your bones and feet all eat up by them. I guess not!”

“Well, you see—you see —” said the thin Santa Claus, puzzled, and then he cheered up. “You see, I ain’t afraid of them. I’ve been fumigated against them. Fumigated and antisep—antisepicized. I’ve been vaccinated against them by the Board of Health. I’ll show you the mark on my arm, if you want to see it.”

“No, don’t,” said Mrs. Gratz. “I let you go and look in that chicken coop if you want to, but it ain’t no use.

There ain’t nothing there.”

The thin Santa Claus paused and looked at Mrs. Gratz with suspicion.

“Why? Did you find it?” he asked.

“Find what?” asked Mrs. Gratz innocently, and the thin Santa Claus sighed and walked around to the back of the house. Mrs. Gratz went with him.

As Mrs. Gratz watched the thin man search the chicken yard for toober-chlosis bugs all doubt that he was her Santa Claus left her mind. He made a most minute investigation, but he did it more as a man might search for a lost purse than as a health officer would search for germs. He even got down on his hands and knees and poked under the chicken house with a stick, and, when he had combed the chicken yard thoroughly and had looked all through the chicken house, he even searched the denuded vegetable

garden in the back yard, and looked over the fence into Mrs. Flannery’s yard. Evidently he was not pleased with his investigation, for he did not even say good-by to Mrs. Gratz, but went away looking mad and cross.

When Mrs. Gratz went into her house she took her seat in her rocking-chair and began rocking herself calmly and slowly.

“Twas him done it, sure,” said Mrs. Flannery.

“I don’t like such come-agains, much,” said Mrs. Gratz placidly. “I try me to believe in such a Santy Claus, but I like not such come-agains. In Germany did not Santy Claus come back so much. I don’t like a Santy Claus should be so anxious. Still I believes in him, but, if he has too many such come-agains, I don’t believe in him much.”

“I would be settin’ th’ police on him, Santy Claus or no Santy Claus,” said Mrs. Flannery vindictively; “th’ mean chicken thief!”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Gratz easily, “I guess I don’t care much should a nine-hundred-dollar Santy Claus steal some chickens. I ain’t mad.”

But she was a little provoked when another knock came at the door a few minutes later, and when, on opening it, she saw the thin Santa Claus before her again.

“So!” she said, “Santy Claus is back yet once!”

“What’s that?” asked the man suspiciously.

“I say, what it is you want?” said Mrs. Gratz.

“Oh!” said the man. “Well, I ain’t a-going to fool with you no longer, Mrs. Gratz. I’m a-goin’ to tell you right out what I am and who I am. I’m a detective of the police, and I’m looking up a mighty bad character.”

“I guess I know right where you find one,” said Mrs. Gratz politely.

“Now, don’t be funny,” said the thin Santa Claus peevishly. “Mebby you noticed I didn’t say nothing when you spoke about that padlock being busted? Meebby you noticed how careful I looked over your chicken coop, and how I looked over the fence into the next yard? Well, I won’t fool you. I ain’t no chicken-yard inspector, and I ain’t no chicken buyer—they was just my detective disguises. I’m out detecting a chicken thief—just a plain, ordinary chicken thief—and what I come for is clews.”

(Concluded on Page 36)



As Mrs. Gratz Watched the Thin Man Search the Chicken Yard for Toober-Chlosis Bugs All Doubt That He was Her Santa Claus Left Her Mind

They’re a bad epidemic—toober-chlosis bugs is. You see how they act—yesterday you have chickens, and last night the toober-chlosis bugs gets at them, and this morning they’ve eat them all up.”

“Goodness!” exclaimed Mrs. Gratz without emotion. “With the feeders and the bones, too?”

“Sure,” said the thin Santa Claus. “Why, them toober-chlosis bugs is perfectly ravenous. Once they git started they eat feathers and bones and feet and all—a chicken hasn’t no chance at all. That’s why the Mayor sent me up here. He heard all your chickens was gone, and gone quick, and he says to me, ‘Toober-chlosis bugs!’ That’s what he says, and he says, ‘You ain’t doing your duty. You ain’t inspected Mrs. Gratz’s chicken coop. You go and do it, or you’re fired, see?’ He says that, and he says, ‘You inspect Mrs. Gratz’s coop, and you kill off them bugs before they git into her house and eat her all up—bones and all.’”

“And feeders?” asked Mrs. Gratz calmly.

“No, he didn’t say feathers. This ain’t nothing to fool about. It’s serious. So I’ll go right out and have a look —”

“I guess such bugs ain’t been in my coop last night,” said Mrs. Gratz carelessly. “I ain’t afraid of such bugs in wintertime.”

“Well, that’s where you make your mistake,” said the thin Santa Claus. “Winter is just the bad time for them bugs. The more a toober-chlosis bug freezes up the more dangerous it is. In summer they ain’t so bad—they’re soft like and squish up when a chicken gits them, but in winter they freeze up hard and git brittle. Then a chicken comes along and grabs one, and it busts into a thousand pieces, and each piece turns into a new toober-chlosis bug and busts into a thousand pieces, and so on, and the chicken gits all filled full of toober-chlosis bugs before it knows it. When a chicken snaps up one toober-chlosis bug it has a million in it inside of half an hour and that chicken don’t last long, and then the bugs make for the house — What’s that on your dress there now?”

Mrs. Gratz looked at her arm indifferently.

“Nothing,” she said.

“I thought meebby it was a toober-chlosis bug had got on you already,” said the thin Santa Claus. “If it was you



# "We Have With Us To-Night"

What Happens at That Great American  
Institution The Banquet



"That This Occasion is One of the Most Auspicious Occasions I Have Ever Had Occasion—That is, This is a Grand Event"

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The society—any society, in any city—is giving a banquet. The diners have had their food hurled at them and have hurled it into them. A long and imposing toast-list has been prepared and the speakers

are at the head-table trying not to appear self-conscious. Cigars are lighted. The orchestra is playing *The Merry Widow*. A few of the younger set are humming along with the tune. The ladies have arrived in the gallery. The Toastmaster rises, taps with the gavel, glances around the room and smiles complacently. There is a great noise of chairs being shifted so everybody can face the head-table. The Toastmaster straightens his tie, pats his shirt-bosom and begins.

THE Toastmaster: "Ahem-m! Ahem-m-m! Gentlemen will be in order. Gentlemen will please be in order. The waiters will leave the room. The—waiters—will—leave—the—room. Ahem-m-m! Gentlemen of the society and our honored guests: Before beginning the regular toasts of the evening I desire to say, on the occasion of this most auspicious occasion, that this occasion is one of the most auspicious occasions I have ever had occasion—that is, this is a grand event. The society which has so foolishly selected me to be Toastmaster (gently derisive laughter and a self-satisfied smile from the speaker) is now entering on its sixty-fifth, that is its sixty-sixth, I mean to say its sixty-fifth year of prosperous existence, an existence which has existed for sixty-five years.

"During those sixty-fifth, I would say those sixty-fifth, I mean those sixty-five years, we have been most prosperous. It gives me great pleasure, on this auspicious occasion, to congratulate you all on your prosperous existence and to say to you, in the words of the poet:

"The world is good, and the people are good,  
And we're all good fellows together." (Loud cheers.)

"We have with us to-night one of our most distinguished jurists, Judge John Bolus, of the Superior Court, and that word court reminds me of a good story my father used to tell when I was a boy with great glee—that is, with great glee when I was a boy. My father was a good deal of a wag in a sly way, and one night, when he met a Milesian friend of his on the street, he said: 'Paddy, where are you going?' 'To court, sor!' Paddy replied. 'But,' said my father with a chuckle, 'court doesn't sit at night.' 'Well, be jabbers,' Paddy replied, to the great amusement of my father, 'ye don't think I'd court standin' up, do ye?'"

Pause for laughter. Judge Bolus straightens his tie. A few titters here and there. The Toastmaster looks disappointed, but takes a fresh start. "Of course, there's nothing personal in that, but my father used to tell it as a specimen of the ready wit of the Irish. I don't suppose Judge Bolus ever had any experience in that kind of court; but I beg the Judge's pardon, for I perceive the charming Mrs. Bolus in the gallery. However, I now have the honor to present to you Judge John Bolus, who will respond to the toast, 'The Majesty of the Law.' Judge Bolus!"

Judge Bolus: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: Before proceeding with the necessarily brief consideration of the topic assigned to me as a subject of my remarks this evening I am constrained to relate an anecdote of an occurrence that I noticed in my practice some years ago, which

illustrates that even the humdrum life of the lawyer and jurist, devoted to the interpretation and enforcement of the law, may sometimes be lightened by what you may call flashes of merriment, superinduced by events which more or less frequently are observed within the rather restricted limits of the practitioners of our jealous mistress, the law (for the law is a jealous mistress, as I have had occasion to remark). Not that the rewards are not commensurate with the service we give her, but that she demands those constant services without which no one can successfully pursue the practice and interpretation of our statutes, which reminds me that one of the great evils of this, our younger generation, is the lamentable lack of concentration which, if persisted in, will inevitably bring down the Republic to wreck and ruin; for, I may say, no one can succeed in the law, in any of the learned professions, much less in the humbler walks of life, without constant application, which is a lesson I desire to bring home to my younger hearers here to-night, a lesson fraught with great consequences and more important than any other I, perhaps, might give, and that is that I have observed, with alarm, a growing tendency on the part of our youth toward a lack of respect, a non-acknowledgment, if I may use the term, of the veneration due those of us who have borne the brunt of the battle during the formative days of the Republic; for I well remember, when I was a mere boy, of hearing Daniel Webster, on a famous occasion, refer to what I have here set forth, not only as a danger at that time, but with the inspired eye of prophecy as predicting this somewhat anomalous condition of affairs, he being, to my mind, the greatest of our orators, although that contention is open to argument, as are all others, of course; the law being, as I have said, only established by interpretation of its various complex phases and —"

A Voice: "What's the answer?"

Another Voice: "Tell the story."

Judge Bolus stops, glares around the room, from which comes the loud buzz of conversation, takes a drink of water and proceeds: "Ah, yes, I was about to relate an anecdote concerning an experience I had while I was a student in the office of the late Judge Smith, a most learned man, and a man who did more to establish that respect for the law and its traditions in this community, for, as I shall show, the law has its traditions and its precedents and its

conventionalities, but here and there is hidden a romance, and as the late Judge Brown said to me—a most learned man and most upright jurist was Judge Brown, and I well remember —"

Chorus of young men in the corner: "How dry I am! How dry I am! Nobody knows how dry I am!"

The Toastmaster: "Order, gentlemen, order, while Judge Bolus concludes his very interesting remarks."

A Voice: "Tell him to hire a hall."

Another Voice: "How about that anecdote?"

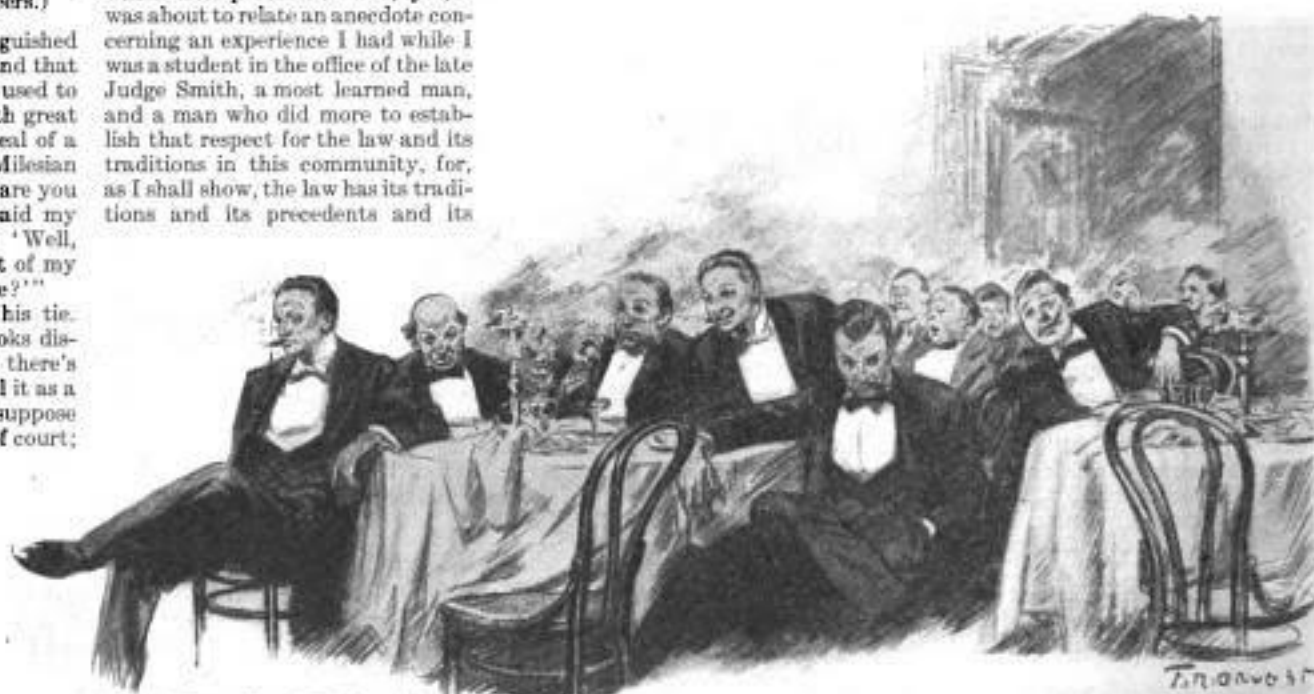
Judge Bolus rambles on for half an hour while the diners gather in groups and talk loudly. The Toastmaster raps for order now and then, occasionally taking out his watch and looking at it in a worried way and then glancing at the Judge.

Finally, the Judge sits down, not having told the anecdote, and the diners applaud wildly, shifting their chairs so they all face the head-table again.

The Toastmaster: "Now, gentlemen, we have with us to-night one to whom it is always a delight to listen, our old friend, Mr. Charles Cutie, the celebrated wit, always so spontaneous and happy. It may not be fair to tell it, but I remember one occasion when I was most enjoyably impressed with Mr. Cutie's power of repartee. I was walking up the street one day and I met him. 'Good-morning, Charles,' I said, following out my usual custom of exchanging greetings courteously with all my friends. 'No,' he replied, quick as a flash, 'it is a bad morning. I have a toothache.'"

Hearty laughter by Mr. Cutie and the Toastmaster. The Toastmaster continues: "Gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. Charles Cutie, who will respond to the toast: 'A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.'"

Mr. Cutie rises, pushes back his chair, takes a large roll of manuscript out of his pocket, and holds it up so all can see.



"Nobody Knows How Dry I Am!"





"Did You Ever Hear the Story of the Eggs?"

A Voice: "For Heaven's sake, Charley, put something over. It's fierce, so far."

Mr. Cutie: "Having here the carefully-prepared manuscript of my purely extemporaneous speech —" Waits for the laugh, which is thin and scattering. "As I said, having here the carefully-prepared manuscript of my purely extemporaneous speech —" Waits for the laugh again. Gets a good one. Nods approvingly and goes on: "I am reminded of the man who said to the other man: 'Did you ever hear the story of the eggs?' 'No,' the other replied. 'Too bad.'"

Fat man at the middle table explodes: "Ho, ho! Too bad—two bad! Fine!" Some handclapping.

"But, speaking about eggs," continues Mr. Cutie, "there is another one that is almost eggactly"—fat man explodes again—"almost eggactly in the same line. 'Did you ever hear the story of the hard-boiled eggs?' a man asked another. 'No.' 'Can't be beat.'"

Mr. Cutie pauses. Laughter begins slowly, but soon gets general. He waits patiently until the last cackle has subsided, nods approvingly again, and proceeds: "And eggs always remind me of custard pie. Once an Englishman and an American were dining together and the waiter came in and said: 'Apple pie, peach pie, plum pie, mince pie, pumpkin pie, squash pie, sweet potato pie, gooseberry pie, grape pie?' The American looked up and said: 'What's the matter with the custard pie?' Next day the Englishman said: 'Excuse me, my friend, but what was the matter with the custard pie?'"

A Voice: "Too bad."

Loud laughter and cries of: "Go on, Charley."

"An Englishman," continues Mr. Cutie, with a pleased smile, "rarely sees the point of a joke. It is astonishing how they can miss or spoil a joke in telling it. I remember telling an Englishman about a butchers' parade I saw in Chicago, and one float had an enormous sausage on it. I told the Englishman I never heard of such a thing."



"That's What You Did During the Panic, All Right"

Pause for laughter. Everybody looks puzzled. Then Mr. Cutie blushes and says hastily: "Pardon me, what I said to the Englishman was I never sausage a thing. Odd that I should have made that mistake. But, speaking about sausage, I went into a German restaurant the other day and asked for some. You know the German word for sausage is wurst. 'What's that?' I asked when the waiter brought me my sausage. 'Wurst,' he replied. 'Well,' I said, 'if that's the worst, bring me some of the best.'"

Another pause. Three voices: "Too bad."

Somewhat flustered Mr. Cutie draws a long breath and starts again:

"Now, I am an optimist. I always look on the bright side of things. You can make a joke out of almost everything, you know, and to do so adds to the sunniness of life. Let us all be sunny. Did you ever hear of the Irishman who had both legs cut off by the train? A friend was sympathizing with him. 'Sure,' says Mike, 'it might have been worse. Suppose I was an actor.'"

He pauses for the laugh. Nobody laughs. Seventeen voices: "Too bad."

"Oh," exclaims Mr. Cutie, "I got that wrong. What the Irishman said was: 'Suppose I was a chorus girl!'"

Sits down hurriedly, much embarrassed. Loud applause.

The Toastmaster: "Now, gentlemen, we have with us to-night Mr. Quintus J. Skinnem, one of the greatest financiers of this country, who has consented to address us briefly on 'The Financial Supremacy of the United States.' And, speaking of finance, it might not, perhaps, be out of order to repeat in this company a remark made by my son, only seventeen, and very bright for his age. We were discussing finance at the dinner-table the other night and my son remarked: 'Father, why is it the rich people have all the money?' Bright, eh? Well, I couldn't answer him, of course, for even a child can ask questions a man cannot answer, no matter how well he is posted, but, undoubtedly, Mr. Skinnem can. Gentlemen, Mr. Skinnem."

Mr. Skinnem rises. "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: It is but just to say to you that my activities have led me to other paths than public speaking, and I fear I am a mere novice at it. However, I am reminded of a little story about two Germans—you will pardon the absence of the dialect, gentlemen—who were going up the street and came to a bank. 'What's that?' asked one. 'A bank,' the other replied promptly. 'What's a bank?' 'A place where they keep money.' 'Whose money?' 'Everybody's.'"

A Voice: "That's what you did during the panic, all right."

Mr. Skinnem is visibly annoyed and looks at the Toastmaster, who motions him to go on. "But, of course, that is a mere anecdote. What I have to say I shall say briefly. I shall not detain you long. I shall be short and to the point. Bearing on this subject I have here an article from the Bankers' Magazine which I shall crave your indulgence while I read."

Reads long, involved financial article in high voice for half an hour. Forty or fifty diners go out of the hall to the anteroom. Loud buzz of conversation. Mr. Skinnem drones on until the Toastmaster gets so nervous he bangs on the table with his watch, for order, and puts his gavel in his waistcoat pocket. Finally, after forty-five minutes, Mr. Skinnem concludes by saying: "These gentlemen are my sentiments, although briefly expressed. I thank you."

The Toastmaster raps for order. "The gentlemen will please resume their seats." Great scuffling of chairs. The guests return from the anteroom.

The Toastmaster: "Now, gentlemen, we have with us to-night one of our most distinguished statesmen, the Honorable Philander McGuff, one of our members of Congress. Mr. McGuff came all the way from Washington to address us, and he will speak on 'Some of the Problems That Confront Our Government.'"

A Voice: "Rah for McGuff!"

"I may say," continues the Toastmaster, "that Mr. McGuff is especially fitted to discuss this important topic for our benefit to-night, as he has been in Congress almost a year, and is fully informed as to the needs of the country. Mr. McGuff!"

The Honorable Philander arises, pushes back his chair impetuously, runs his fingers through his hair and says: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: It is, indeed, an honor, a great, a splendid honor, to be permitted to speak to so brilliant, so distinguished and, I may say, so intellectual a gathering. During my long service in Congress I have often attended banquets, but never before have I seen so magnificent an assemblage of fair women and brave men as I see here before me to-night. Such an incentive would stir any man, even though he had but a clod in his breast instead of a heart, and I have a heart here that beats warmly for my fellow-men; would stir any man, even though he was unaccustomed to public speaking, as I am not, to fe-lights of the most superb, the most ge-lorious eloquence, for, as I may say, never before have I witnessed so brilliant, so grand, so magnificent a gathering as that which I see here before me to-night; and I am complimented at being called on to address you, although I know



"Ho, Ho! Too Bad—Two Bad! Fine!"

that my poor self can tell you nothing which this magnificent assemblage already is not fully aware of, but my blood stirs within me, my pulses leap, and I gaze out over this wonderful convocation of the intellect, the acumen, the power, the very life itself, of this great city, and I am constrained to say that never before have I seen so brilliant a gathering of this kind, which is much to your credit —"

A Voice: "What's he running for?"

Mr. McGuff gazes haughtily in the direction of the query. Then he runs his fingers through his hair again, and talks for twenty minutes about the problems of the Government as he sees them, which consist, mostly, of the desirability of keeping his party and himself in power. He finishes with a tender tribute to the ladies in the gallery, which they applaud ecstatically.

The Toastmaster: "I am sure we all feel highly edified by the last speaker's remarks, and I wish to say, at this point, that we have with us to-night Mr. J. Chylders Childers, the celebrated poet, who has kindly consented to read us an original poem. 'Poetry,' as the poet says, 'has power to soothe the savage breast,' not, of course, that there are any such here, but we all adore poetry, I am sure, and Mr. Childers has dashed this off for our especial benefit. Mr. Childers."

Mr. Childers arises. He wears a long, flowing tie with his Tuxedo, and has a pale and distraught look. Mr. Childers is a bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery house in the daytime, but is a poet at night. He smiles and says: "Gentlemen, I have prepared a little thing for your

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"The Financial Supremacy of the United States"



# A Tug and a Daughter-in-Law

## The Wicked Conspiracy of the Captain of the Anny Lisle

By ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

IN HIS diminutive pilot-house MacClanahan jerked the cord over his head, a gong clanged faintly behind him, the stout little tug, Anny Lisle, stopped her puffing and drifted smoothly into the slip. It was a brisk, salty October night; New York's mighty harbor for miles around was alive with twinkling lights, shrill toots and deep, commanding bellows; and through the tumult of craft large and small he had been driving his tug with the easy unconcern of a veteran Broadway caddy, swerving, backing water, uttering blasts of profanity, forging ahead. He had been a tug captain for twenty-eight years.

As the Anny Lisle drifted into the slip, which was already crowded with tugs at dock, the bell clanged again and again, she churned the salt water, she snorted, blew sparks excitedly into the night, and subsided (as feminine creatures will at times) and floated meekly into her corner, without so much as a nudge at her neighbors. "Captain Mac" was a wizard at landings.

He climbed down out of his pilot-house and up to the dock and stood for a moment watching his crew of three tie "Anny" up for the night.

He looked about fifty years old, tall, heavy-shouldered, stooped, long-armed. As he lit his pipe and the blue smoke curled, his square, bronzed face with its short, gray beard seemed to centre round the contented twinkle of his eyes. For this was Saturday night.

The captain lived in a small, gabled house, which he owned, on a street not far from the docks. As he entered he sniffed certain odorous hints from the basement, smiled broadly, hung up his pea-jacket and hat and climbed the low stairs to his bedroom. He sank into the easy chair, put his feet on another, spread out his paper, leaned far back.

"Hello, Son."

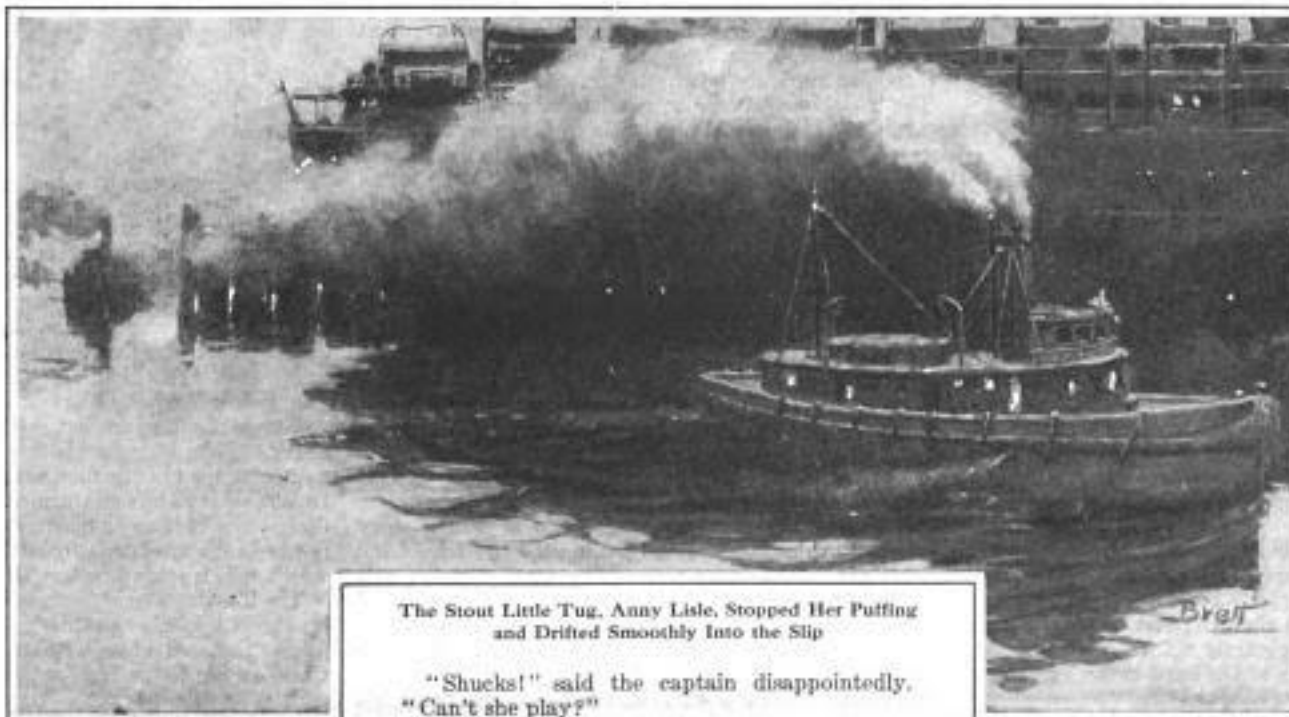
"Hello, Dad." The voice from the other room was choking, tense and low. Looking through the open door the captain could see his tall son, face snowy with lather, razor cautiously poised. Jim was as tall as his dad, but thin and doubly awkward now in his stiff, white-bosomed shirt, his head strained back, eyes painfully fixed on the mirror. Over the captain's face came a wicked grin.

"Say, Jim," he drawled, "can she play the pianner?"

"Who?" Jim started, his razor slipped, he glared anxiously into the mirror. "Thunder!" he growled disgustedly, and fumbled about for some court-plaster.

"Can she?" repeated his father. Jim turned on him wrathfully.

"Can who what? Can't you see I'm shaving, Dad?" "My daughter-in-law to be," repeated the captain easily, "play the pianner. I was thinkin' I'd buy one." "Huh! . . . Don't!"



The Stout Little Tug, Anny Lisle, Stopped Her Puffing and Drifted Smoothly Into the Slip

"Shucks!" said the captain disappointedly. "Can't she play?"

"Play; of course she can play!" snapped Jim.

"Then," said his father softly, "why in the name of Bobby Burns shouldn't I buy her a pianner?" "Because," roared son, "she ain't your daughter-in-law, and the chances are about forty to one she won't never be!" He applied the court-plaster.

"Oh, Son —"

"Shet up!"

There was a long silence.

Under all his jovial outlook on the world the captain was a man who kept his deeper feelings to himself. Two years ago, when his wife had died, though Jim and he had drawn suddenly close, there had been little said between them. Jim was already a tug captain then, and through those desolate, hungry months their talk at night had been mostly of their work. When, as time went on, Jim began going out again in the evenings—began, little by little, to drop his old chums and pick up new ones, neighborhood youngsters who were beginning life as gentlemen clerks—old MacClanahan kept his growls to himself. And even when, at the end of another year, Jim brusquely announced his decision to throw up his job and go into a shipping office downtown, the captain, after his first angry start of surprise, had only said slowly:

"Well, Son, this is a free country. Clerkin' wouldn't be my idea—that is, not for a man like you. But I guess you've done a heap of thinkin' about it. If you've thought wrong, you'll find out soon enough. So go ahead." And he went on reading his paper.

But late that night, after long hours of thinking, the captain had suddenly sat up in bed.

"There's a woman in this!" he thought excitedly. "Tryin' to be my daughter-in-law! Makin' a dude out of Jim!"

In the weeks that followed, watching closely, he had grown absolutely sure. Although he never once heard her name mentioned, he could feel her in the air. And upon the fluffy, ladylike head of this mysterious creature he had heaped soft, little maledictions.

"Come on, Daughter-in-law to be," he would mutter menacingly. "Marry the innocent feller, try to live in this house an'

turn it upside down! Buy your almighty lace curtains! You'll find a fight on your hands of a kind that may surprise you!"

And this was no vain boast. For in the Scotch-Irish neighborhood for blocks around he was known as "Captain Mac," the boon companion, doughty political fighter, shrewd pilot in weather fair and foul. The months wore on. Still no female hove in sight. And the captain, though giving not so much as a sign of the

commotion within him, had grown steadily more indignant at the delay. To feel the woman's presence, to see the havoc she was working, without even a chance to meet her face to face! He thirsted for the fray!

To-night, as he watched his son, the intent, calculating look that had appeared in his eyes changed by degrees to one of sheer exasperation. And when, the process of shaving ended, MacClanahan Junior paused for a full ten minutes in the anxious endeavor to choose between two fancy waistcoats, his father's pent-up emotions could be held down no longer.

"Jim," he asked sharply, "why don't you go in an' take the blamed girl?"

At this startling proposal Jim turned quickly, looked at his father in withering scorn.

"What an awful lot you know," he said, "about women. Go in an' take her? How? Knock her down?"

"No," said the captain coolly, "I'd stop jest short of that. In the first place, I'd tell her —"

"Dad," said Son, "I'm much obliged. But, if it's the same to you, I'll run this thing myself. Your knock-out blow might make a big hit down here," he added in stifled tones, adjusting a torturing collar. "But this partic'ler woman lives uptown. An' she happens to be"—one last squeeze at his neck—"a lady!"

"Does she now? . . . Huh! . . . S'pose you bring this partic'ler woman down here, jest try her once, start her plannin' how she'd knock all the comfort out of this house—an' see how partic'ler she is! You'd be married before you could get up steam!"

Jim was surveying his father in wide-eyed amazement.

"Did you ever suppose," he said slowly, "that a girl like her would want to live in a place like this?"

The captain rose with a queer, stunned look in his eyes. "Why, yes, Jim," he said. "I'd kind of thought so."

"Well," said his son, "she wouldn't. She ain't that kind."

"Um. That changes things," said the captain softly.

That night as old Bess, the cook and general boss of the household, served their supper, she shot curious glances. For they ate in awkward silence. When Jim had finished and gone his father had a long smoke, staring into the little coal fire.

"Good-by to Jim, eh! . . . That changes things. . . . You bet."

It was Saturday night. By a custom that reached back for over ten years, the neighbors began to drop in. Even the city of Greater New York had still a few spots where the hive-dwellers were neighbors; and this was one. The ground floor of the tiny house had only two rooms, but each room had a small open fire, and, as round the back-room hearth the captain regaled his male cronies upon a concoction of his own making, from time to time he would throw a glance into the front-room group, where his wife's old chums all buzzed as they had in her lifetime. He had been anxious to keep up her friends. Here was sociability of both sexes, wisely divided, warming the heart.

To-night it was only by a strong effort of will that he forced himself into his duties as host. But the power of lifelong habit is deep. Hour by hour, here in his social



"Captain Mac" was a Wizard at Landings



stronghold, he could feel his old confidence rise. And when, as the midnight bell announced that the Sabbath was come, the party broke up, the captain was quite himself again, ready to foil this thieving "daughter-in-law to be" in each and every scheme she had.

And the next afternoon, when, with a deal of reddening, swallowing, stammering, Jim announced that the lady had expressed a desire to see the house, "just out of being curious"—in fact, even insisted upon it—the eyes of his father gleamed in anticipation.

"Well?" he asked. "That's simple, ain't it? I ain't objectin', am I? Tell the lady I'll be delighted. What you hemmin' an' hawin' about?"

"Because," said Jim desperately, "I think she'd rather just—see the house!"

Old Mac started slightly, stared at his son a moment, then gave a short laugh.

"That's all right, Son," he said quickly. "Comin' to think of it, I was goin' out, anyhow. Got business on the river." He rose hurriedly, muttering something about "these infernal ships that come to dock Sundays." He took his hat, went out, and slammed the door.

And five hours later, still walking slowly down by the North River docks, that brand-new, stunned expression had not left his eyes.

He slept little that night. He began to get angry. The next morning, driving his tug over the waves of the harbor, his anger rose. And in the week that followed, as from his pilot-house he glared out upon innocent ferries and ships, he would give vent to his ire in blasts prolonged.

"Can you hear that, Daughter-in-law—can you hear it?" he would growl. "Them's my sentiments as to you!"

In the evenings, as was his habit when deeply disturbed, he plunged into *Pickwick*, his favorite book; but with poor success.

One night, the next week, when Jim had gone out and his father, abandoning *Pickwick*, had begun with grim resolution his eleventh reading of *Oliver Twist*, there came a loud jingle on the bell in the hallway. He rose and went to the door.

As he opened it, a girl outside turned suddenly down the low steps.

"Hello, hello!" said the captain. "What's wrong?"

She turned back reluctantly, looked up into his face, seemed trying hard to screw up her courage.

"Are you—Captain MacClanahan?" she asked. Her voice was somewhat faint.

"I be," he said with a reassuring grin. "What's wrong? Talk out. I don't bite."

"Nothing's wrong," she stammered, "unless—unless it's my coming here. But that isn't wrong! I have a right to!"

The eyes of old Mac gleamed with sudden liking.

"Well?" he asked. "What about?"

The girl's face crimsoned.

"Your son, Jim," she said desperately. "I'm the—the girl he has asked to marry him!"

The captain started back.

"Young woman," he said in husky tones, "come in!"

She entered; he closed the door and motioned her into the front room. For a moment he towered over her, speechless. In a dazed sort of way he noted the trim little figure, the spruce jacket and jaunty hat, rebellious curls of soft, black hair, a dubious hint of a smile, two black eyes looking up half challenging, half appealing. She sat down. The captain was still staring, completely bewildered, but now with a tingling sensation. "To begin with," he thought, "she's a beaut!"

The "beaut" was blushing furiously.

"I left a note," she began, "for your son. I told him I had to be out for a while and asked him to wait. So he won't come here." In vain the captain strove to think this out. He nodded gravely.

"And then?" he asked encouragingly. She looked up, squarely into his eyes—swallowed hard.

"And then I came here alone because I wanted to see what Jim's father was like before I said 'Yes' or 'No' to Jim! It

means a good deal to marry a man, when it's for life? Doesn't it?" Her hands kept moving nervously. "You want to know all about him first—even his father."

"Even his father," repeated the captain; his mind was now far out at sea. "But, look here, if that's how you felt, why didn't you come long ago?"

"Because," she said, "he wouldn't bring me! The more I asked the more obstinate he was, and that made me all the more curious. So at last I simply made him bring me. But—you weren't at home!"

Captain MacClanahan drew a quick breath.

"Come back here," he said solemnly, and he ushered her into his holy of holies, the back-room den. There he bent over the fire, threw on some more coal, poked it carefully. And when, at last, he turned his face, it wore a look that put her at once at her ease.

"You ain't the kind I thought you was," he said: "not by a long shot. Whether Jim gets you or not, I'm glad you came. It was the shipshape thing to do! Now," he added, rising briskly, "how much time we got?"

"As long as we like. Jim can wait."

"Good!" cried the captain. "S'pose we begin gettin' acquainted." He sat down and struck a match.

"To begin with—d'you mind smoke?"

"I love it."

"Thought so!" He drew a few puffs, still somewhat embarrassed, considering how to begin.

"It means a good deal," he said gravely, with just the ghost of a twinkle, "to marry your son to a daughter-in-law when it's for life. You want to know all about her first." The girl leaned forward, smiling. "Even her father," he added.

Her face suddenly changed.

"Mine died—four years ago." She hesitated a moment. "He worked too hard," she added. There was a painful pause.

"Too bad," said the captain. "Was he in business?"

"Yes—that is—he was a clerk in an office. But he wasn't the kind to get very high. And Mother and I couldn't help wanting more and more. . . . So he tried too hard."

The captain smoked in silence.

"I've seen that happen," he said, "about a million times. To be honest, that was about what I thought you'd do to Jim."

She started back with an unsteady laugh:

"Me? Oh, no, thanks! I've had enough. . . . When he died, poor Mother struggled along, doing ladylike work, sewing at home—and cooking—for the Woman's Exchange, and hiding it all as if it were something to be ashamed of. Every time I begged her to let me work in an office, somewhere, or in a store, it made her half sick. Two years ago she married again. And now it's the same thing over—scrimping, hiding, worrying. No, thanks, I've had enough."

She turned to him abruptly. Captain Mac was beaming with sudden relief. She gave him a puzzled, searching look and broke into a ripple of laughter.

"Did Jim give you that idea of me?" she asked. The captain looked down at his shoes.

"You've been honest with me," he said, "so I'll be with you. But, if I ain't mistaken, you're awful quick-tempered. Before I begin, I want you to promise to go slow."

"Go slow? How do you mean?"



"Young Woman," He Cried in Menacing Tones, "Choose—Between That Other Feller—an' My Son Jim!"



"Say, Jim," He Drawled, "Can She Play the Planner?"

"In passin' judgment on Jim. . . . You'll promise?"

"Yes." Captain Mac leaned forward:

"I've known Jim, off an' on, for twenty-seven years, an' I ain't made up my mind about him yet, so I hope you won't, in one night. I'll begin with the points ag'in' him." He paused a moment, then went on deliberately:

"The reason I wasn't at home the last time you came was that Jim asked me to stay away." The girl gave a slight start. "The reason he didn't bring you here at all till you made him—Jim is ashamed of his dad."

She rose slowly, her black eyes snapping in ominous fashion. The captain went on:

"The reason I asked you right off about your own parents was—Jim gave me a picture of you closely resemblin' that you've given me of your mother. Hold on! . . . Now, wait. . . . You don't blame your mother, do you? Of course not. Then don't blame Jim. Sit down." She did. For a moment they looked at each other in silence.

"Well?" asked the captain. The girl bit her lips.

"It's not nice," she said, very low, "to find such a wretched tangle of lies—when I thought him so honest!"

"He is honest! Just you try to keep cool, as you promised. I've give you the points ag'in' him. Now let's take up the other side. This tangle of lies you speak of only goes to show how head-over-heels in love he is. You can't judge a boy in that condition. Besides, they ain't lies. Jim believed 'em. An' as long as he did he was right in keepin' me an' you apart. If you had been like your mother, as he thought you was, one look at me would have been plenty for you, an' one look at you would have been more'n enough for me." She had risen again. He gave her a quick, anxious look.

"Thank God, Jim was wrong," he added. "Sit down! You ain't married to him yet, the door is handy, escape is easy as winkin'. If you decide ag'in' him, all right. All I ask is that you give him every chance. Because, if you throw him down, it's goin' to be almighty tough on Jim!"

"But, don't you see," she exclaimed, "if he thinks I'm like my mother he's not in love with me; he's in love with somebody else!"

"That ain't uncommon," said the captain coolly. "My case exactly when I was courtin' Jim's mother. After the weddin' I found out things that surprised me. An' so did she. An' we made things fly. An', when all was said an' done, we got lovin' each other in a way we'd never known anythin' about before. Now take Jim's case. I know him as well as any one else in the world—that is, well enough to know I don't know him all through. There's surprises of a most staggerin' kind to be found in every human critter, even in the male sex. Didn't Jim surprise me when he left that tug of his, dropped all his old chums, not

(Continued on Page 31)



# What Happens at Rehearsals



YOU see, I've been fishing, too."

"Hello! Only you —"

"Wait! Mr. Leeds, I've told you a dozen times to count five before that entrance! Never mind what you thought! Go back! Now!"

"Hello! Only you two here! What's become of —"

"WAIT! . . . Flynn, take this entrance for the sunset cue. Dim your borders and throw in your reds. . . Now, Mr. Leeds, once more!"

Doesn't make sense, does it? Yet this is a typical passage from an ordinary dress rehearsal. Anybody really connected with theatricals could translate the extract at a glance, but intimate knowledge of the stage and its language is gained only by actual experience. Of the method of producing plays more has been written and less is generally understood than of any other common process. The outsider who devotes an hour to watching a rehearsal is as well qualified to describe that function as you or I, after seeing a ship steam down the bay, would be to pen a treatise on the science of navigation.

Most laymen have a vague idea that a theatrical performance is miraculously brought into being by the tap of the orchestra-conductor's wand. If this statement seems far-fetched, you have but to read stories of the playhouse written by clever men, like O. Henry and Hamlin Garland, whose wide knowledge of most things under the sun does not seem to extend to things under the calcium.

Rehearsals are much more than aimless walking and talking, as navigation is more than the turning of a wheel. Their direction is a fine art, a very fine art, not the least unlike the painting of a miniature, and one must comprehend something of this art to explain or describe it.

There are many points of similarity between a performance and a painting, which must create an impression without reminding the spectator of the brush-strokes which made that impression possible. The preparation of a play is a succession of details. It is astonishing how small a thing can cause the success or failure, if not of the whole work, at least of an incident or an episode. A pause, a movement, an expression, a light or a color, may defeat or carry out the intention of the dramatist.

## The Importance of the Trifling

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S melodrama, *Secret Service*, has a scene in which a telegraph operator, dispatching military orders, is shot in the hand. When the piece was first produced, Mr. Gillette, in the rôle of the operator, upon receiving the wound, first bandaged his hand with a handkerchief, second picked up his cigar, and third went on "sending." There was no applause. The second night it was changed. The operator first picked up the cigar, second bandaged his hand, and third went on "sending." The audience was vociferous in its approval. This particular instance of the importance of trifles is easily explained. That a wounded man's first thought should be to care for the wound is not remarkable, but that his first thought should be of his cigar suggests pluck and intrepidity which the spectators were quick to appreciate. Frequently, however, author and actors experiment for months before finding the thing which makes or mars a desired effect.

The playgoer who believes himself a free agent does not understand the art of the theatre. That art being perfect, he restrains his laughter and waits with his applause until the precise moment when the stage-director wants him to laugh or applaud. It often happens that a

## By CHANNING POLLOCK

laugh may spoil a dramatic situation, or that applause may not be desirable at a particular time. For example, if an audience is permitted to vent its enthusiasm over some stirring incident just before the end of an act, the applause after the act will be appreciably less, and the number of curtain calls will be smaller. It is a simple matter of mechanics to "kill" a laugh or a round of applause, just as, in many cases, the impression made by an actor in a situation may depend, not upon himself, but upon a detail of stage direction.

When two actors have an important dialogue, each wants to stand farther "up stage"—which is to say, further from the footlights—than the other, because the person farthest "up stage" is most likely to dominate the scene. "It's no use," I once heard William A. Brady say to a veteran, who was rehearsing with a young woman star. "She knows the tricks as well as you do, and she'll back through the wall of the theatre before she'll give you that scene!"

## A Reason for Every Step and Gesture

THE position of the player being of such consequence, it will be seen at once that actors do not, as is commonly believed, roam about the stage at will. In point of fact, they are practically automata, reflecting the brain-pictures of the director and working out his scheme. It is not unusual for the man in charge of a rehearsal to instruct one of his puppets to "take six steps to the right at this speech," or to "come down stage four steps." No person in a performance ever "crosses" another person—that is, passes behind or in front of that other person—without having been told just when and how to do so. That movement which seems least premeditated often has been most carefully planned, and you may be sure that, at the performance you are witnessing, everybody on the stage knows to the fraction of a yard where he or she will be standing at a given moment. Edwin Booth's reply to a novice, who inquired where he should go during a long speech, "Wherever you are, I'll find you," would not be possible from a stage-director of to-day.

While this prearrangement may appear to the layman to be opposed to any semblance of life and spontaneity, it is absolutely necessary to the giving of a smooth performance. If actors really "felt their parts" they would be about as dependable as horses that "feel their oats," and the representation in which they took part would soon become utterly chaotic. Fancy the awkwardness of Bassanio, in the trial scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, looking around to find Shylock before inquiring: "Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly?"

Nor would this uncertainty be the worst outgrowth of such unpreparedness. On the stage every move, every gesture means something, conveys some impression. Thus, in a dialogue in which one character is defying another, a single step backward will produce the effect of cowardice, or at least of weakness and irresolution, in the person who retreats. The whole tension of a scene may be lost if one of the parties to it so much as glances down or reaches out for some necessary article.

In the enactment of *The Traitor*, a dramatization of the novel by Thomas Dixon, Jr., we found that a certain passage between the "lead," or hero, and the "heavy," or

villain, failed of its intended effect. The hero, John Graham, is brought into court handcuffed, and seated in the prisoners' dock. Steve Hoyle goes to him with a

taunt. It was thought veracious, even suggestive of manliness, that Graham, hearing the taunt, should rise angrily, as though prevented only by his bonds from striking his foe. After two weeks of guessing and experimenting, we discovered that this very natural movement, for some reason still inexplicable, gave the impression of weakness. It is minute like this that must be considered at rehearsal, and taught so carefully that the actor moves, as it were, in a groove, swerving from the determined course only as a needle in a sewing machine swerves in its downward stroke.

Accent and facial expression are planned by the stage-director with the same absolutism that marks his attention to manoeuvre. Few actors can be counted upon to read every line intelligently, and frequently the person in charge must stop a rehearsal to point out an underlying thought. "You blur that speech," the director may say to the actor. "You don't define the changes of thought which it implies. See here! Jones says: 'I'll go to her with the whole story.' You listen. Your first emotion is surprise. 'You will?' Suspicion enters your mind. 'Then you —' The suspicion becomes certainty. 'Then you love her, too!'" Thus, more frequently than will be believed by the hero-worshiper, the much-admired tone in which some big speech is delivered is the tone of the teacher.

So much, so very much, may depend upon the emphasis of a single word. The art of speaking, however, is not more part and parcel of a perfect performance than the art of listening. The director not only rehearses the manner of giving a scene, but the manner of receiving it. He must note pronunciations, too, and if there is an odd or foreign name in the play he must take care that all his people pronounce it alike. The length of pauses, the tempo of comic or serious conversations, the light and shade of the entire representation depend upon his competence.

## Stage Business the Life of the Play

DRAMA is the Greek word for action, and so, in a play, what the people do is even more important than what they say. Practically every motion made on the stage, except that of walking, comes under the head of what is technically known as "business." Laymen, who believe that mummies act on their own initiative, even "making up" lines as they go along, will be surprised to learn that the manuscript of a workmanlike play contains more business than dialogue. The performer picks up a photograph or lights a cigar or toys with a riding-whip, not because it has occurred to him to do so, but because the author has written down what he must do, and how and when he must do it, and the stage-director has taught him properly to interpret the author.

Here is a page from the "prompt copy" of *Clothes*. The unbracketed sentences are dialogue; those in parentheses are "business":

WEST

I'm going to marry you in spite of —  
(Checks himself suddenly. Gets his hat and brushes it with his sleeve. Laughs a little.)  
Pardon me. My temper is a jack-in-the-box. The cover is down again. Good-night.



(Walks quickly to door L. C., and exits. Olivia stands still a moment, then throws herself into chair R. of table, and indulges in a torrent of tears. The bell rings. She sits upright and listens. It rings again. She rises and runs to door L. 2 E. The Maid enters.)

The capital letters—L. C., R. and L. 2 E.—are abbreviations of terms which indicate exact spots on the stage. You see, it is not left to the discretion of West by which door he shall leave the room, nor of Olivia into which chair she shall throw herself. This business the director works over at rehearsal, elaborating, amplifying, making clear. West is told precisely where he must find his hat, with which arm he must brush it, in what tone he must laugh. If this were a case where a pause would heighten the effect of an entrance the Maid would be informed, as was the mythical Mr. Leeds in my opening paragraphs, how many she must count, which is to say, how long she must wait, before entering.

#### Finishing Touches That Make Perfection

THE more experienced an author the more definite, exhaustive and significant his business. When a play goes into rehearsal, however, there are always places where speech may be exchanged for action, and often, after a dramatist has seen his work on the stage, he is able to cut whole pages, the sense of which is made clear by the appearance, the manner or the business of his characters.

There are various kinds of business, and of different purpose. The old-fashioned stage-director used to invent dozens of meaningless things for actors to do, merely to fill in or give the appearance of activity. It is related that when the farce, *It's All Your Fault*, was being rehearsed, the man in charge insisted that Charles Dickson, who was supposed to be calling at the room of a friend, should fill in a long speech by taking a brush from a bureau drawer and brushing his hair.

"But," protested Mr. Dickson, "I'm simply visiting. I can't use another man's brush."

"Can't help that!" said the director. "There are long speeches here, and you must do something while they are being spoken."

This kind of stage management, however, is no longer general. It is understood now that the best way to make a speech impressive is to stand still and speak it, so that actors are not often given by-play without some good reason.

Business may supply "atmosphere," as the spectacle of a man rubbing his ears and blowing on his hands helps create the illusion of intense cold. In the original production of *In the Bishop's Carriage*, Will Latimer, impersonated by a very slight young fellow, was supposed to cow Tom Dorgan, a thug of enormous bulk. The scene never carried conviction until our stage-director hit upon an ingenious bit of business. He put a telephone on the table that stood between the two men. Dorgan made a threatening movement toward Latimer. Latimer, without flinching or taking his eyes from Dorgan's face, laid his hand on the telephone. That gesture suggested a world of power—the police-station within reach, law and society standing back of Latimer. It saved the situation.

Much business is obvious and essential, as Voysin's fumbling in his wife's dressing-table, in *The Thief*, since this fumbling leads to the discovery of the bills upon the purloining of which the play is built. If a small article is to be used importantly in a performance it must be "marked," so that the audience will know what it is, and so that its presence will not seem to be an expedient. The paper-cutter falls off the table in the first act of *The Witching Hour*, not by accident, but by carefully-thought-out design, so that the audience will know where the

instrument is and recognize it when Clay Whipple uses it to kill Tom Denning. Business, in a word, may be the smashing of a door or the picking up of a pin. It is the adornment which makes an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative seem real; which translates mere dialogue into the semblance of every-day life.

Many plays—even most plays—are substantially altered at rehearsal. Dion Boucicault, the Irish dramatist, said: "Plays aren't written; they are rewritten." It has been proved utterly impossible to judge the effect of a play from the manuscript, to know the merit of any story or episode until it is visualized, translated into action. Last season William Gillette finished a farce, *That Little Affair* at Boyd's, to which he had devoted the best part of a year, and in which, therefore, he must have had considerable faith. Yet, after a week's rehearsal, he dismissed the company engaged and abandoned the idea of producing the piece. The soundness of his judgment was demonstrated later when this farce, rechristened *Tacey*, was revived and failed utterly.

When defects manifest themselves at rehearsal the director does not hesitate to make or to suggest changes, his course depending upon the standing of the author. No dramatist is a hero to his stage-director. Also, while we're parodying maxims, it's a wise author who knows his own play on its first night.

The playwright, however, is quick to learn humility. "Who's that meek-looking chap?" somebody once asked Augustin Daly during the course of a trial performance of a new play.

"That?" returned Daly. "Oh, that's only the author!" If a director is employed the writer makes his suggestions through that gentleman. Sometimes the experience of the producer, who brings a fresh mind to the subject, is surer than the instinct of the author, who may easily have lost sense of perspective from long association with his work.

The *Three of Us*, a well-known domestic comedy, depends for its chief interest upon a scene in the third act, where Rhy MacChesney pays a midnight visit to Louis Berresford. When the piece was put into rehearsal the idea was that Berresford, hearing a knock at the door, bade the girl hide herself, which she did, only to be discovered later. The stage-director objected that this was trite, conventional, unnecessary. "Why shouldn't the young woman tell the truth—that she had come on a perfectly legitimate errand, meaning no harm, and that she had nothing to fear—and refuse to hide?" The author adopted his view, a new scene was written, and the play, largely because of the unexpectedness of this turn of affairs, ran for an entire year at the Madison Square Theatre in New York.

#### Lighting Effects and Their Uses

THE knowledge of the stage-director must cover the mechanical features of production as well as the literary. It is essential that he should understand the full value of light and scenic effects, and how to produce them. A stage may be, and generally is, illuminated by means of five different devices—from the "borders," which are directly overhead; from calciums, in the balcony or on either side of the stage; from spot lights, which really are calciums whose light is focused upon one spot; from foot-lights; and from "strips," which are placed wherever light from more remote sources would be obstructed.

The "borders" are long, inverted troughs, stretching from the extreme left of the stage to the extreme right and suspended from the roof of the theatre. When it is said that the light coming from the "borders," or, indeed, from anywhere else, may be raised or lowered, may be white or blue or red or amber, or a combination of these colors, reproducing the glow of a lamp, or the first gray glimmer of sunrise, it will be understood that the director has a wide range of effects at his command.

Just as the reading of a line may alter the impression created by an entire passage, so may the least variation in illumination. Comedy scenes, for example, must be played in full light, as sentimental scenes are helped by half-lights. If you could witness the second act of *Charley's Aunt* performed in the steel-blue of moonlight, and the last act of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in the glare of "full up," you would be amazed at the result.

Color has as subtle an influence. I have seen the people in a play fairly melt into the background of a yellow setting, causing their action to seem vague and ill-defined. Augustus Thomas once wrote a short comedy, which was presented privately at the Lambs' Club, in which the same scene was played in two different settings. You would hardly believe me if I told you how wholly

unlike were the impressions produced. Costumes and music have an equal portent, and both call for the exercise of nice discretion.

The personality of the stage-director and his manner at rehearsal are vital considerations. In acting, more than in any other art, the feeling of the artist reaches through his work. Every one who has watched rehearsals has come to the conclusion, at one time or another, that actors are something less than human. As a matter of fact, they are simply children, calling for the patience, the forbearance and the flexibility of viewpoint necessary in a nursery. Wholly self-centred, having little contact with the outside world, their standards, their emotions, their false valuations make constant difficulties for the man who has to play upon them as upon a piano.

The dramatic instinct and the egregious ego form a provoking blend. I have known an actress, at a dress rehearsal, the night before the public performance of a play, to go into violent hysterics, apparently reduced to a nervous wreck by the strain of her work. "Great Heaven!" I have said to the director: "she won't be able to appear to-morrow." "Acting, my boy," that gentleman would reply. "Acting for our benefit and her own. She'll be all right in ten minutes." And in ten minutes this same woman, done with her scene, would be advancing most logical reasons why she should have somebody's dressing-room, and why somebody else should have been given hers. I don't know exactly what temperament is, but most actors think they have it.

#### The Dread of the Hoodoo Tag

PLAYER folk are full of superstitions, and many of these relate to rehearsal. Few actors will speak the "tag," or last line, of a play until its premiere. If that line were spoken the play would fail. Managers are not exempt from similar ideas, a mixture of superstition and experience. A good final rehearsal is supposed to forecast a bad first performance, and this notion is not without reason, since the people, made confident of themselves, are pretty sure to lose the tension of nervousness. When the actors like a play at rehearsal the manager grows fearful. An actor usually likes best the play in which he has the best part, and that is not invariably the best play.

Small, indeed, is the share of glory that goes to "the power behind the throne." His name adorns no billboards, and, on the program, you will find it most frequently among the announcements that the shoes came from Hammersmith's or that the wigs are by Stepler. The manager knows the stage-director, though, and respects him, reputation of this kind being more profitable than reputation with the great, careless public.

Some few managers, like David Belasco and Henry Miller, attend to the staging of their own productions, and, indeed, are most noted for their skill in this work. Many authors, among the number Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch and Paul Armstrong, "put on" their own plays. Then there are general stage-directors, like William Seymour or J. C. Huffman, employed at so much per annum by big firms like those of Charles Frohman or the Shuberts.

There are also detached directors, who will contract to stage a play here or there, at sums which vary from five hundred to a thousand dollars for each play. Julian Mitchell and R. H. Burnside head the list of men who make a specialty of producing musical comedy, which is a field in itself. A broad distinction exists between the stage-director and the stage-manager, the province of the latter being only to carry out the plans of the former.

A dramatic composition is rehearsed from two to four weeks, the rehearsals usually lasting from ten o'clock in the

(Concluded on Page 28)





# THE TRIPLE CROSS

In Which Young Wallingford Becomes Peevish  
With Broadway Talent

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"It is Ours," Growled Larry. "We'll Get it if We Have to Mace Him, at Noon, on Madison Square"

THEY were glad to see Blackie Daw back on Broadway—that is, in the way that Broadway is glad; for they of the Great White Way have no sentiments and no emotions, and but scant memories. About Blackie's companion, however, they were professionally curious.

"Who is this large, pink Wallingford person, and where did you get it?" asked Mr. Phelps, whose more familiar name was Green-Goods Harry.

Mr. Daw, standing for the moment with Mr. Phelps at the famous old cheese-and-crackers end of the Fifth Avenue bar, grinned.

"He's an educated Hick," he responded, "and I got him out of the heart of the hay-fever district, right after he'd turned a classy little trick on the easy producers of his childhood home. Sold 'em a bankrupt bucket-ahop for eight thousand, which is going some!"

Mr. Phelps, natty and jaunty and curly-haired, though shifty of eyes through long habit of trying to watch front and back doors both at once, looked with a shade more interest across at the imposing white vest of young J. Rufus Wallingford—once Jonathan Reuben Wix, of Filmore—where he stood at the bar with fat and sombre Badger Billy. There was a cocksure touch to the joviality of young Wallingford that was particularly aggravating to an expert like Mr. Phelps. Young Wallingford was so big, so impressive, so sure of pleasing, so certain the world was his oyster, that it seemed a shame not to give his pride a tumble—for his own sake, of course.

"Has he got the eight thousand on him?" asked the green-goods one, his interest rapidly increasing.

"Not so you could notice it," replied Daw with conviction. "He's a wise prop, I tell you. He's probably lugging about five hundred in his kick, just for running expenses, and has a time-lock on the rest."

"We might tinker with the lock," concluded Harry, running his fingers through his hair to settle the curls; "it's worth a try, anyhow."

"You'll bounce right off," declared Mr. Daw. "I tried to put a sweet one over in his home town, and he jolted the game so quick he made its teeth rattle."

"Then you owe him one," persisted Mr. Phelps, whom it pained to see other people have money. "Do you mean to say that any pumpkin husker can't be trimmed?"

"Enjoy yourself," invited Mr. Daw with a retrospective smile, "but count me out. I'm going to Boston next week, anyhow. I'm going to open a mine investment office there. It's a nice, easy-money mining district."

"For pocket mining," agreed his friend dryly.

Young Wallingford, in his desire for everybody to be happy, looked around for them at this juncture, and further conversation was out of the question. The quartette lounged out of the Fifth Avenue and across Broadway in that dull way peculiar to their kind. At the Hoffman House bar they were joined by a cadaverous gentleman known to the police as Short-Card Larry, whose face was as that of a corpse, but whose lithe, slender fingers were reputed to have brains of their own, and the five of them sat down for a dull half-hour. Later they had dull dinner together, strolled dully into four theatres, and, still dull, wound up in the apartments of Daw and J. Rufus.

"What do you think of them?" asked Blackie in their first aside moment.

"They give me the pip," announced J. Rufus frankly. "Why do they hate themselves so? Why do they sit in

I'd cut 'em out," returned Mr. Wallingford in disgust. "Any one of them would slung-shot the others for the price of a cigarette. Don't they ever get interested in anything?"

"Nothing but easy marks," replied Mr. Daw with a grin. "The way they're treating you is a compliment. They're letting you just be one of them."

"One of them! Take it back, Blackie!" protested Wallingford. "Why, they're a bunch of crooks!"

In deep dejection young Wallingford, rejoining his guests, ordered three lemonades and a quart of champagne. There was a trifle more of animation among them now, however, since they had been left alone for a few moments. They told three or four very hilarious stories, in each of which the nub of the joke hinged on an utter disregard of every human decency. Then, quite casually and after a lull, Badger Billy smoothed down his smart vest and cleared his throat.

"What do you fellows say to a little game of stud?" he proposed.

"Sure!" agreed Wallingford with alacrity. "That's the first live noise I've heard to-day," and he went to the 'phone at once to order up some cards and chips.

With his back turned, the three lemonade drinkers exchanged pleased smiles. It was too easy! Mr. Daw let them smile, and reposed calmly upon the couch, entirely disinterested. Professional ethics forbade Mr. Daw to interfere with the "trimming" of the jovial Mr. Wallingford, and the instincts of a gentleman, with which, of course, they were all perfectly provided, prevented him from taking any part in that agreeable operation. To his keen amusement the game was very brief—scarcely more than twenty minutes.

It was Short-Card Larry who, with a yawn, discovered suddenly how late it was and stopped the game. As he arose to go, young Wallingford, chuckling, was adding a few additional bills to the plethora roll in his pocket.

"What made you chop the game, Larry?" asked Green-Goods Harry in impatient wonder. "We'd ought to strung it along a while. What made you let him have that hundred and fifty so quick?"

"Let him!" retorted Larry savagely. "He took it! Twice I gave him aces back to back on my deal, and he turned them down without a bet. On his own deal he bet his head off on a pair of deuces, with not one of us three able to draw out on him; and right there he cops that hundred and fifty himself. He's too fresh!"

"Well," said Badger Billy philosophically, "he'll come for more."

"Not of mine, he won't," snorted the dexterous one. "I can't do any business against a man that's next. I hope he chokes."

the darkest corners and bark at themselves. Can't they ever drink enough to get oiled happy?"

"Not and do business with stranger on Broadway," Daw explained. "Phelps has been shy about thin glassware for five years, ever since he let an Indiana come on outdrink him and steal his own money back; Billy Banting stops after the third glass of anything, on account of his fat; the only time Larry Teller ever got pinched was for getting spifflicated and telling a reporter what police protection cost him."

"If I wasn't waiting to see one of them bite himself and die of poison

"There you go again, letting your temper get the best of you," protested Mr. Phelps, himself none too pleased. "This fresh wop has coin, and it ought to be ours."

"It is ours," growled Larry. "We'll get it if we have to mace him, at noon, on Madison Square."

## II

J. RUFUS, having slept until eleven and finished breakfast at one, was in his room dressing and planning to besiege New York upon his own account, when the telephone advised him that Mr. Phelps was downstairs with a parched throat, and on the way up to get a drink!

"Fine business!" exclaimed J. Rufus with a cordiality which had nothing whatever to do with the puzzled expression on his brow. "What'll you have? I'll order it while you're on your way up."

"Nothing stronger than a Scotch highball," was the reply, whereupon young Wallingford, as soon as the telephone was clear, ordered the materials therefor.

"Fine business," he repeated to himself musingly as he stood with his hand still on the receiver after he had hung it up; "also rough work. This thirst is too sudden."

He was still most thoughtful when Mr. Phelps knocked at the door, and had yet more food for contemplation when the caller began talking with great enthusiasm about his thirst, explaining the height and breadth and thickness thereof, its atomic weight, its color and the excellent style of its finish.

"If I just had that thirst outside of me where I could get at it I could make an airship of it," he imaginatively concluded.

"Gas or hot air?" inquired young Mr. Wallingford, entirely unmoved, as he poured the highballs and doled both quite liberally with the Scotch, whereat Mr. Phelps almost visibly winced, though gamely planning to drink with every appearance of enjoyment.

"Where's Daw?" he asked, after two sips that he tried to make seem like gulps.

"Gone out to a print-shop to locate a couple of gold mines," announced Wallingford dryly, holding his own opinion as to the folly of Mr. Daw's methods. They were so unsanctioned of law.

"Sorry for that," said Mr. Phelps, who was nevertheless relieved to hear it, for Mr. Daw was rather in the way. "We've got a great game on; a Reuben right from Reubensville, with five thousand of pa's money in his jeans. I wanted you fellows to come and look him over."

"What's the use?" returned Wallingford. "Come down to the lobby and I'll show you a whole procession of them."

"No, but they're not as liberal as this boy," protested Phelps, laughing. "He just naturally hones and hones

and hones to hand us this nice little bundle of kale, and we're going to accommodate him. You can get in on the split-up if you want to. Daw would have first choice, of course, if he was here, but since he isn't you might as well come in. Five thousand mag's hardy worth bending to pick up, I guess."

"Oh, I don't know," objected Wallingford condescendingly. "It would make cigarette money, anyhow, if there are not too many to tear it apart."

"It takes just four," Phelps informed him: "look-out, spieler, panel-man and engraver."

Wallingford shook his head, refusing even to speculate on the duties of the four named actors in the playlet.

"Four makes it hardly union wages," he objected.

Green-Goods Harry cast at him a look of quick dislike.

"I know, but wait till you see the sample," he insisted. "The fun's worth more than the meat. He's the rawest you ever saw; wants green goods, you



The Shrill Voice of a  
Protesting and  
Frightened Landlady



know; thinks there really is green goods, and stands ready to exchange his five thousand of the genuine rhino for twenty of the phoney stuff. Of course you know how this little joke is rimmed up. We count out the twenty thousand in real money and wrap it up in bales before both of his eyes, then put it in a little satchel of which we make Mr. Alfred Alfalfa a present. While we're giving him the solemn talk Billy Badger switches in another satchel with the same kind of looking bales in it, but made out of tissue-paper with twenties top and bottom; then we all move, and Henry Whiskers don't dare make a holler because he's in on a crooked play himself; see?"

"I see," assented Wallingford still dryly. "I've been reading the papers ever since I was a kid. What puzzles me is how you can find anybody left in the world who isn't hep."

"There's a new sucker born every minute," returned Mr. Phelps airily, whereat Wallingford, detecting that Mr. Phelps held his intelligence and education so cheaply as to offer this sage remark as original, inwardly fumed.

"Come on and look him over, anyhow," insisted Phelps, rising.

Wallingford arose reluctantly.

"What's the matter with your highball?" he demanded.

"It's great Scotch," said Mr. Phelps enthusiastically, and drank about a tablespoonful with great avidity. "Come on; the boys are waiting," and he surged toward the door.

Wallingford finished his own glass contemplatively and followed with a trace of annoyance.

### III

INTO the back room of a flashy saloon just off Broadway Mr. Phelps led the way, after pausing outside to post Wallingford carefully on all their new names, and here they found Billy Banting and Larry Teller in company with a stranger, one glance at whom raised Wallingford's spirits quite appreciably, for he was so obviously made up.

He was a raw-boned young fellow who wore an out-of-date derby, a cheap made cravat which rode his collar, and a cheap suit of loud-checked clothes that were entirely too tight for him, and the trousers of which, two inches too short, were rounded stiffly out below the knees like stove-pipes by top boots which were wrinkled about the ankles. Moreover, the stranger spoke with a nasal drawl never heard off the stage.

Wallingford, with a wink from Phelps, was introduced to Mr. Pickins as Mr. Mombley. Then, leaning down to Mr. Pickins with another prodigious wink at Wallingford, Phelps said in a stage-whisper to the top-booted one:

"Mr. Mombley is our engraver. Used to work in the mint."

"Well, I'll swan!" drawled Mr. Pickins. "I'd reckoned to find such a fine gove'ment expert an older man."

With a sigh Wallingford took up his expected part.

"I'm older than I look," said he. "Making money keeps a man young."

"I reckon," agreed Mr. Pickins, and "haw-hawed" quite broadly. "And did you really make this bill?" he asked, drawing from his vest pocket a crinkled new ten-dollar-bill which he spread upon the table and examined with very eager interest indeed.

"This is one of that last batch, Joe," Short-Card Larry negligently informed Wallingford, with a meaning wink. "I just gave it to him as a sample."

"By jingo, it's scrumptious work!" said Mr. Pickins admiringly.

"Yes, they'll take that for a perfectly good bill anywhere," asserted Wallingford. "Just spend it and see," and he pushed the button. "Bring us a bottle of the best champagne you have in the house," he directed the waiter, and with satisfaction he noted the startled raising of heads all around the table, including the head of Mr. Pickins.

"I don't like to brag on myself," continued Wallingford, taking on fresh animation as he began to see humor in the situation, "but I think I'm the grandest little money-maker in the city, in my special line. I don't go after small game very often. A ten is the smallest I handle. Peters," he suddenly commanded Phelps, "show him one of those twenties."

"I don't think I have one of the new ones," said Phelps, moistening his lips, but nevertheless reaching for his wallet. "I think the only twenties I have are those that we put through the aging process."

Wallingford calmly took the wallet from him and as calmly leafed over the bills it contained.

"No, none of these twenties are from the new batch," he decided, entering more and more into the spirit of the game, "but this half-century is one that we're all proud of. Just examine that, Mr. Pickins," and closing the wallet he handed it back to Phelps, passing the fifty-dollar bill to the stranger. "Billy, give me one of those twenties. I'm bound to show Mr. Pickins one of our best output."

Badger Billy, being notorious even among his fellows as a tight-wad, swallowed hard, but he produced a small roll of bills and extracted the newest twenty he could find. During this process it had twice crossed Billy's mind to revolt; but, after all, Wallingford was evincing an interest in the game that might be worth while.

"That's it," approved Wallingford, running it through his fingers and passing it over to Pickins. He got up from his place and took the vacant chair by that gentleman. "I just want you to look at the nifty imitation of engine work in this scroll border," he insisted with vast enthusiasm, while Mr. Pickins cast a despairing glance, half-puzzled and half-bored, at the others of the company, themselves awed into silence.

He was still explaining the excellent work in the more intricate portions of the two designs when the waiter appeared with the wine, and Wallingford only interrupted himself long enough to nonchalantly toss the ten-dollar

for five, I'd be a blame fool not to take it. And I got the five thousand, too."

Things were coming back to a normal basis now, and the others cheered up.

"Look here," Mr. Pickins went on, and, reaching down, drew off with much tugging one of the high boots, in the top of which had reposed a package of greenbacks: ten crisp, nice-looking five-hundred-dollar bills.

For just a moment Wallingford eyed that money speculatively, then he picked up one of the bills and slid it through his fingers.

"It's good money, I suppose," he observed. "You can hardly tell the good from the bad these days, except by offering to spend it. We might break one of these—say for an automobile ride."

"No, you don't," hurriedly interposed Mr. Pickins, losing his nasal drawl for the moment and reaching for the bill, which he put back in the package, snapping a weak rubber band around it. "I reckon I don't let go of one of these bills till I see something in exchange. I—I ain't no greenhorn!"

His nasal drawl had come back, and now seemed to be the cue for all the others to affect laughter.

"To be sure he's not," said Mr. Phelps, reaching over to slap him on the back in all the jovial heartiness with which a greenhorn is supposed to be encouraged. "You're wise, all right, Pickins. We wouldn't do business with you if you weren't. You see, we're putting ourselves in danger of the penitentiary and we have to be careful. More than that, wise people come back; and, with a dozen or so like Mr. Pickins shoving the queer for us, we put out about all we can make. Nobody in the business, Mr. Pickins, gets as high a price for green goods as we do, and nobody in the business keeps all their customers as we do. That's because our output is so good."

This, which was one of the rehearsed speeches, went off very well, and they began to feel comfortable again.

"That's me, by Jinks!" announced Pickins, slapping his leg. "I'll be one of your steady customers, all right. When'll I get this first twenty thousand?"

"Right away," said Mr. Phelps, rising. "Just wait a moment till I talk it over with the engraver and see if he has the supply ready."

"The supply's all right," declared Wallingford. "These boys will 'tend to the business with you, Mr. Pickins. I'm very glad to

have met you. I'll probably see you to-night at the show. I have to go back and look after a little more engraving just now." And, shaking hands cordially with Mr. Pickins, he arose to go.

"Wait a minute, Mombley," said Phelps amidst a general scowl, and he walked outside with Wallingford. "Fine work, old man," he complimented, keeping his suavity with an effort. "We can go right in and pick our bunch of posies any minute."

"Go right ahead!" said Wallingford heartily. "I'm glad to have helped you out a little."

Mr. Phelps looked at him in sour speculation.

"Of course you're in on it," he observed with a great air of making a merely perfunctory remark.

"Me?" inquired Wallingford in surprise. "Not on your life. I only played engraver for accommodation. I thought I did a grand little piece of work, too."

"But we can't go through without you," insisted Mr. Phelps desperately, ignoring the other's maddening complacency and sticking to the main point. "It takes twenty thousand and we only have five thousand apiece. We're looking to you for the other five."

Wallingford looked him squarely in the eyes, with an entire change of manner, and chuckled.

"There are four reasons, Phelps, why I won't," he kindly explained.

"The first is, I never do anything in partnership; second, I never pike; third, I won't take a fall out of any game that has the brown-and-white-striped clothes at the end of it; fourth, Billy might not get the satchels switched right; extra, I won't fool with any farmer that strikes a match on the sole of his boot!"

The fifth and extra reason was so unexpected and was laid before Mr. Phelps with such meaning emphasis that that gentleman could only drop his jaw and gape in reply. Wallingford laid both hands on his shoulders and chuckled in his face.

"You're a fiercely unimaginative bunch," he said. "Let's don't try to do any more business together. Just



And With Satisfaction  
He Noted the Startled Raising  
of Heads All Around the Table,  
Including the Head of Mr. Pickins

bill on the tray after the glasses were filled. Then, with vast fervor, he returned to the counterfeiting business, with the specimens before him as an inspiring text.

The waiter brought back two dollars in silver.

"Just keep the change," said Wallingford grandly, and then, as the waiter was about to withdraw, he quickly handed up the fifty and the twenty dollar bill to him. "Just take this twenty, George," said he to the waiter, "and run down to the cigar-store on the corner and buy some of those dollar cigars. You might as well get us about three apiece. Then take this fifty and get us a box for The Prince of Pikers to-night. Hustle right on, now," and he gave the waiter a gentle, but insistent, shove on the arm that had all the effect of bustling him out of the room. "We'll show Mr. Pickins a good time," he exultantly declared. "We'll show him how easy it is to live on soft money like this."

Wallingford had held the floor for fifteen solid minutes. Now he paused for some one else to offer a remark, his eager eye glowing with the sense of a duty not only well, but brilliantly, performed, as it roved from one to the other in search of approval. But feeble encouragement was in any other eye. Four men could have throttled him, singly and in company. Wallingford was too enthusiastic an actor. He was taking the part entirely too well, and a vague doubt began to cross the minds of the other gentlemen in the party as to whether he would do or not. It was Short-Card Larry who first recovered his poise and broke the dismal silence.

"Show him one of those new hundreds, Mombley," he invited Wallingford with almost a snarl.

Wallingford merely smiled in a superior way.

"You know I never carry any but the genuine," he said in mild reproach. "It wouldn't do, you know. Anyhow, are we sure that Mr. Pickins wants to invest?"

Mr. Pickins drew a long breath and once more plunged into the character which he had almost doffed.

"Invest? Well, I reckon!" he nasally drawled. "If I can get twenty thousand dollars as good money as that



come up to my room to-night and have a friendly game of stud poker."

At last Green-Goods Harry found his tongue.

"You go to —!" said he.

## IV

BACK in their common sitting-room, Wallingford found Daw studying some gaudy samples of stock certificates. "Blackie, did you tell this gang of yours that they didn't drink enough to suit me?" Wallingford demanded.

Blackie grinned.

"They wanted to know why you wouldn't warm up," he admitted.

"I see the pretty, pretty lights at last," Wallingford chuckled. "I was sure there was something doing when Curly Harry came up here claiming a thirst, and went so far as to drink champagne on top of a high ball."

"He's taking stomach and liver dope right now," Blackie guessed. "You see, these Broadway boys are handicapped when they run across a man who still has a lining. They lost theirs years ago."

"They lost everything years ago. I'm disappointed in them, Blackie. I had supposed that these smooth people of the metropolis had Herman looking like a Bowery waiter when it came to smooth work; but they've got nothing but thumbs."

"You do them deep wrong, J. Rufus Wallingford Wix," admonished Blackie. "I've trailed with this crowd four or five years. They're always to be found right here and they always have coin—whether they spend it or not."

"They get it gold-bricking New Yorkers, then," declared Wallingford contemptuously. "They couldn't cold deck anybody on the rural free delivery routes. They wear the lemon sign on their faces, and when one of their kind comes west of the big hills we padlock all our money in our pockets and lock ourselves in jail till they get out of town."

"What have they been doing to you?" asked Blackie. "You've got a regular Mattewan grouch."

"They had the nerve to try to ring me in for the fall guy on a green-goods play, baited up with a stage farmer from One Hundred and Sixtieth Street," asserted Wallingford. "Don't they ever spring a new one here?"

Mr. Blackie Daw only laughed.

"I'm afraid they don't," he confessed. "They take the old ones that have got the money for years, and work in new props and scenery on them, just like they do in the theatres; and that goes for Broadway."

"It don't go for me," declared Wallingford. "If they come after mine again I'll get real peevish and take their flash rolls away from them."

"Go to it," invited Blackie. "They need a trimming."

"I think I'll hand it to them," said Wallingford savagely, and started to walk out.

"Where are you going?" asked the other.

"I don't know," said Wallingford, "but I am going to sear up some excitement in the only way possible for a stranger, and that is go out and hunt it by myself. No New Yorker knows where to go."

In the bar Wallingford found a convivial gentleman from Georgia, lonesome like himself, with whom he became firm friends in an hour, and it was after midnight when their friendship still further fixed by plenty of liquid cement, he left the Georgian at one of the broad, bright entrances in charge of a doorman. It being but a few blocks to his own hotel he walked, carrying with complacent satisfaction a burden of assorted beverages that would have staggered most men.

It was while he was pausing upon his own corner for a moment to consider the past evening in smiling retrospection that a big-boned policeman tapped him on the shoulder. He was startled for a moment, but a hearty voice reassured him with:

"Why, hello, Wix, my boy! When did you come to town?"

A smile broke over Wallingford's face as he shook hands with the bluecoat.

"Hello, Harvey," he returned. "I never would have looked for you in this make-up. It's a funny job for the ex-secretary of the Filmore Coal Company."

"Forget it," returned Harvey complacently. "There's three squares a day in this and pickings. Where are you stopping?"

Wallingford told him, and then looked at him speculatively.

"Come up and see me when you go off watch," he invited. "But don't ask for me under the name of Wix. It's Wallingford now, J. Rufus Wallingford."

"No!" said Harvey. "What did you do at home?"

"Not a thing," protested Wallingford. "I can go right back to Filmore and play hop-scotch around the county jail if I want to. I just didn't like the name, that's all. But I want to talk with you, Harvey. I think I can throw about a hundred or so in your way."

"Not me!" returned Harvey with a grin. "That's the price of a murder in this town."

"Come up, and I'll coax you," laughed Wallingford.



"You've Played That Gag Too Long, Dan Blazer"

He walked away quite thoughtfully. Harvey Willis, who had left Filmore on account of his fine sense of honor—he had embezzled to pay a poker debt—seemed suddenly to fit an empty and an aching void.

## V

"THE fresh Hick!" observed Mr. Pickins savagely. "I'd like to hand him a bunch of knuckles."

Mr. Pickins was not now in character, but was clad in quite ordinary good clothes; his prominent cheek-bones, however, had become two white spots in the midst of an angrily red countenance.

"I don't know as I blame him so much," said Phelps. "The trouble is we sized him for about the intelligence of a louse. Anybody that would stand for your Hoop-pole Caounty line of talk wouldn't need such a careful frame-up to make him lay down his money."

"There's something to that," agreed Short-Card Larry. "I always did say your work was too strong, Pick."

"There ain't another man in the crowd can play as good a Rube," protested Mr. Pickins, touched deeply upon the matter of his art. "I don't know how many thousands we've cleaned up on that outfit of mine."

"Ye-es, but this Wallingford person called the turn," insisted Phelps. "The only times we ever made it stick was on the kind of farmers that work in eleven-story office buildings. You can fool a man with a stuffed dog, but you can't fool a dog with it; and you couldn't fool Yap Wallingford with a counterfeit yap."

"Well," announced Mr. Pickins, with emphatic finality, "you may have my part of him. I'm willing to let him go right back to Oskaloosa, or Oshkosh, or wherever it is."

"Not me," declared Phelps. "I want to get him just on general principles. He's handed me too much flossy talk. You know the last thing he had the nerve to say? He invited us up to play stud poker with him."

"Why don't you?" asked Pickins.

"Ask Larry," said Phelps with a laugh, whereat Larry merely swore.

Badger Billy, who had been silently listening with his eyes half closed, was possessed of a sudden, inventive gift.

"Yes, why don't you?" he repeated. "If I read this village cut-up right, he'll take a sporting chance. Get

him over to the Forty-second Street dump on a proposition to play two-handed stud with Harry there, then pull off a phoney pinch for gambling."

"No chance," returned Phelps. "He'd be on to that game; it's a dead one, too."

"Not if you work it this way," insisted Billy, in whom the creative spirit was still strong. "Tell him that we're all sore at Harry, here; that Harry threw the gang last night and got me put away. I'll have McDermott take me down and lock me up on suspicion for a couple of hours, so you can bring him down and show me to him. Tell him you've found a way to get square. Harry's supposed to have a grouch about that stud-poker taunt and wants to play Wallingford two-handed, five thousand a side. Tell him to go into this game and that, just when they have the money and the cards on the table, you'll pull off a phoney pinch and have your fake officer take the money and cards for evidence, then you'll split up with him?"

Billy paused and looked around with a triumphant eye. It was a long, long speech for the Badger, and a vivid bit of creative work of which he felt justly proud.

"Fine!" observed Larry in deep sarcasm. "Then I suppose we give him the blackjack and take it all away from him?"

"No, you mutt," returned Billy, having waited for this objection so as to bring out the clever part of his scheme as a climax. "Just as we have Dan pull off the pinch, in jumps Sprig Foles and pinches Dan for impersonating an officer. Then Sprig cops the money and the cards for evidence, while we all make a get-away."

A long and thoughtful silence followed the exposition of this great scheme of Billy's. It was Phelps who spoke first.

"There's one thing about it," headadmitted: "it's a new one."

"Grandest little double cross that was ever pulled over," announced Billy in the pride of authorship.

It was a matter of satisfaction, to say nothing of surprise, to Short-Card Larry to note the readiness, even the alacrity, with which young Wallingford fell into the trap. Would he accept the traitorous Mr. Phelps' challenge if guaranteed that he would win? He would! There was nothing young Wallingford detested so much as a traitor. Moreover, he had a grouch at Mr. Phelps himself.

Short-Card Larry had expected to argue more than this, and, having argument still lying heavily upon his lungs, must rid himself of it. It must be distinctly understood that the crowd wanted nothing whatever out of this. They merely wished to see the foresworn Mr. Phelps lose all his money, so that he could not hire a lawyer to defend him, and when he was thus resourceless they intended to have him arrested on an old charge and "sent over." They were very severe and heartless about Mr. Phelps, but they did not want his money. They would not touch it! Wallingford could have it all, with the exception of the two hundred and fifty dollars he would have to pay to the experienced plain-clothes man impersonator whom Larry, having a wide acquaintance, would secure.

Mr. Wallingford understood perfectly. He appreciated thoroughly the motives that actuated Mr. Larry Teller and his friends, and those motives did them credit. He counted himself, moreover, highly fortunate in being on hand to take advantage of the situation. Still, moreover, after the trick was turned he would stand a fine dinner for the entire crowd, including Mr. Pickins, to whom Mr. Teller would kindly convey his, Mr. Wallingford's, respects.

Accepting this commission with some inward resentment but outward pleasure, Mr. Teller suggested that the game be played off that very afternoon. Mr. Wallingford was very sorry. That afternoon and evening he had business of grave importance. To-morrow evening, however, say at about nine o'clock, he would be on hand with the five thousand, in bills of convenient denomination. Mr. Teller might call for him at the hotel and escort him to the room, although, from having had the location previously pointed out to him, Mr. Wallingford was quite sure he could find Mr. Teller's apartment, where the contest was to take place. Left alone, Mr. Wallingford, in the exuberance of his youth, lay back in his big chair and spent five solid minutes in chuckling self-congratulation, to the great mystification of the incoming Mr. Daw, whom J. Rufus would not quite trust with his reason for mirth. Feeling the need of really human companionship at this juncture, young Wallingford called up his convivial friend from Georgia and they went out to spend another busy and pleasant afternoon and evening, amid a rapidly widening circle of friends whom these two enterprising



and jovial gentlemen had already managed to attach to them. With an eye to business, however, Wallingford carefully timed their wanderings so that he should return, alone, on foot, to his own hotel a trifle after midnight.

VI

AS MR. TELLER and Mr. Wallingford, the following evening at a few minutes before nine, turned into the house on Forty-second Street they observed a sturdy figure helping a very much inebriated man up the stone steps just before them, but as the sturdy figure inserted a latch-key in the door and opened it with one hand while supporting his companion with the other arm, the incident was not one to excite comment. Just inside the door the inebriated man tried to raise a disturbance, which was promptly squelched by the sturdy gentleman, who held his charge firmly in a bearlike grip while Mr. Teller and Mr. Wallingford passed around them at the foot of the stairs, casting smiling glances down at the face of the perpetually-worried landlady, who had come to the parlor door to wonder what she ought to do about it.

In the second floor back room Mr. Phelps and Mr. Badger already awaited them. Mr. Badger's greeting to Larry was the ordinary greeting of one man who had seen the other within the hour; his greeting to Mr. Wallingford was most cordial and accompanied by the merest shade of a wink. Mr. Phelps, on the other hand, was most grim. While not denying the semblance of courtesy one gentleman should bestow upon another, he nevertheless gave Mr. Wallingford distinctly to understand by his bearing that he was out for Mr. Wallingford's financial blood, and after the coldest of greetings he asked gruffly:

"Did you bring cards?"

"One dollar's worth," said Wallingford, tossing four packs upon the table. "Ordinary drug-store cards, bought at the corner."

"You see them bought, Larry?" inquired Phelps. "They're all right, Phelps," Mr. Teller assured him. "Good," said Mr. Phelps. "Then we might just as well get to work," and from his pocket he drew a fat wallet out of which he counted five thousand dollars, mostly in bills of large denomination.

In the chair at the opposite side of the little table Wallingford sat down with equal grimness, and produced an equal amount of money in similar denominations.

"I don't suppose we need chips," said Phelps. "The game may not last over a couple of deals. Make it table stakes, loser of each hand to deal the next one."

They opened a pack of cards and cut for the deal, which fell to Wallingford, and they began with a five-dollar ante. Upon the turn card of the first deal each placed another five. Upon the third card, Phelps, being high, shoved forward a five-dollar bill, which Wallingford promptly raised with fifty. Scarcely glancing at his hole card Phelps let him take the pot, and it became Phelps' deal.

It was a peculiar game, in that Phelps kept the deal from then on, betting mildly until Wallingford raised, in which case Wallingford was allowed to take down the money. By this means Wallingford steadily won, but in such small amounts that Mr. Phelps could have kept playing for hours on his five thousand dollars in spite of the annoyance of maudlin quarreling from the next room. It was not necessary to enter such a long test of endurance to gain mere time, however, for in less than a half-hour the door suddenly burst open, its latch-bar losing its screws with suspicious ease, and a gaunt but muscular-looking individual, with a down-drooping mustache, strode in upon them, displaying a shining badge pinned upon his vest underneath his coat.

"Every man keep his seat!" commanded this apparition. "The place is pinched as a gambling joint."

Mr. Phelps made a grab for the money on the table.

"Drop that!" said the newcomer, making a motion toward his hip pocket, and Mr. Phelps subsided in his chair.

The others had posed themselves most dramatically, and now they sat in motionless but trembling obedience to the law, while the man with the tin badge produced from his pocket a little black bag into which he stuffed the cards and all the money on the table.

"It's a frame-up!" shouted Mr. Phelps.

Loud voices and the overturning of chairs from the room just ahead interrupted them at this moment, and not only Mr. Badger and Mr. Teller and Mr. Phelps looked annoyed, but the man with the shining badge glanced apprehensively in that direction, especially as, added to the sudden uproar, there was the unmistakable clang of a patrol-wagon in the street!

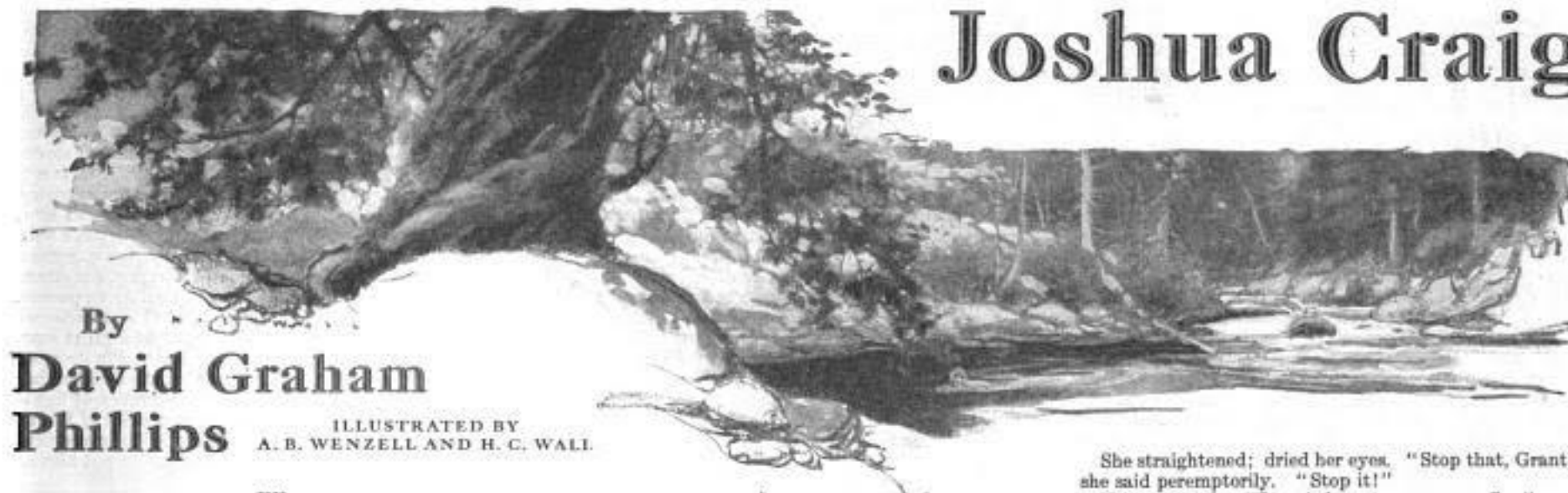
Simultaneously with this there bounded into the room a large gentleman with a red face and a husky voice, who whipped a revolver from his pocket the minute he passed the threshold and leveled it at the man with the badge, while all the others sprang from their chairs.

"Hands up!" said he, in a hurried but businesslike manner, himself apparently annoyed with and apprehensive of the adjoining disturbance and the clanging in the street. "This is a sure-enough pinch, but it ain't for gambling, you can bet your sweet life! You're all pulled for a bunch of cheap sure-thing experts, but this guy has got the lock-step comin' to him for impersonating an officer. You've played that gag too long, Dan Blazer. Give me that evidence!" and he snatched the black bag from the hand of the man with the badge.

Short-Card Larry, standing near what was apparently a closet door, now took his cue and threw it open, and, grabbing Wallingford by the arm, suddenly pulled him forward. "This is the real thing," he said in a hoarse

(Concluded on Page 46)

# The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig



By  
**David Graham  
Phillips**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL

XX

GRANT ARKWRIGHT reached the Waldorf a little less than an hour after he had seen the bride and groom drive away from Doctor Seones'. He found Craig pacing up and down before the desk, his agitation so obvious that the people about were all intensely and frankly interested. "You look as if you were going to draw a couple of guns in a minute and shoot up the house," said he, putting himself squarely before Josh and halting him.

"For Heaven's sake, Grant," cried Joshua, "see how I'm sweating! Go upstairs—up to their suite, and find out what's the matter."

"Go yourself," retorted Grant.

Craig shook his head. He couldn't confess to Arkwright what was really agitating him, why he did not disregard Margaret's injunction.

"What're you afraid of?"

Josh scowled as Grant thus unconsciously scuffed the sore spot. "I'm not afraid!" he cried aggressively. "It's better that you should go. Don't haggle—go!"

As Grant could think of no reason why he shouldn't, and as he had the keenest curiosity to see how the "old tartar" was taking it, he went. Margaret's voice came in response to his knock. "Oh, it's you," said she in a tone of relief. Her face was swollen and her eyes red. She looked anything but lovely. Grant, however, was instantly so moved that he did not notice her homeliness. Also, he was one of those unobservant people who, having once formed an impression of a person, do not revise it except under compulsion; his last observation of Margaret had resulted in

an impression of good looks, exceptional charm. He bent upon her a look in which understanding sympathy was heavily alloyed with the longing of the covetous man in presence of his neighbor's desirable possessions. But he discreetly decided that he would not put into words—at least, not just yet—his sympathy with her for her dreadful, her tragic mistake. No, it would be more tactful as well as more discreet to pretend belief that her tears had been caused by her grandmother. He glanced round. "Where's Madam Bowker?" inquired he. "Did she blow up and bolt?"

"Oh, no," answered Margaret, seating herself with a dreary sigh. "She's gone to her sitting-room to write with her own hand the announcement that's to be given out. She says the exact wording is very important."

"So it is," said Grant. "All that's said will take its color from the first news."

"No doubt," Margaret's tone was indifferent, absent. Arkwright hesitated to introduce the painful subject, the husband; yet he had a certain malicious pleasure in doing it, too. "Josh wants to come up," said he. "He's down at the desk, champing and tramping and pawing holes in the floor." And he looked at her to note the impression of this vivid, adroitly-reminiscent picture.

"Not yet," said Margaret curtly and coldly. All of a sudden she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Rita—dear Rita!" exclaimed Grant, his own eyes wet, "I know how you feel. Am I not suffering, too? I thought I didn't care, but I did—I do. Rita, it isn't too late —"

She straightened; dried her eyes. "Stop that, Grant!" she said peremptorily. "Stop it!"

His eyes sank. "I can't bear to see you suffer."

"You don't mean a word of what you've just said," she went on. "You are all upset, as I am. You are his friend and mine." Defiantly: "And I love him, and you know I do."

It was the tone of one giving another something that must be repeated by rote. "That's it," said he, somewhat sullenly, but with no hint of protest. "I'm all unstrung, like you, and like him."

"And you will forget that you saw me crying?"

"I'll never think of it again."

"Now go and bring him, please."

He went quickly toward the door.

"Grant!" she called. As he turned she rose, advanced with a friendly smile and put out her hand for his. "Thank you," she said. "You have shown yourself our best friend."

"I meant to be," he answered earnestly, as he pressed her hand. "When I pull myself together I think you'll realize I'm some decenter than I've seemed of late."

Madam Bowker came just as he returned with Craig. So all attention was concentrated upon the meeting of the two impossibilities. The old lady took her new relative's hand with a gracious, queenly smile—a smile that had the effect both of making him grateful and of keeping him "in his place." Said she: "I have been writing out the announcement."

"Thank you," was Joshua's eager, respectful reply.

She gave him the sheet of notepaper she was carrying in her left hand. It was her own private paper, heavy,



quiet, rich, engraved with aristocratic simplicity, most elegant; and most elegant was the handwriting. "This," said she, "is to be given out in addition to the formal notice which Grant will send to the newspapers."

Craig read:

Mrs. Bowker announces the marriage of her granddaughter, Margaret Severence, and Joshua Craig, of Wayne, Minnesota, and Washington, by the Reverend Doctor Scones, at the Waldorf, this morning. Only a few relatives and Mr. Craig's friend, Mr. Grant Arkwright, were present. The marriage occurred sooner than was expected, out of consideration for Mrs. Bowker, as she is very old, and wished it to take place before she left for her summer abroad.

Craig lifted to the old lady the admiring glance of a satisfied expert in public opinion. Their eyes met on an equality; for an instant he forgot that she figured in his imagination as anything more than a human being. "Splendid!" cried he, with hearty enthusiasm. "You have covered the case exactly. Grant, telephone for an Associated Press reporter and give him this."

"I'll copy it off for him," said Grant.

Madam Bowker and Craig exchanged amused glances. "You'll give it to him in Madam Bowker's handwriting," ordered Craig. "You told Scones to keep his mouth shut, when you paid him?"

The other three looked conscious, and Margaret reddened slightly at this coarse brusqueness of phrase. "Yes," said Grant. "He'll refuse to be interviewed. I'll go and attend to this."

"We're having a gala lunch, at once—in the apartment," said the old lady. "So, come back quickly."

When he was gone she said to the two: "And now what are your plans?"

"We have none," said Craig.

"I had thought—" began Margaret. She hesitated, colored, went on: "Grandmother, couldn't you get the Millicans' camp in the Adirondacks? I heard Mrs. Millican say yesterday they had got it all ready and had suddenly decided to go abroad instead."

"Certainly," said the old lady. "I'll telephone about it at once, and I'll ask the Millicans to lunch with us to-day."

She left them alone. Craig, eying his bride covertly, had a sense of her remoteness, her unattainability. He was like a man who, in an hour of rashness and vanity, has boasted that he can attain a certain mountain peak, and finds himself stalled at its very base. He decided that he must assert himself; he tried to nerve himself to seize her in his old precipitate, boisterous fashion. He found that he had neither the desire to do so nor the ability. He had never thought her so full of the lady's charm. That was just the trouble—the lady's charm, not the human being's; not the charm feminine for the male.

"I hope you'll be very patient with me," said she, with a wan smile. "I am far from well. I've been debating for several days whether or not to give up and send for the doctor."

He did not see her real motive in thus paving the way for the formation of the habit of separate lives; he eagerly believed her, was grateful to her, was glad she was ill. So quaint is the interweaving of thought there flashed into his mind at that moment: "After all, I needn't have blown in so much money on trousseau. Grant went in too deep." This, because the money question was bothering him greatly, the situation that would arise when his savings should be gone; for now it seemed to him he would never have the courage to discuss money with her. If she could have looked in upon his thoughts she would have been well content; there was every indication of easy sailing for her scheme to reconstruct his career.

"When do you think of starting for the Adirondacks?" he asked, with a timidity of preliminary swallowing and blushing that made her turn away her face to hide her smile. How completely hers was the situation! She felt the first triumphant thrill of her new estate.

"To-night," she replied. "We can't put it off."

"No, we can't put it off," assented he, hesitation in his voice, gloom upon his brow. "Though," he added, "you don't look at all well." With an effort: "Margaret, are you glad—or sorry?"

"Glad," she answered in a firm, resolute tone. It became a little hard in its practicality as she added: "You were quite right. We took the only course."

"You asked me to be a little patient with you," he went on.

She trembled; her glance fluttered down.

"Well—I—I—you'll have to be a little patient with me, too." He was red with embarrassment. She looked so still and cold and repelling that he could hardly muster voice to go on: "You can't but know, in a general sort of way, that I'm uncouth, unaccustomed to the sort of thing that you've had all your life. I'm going to do my best, Margaret. And if you'll help me, and be a little forbearing, I think—I hope—you'll soon find I'm—I'm—oh, you understand."

She had given a stealthy sigh of relief when she discovered that he was not making the protest she had

feared. "Yes, I understand," replied she, her manner a gentle graciousness, which in some moods would have sent his pride flaring against the very heavens in angry scorn. But he thought her most sweet and considerate, and she softened toward him with pity. It was very pleasant thus to be looked up to, and, being human, she felt anything but a lessened esteem for her qualities of delicateness and refinement, of patrician breeding; when she saw him thus on his knees before them. He had invited her to look down on him, and she was accepting an invitation which it is not in accordance with human nature to decline.

There was one subject she had always avoided with him—the subject of his family. He had not exactly avoided it, indeed, had spoken occasionally of his brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands, their children. But his reference to these humble persons, so far removed from the station to which he had ascended, had impressed her as being dragged in by the ears, as if he were forcing himself to pretend to himself and to her that he was not ashamed of them, when in reality he could not but be ashamed. She felt that now was the time to bring up this subject and dispose of it.

Said she graciously: "I'm sorry your father and mother aren't living. I'd like to have known them."

He grew red. He was seeing a tiny, unkempt cottage in the outskirts of Wayne, poor, even for that modest little town. He was seeing a bent, gaunt old laborer in jeans, smoking a pipe on the doorsill; he was seeing, in the kitchen-dining-room-sitting-room-parlor, disclosed by the open door, a stout, aggressive-looking laborer's wife in faded calico, doing the few thick china dishes in dented dishpan on rickety old table. "Yes," said he, with not a trace of sincerity in his ashamed, constrained voice, "I wish so, too."

She understood; she felt sorry for him, proud of herself. Was it not fine and truly noble of her thus to condescend to him? "But there are your brothers and sisters," she went graciously on. "I must meet them some time."

"Yes, some time," said he, laboriously trying his best to pump a thin, watery pretense of enthusiasm into his voice.

She had done her duty by his dreadful, impossible family. She passed glibly to other subjects. He was glad she had had the ladylike tact not to look at him during the episode; he wouldn't have liked any human being to see the look he knew his face was wearing.

In the press of agitating events, both forgot the incident—for the time.

## XXI

WHEN Molly Stillwater heard that Margaret and her "wild man" had gone into the woods for their honeymoon she said: "Rita's got to tame him and train him for human society. So she's taken him where there are no neighbors to hear him scream as—as—" Molly cast about in her stock of slang for a phrase that was vigorous enough—"as she 'puts the boots' to him."

It was a shrewd guess; Margaret had decided that she could do more toward "civilizing" him in those few first weeks and in solitude than in years of teaching at odd times. In China, at the marriage feast, the bride and the groom each struggles to be first to sit on the robe of the other; the idea is that the winner will thenceforth rule. As the Chinese have been many ages at the business of living, the custom should not be dismissed too summarily as mere vain and heathenish superstition. At any rate, Margaret had reasoned it out that she must get the advantage in the impending initial grapple and tussle of their individualities, or choose between slavery and divorce. With him handicapped by awe of her, by almost groveling respect for her ideas and feelings in all man and woman matters, domestic and social, it seemed to her that she could be worsted only by a miracle of actual stupidity on her part.

Never had he been so nearly "like an ordinary man—like a gentleman"—as when they set out for the Adirondacks. She could scarcely believe her own eyes, and she warmed to him and felt that she had been greatly overestimating her task. He had on one of the suits he had bought ready made that morning. It was of rough blue cloth—dark blue—most becoming and well draped to show to advantage his lithe, powerful frame, its sinews so much more manly-looking than the muscularity of artificially got protuberances usually seen in the prosperous classes in our Eastern cities. Grant had selected the suit, had selected all the suits, and had superintended the fittings. Grant had also selected the negligee shirt and the fashionable collar, and the bright, yet not gaudy, tie, and Grant had collected the shoes that made his feet look like feet; and Grant had conducted him to a proper barber, who had reduced the mop of hair to proportion and order. In brief, Grant had taken a gloomy pleasure in putting his successful rival through the machine of civilization and bringing him out a city man, agreeable to sight and touch.

"Now," said he, when the process was finished, "for Heaven's sake try to keep yourself up to the mark. Take a cold bath every morning and a warm bath before dinner."

"I have been taking a cold bath every day since I got my private bathroom," said Joshua, with honest pride.

"Then you're just as dirty as the average Englishman. He takes a cold bath and fancies he's clean, when in fact he's only clean-looking. Cold water merely stimulates. It takes warm water and soap to keep a man clean."

"I'll bear that in mind," said Craig, with a docility that flattered Grant as kindly attentions from a fierce-looking dog flatter the timid stranger.

"And you must take care of your clothes, too," proceeded the arbiter elegantiarum. "Fold your trousers when you take them off, and have them pressed. Get your hair cut once a week—have a regular day for it. I've got you a safety razor. Shave at least once a day—first thing after you get out of bed is the best time. And change your linen every day. Don't think because a shirt isn't down-right dirty that you can pass it off for fresh."

"Just write those things down," said Josh. "And any others of the same kind you happen to think of. I hate to think what a state I'd be in if I hadn't you. Don't imagine I'm not appreciating the self-sacrifice."

Grant looked sheepish. But he felt that his shame was unwarranted, that he really deserved Craig's tactless praise. So he observed virtuously: "That's where we men are beyond the women. Now, if it were one woman fixing up another the chances are a thousand to one she'd play the cat, and get clothes and give suggestions that'd mean ruin."

It may not speak well for Arkwright's capacity for emotion, but it certainly speaks well for his amiability and philanthropy that doing these things for Craig had so far enlisted him that he was almost as anxious as the fluttered and flustered bridegroom himself for the success of the adventure. He wished he could go along, in disguise, as a sort of valet and prime minister—to be ever near Josh to coach and advise and guide him. For it seemed to him that success or failure in this honeymooning hung upon the success or failure of Craig in practicing the precepts that for Grant and his kind take precedence of the moral code. He spent an earnest and exhausting hour in neatly and carefully writing out the instructions, as Craig had requested. He performed this service with a gravity that would move some people to the same sort of laughter and wonder that is excited by the human doings of a trained chimpanzee. But Craig—the wild man, the arch foe of effiteness, the apostle of the simple life of yarn sock and tattered boot and homespun pants and hairy jaw—Craig accepted the service with heartfelt thanks in his shaking voice and moist eye.

Thus the opening of the honeymoon was most auspicious. Craig, too much in awe of Margaret to bother her, and busy about matters that concerned himself alone, was a model of caution, restraint and civility. Margaret, apparently calm, aloof and ladylike, was really watching his discreet conduct as a hawk watches a sheltered hen; she began to indulge in pleasant hopes that Joshua's wild days had come to an abrupt end. Why, he was even restrained in conversation; he did not interrupt her often, instantly apologized and forebore when he did; he poured out none of his wonted sophomoric diatribes, sometimes sensible, more often inane, as the prattle of a great man in his hour of relaxation is apt to be. She had to do most of the talking—and you may be sure that she directed her conversation to conveying under an appearance of lightness many valuable lessons in the true wisdom of life as it is revealed only to the fashionable idle. She was careful not to overdo, not to provoke, above all not to put him at his ease.

Her fiction of ill health, of threatened nervous prostration, also served to free her from an overdose of his society during the long and difficult days in that eventless solitude. He was all for arduous tramps through the woods, for excursions in canoe under the fierce sun. She insisted on his enjoying himself—"but I don't feel equal to any such exertion. I simply must rest and take care of myself." She was somewhat surprised at his simplicity in believing her health was anything but robust, when her appearance gave the lie direct to her hints and regrets. While he was off with one of the guides she stayed at camp, reading, working at herself with the aid of Selina, revolving and maturing her plans.

When she saw him she saw him at his best. He showed up especially well at swimming. She was a notable figure herself in bathing suit, and could swim in a nice, ladylike way; but he was a water creature—indeed, seemed more at home in the water than on land. She liked to watch his long, strong, narrow body cut the surface of the transparent lake with no loss of energy in splashing or display—as easy and swift as a fish. She began to fear she had made a mistake in selecting a place for her school for a husband. "He's in his element—this wilderness," thought she, "not mine. I'll take him back with everything still to be done."

And, worst of all, she found herself losing her sense of proportion, her respect for her fashionable idols. Those vast woods, that infinite summer sky—they were giving her a new and far from practical point of view—especially upon the petty trickeries and posturings of the



ludicrously self-important human specks that crawl about upon the earth and hastily begin to act queer and absurd as soon as they come in sight of each other. She found herself rapidly developing that latent "sentimentality" which her grandmother had so often rebuked and warned her against—which Lucia had insisted was her real self. Her imagination beat the bars of the cage of convention in which she had imprisoned it, and cried out for free, large, natural emotions—those that make the blood leap and the flesh tingle, that put music in the voice and softness in the glance and the intense joy of life in the heart. And she began to revolve him before eyes that searched hopefully for possibilities of his giving her precisely what her nerves craved.

"It would be queer, wouldn't it," she mused—she was watching him swim—"if it should turn out that I had come up here to learn, instead of to teach?"

And he — In large presences he was always at his best—in the large situations of affairs, in these large, tranquilizing arenas of Nature. He, too, began to forget that she was a refined, delicate, sensitive lady, with nerves that writhed under breaks in manners and could in no wise endure a slip in grammar, unless, of course, it was one of those indorsed by fashionable usage. His health came flooding and roaring back in its fullness; and day by day the difficulty of restraining himself from loud laughter and strong, plebeian action became more appalling to him. He would leave the camp, break into a run as soon as he got safely out of sight; and, when he was sure of seclusion in distance, he would "let loose"—yell and laugh and caper like a true madman; tear off his superfluous clothes, splash and thresh in some lonely lake like a baby whale that has not yet had the primary lessons in how to behave. When he returned to camp, subdued in manner, like a bad boy

after recess, he was, in fact, not one bit subdued beneath the surface, but the more fractious for his outburst. Each day his animal spirits surged higher; each day her sway of awe and respect grew more precarious. She thought his increasing silence, his really ridiculous formality of politeness, his stammering and red-cheeked dread of intrusion meant a deepening of the sense of the social gulf that rolled between them. She recalled their conversation about his relatives. "Poor fellow!" thought she. "I suppose it's quite impossible for people of my sort to realize what a man of his birth and bringing up feels in circumstances like these." Little did she dream, in her exaltation of self-complacency, that the "poor fellow's" clumsy formalities were the thin cover for a tempest of wild emotion.

Curiously, she "got on" his nerves before he on hers. It was through her habit of rising late and taking hours to dress. Part of his code of conduct—an interpolation of his own into the Arkwright manual for a honeymooning gentleman—was that he ought to wait until she was ready to breakfast, before breakfasting himself. Several mornings she heard tempestuous sounds round the camp for two hours before she emerged from her room. She knew these sounds came from him, though all was quiet as soon as she appeared; and she very soon thought out the reason for his uproar. Next, his anger could not subdue itself beyond surliness on her appearing, and the surliness lasted through the first part of breakfast. Finally, one morning she heard him calling her when she was about half-way through her leisurely toilette; "Margaret!"

"Yes—what is it?"

"Do come out. You're missing the best part of the day."

"All right—in a minute."

She continued with, if anything, a slackening of her exertions; she appeared about an hour after she had said

"in a minute." He was ready to speak, and speak sharply. But one glance at her, at the exquisite toilette—of the woods, yet of the civilization that dwells in palaces and reposes languidly upon the exertions of menials—at her cooling, subduing eyes, so graciously haughty—and he shut his lips together and subsided.

The next morning it was a knock at her door just as she was waking—or had it waked her? "Yes—what is it?"

"Do come out! I'm half starved."

The voice was pleading, not at all commanding, not at all the aggressive, dictatorial voice of the Josh Craig of less than a month before. But it was distinctly reminiscent of that Craig; it was plainly the first faint murmur, not of rebellion, but of the spirit of rebellion. Margaret retorted with an icily polite, "Please don't wait for me."

"Yes, I'll wait. But be as quick as you can."

Margaret neither hastened nor dallied. She came forth at the end of an hour and a half. Josh, to her surprise, greeted her as if she had not kept him waiting an instant; not a glance of sullenness, no suppressed irritation in his voice. Next morning the knock was a summons. "Margaret! I say, Margaret!" came in tones made bold and fierce by hunger. "I've been waiting nearly two hours."

"For what?" inquired she frigidly from the other side of the door.

"For breakfast."

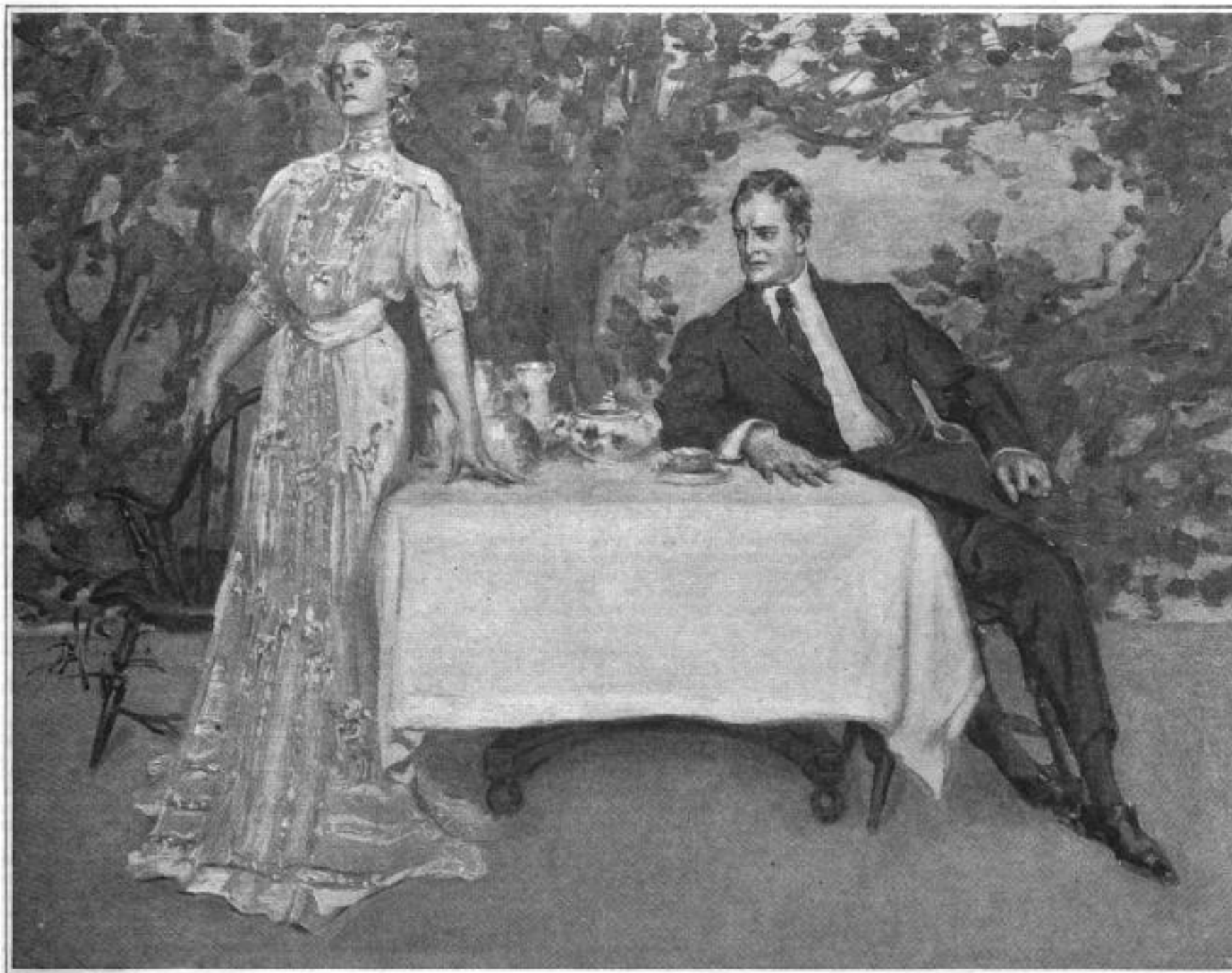
"Oh! Go ahead with it. I'm not even up yet."

"You've been shut in there ten hours."

"What of it?" retorted she sharply. "Go away, and don't bother me."

He had put her into such an ill humor that when she came out, two hours later, her stormy brow, her gleaming hazel eyes, showed she was "looking for trouble." He

(Continued on Page 36)



"You'd Better Stop That Midnight Reading," Flared He. "Your Temper is Going to the Devil"



# "Pardon, You are Mademoiselle Girard!"

By Leonard Merrick

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A NEWS-VENDER passed along the terrace of the Café d'Harcourt bawling "La Voix Parisienne." The Frenchman at my table made a gesture of aversion. Our eyes met. I said:

"You do not like La Voix?"

He answered with intensity:

"I loathe it."

"What's its offense?"

The wastrel frowned; he fiddled with his frayed collar.

"You revive painful associations. You ask me for a humiliating story," he murmured, and regarded his empty glass.

I can take a hint as well as most people.

He prepared his poison reflectively.

"I will tell you all!" he said.

One autumn the editor of La Voix announced to the assistant-editor:

"I have a great idea for booming the paper."

The assistant-editor gazed at him respectfully.

"I propose to prove, in the public interest, the difficulty of tracing a missing person. I shall instruct a member of the staff to disappear. I shall publish his description and his portrait. And I shall offer a prize to the first stranger who identifies him."

The assistant-editor had tact, and he did not reply that the idea had already been worked in London with a disappearing lady. He replied:

"What an original scheme!"

"It might be even more effective that the disappearing person should be a lady," added the chief, like one inspired.

"That," cried the assistant-editor, "is the top brick of genius!"

So the editor reviewed the list of his lady contributors, and sent for Mademoiselle Girard.

His choice fell upon Mademoiselle Girard for two reasons. First, she was not facially remarkable—a smudgy woodcut of her would look much like a smudgy woodcut of anybody else. Second, she was not widely known in Paris, being at the beginning of her career; in fact, she was so inexperienced that hitherto she had been intrusted only with criticism.

However, the young woman, after he had talked to her, said cheerfully:

"Without a chaperon I should be conspicuous, and without a fat purse I should be handicapped. So it is understood that I am to provide myself with a suitable companion and to draw upon the office for expenses?"

"Mademoiselle," returned the editor, "the purpose of the paper is to portray a drama of life, not to emulate an *opéra bouffe*. I shall explain more fully. Please figure to yourself that you are a young girl in an unhappy home. Let us suppose that a stepmother is at fault. You feel that you can submit to her oppression no longer; you



"Is it Treating You Like Baedeker's Guide to the Continent if I Ask You to Recommend a Restaurant?"

resolve to be free, or to end your troubles in the Seine. Weeping, you pack your modest handbag; you cast a last lingering look at the oil painting of your own dear mother, who is with the angels in the drawing-room—that is to say, of your own dear mother in the drawing-room, who is with the angels. (It still hangs there; your father has insisted on it.) Unheard, you steal from the house; the mysterious city of Paris stretches before your friendless feet. Can you engage a chaperon? Can you draw upon an office for expenses?

"The idea is laughable. You have saved, at a liberal computation, fifty francs; it is necessary for you to find employment without delay. But what happens? Your father is distracted by your loss; the thought of the perils that beset you frenzies him; he invokes the aid of the police. Well, the object of our experiment is to demonstrate that, in spite of an advertised reward, in spite of a published portrait, in spite of the public's zeal, you will be passed on the boulevards and in the slums, unrecognized, by myriads of unsuspecting eyes for weeks."

The girl inquired, much less blithely:

"How long is this experiment to continue?"

"It will continue until you are identified, of course. The longer the period, the more triumphant our demonstration."

"And I am to have no more than fifty francs to exist on all the time? Monsieur, the job does not call to me."

"You are young, and you fail to grasp the value of your opportunity," said the editor with paternal tolerance. "From such an assignment you will derive experiences that will be of the highest benefit to your future. Rejoice, my child! Very soon I shall give you final instructions."

The Frenchman lifted his glass, which was again empty.

"I trust my voice does not begin to grate upon you?" he asked solicitously. "Much talking affects my uvula."

I made a trite inquiry.

He answered that, since I was so pressing, he would!

"Listen!" he resumed, after a sip.

I am not in a position to say whether the young lady humored the editor by rejoicing, but she obeyed him by going forth. Her portrait was duly published. La Voix professed ignorance of her whereabouts from the moment that she left the Rue Louis-le-Grand, and a prize of two thousand francs was to reward the first stranger who said to her, "Pardon, you are Mademoiselle Girard!" In every issue the public were urged toward more strenuous efforts to discover her, and all Paris bought the paper, with amusement, to learn if she were found yet.

At the beginning of the week misgivings were ingeniously hinted as to her fate. On the tenth day the editor printed a letter (which he had written himself), hotly condemning him for exposing a poor girl to danger. It was signed "An Indignant Parent," and teemed with the most stimulating suggestions. Copies of La Voix were sold like confetti at a

carnival. When a fortnight had passed the prize was increased to three thousand francs, and many young men resigned less promising occupations, such as authorship and the fine arts, in order to devote themselves exclusively to the search.

Personally, I had something else to do. I am an author (as you may have divined by the rhythm of my impromptu phrases), but it happened at that time that a play of mine had been accepted by the Grand Guignol, subject to an additional thrill being introduced, and I preferred pondering for a thrill in my garret to hunting for a pin in a haystack.

Enfin, I completed the drama to the management's satisfaction, and received a comely little check in payment. It was the first check that I had seen for many years! I embraced myself; I paid to be shaved; I committed no end of follies.

How good is life when one is rich—immediately one joins the optimists! I feared the future no longer. I was hungry, and I let my appetite do as it liked with me. I lodged in Montmartre, and it was my custom to eat at the unpretentious Faisan d'Or, when I ate at all; but that morning my mood demanded something resplendent. Rumors had reached me of a certain Café Eclatant, where for one-franc-fifty one might breakfast on five epicurean courses amid palms and plush. I said I would go to that place. I adventured the Café Eclatant.

The interior realized my most sanguine expectations. The room would have done no discredit to the Grands Boulevards. I was so much exhilarated that I ordered a half bottle of Barsac, though I noted that here it cost fifty centimes more than at the Faisan, and I prepared to enjoy the unwonted extravagance of my repast to the concluding crumb.

Monsieur, there are events in life of which it is difficult to speak without bitterness. When I recall the disappointment of that *déjeuner* at the Café Eclatant my heart swells with rage. The soup was slush, the fish tasted like washing, the meat was rags. The first thing fit to eat was the cheese, and the fifth course was a decayed banana.

As I meditated on the sum that I had squandered I could have cried with mortification, and, to make matters more pathetic still, I was as hungry as ever. I sat seeking some caustic epigram to wither the *dame-de-comptoir*, and presently the door opened and another victim entered. Her face was pale and interesting. I saw, by her hesitation, that the place was strange to her. An accomplice of the chief brigand pounced on her immediately, and bore her to a table opposite. The misguided girl was about to waste one-franc-fifty. I felt that I owed a duty to her in this crisis. The moment called for instant action; before she could decide between slush and *hors-d'œuvre*, I pulled an envelope from my pocket, scribbled a warning, and expressed it to her by the robber who had brought my bill.

I had written, "The *déjeuner* is dreadful. Escape!"

It reached her in the nick of time. She read the wrong side of the envelope first, and was evidently puzzled. Then she turned it over. A look of surprise, a look of thankfulness, rendered her still more fascinating. I perceived that she was inventing an excuse—that she pretended to have forgotten something. She rose hastily and went out. My Barsac was finished—shocking bad tipple it was for the money—and now I, too, got up and left. When I issued into the street I found her waiting for me.

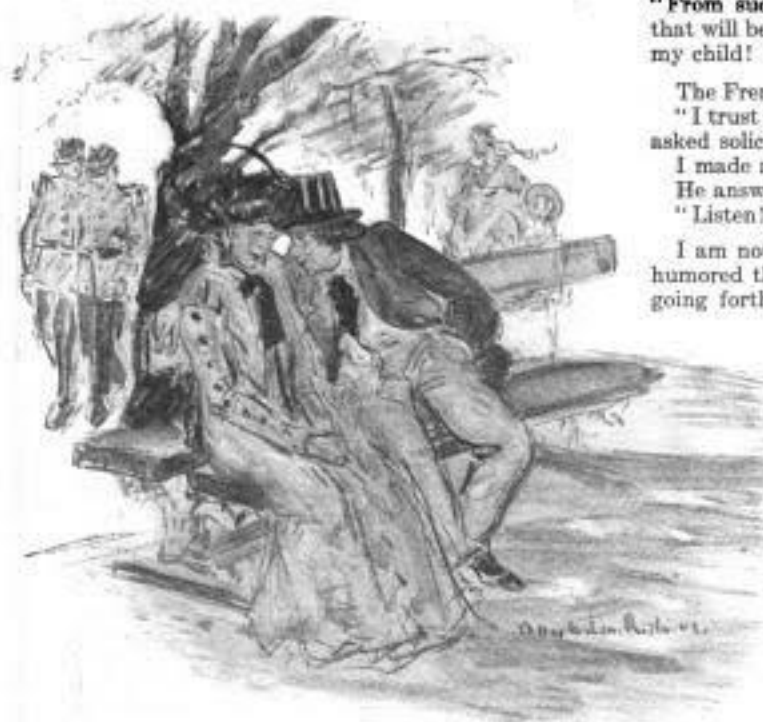
"I think you are the knight to whom my gratitude is due, monsieur," she murmured graciously.

"Mademoiselle," I responded, "you magnify the importance of my service."

"It was a gallant deed," she insisted. "You have saved me from a great misfortune—perhaps greater than you understand. My finances are at their lowest ebb, and to have beggared myself for an impossible meal would have been no joke. Thanks to you, I may still breakfast satisfactorily somewhere else. Is it treating you like Baedeker's Guide to the Continent if I ask you to recommend a restaurant?"

"Upon my word, I doubt if you can do better than the Faisan d'Or," I said. "A moment ago I was lacerated with regret that I had not gone there. But there is a silver lining to every hash-house, and my choice of the Eclatant has procured me the glory of your greeting."

She averted her gaze with a faint smile. She had certainly charm. Admiration and hunger prompted me to further recklessness. I said: "This five-course swindle has left me ravenous, and I am bound for the Faisan myself. May I beg for the rapture of your company there?"





"Monsieur, you overwhelm me with chivalries," she replied. "I shall be enchanted." And, five minutes later, the Incognita and I were polishing off pickled herrings and potato salad like people who had no time to lose.

"Do you generally come here?" she asked, when we had leisure.

"Infrequently—no oftener than I have a franc in my pocket. But details of my fasts would form a poor recital, and I make a capital listener."

"You also make a capital luncheon," she remarked.

"Do not prevaricate," I said severely. "I am consumed with impatience to hear the history of your life. Be merciful and communicative."

"Well, I am young, fair, accomplished, and of an amiable disposition," she began, leaning her elbows on the table.

"These things are obvious. Come to confidences. What is your profession?"

"By profession I am a clairvoyante and palmist," she announced.

I offered her my hand at once, and I was in two minds about offering her my heart. "Proceed," I told her; "reveal my destiny."

Her air was profoundly mystical.

"In the days of your youth," she proclaimed, "your line of authorship is crossed by many rejections."

"Oho, I am an author, am I? That's a fine thing in guesses!"

"It is written!" she affirmed, still scrutinizing my palm. "Your dramatic lines are—er—countless. Some of them are good. I see danger; you should beware of—I cannot distinguish!" She clasped her brow and shivered. "Ah, I have it! You should beware of hackneyed situations."

"So the drama is 'written,' too, is it?"

"It is written, and I discern that it is already accepted," she said. "For at the juncture where the Café Éclatant is eclipsed by the Restaurant du Falsan d'Or there is a distinct manifestation of cash."

"Marvelous!" I exclaimed. "And can the sibyl explain why she surmised that I was a dramatic author?"

"Even so!" she boasted. "You wrote your message to me on an envelope from the Dramatic Authors' Society. What do you think of my palmistry?"

"I think so little of it that I am quite sure it is not your career," I said. "You are more likely an author, yourself, or an actress or a journalist. Perhaps you are Mademoiselle Girard. *Mon Dieu!* What a piece of luck for me if I should discover the elusive Mademoiselle Girard!"

"And what a piece of good luck for this Mademoiselle!"

"Why for her?"

"Well, she cannot be having a rollicking time. It would not break her heart to be found, one may be certain."

"In that case," I said, "she has only to give some one the tip."

"Oh, but that would be dishonorable—she has a duty to fulfill to La Voix; she must wait till she is identified. And, remember, there must be no half-measures—the young man must have the intuition to say firmly, 'Pardon, you are Mademoiselle Girard!'"

Her earnest gaze met mine for an instant.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I do not see how any one can be expected to identify her in the street. The portrait shows her without a hat, and a hat works a tremendous difference." She sighed.

"What is your trouble?" I asked.

"Man!"

"Man? Tell me his address, that I may slay him."

"The whole sex! Its impenetrable stupidity. If Mademoiselle Girard is ever recognized it will be by a woman. Man has no instinct."

"May one inquire the cause of these flattering reflections?"

Her laughter pealed.

"Let us talk of something else!" she commanded. "When does your play come



He Prepared His Poison Reflectively

"How delicious," she said. "If you do not object I should like to take off my hat!"

"Do, then!"

"Shall I?"

"Why not?"

She pulled the pins out slowly, laid the hat aside, and raised her eyes to me, smiling.

"Well?" she murmured.

"You are beautiful!"

"Is that all?"

"What more would you have me to say?"

The glare of the sunshine mellowed while we talked; clocks struck unheeded by me. It amazed me, at last, to discover how long she had held me captive. Still, I knew nothing of her affairs, excepting that she was hard up—that, by comparison, I was temporarily prosperous. I did not even know where she meant to go when we moved, nor did it appear necessary to inquire yet, for the sentiment in her tones assured me that she would dismiss me with no heartless haste.

Two men came strolling past the bench, and one of them stared at her so impudently that I burned with indignation. After looking duels at him, I turned to her, to deprecate his rudeness. Judge of my dismay when I perceived that she was shuddering with emotion. Jealousy blackened the gardens to me.

"Who is that man?" I exclaimed.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"You don't know? But you are trembling?"

"Am I?"

"I ask you who is he? How he dared look at you so?"

"Am I responsible for the way a loafer looks?"

out, Monsieur Thibaud Hippolyte Duboc? You see I learned your name, too."

"You have all the advantages," I complained. "Will you take a second cup of coffee, another herring, Mademoiselle—er—"

"No, thank you, monsieur," she said.

"Will you take a liqueur, Mademoiselle—er—"

"Mademoiselle Er—will not take a liqueur, either," she pouted.

"Well, will you take a walk?"

We sauntered to the Buttes-Chaumont, and very agreeable I found it there. We chose a seat in the shade, and I began to feel that I had known her all my life. More precisely, perhaps, I began to feel that I wished to know her all my life. A little breeze was whispering in the boughs, and she lifted her face to it gratefully.

"If you do not object I should like to take off my hat!"

"Do, then!"

"Shall I?"

"Why not?"

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"I ask you who is he? How he dared look at you so?"

"Am I responsible for the way a loafer looks?"

"You are responsible for your agitation; I ask you to explain it!"

"And by what right, after all?"

"By what right? Wretched, false-hearted girl! Has our communion for hours given me no rights? Am I a Frenchman or a flounder? Answer; you are condemning me to tortures! Why did you tremble under that man's eyes?"

"I was afraid," she stammered.

"Afraid?"

"Afraid that he had recognized me."

"*Mon Dieu!* Of what are you guilty?"

"I am not guilty."

"Of what are you accused?"

"I can tell you nothing," she gasped.

"You shall tell me all!" I swore. "In the name of my love I demand it of you. Speak! Why did you fear his recognition?"

Her head drooped pitifully.

"Because I wanted you to recognize me first!"

For a tense moment I gazed at her bewildered. In the next, I cursed myself for a fool—I blushed for my suspicions, my obtuseness—I sought dizzily the words, the prescribed words that I must speak.

"Pardon," I shouted, "you are Mademoiselle Girard!" She sobbed.

"What have I done?"

"You have done a great and generous thing! I am humbled before you! I bless you! I don't know how I could have been such a dolt as not to guess!"

"Oh, how I wished you had guessed! You have been so kind to me, I longed for you to guess! And now I have betrayed a trust. I have been a bad journalist."

"You have been a good friend. Courage! No one will ever hear what has happened. And, anyhow, it is all the same to the paper whether the prize is paid to me or to somebody else."

"Yes," she admitted. "That is true. Oh, when that man turned round and looked at me, I thought your chance had gone! I made sure it was all over! Well"—she forced a smile—"it is no use my being sorry, is it? Mademoiselle Girard is found!"

"But you must not be sorry," I said. "Come, a disagreeable job is finished! And you have the additional satisfaction of knowing the money goes to a fellow you don't altogether dislike. What do I have to do about it, *hein?*"

"You must telegraph to La Voix at once that you have identified me. Then, in the morning you should go to the office. I can depend upon you, can't I? You will never give me away to a living soul?"

"Word of honor," I vowed. "What do you take me for? Do tell me you don't regret! There's a dear! Tell me you don't regret!"

She threw back her head dauntlessly.

"No," she said, "I don't regret. Only in justice to me, remember that I was treacherous in order to do a turn to you, not to escape my own discomforts. To be candid, I believe I wish that we had met in two or three weeks' time, instead of to-day!"

"Why that?"

"In two or three weeks' time the prize was to be raised to five thousand francs, to keep up the excitement."

"*Ciel!*" I cried. "Five thousand francs! Do you know that positively?"

"Oh, yes!" She nodded. "It is arranged."

Five thousand francs would have been a fortune to me.

Neither of us spoke for some seconds.

Then, continuing my thoughts aloud, I said:

"After all, why should I telegraph at once? What is to prevent my waiting the two or three weeks?"

"Oh, to allow you to do that would be scandalous of me," she demurred; "I should be actually swindling La Voix!"

"La Voix will obtain a magnificent advertisement for its outlay, which is all that it desires," I argued; "the boom will be worth five thousand francs to La Voix; there is no question of swindling. Five thousand francs is a sum with which one might—"

"It can't be done," she persisted.

"To a man in my position," I said, "five thousand francs—"

"It is impossible for another reason! As I told you, I am at the end of my resources. I rose this morning praying that I should be identified. My landlady has turned me out, and I have no more than the price of one meal to go on with."

"You goose!" I laughed. "And if I were going to net five thousand francs by your tip three weeks hence, don't you suppose, Mademoiselle Girard, it would be good enough for me to pay your expenses in the mean while?"



I Engaged a Private Sitting-Room for Her, Explaining That She was Somewhat Nervous

(Concluded on Page 47)



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1908

## Suppressing the War Lord

WHETHER or not the Kaiser formally abdicates, as one of his journalistic subjects has eloquently invited him to do, is immaterial. He cannot be the war lord any more. The same ruthless agency which plucked the diadem from Mr. Harriman's corrugated brow and set him to answering the telephone, which dragged Mr. Rockefeller from the mysterious seclusion of Tarrytown and put him to writing pieces for the press, now has His Majesty firmly in hand.

Since the appearance of his celebrated English interview, it is said, more than five thousand articles criticising the Emperor have been printed in German papers, and not a journalist has gone to jail. Editors who six months ago durst not, for their lives, joke about an upturned mustache now freely express doubt as to whether the Kaiser is a desirable citizen. The Paperhangers' Gazette and the Oats Trade Intelligencer pause to remark that William, while kind to his family, knows nothing about war and less about politics. A correspondent of the Lone Elm Banner writes that an august personage, whose son is heir apparent, is said to be out of his head, and goes unpinched.

The Kaiser now reigns in fear of the reporter. Limitations of imperial prerogative, ministerial responsibility to Parliament, and complete government by the people's representatives will follow inevitably, if gradually. This leaves only the Akhoond of Swat and J. P. Morgan who dare be high-handed with the newspapers.

## History by the Historical Method

THERE appeared recently an impressive book which demonstrated, from history, that every great nation of antiquity was ruined by cross-breeding. In Chaldea, Egypt, Greece and Rome intermarriage with alien races was practiced, and every one of those empires went to pot.

The facts being indisputable, the conclusion is inevitable; and this country might have hastened to save itself by prohibitive immigration laws, but just a few days later appeared another book which demonstrated, from history, that free trade is the inevitable cause of national ruin. Carthage, Rome and Venice admitted foreign goods, and everybody knows what became of them.

This is the historical method, by which you can prove that the fall of Rome was due to wealth, poverty, drink, thirst, slavery, popular suffrage, small families, large families, circuses, malaria, or to the fact that Latin was taught in the primary grades. It is as easy to prove one as another, and each is as convincing as the rest.

Certain relatively unimportant facts—as that Rome fell—are fairly well established. Of certain individuals we know something—always with a wide opportunity for differences of opinion as to whether Nero was a fine old Roman gentleman, Richard III a most benevolent character, and Henry VIII a model family man. But of the great mass movements, in which is comprised the real evolutions of society, nobody knows anything exactly.

## Handcuffed Officials

"GO OUT in the street any day and watch the employees of an electric-light company putting up wires; then go over in the next street and watch the city employees doing the same work," said Mayor Busse, of

Chicago, speaking of a report which made unfavorable comparison between cost of operating the city's plant and that of a private concern.

"Why don't you reform the department and put it on a business basis?" the mayor was asked.

"Reform nothing," he replied with a trace of exasperation. "A private company can discharge inefficient employees, but to get rid of an inefficient city employee I have to file charges minutely specifying his shortcomings, and then the Civil Service Commission puts me on trial."

"I think Civil Service rules absolutely necessary in the administration of government," the mayor added—in which opinion, strangely enough, most people concur. That Civil Service regulations, modeled upon those of the Federal Government, are a fine thing in themselves is a general and most remarkable idea. As a matter of fact, they are simply an awkward and cumbersome safeguard against official dishonesty. They amount to selecting a man to administer an office and then handcuffing him so he can't tap the till. They are no more an ideal arrangement than a burglar alarm is—which, in view of their prevalence and the approbation with which they are regarded, is a commentary upon political morals.

## Protection That Kills

A RECENT Canadian railway map shows an undulating line, from Atlantic tidewater to Pacific, marked "Northern limit of cereal-growing territory." In the Northwest the line bulges far up, almost as near to the Pole as the head of Hudson Bay, embracing a vast area, from which, only a few years ago, nothing except an occasional tale of romance was expected. This Northwest country has already produced a hundred million bushels of wheat in a year, and optimists say it is capable of producing one-third as much as is now grown in the world.

Mechanical invention added these hundreds of thousands of square miles to the useful area of the world within a few years. It was American contrivances in the way of farm machinery which made this new country profitably arable. Seven hundred million dollars a year is the "total potential saving in the cost of human labor," through modern machinery and implements in handling the chief crops of this country, according to the Department of Agriculture's calculation.

It is mostly the machine which makes the difference between the prosperous Canadian farmer and the famine-haunted Russian peasant, who cuts his wheat with a sickle and loses half of it. And the last report of the "harvester trust" mentions "heavy increase of import duties imposed on American agricultural implements" by some foreign countries—that cannot make as good and as cheap implements at home. The United States, in short, is not alone in holding strange "protective" doctrines.

## The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law

TWO estimable ladies have sued a railroad company for sixty thousand dollars damages because an officer of the law, who was mistaken as to their identity, entered the train in which they were journeying and rudely arrested them, to their great bodily discomfort and mental anguish. It was the duty of the defendant, they allege, to protect its passengers against such gross annoyance.

We shall be interested in the progress of the suit. The railroad company, no doubt, will plead contributory negligence, assert the fellow-servant rule and the doctrine of assumed risk, taking care the while to get as many errors as possible in the record with a view to an appeal to the United States Supreme Court; while the jury of plain citizens, considering that the ladies have little money and the railroad a great deal, will award the plaintiffs a handsome verdict on general principles. If you suffer any inconvenience whatever upon, around or about corporate premises; you might as well sue for damages. The jury may give you something. It is like taking a chance in a lottery where the ticket costs nothing.

And for this delectable condition the corporations themselves are largely to blame. By throwing every claim into court, no matter how meritorious, unless they can settle it on their own terms, and by exerting themselves to retain archaic laws, they have made this personal injury business a huge and scandalous gamble in which the undeserving claimant is quite as apt as the deserving one to draw a capital prize.

As juries tend to grow more generous to plaintiffs—with strict poetic justice—the corporations will eventually find it cheaper to be fair.

## Trade by Grace of Providence

SEVEN or eight years ago the national imagination was amused by dreams of an American conquest of the Old World's trade. Nowadays we see quite clearly that whatever foreign trade the United States possesses is mostly by grace of Providence. Cotton, foodstuffs, petroleum—the big raw staples, as to which we are fairly beyond reach of competition—make sixty per cent. of our exports. Of

manufactured articles we sell more to our North American neighbors—principally Canada—than to South America, Asia, Africa and Oceania combined. To these North American neighbors we sell, of manufactures, two-thirds as much as to Europe; while in our sales of manufactured articles to Europe, by far the largest item—amounting to a quarter of the total—is manufactures of copper, as to which we undoubtedly have an important natural advantage.

Going back forty years, our exports of manufactures of copper have risen from half a million dollars to one hundred and four million, and of manufactures of iron and steel, as to which, also, we have a large advantage, although the tariff does not recognize it, from eleven million to one hundred and eighty-four million. These are the two big items in our exports of manufactures.

Meanwhile, exports of manufactures of cotton, as to which we ought to have an advantage, have increased from five million to twenty-five million dollars, while imports of cotton manufactures last year were sixty-eight millions—all paying duty—or nearly three times the exports. England imports less manufactured cotton than we do, and exports something like twenty times as much.

If anybody exclaims "pauper labor" let him reflect that the average weekly earnings of all classes of operatives engaged in the production of cotton goods in this country are \$6.47—being \$7.51 in New England and \$4.33 in the South.

## The Farcical Sherman Law

A LONG and amusing farce is brought appreciably nearer to an end by the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals that the American Tobacco Company violates the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

That precious act attempts to dispose of the trust question by saying there shall be no trusts—which is about as wise as trying to dispose of railroad problems by declaring there must be no railroads. Since its passage, trusts, of course, have multiplied and flourished. This law has simply stood in the way of any intelligent program for dealing with them.

As a dead letter, the act was more or less tolerable. Of late, however, for the first time, the Government has invoked it against big, typical industrial combinations—the American Tobacco Company and the Standard Oil Company. The decision in the case of the former leaves little doubt that a long list of "industrials," beginning with the Steel Trust, which do a considerable part of the business of the country, and in which many hundreds of millions are invested, may be haled into court any time the Government pleases, and put to the great bother and expense of reorganizing. The expense they would charge up to the consumer, but the bother they would have to bear alone.

Merely to badger and bait the trusts will do nobody any good. That is all that can be done with them under the Sherman act. The Republican platform contains a mild suggestion that the act may be amended. But it ought to be repealed outright, and supplanted by intelligent legislation recognizing that trusts are here to stay—formed, that is, upon modern facts and not upon a common-law dogma of dead and gone centuries.

## Winning Happiness by Capture

TO MAKE divorce easier is the object of a thoughtful and rather influential English society. It declares that there are, in Great Britain, a hundred thousand unhappy couples who would at once seek divorce if the law permitted—which condition it appears to regard as a sufficient reason for a permissive law.

Probably the Englishmen have been reading the Declaration of Independence, Ghosts, When We Dead Awake and other immoral philosophy, from which they have absorbed the singular notion that people have some sort of right to be happy.

Neither Jefferson nor Ibsen, we may point out, actually went so far. The American philosopher specifically limited the right to pursuing happiness merely; he said nothing at all about overtaking it; while the great Norwegian's last word was that the harder you pursued happiness the worse trouble you would get into.

That is the truer word. It is doubtful if anybody ever ran down and captured happiness, even in a divorce suit, with all the family peculiarities published on the front page. Probably a great many marriages fail in the United States because the misguided parties enter upon the contract with the hallucination that they are inalienably entitled to be happy—the fact being that they are inalienably entitled simply to pay the rent, soothe the colicky infant and suffer Mother-in-law's unprofitable conversation respecting the duties of man—as though you could give a note of hand with the mental reservation that you needn't pay it unless doing so made you joyous. Philosophy is a dubious thing. There is always a sad chance that somebody will read it and think it's so.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## The Rain, Dew and River Expert

**T**HEODORE E. BURTON is the Human Acid Test. He is the Living Show Me. Any gentlemanly statesman and patriot who can slide a proposition past Burton without taking off the wrappings, removing the box, and exposing the contents to the full glare of the noonday sun is entitled to all he gets, and more.

You see, Mr. Burton is the chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors in the House of Representatives. He is the pedler of the pork. He is the promulgator of the perks. He makes up that lovely, lovely bill which, now and then, when the need is pressing and the boys must have something for their districts to come back on or not come back, distributes a few millions, anywhere from twenty to a hundred, around among the navigable waters of the United States for such enduring monuments to the generosity of Uncle Sam as breakwaters, dredged channels, harbor improvements, and all that sort of thing.

When, runs the House conundrum, is a river navigable? And the answer is: When it is in a close district. But that is the theoretical, the majority answer. The real one is: When Burton thinks it is navigable. If the members had their undisputed say about it there wouldn't be a creek between the Mattawamkeag in Maine and the Quillayute in Washington that would not be declared navigable, enthusiastically, and have an appropriation for dredging to make it so.

Rivers and harbors are fine perquisites for Members of Congress. It is worth much to the statesman who desires to retain the suffrages of his people to be able to point with pride to Government work going on in his district, to be able to say, "I done it, fellow-citizens. Look at what I have secured for our noble and majestic stream." The money is spent in the district, you know, and the folks are glad of that, although they may get none of it. What it proves is that their Representative is the eye that never sleeps, and if he has any sense at all he can keep on going back as long as he can keep the appropriations coming in. It makes a tremendous hit with a chamber of commerce or a board of trade to have dredges at work in the harbor, or a breakwater crawling slowly to completion, or to have a river scooped out, and the wise statesman knows it.

Wherefore, so soon as it is decided that there is to be a Rivers and Harbors Bill, when Uncle Joe makes up his mind that the boys need a little substantial encouragement for their districts, Burton sets to work. What he has to do is to sift. At the beginning of every Congress enough bills suggesting river and harbor appropriations are introduced to exhaust all the revenues and make a raid on the gold reserve. Every man who can produce a statement that the dew falls regularly in some depression in his district is on hand with a proposition that said depression be dredged a little deeper to catch more dew, and thus add to one of the vast network of the nation's waterways, which, as is frequently stated, are the nation's pride and salvation—and the member's, also; but that is talked about only in private.

### Getting the Third Degree in Committee-Room

**B**URTON takes this vast accumulation of worthy projects and begins to sort and shuffle. Naturally a bit austere and *frappé*, when he gets at the head of the table in his committee-room, with a bunch of statesmen who want appropriations standing around, he gives a gelid imitation of the Washington Monument on a frosty night. He makes those new monoliths they are putting up on the Treasury Building seem warm and impressionable and genial. He has been at it so long that he knows the depth of every stream in the country and the wants of every harbor. Show me, if you please, gentlemen, and, that done, I shall be very glad, in my capacity as chairman, to show you.

They plead and beg and argue and urge, but Burton sits on the lid, frozen to it, and not a thaw in sight. Finally, along about quitting time, when the other appropriations have been made, in the main, he brings out his bill. It is a skillful bill. First off, it carries along the requisite appropriation and then comes the pork: lean here, fat-and-lean here, and fat there, depending on the exigencies of the occasion, and the politics of it. The distribution is not always lavish, but it helps a lot. Besides, the boys who cannot get in on a Rivers and Harbors Bill can generally find a little something for them in the Public Buildings Bill, and thus all are provided for and the good work goes on.

They hurl themselves against Burton with their plans, their engineers' estimates, their blue prints, their wild cries that the peace and prosperity of their districts demand what they demand. They argue, threaten, coax and cajole. And Burton hands out what he thinks is



The Human Acid Test, the Living Show Me

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

needed, what he deems best, what his wide knowledge dictates, and all the blandishments in the universe will not change a line of it.

He is a reasonably set man, is Burton, calm, serious, and not emotional. They say he is the greatest student in the House, and it may be so. Certainly there is less of the frivolous about him than any other member. You would no more think of Burton doing anything not strictly conventional and rigidly circumspect than you would of hearing that Nick Longworth had written a book on the molecular theory of the universe. Burton couldn't. He is not constructed that way. His specialty is thinking deep and profound thoughts, and putting them on view in a sedate and solemn way.

His chairmanship of the Rivers and Harbors Committee is his work, and he does it because it falls to him, but his real interest and relaxation come in studying the financial systems of this and other countries, and, it is likely, he prefers his place on the Banking and Currency Committee to his chairmanship. Indeed, he said last spring he would not serve again on Rivers and Harbors. What he prides himself on is his book on Financial Crises and Periods of Industrial and Commercial Depression, which is a standard work and which shows the lines of study wherein Burton's real interest lies.

He has been in eight Congresses, beginning in the Fifty-first, but being defeated for the Fifty-second and not getting back until the Fifty-fourth. They ran him for mayor of Cleveland a time ago, and Tom Johnson cleaned him up. He has been reelected to the Sixty-first Congress, which shows that he is prudent as well as studious, for he is likely to be a candidate for Senator to succeed Foraker, and there is talk, already, that he may go into Taft's cabinet as Secretary of State, provided Mr. Root is elected to the Senate from New York State to succeed Thomas C. Platt. In any event he has his two years more of Congress, nor was it necessary for him to let go while he was trying the experiment of running for mayor.

Burton is one of those men referred to like this: "Oh, yes, Burton is a great student, a very profound man. Goes into his subjects deeply. By the way, did you hear Adam Bede's latest story?" Which doesn't necessarily count for anything, for Adam Bede and his latest stories were not strong enough to get back to Congress, and Burton is there, the whole showing that being a student is more profitable as a vote-getting appurtenance than being a humorist, although not nearly so entertaining.

It isn't likely that Burton ever told a joke in his life. Everything is serious with him. He wants mental problems, not mental pabulum. He is one of our hardest thinkers. Almost any time you can observe him at his desk, thinking away over in the back of the book, thinking in a large, rectangular manner, and, presently, arising and

presenting his thoughts in a large, rectangular way. Hampie Moore brought the Five o'Clock Club over from Philadelphia to Washington one night, and gave a dinner to the members of the Gridiron Club and a lot of miscellaneous statesmen. Of course, all Philadelphia is interested in the thirty-five-foot channel for the Delaware River, and Hampie incautiously led up to that when he introduced Burton to the banqueters. Burton followed the lead; you bet he followed it, followed it for more than an hour, with a few, well-chosen, serious remarks on all phases of river and harbor work, from rainfall to artesian wells. It gave Hampie's dinner a lovely start.

However, why deprecate any man for his trend of mind? Especially when his mind is as fine and as well-ordered as Burton's, for, serious as he may be, he is a big fellow, versed in Governmental affairs and with more real ability than all the rest of the Ohio delegation combined.

And, dear brethren, if he does get to be Secretary of State you may rest assured that when he prepares a State paper it will be calm and dignified and sedate and properly solemn. He will hand language to our world-neighbors that will be grave and composed to an unimpassioned fare-you-well.

## What Really Happened

**W**HEN the distinguished and dignified Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, was touring his State with the Taft party, shortly before election, a pickpocket came in close enough contact with the distinguished and dignified to relieve him of his pocketbook, containing fifty dollars and some papers. There was a railroad detective on the train and Hemenway made complaint. Shortly afterward the pocketbook was returned to Hemenway by a man who found it by the side of the railroad track,

but the money was gone, only the papers remaining. This is the railroad detective's report of the occurrence to the reporters on the Taft special: "Say, d' Big Noise was nicked fer his poke, see? Some outside gun done it. A guy wises on to d' poke 'longside d' rails, but d' poke's cold, see? Nothin' in it but a few stiffs."

## Town Ornaments Come High

**T**HEY look at things differently in some parts of the West. There is a fine, new courthouse, just completed a few years, in Huntington, Indiana.

"Great ornament to your town," said a visitor to a native. "It is a fine building."

"Yes," said the native, "but it will take fourteen years to pay for it."

## Plenty of Berths to Go Round

**T**HE local Republican boss of a Western city in one election found his Hebrew constituents were restive and refused to do as he said. Alarmed, he went to the leaders of the revolt and told them if they would stay regular he would get them each a Government job. They were delighted.

"But," said the Republican leaders, "you can't deliver. We can get no Government jobs for your men. All the jobs are taken already."

"Leave it to me," replied the boss. "Leave it to me." The disaffected ones, lured by the promise, got out and worked and voted right. On the day after election they all showed up, demanding their Government jobs.

Presently the boss came around. "What is?" asked the patriots. "What is this job? Ven do we get it?"

"Right away," said the boss. "Come with me; all of you. I promised you Government jobs and I always keep my word; yes. Come with me. You will all get jobs in the regular army."

## The Hall of Fame

**C** William Hayward, secretary of the Republican National Committee, is the best-looking man who lives in Nebraska.

**C** William B. Hibbs, of Washington, who owns the Hibbs Building and is the biggest broker at the Capital, began as a newsboy, and is glad of it.

**C** General Nelson A. Miles, retired, who lives in Washington, doesn't bother with a private secretary. He strolls into a hotel and dictates his letters to a public stenographer.

**C** Louis A. Coolidge, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was born in Natick, Massachusetts, and once wrote a touching ballad entitled: Down in Dear Old Natick, Where the Naticks Tick, Tick, Tick.



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# YOUR SAVINGS

## Foreign Bonds as Investments

WHEN you examine the list of bonds traded in on the New York Stock Exchange you find a section entitled "Foreign Government." Here you see references to Imperial Japanese, Republic of Cuba, and United States of Mexico bonds. Furthermore, in the cabled financial reports from London and the money centres of Europe you see quotations on British and German consols and French and Austrian *rentes*. This means that the vast machinery engaged in the employment of money for investment purposes is of world-wide use and touches practically all nations. The use of the cable has brought all these countries together in what might be called an international investment market. A man in New York can, therefore, buy a foreign bond as easily and almost as quickly as the bond of his own country. The story of foreign bonds, especially those that figure in the American markets—and their number is considerable—is of picturesque interest and not without value and significance. For some purposes these foreign bonds have exceptional advantages.

Before American money was as plentiful as now our securities were forced to seek markets abroad. With the tremendous financial expansion of the country we have not only been able to take care of our own securities but also to buy the bonds of foreign countries. The average American investor does not buy the bonds of a European country or city without some special reason or inducement. A number of our citizens of foreign birth, however, buy the securities of their mother country by preference. This is especially true of German-Americans. One reason for this is that they have an instinct to put their savings in a medium which has the official stamp or guaranty of the government. That fact alone is a good argument for the establishment of postal savings-banks in the United States. Foreign-born citizens and others do not buy our own Government bonds because the high premium on them, occasioned by the demand for them by national banks for circulation purposes, makes the yield very small.

There are restrictions and safeguards about some foreign bonds that might be followed with profit in the issue of similar types of American bonds. The bonds of some German municipalities are object-lessons in security, just as the cities bringing them out are models of good government. One very commendable feature of most foreign bonds, particularly those of France and Germany, is that they may be had in such small denominations as to put them within the reach of the humblest laborer. You can buy a German bond, for example, for one hundred marks (twenty-five dollars) and a French *rente* for one hundred francs, or twenty dollars. Thus a strong incentive for saving is placed directly before the people.

### Russian and Japanese Bonds

Most of the foreign bonds sold in the United States are for Government and city loans. There are also a number of bonds of railroads whose locations range all the way from China to Scotland. Most of the big New York bond houses will buy or sell foreign bonds and a few make a specialty of trading in them.

Let us first take the most popular and widely-held foreign bond at the present time, the Imperial Japanese bond. The original distribution of these bonds in the United States aggregated (par value) one hundred and thirty million dollars. They were issued during the late war between Russia and Japan. One reason for their wide sale here was that the American people sympathized with Japan in the struggle, and the bonds offered them a chance to capitalize their sympathy very profitably, for the bonds were and are a good investment.

Japan floated five large, external loans during the war. The first two were 6s and were later taken up with part of the proceeds of later issues. The three most active Japanese bonds to-day are: Imperial Japanese 4 per cent. Sterling Loan, due in 1931; Imperial Japanese 4 1/2 per cent. Sterling Loan (First Series), due in 1925;

Imperial Japanese 4 1/2 per cent. Sterling Loan (Second Series), due in 1925. These bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and are traded in every business day.

On the day this article was written the 4s sold at 80, which would make the yield about 5 1/2 per cent.; the 4 1/2s (First Series) brought 90, which would make the yield on them about 5 3/4 per cent., while the 4 1/2s (Second Series) sold at 89 1/4, which would make the yield about 5.45 per cent.

The security behind two of these issues is rather unusual. The first series of the 4 1/2s constitute a first charge (or lien) on the revenues of the Imperial Japanese tobacco monopoly, while the second series is a second charge on them. The 4s are simply a direct obligation of the Japanese Government.

The pledge of the revenues of a government monopoly is a rare occurrence. More often the customs receipts of a nation are offered as security for a national loan. Japan purchases or controls the entire tobacco crop and sells the leaf at a profit to the manufacturers. A larger revenue is gained than from taxation. Hence the security offered is a good one. The Japanese bonds in this country are held by all kinds of investors and institutions.

### British Consols

British consols are less widely held than Japanese bonds. The name "consol" is applied to a large part of the debt of Great Britain. It is a contraction of the word "consolidated." Originally these consols were 3 per cent. and 2 3/4 per cent. Now they bear interest at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. They are not redeemable until 1923. Their redemption, however, is at the pleasure and discretion of Parliament, and they really become a sort of perpetual annuity.

The evidence of ownership of a British consol is an inscription or registration on the books of the Bank of England. In other words, the buyer does not get the actual certificate such as is given in the purchase of a bond.

For this reason an attempt was once made by the National City Bank of New York to popularize consols in the United States by issuing its own certificates against them at their par value. They were called Consol Certificates, were registered and the interest was paid quarterly. At that time the consols bore 2 3/4 per cent. interest, which was the interest rate of the certificates. The National City Bank officials believed that the Consol Certificates would be desirable investments for capitalists and institutions, and would offer their owners an opportunity, in the event of a tight money market here, either to sell their consols in London or to borrow against them in London where they are a standard collateral. The venture was not popular and has practically been abandoned.

British consols are owned in considerable sums in the United States by capitalists, institutions and life-insurance companies. On the day this article was written they were quoted at 84 1/4 in London. It is practically impossible to figure the yield on a consol, because there is no date of maturity.

The British colonies all have city and government bonds, and some of these are held by life-insurance companies in this country. This ownership, however, is compulsory, for the reason that many nations, like England, France, Russia and Italy, have laws compelling foreign insurance companies to own bonds of the country before being able to do business there. The laws of Russia are especially rigorous in this respect, and require, in addition to a purchase of bonds, the deposit of a large cash reserve.

The growing influence of the United States in the West Indies, following the acquisition of Porto Rico and the assumption of financial interest upon these countries. Millions of American dollars have been poured into Cuba to develop railroad and other enterprises. Many of the securities of these companies are speculative, of course, but Cuban government bonds

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afford a good opportunity for investment. One safeguard about these bonds is placed by the "Platt Amendment," a permanent treaty which not only gives the United States the right to intervene to maintain the integrity of the Cuban government, but also prohibits that government from contracting any public debt for which the revenues of the island are inadequate.

The external indebtedness of the Republic of Cuba is secured by the 5 per cent. Gold Loan of 1904, the total issue being \$35,000,000. It is due in 1944. This bond may be had in denominations of five hundred dollars and one thousand dollars. It is secured by a special tax on the internal commerce of the island, which is to remain in force during the entire period of the loan. This bond sells at 102½. It is listed on the New York Stock Exchange and is fairly active.

Bonds may also be had of the various Cuban cities, as, for example, the City of Havana First Mortgage 6s. They are secured by a first mortgage on the Vento Water Works and the public market-places. Bonds of Porto Rico cities, like Ponce or San Juan, are also available. Both of these are 6s and may be bought on a basis to yield about 4½ per cent.

The securities of the Republic of Santo Domingo have a very peculiar interest for Americans, because the United States is a sort of sponsor for them. For years this little republic was the prey of the professional revolutionist. The credit of the country was wrecked; its debts piled up. Finally there was a sifting out of claims, and bonds were issued to pay them. Approved creditors got 80 per cent. of their claims in the new bonds and 20 per cent. in cash. These bonds are officially known as the Dominican Government 5 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold Bonds, and they are secured by a convention (or protocol) between the United States and Santo Domingo, by which our Government binds itself to collect all Dominican customs during the life of the bond, "giving such protection as may be necessary in the performance of this duty."

In other words, Uncle Sam is watchman over the bonds, and his job is to see that the revenue derived from the customs is used to pay the principal and interest on them. The coupons are payable in New York City. This bond may be had in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred and one thousand dollars. The latest quotation on them is 98½.

### Safe German Municipals

Some issues of Mexican bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Two of the best known and most active are: United States of Mexico 5 per cent. External Consolidated Gold Loan of 1899, which is secured by pledge of part of the customs duties of the Republic, and the United States of Mexico 4 per cent. Gold Bonds of 1904. The former at last sale brought par, and the latter is quoted at 95.

Although not very many are owned in the United States, the German municipal and government bonds have much significance for the average American investor. The only German municipal bond listed on the New York Stock Exchange is that of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Cities like Berlin, Frankfurt, Hamburg and Wiesbaden issue bonds in small quantities and small denominations. They are as safe as a municipal bond can possibly be.

There is the same stability in German government bonds. Aside from their value as a direct obligation of the government there is further security in the income from the national railroads which, in most cases, return a net surplus exceeding the amount that is required for interest and principal of the bonds. You can get German Imperial 4s at 101½; 3½s at 93; 3s at 83.

One Russian bond is listed in New York. It is the Imperial Russian Government 4 per cent. rente, and is issued in the denomination of roubles.

The word *rente* by which Russian, French and Italian government bonds are known literally means income. Most of these foreign securities are bought mainly by the people, as income producers. The Russian *rentes* are 3, 3½, 4 and 5 per cent.; the French *rentes* are 3 per cent.; the Austrian *rentes* are 3, 3½, 4 and 5 per cent. It is interesting to note that, in very thrifty countries, like Holland and Switzerland, the government bonds are only 3 and 3½ per cent. respectively.

# The Coffee-Charm

## A Grocer's Own Story

By John E. Kennedy



"BE SEATED, Mrs. Brown!" "I have just seen a new light on Coffee!" said the Intelligent Grocer. "And I want you to see it too."

"Coffee, to most of us, is just a flavor, you know."

"At least that's what 90% of us drink it for—flavor!"

"Now there is quite as much difference between Coffee flavors as there is between Candy flavors."

"We drink Coffee every day, however, while we only eat candy occasionally."

"So, it is clearly worth while finding out, once for all, the precise kind of coffee flavor that best pleases our individual tastes."

"Until lately this would have been a big undertaking."

"Because, one would have had to sample hundreds of different varieties of Coffee Beans and Brands from the world over."

"And then one couldn't be sure of getting the same identical flavor twice in succession; even from the same source."

"Because, the self-same trees on the self-same soil, in the self-same country will produce a different flavor of coffee each season."

"But this difficulty is solved simply enough now."

"Here, in my hand, Mrs. Brown, I hold a 'Find-Out Package' of Baker-ized Coffee."

"We will open it up!"

"You see it contains four different boxes, all of equal size."

"Three of these boxes contain over ¼ of a pound of fine Steel-Cut Coffee."

"The fourth contains Coffee Chaff."

"This latter consists of the thin cellulose skins, or of woody fibre folded between the two halves of the Bean."

"Taste this chaff, Mrs. Brown, and you will find it weedy, bitter and nauseous."

"Yet it is included in all ground Coffee that you buy, and in all Bean Coffee that you grind yourself."

"Naturally it smothers the finer flavors of the Coffee oil."

"That's why it is taken out of Baker-ized Coffee."

"The Chaff is useless. It is included in the 'Find-Out Package' without charge, merely to show what is eliminated."

"Now for the other three boxes."

"These contain the three primary flavors of true, purified Coffee just as the rainbow contains the three primary colors from which all others are blended."

"One of these primary flavors is labelled 'Vigoro' Baker-ized Coffee, as you see."

"It is dark. And it is described as 'a robust, fuming aromatic, stimulating Coffee—full of uplift, spicy odor and generous flavor.'"

"No mistaking the character of that Coffee, Mrs. Brown!"

"Another tin is labelled, 'Barrington Hall' Baker-ized Coffee."

("An old friend of ours, by the way.")

"Deliciously smooth and fragrant, mellow, fine and satisfying—as the label says."

"The remaining tin is branded 'Siesta' Baker-ized Coffee."

"And, it is described as 'of mild and dainty flavor, full of subtle delicacy and

bouquet. A delight to the palate rather than a stimulant to the nervous system.'

"Now, Mrs. Brown, there lies before you the whole gamut of flavor, and character in Coffee."

"Moreover, these flavors and characteristics are as changeless as the sun, from year to year."

"Because, they are synthetic flavors—built up to certain fixed standards of flavor from the world's differing Coffees, just as a house is built up of its different components, to the architect's design."

"I want you to buy, and take home with you, one of these 'Find-Out Packages' of Baker-ized Coffee, Mrs. Brown."

"Just find out once for all which of the flavors you like best, so that I shall always have it in stock for you."

"The price, Madam!—Only 30 cents for the biggest 30 cents' worth of coffee you've had in a long time."

So said the Grocer to Mrs. Brown, and to dozens of other prospective customers.

In that way he quickly built up a big patronage for Groceries in general.

Because, a Woman usually buys all her Groceries where she can buy the Coffee that best suits her palate.

The "Find-Out Package" of Baker-ized Coffee is therefore the key to a largely increased Grocery trade.

We will mail direct to any reader of this, a "Find-Out" Package for 30 cents in stamps or coin, all charges paid.

We will mail to any Grocer a Selling Plan which is a true "Coffee-Charm" in attracting and holding New Trade.

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## WHAT HAPPENS AT REHEARSALS

(Concluded from Page 15)

morning until five in the evening, with an hour for luncheon. The play being finished and accepted, the manager turns the manuscript over to the stage-director. This gentleman reads it carefully, realizing possibilities and devising business. I have known authors to write, and directors to read, with a miniature stage beside them. On this stage pins would take the place of people, being moved here and there as one situation followed another. The exact location of the characters at every speech was then marked on the manuscript, so that little or no experimenting was necessary at rehearsal.

After he has read the play the director consults with the author and the manager and the scene painter. He helps the manager decide what actors had best be engaged, and the four determine every detail of the settings to be built and painted. Miniatures of these settings are afterward prepared by the artist and officially O. K'd. The manager interviews such people as he thinks he may utilize, and comes to terms with them. Actors are not paid for time spent in rehearsal, and, if they prove unsatisfactory before the initial performance, may be dismissed without notice and without recompense.

It is an old custom, now in the way of being revived, to begin operations by reading the play to the company. The first rehearsals may take place in a hall, but whenever it is possible a stage is brought into requisition. In the centre of the stage, directly back of the footlights, is the prompt table, at which sit the author, the director and the stage-manager. The players, when they are not at work, lounge in remote corners, leaving the greater portion of the floor space cleared for action. There is no scenery, no furniture, no "properties." Two chairs, with a space between them, may stand for Juliet's balcony, for the Rialto Bridge, or merely for a window in a modern apartment-house. The casual observer may be puzzled at hearing some Thespian haranguing to four vacant chairs, until it is explained that these four chairs mark the corners of a jury box in which twelve good men and true—same being "supers" yet to be employed—are to try the hero for his life.

In the beginning the actors read lines from their parts. A "part" contains the speeches and business of the actor for whom it is intended, with cues, or the last few words of each speech preceding his, so that he may know when to speak. An extract from the "part" of the Queen in Hamlet (Act III, Scene 1) would look something like this:

(You enter L. 3 E.)  
Did he receive you well?  
—free in his reply.  
Did you assay him to any pastime?  
—he suffers for.  
I shall obey you.

The director shows the actor where he shall stand and where go at every speech, and the stage-manager notes on the manuscript such business as is not already written in it. Also, he sets down memoranda for the raising and "dimming" of lights, the ringing of bells, and other things to be done "off stage."

After a couple of days' rehearsal the players may be told that they must have the lines of the first act committed to memory within a certain time. "Letter perfect on Thursday!" says the director. "Don't forget; I want to hear every 'if,' and 'but' spoken on Thursday!"

So, act by act, the piece is learned, and, within a week, "parts" are put away, and the real work of rehearsal begins. By this time the "roughing out" of the production has been done, positions have been taught, and the director begins devoting himself to details. Throughout the first fortnight he interrupts frequently, compels the people to go back over this scene or that a dozen times, halts, thinks out trifles, suggests and experiments. When the rehearsals are two-thirds over, however, he and the author break in less and less often. They sit, notebooks in hand, jotting down their observations, which are read aloud to the company at the end of each act.

Meanwhile, the director has attended to several important matters with which the

cast has no immediate concern. He has made out a list of "properties," or small articles to be handled in the performance, and has given it to the manager. This list demands care. For example, if matches are required in the play, it must be ascertained what kind of matches were used at that period, and sulphur, parlor or safety matches must be specified. The manager must also be given lists of furniture and draperies. Later a table of music cues must be made out for the orchestra, and one of light cues for the electrician. The play must be timed, so that it may be known to a minute at what hour the curtain will rise and fall on every act. Generally, a page of typewritten manuscript will occupy a minute, but guesswork on this point does not suffice for the director. The players begin to consult him about their costumes, too, and he must take into account the blending of colors, the fashions of the period, and the personal characteristics that may be supposed to manifest themselves in attire.

The dress rehearsal is the crowning ordeal in the business of producing plays. It is the summing up of everything that has gone on before, the concentration, in one evening, of all the work and nervous strain of the past month. It is safe to say that in no other profession is so much labor and agony crowded into a single effort. Very often dress rehearsals last from eight o'clock at night until eight the next morning. Sometimes they last longer. The dress rehearsal of The Burgomaster, at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, began at noon on Sunday and continued, without intermission, until eleven o'clock Monday morning. Frequently, coffee and sandwiches are served in one of the dressing-rooms or on the stage, and the tired players snatch a bite or two between scenes.

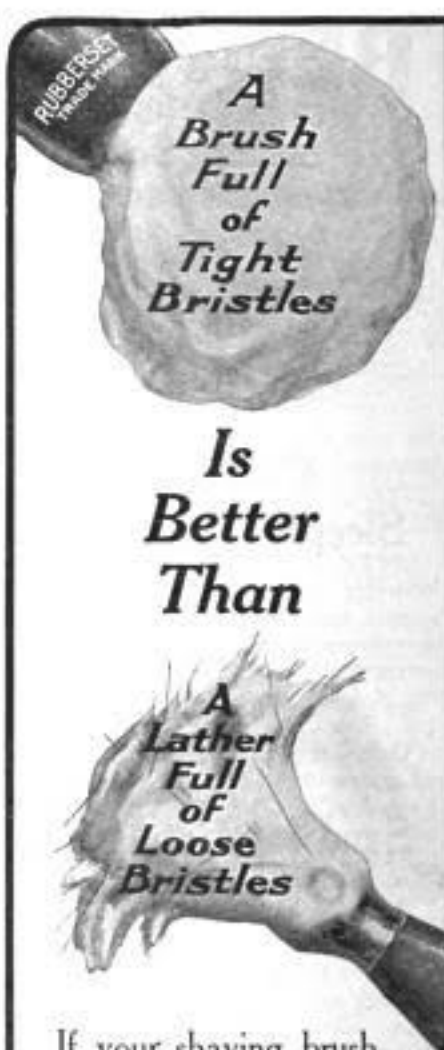
The director has been in the theatre all afternoon, superintending the setting of scenes and the "dressing" of the stage, which means the placing of furniture and the hanging of curtains. Half an hour before the rehearsal begins the members of the company come from their rooms, one by one, for an inspection of costumes. This is the first time the director has seen them "made up," and he is likely to have many suggestions. This wig isn't gray enough, that beard is too straggling, the dress over there isn't in character. Back go the actors to remedy these defects, and, after a time, the rehearsal is started.

A dress rehearsal is supposed to be an ordinary performance without an audience. But it isn't. There is no excitement, no enthusiasm, no inspiration. Speeches fall flat, dialogue seems inordinately long and wearisome, bits of business that have appeared to be all right before look wholly different in changed surroundings. The actors, finding themselves for the first time in the setting to be used, are utterly lost. Byplay with small articles, rehearsed twenty times, is blundered over when the player finds the "prop" actually in his hands. To observe the most experienced actor and man of the world handle a teacup or a card-case at a dress rehearsal you would swear that he had never seen such a thing before in his life.

At last, when the gray dawn is peeping in at the windows, when every one concerned has reached the last stage of exhaustion, the rehearsal is dismissed. The director makes a few remarks—sufficient censure to prevent overconfidence, mixed with enough hope to give courage. "Pretty bad," he says; "I look for you to pull up to-night."

Thus ends the period of rehearsal—a period of hard work, trials, tribulations, constant nervous strain. And it may all go for nothing. In three short hours the labor of years on the part of the author, of months on the part of the manager, of weeks on the part of the players, may be proved utterly worthless and without result. This, however, depends upon the public; those concerned have done all they know, all that can be done, not by random and haphazard work, but by skillful following of what is an exact science and a variable art. The philosophic author shrugs his shoulders as he leaves the theatre.

"Well?" inquires the stage-director.  
"Well," he replies, "we've done our best. It's on the knees of the gods."



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We have reduced the price of "Holeproof" Sox. We are now saving you 50 cents on every six pairs that you buy.

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For the sox you can now buy for 25 cents a pair are the same identical "Holeproof" Sox that have heretofore cost 33 1/3 cents.

The best yarn now costs us ten cents per pound less.

You get the same quality—yarn and stitch—from the top to toe of these sox. The reason is this:

### We Now Pay an Average of 63c per Pound for our Yarn

Before we paid 73 cents.

So the reduction is really in the market price of yarn.

For we still pay the *top market price*—as before.

We could buy coarse yarn for less than half what we pay. But the sox would be uncomfortable.

We still buy the best yarn we know—exactly the same Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest 3-ply yarn that the market affords.



But instead of putting this reduction into our profits, we use it to make our price less.

The saving is for those who wear "Holeproof."

For though all makers now pay less for yarn they are not cutting the price of their hose.

They are saving the difference for added profit.

Those who have always paid 25 cents for inferior goods can now have the best at that price.

Since the price is now 25 cents a pair, see if "Holeproof" are not far better than others at this price. Judge if they aren't softer—finer—more comfortable—see if you ever have to return a pair.

### See if You Do Not Now Prefer the Original Guaranteed Sox

If you think any other kind compares with "Holeproof," try both kinds and see.

Let the next box of sox that you buy be a trial box of "Holeproof."

Learn in this way what you miss by wearing other kinds.

## You can now buy a box of six pairs of Holeproof Sox—formerly \$2—for \$1.50

Prove in one trial that six pairs of "Holeproof" are the best sox that \$1.50 will buy.

We knit our hose with 3-ply yarn, which is doubled to 6-ply in heel and toe. Yet these parts are not stiff, for our yarn is extra soft.

Compare "Holeproof" with the best unguaranteed sox—the result will surprise you. You'll never again pay 25 cents for sox that wear out in a week.

### Think of the Convenience

Think what a comfort to always have six pairs of sox in your dresser ready to wear when you want them. Think of never having to look for whole sox. Think of the time and the bother saved when in a hurry to dress.

### We Spend More

We spend \$30,000 a year for inspection alone. 80 people—all non-producers—do nothing else all day.

One apparatus we use cost us \$5,000.00.

It simply filters and softens the water we use for our dyes.

But that makes our colors clearer. Then it makes them fast.

So "Holeproof" never fade, crack, nor rust.

We sterilize each pair twice in the making, so the sox are sanitary.

Each pair is thoroughly shrunk, so the sox never wrinkle nor stretch.

The shaping is done in the knitting process, so that shape is permanent.

The sox lose none of their qualities after washing.

### We Use the Latest Machines

If a new machine is produced, anywhere, that does better work, we employ it.

It is thus that we keep our lead in this business—keep far ahead of all others.

### 31 Years to Make the First Pair

31 years were spent in perfecting

**Holeproof Sox are sold in boxes of 6 pairs with a 6 months' guarantee reading like this:**

"If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

"Holeproof." Over 100 imitations have been placed on the market since they became a success.

We are today one of the greatest hosiery-making concerns in the world.

600 people are employed in our factory. So when you buy a box of "Holeproof" you get more than appears on the surface.

You get all the foregoing assurance that the goods are the best to be had—that they are honest goods—that the guarantee is not made to get sales, but to protect you after you've bought.

### Are Your Hose Insured?

We are not asking you to buy simply for extra wear—but for all that you like in sox—plus extra wear.

Simply resolve that you'll try

"Holeproof"—that you'll know which is the best hosiery—that you'll abandon prejudice and see what "Holeproof" is like.

After that you'll always buy "Holeproof"—you'll buy fewer pairs of hose—you'll save money—trouble—time.

### Get the Genuine

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FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Bright face that is rosy and smiling;  
Bright hair with a starry wreath crowned;  
Bright eyes, in whose artless beguiling  
The glory of youth may be found.  
Bright holly sprays hiding demurely  
Among billows of snowy-white tulle—  
The Spirit of Christmas is surely  
My Lady of Yule.

What gift may I happily proffer  
To gladden my Christmas girl?  
Rich silver and gold shall I offer,  
Or trinkets of turquoise and pearl?  
Shall the Orient yield its rare treasure  
Of ivory, teakwood or burl?  
Oh, tell me what gives you most pleasure,  
My Lady of Yule.

She heeds not my humble petition,  
No material gift she requires.  
The Spirit of Christmas tradition  
Is all that My Lady desires.  
So we join in the contra-dance merry,  
Then I follow the time-honored rite,  
And kiss, 'neath the mistletoe berry,  
My Lady of Yule. —Carolyn Wells.

### Decadence of the Lightning-Rod

THE manufacture of lightning-rods seems to be a decaying American industry. One looks in vain for such protective contrivances on most of the big buildings nowadays—though, by reason of their very size and height, one might imagine that they had a special need for some means of defense against the artillery of the skies. Private dwellings likewise are nearly always devoid of them.

It was not thus a few years ago. Wherefore the change? Is it that the lightning-rod has become discredited? Well, partly so, perhaps. It is doubtless a good thing in its way, but not so good as was formerly imagined.

The chief trouble with it seems to be that, while it will seize a moderate-sized thunderbolt and conduct it safely into the ground, it is not able to handle a very big one.

A lightning-rod, of course, is nothing more than an iron rod. Like any other wire it is able to carry a certain amount of electricity, and no more. If the thunderbolt is above a certain size, so to speak, the rod cannot hold it, and it will jump off and do a lot of damage, maybe. It is not true, however, as has often been alleged, that lightning-rods attract the lightning to buildings on which they are placed, and thus are a source of danger.

But the important point is that lightning-rods have gone out of use to a great extent. One seldom sees them except in rural districts, which still afford a profitable field to enterprising agents engaged in selling such devices.

One reason for the change is that tin roofs take the place of lightning-rods, and are much more serviceable. Connected with the ground as they are by metal drain-pipes they will carry off any amount of electricity, and are more efficient in this way when wet.

The most remarkable lightning-rod in the world protects the great monument to the Father of his Country at Washington. More properly speaking, there are several rods, which pass from the cap—a small pyramid of aluminum weighing one hundred ounces which tops the obelisk—six hundred feet downward into a well, below water-level.

This defensive contrivance has often been severely tested, the monument having been struck many times. In the month of April, 1885, five immense bolts were seen to flash between a passing cloud and the obelisk within twenty minutes, yet no damage was done—though two months later a tremendous stroke slightly cracked one of the stones near the apex.



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Illustration shows furnace with coal being fed from below, which burns on top.

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## A TUG AND A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

(Continued from Page 13)

to mention his dad, an' begun goin' hand-over-hand up the social ladder, socks of royal purple gayly wavin' in the breeze, on his way to be genteel? Huh! You bet he did!" Old Mac leaned back and mopped his brow. Then he resumed the attack:

"When I found out about you I thought I understood the reason for this amazin' ambition of his. An' I think so now. He met you, fell head-over-heels; I don't blame him a bit. He began comin' often to your mother's flat, he saw the way you people lived, I mean pretended to live, but how could a boy like him see through it? Wa'n't it natural to think you, yourself, wanted to live the same? Did you ever tell him you didn't? Did you ever say one word ag'in' your mother? You bet you didn't! An' now about me. Why shouldn't he think you'd turn up your nose? From what I recollect of my own courtin' I didn't spend hours discussin' my dad.

"So things run on, Jim gettin' more an' more genteel—to suit you. You lettin' him do it. Why? Because you kind of felt the real Jim below decks, an' begun lovin' him hard in spite of all his new-fangled riggin'. So you said nothin' an' he kept on—for the reason that he thought you liked it!"

The girl wrinkled her brows.

"I'm not sure," she said. There was a long silence.

"Maybe," admitted the captain. "I said I wasn't sure myself. This infernal social-ladder business gets an awful hold sometimes. But, look here," he added, as she hung back, "jest you help me try an' bring him back to life an' get a good look at Jim as he was!" The captain eyed her with a twinkle. "My son Jim will surprise you," he said gravely. She smiled.

"How do you mean to do it?" she asked. "That," he said, "will take some time to think out. An' I can always think clearer out on the harbor." His face lighted up. "Look here, Daughter-in-law-to-be-perhaps, s'pose me an' you have another talk. Meet me to-morrow at two P. M., on the North River at Pier Forty-two, an' we'll have a peaceable afternoon bringin' a ship up the bay. How about it?"

"I'll come!" cried the girl delightedly. When she had gone the captain refilled his pipe and for over an hour his eyes held a warm, scheming expression. From time to time he chuckled softly. But when at last he heard Jim's key he seized his Oliver Twist and settled his face in a scowl.

Jim started upstairs.

"Hello, Son!"

"Hello. Good-night." The response was glum to the last degree.

"Hold on!" cried his father. "Come in here a minute."

Jim appeared in the doorway.

"Well?" he asked. The captain looked up from his book in innocent surprise.

"Look here, Son, what's wrong? Can't you trust a blame thing to your dad?"

Jim looked down a moment.

"Oh, I'm kind of anxious, that's all."

He turned abruptly, started out.

"Shucks!" cried the captain sympathetically. "Some other feller in the race?" There was no response. "Good-night, Son; have a good sleep," he called.

"That's the last thing he'll have," he murmured. The scheming look returned.

"Bein' anxious," he thought, "ain't always such a bad thing for a man. Lays him open to all kinds of things."

One night, on the following week, the captain came home at a late hour. As he climbed the stairs he heard angry creaks from the bed of his son. He went in.

"Well, Jim," he said approvingly. "In early? That's good."

"Is it?" growled Jim. "Don't feel that way. Hello!" he added, as the light from the hall showed him his father arrayed in Sunday attire. "What you so slicked up for? Where you been?"

"Been helpin' a friend of mine get ready for a weddin'," drawled the captain serenely. All at once his face assumed a look of deep pity. "Speakin' of weddin's," he continued, "I'm gettin' kind of anxious, Son, about that daughter-in-law of mine."

The bed fairly shook with rage.

"Why can't you forget your daughter-in-law?"

"Well," said his father gently, "maybe that is the best way—for us both. We'll

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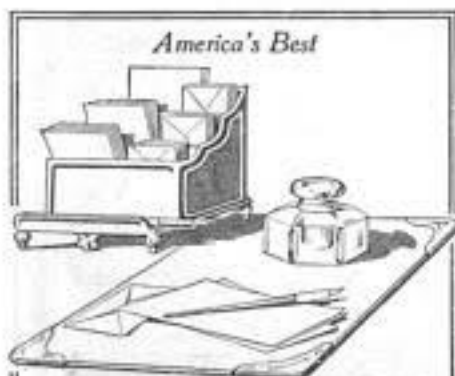
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jest try to forget her." He waited till his son's anguish had reached its highest pitch. "Still," he continued, "it would be too bad to have to forget her, jest out of havin' made some fool mistake."

"Who's making mistakes?"  
"I don't know. Maybe you be."  
"Huh!"  
"Jest for instance, all this week you've looked 'specially' worried. Ain't anything 'special' wrong?"

"Wrong? It has always been wrong! Didn't I know it from the start?" Jim's voice shook with feeling. "You bet I did! She was way up—where I couldn't get. I tried my darnedest, I could feel her beginning to come my way, an' I was just selfish enough to hang on, hoping the man who was good enough wouldn't show up!"

"Has he?"  
"Looks like it, don't it? She's been home twice, just twice, in the last seven nights. The other five I was told not to come. She said she'd have to be out—with an 'old uncle' of hers that has come to town. Old uncle!"

"Maybe he is old, Son."  
"Maybe! Maybe a girl like her can spend five evenings out of seven with an old uncle without yawning herself to sleep!"

"That depends on how old he is," said the captain indignantly. "Maybe, after all, he is young, young as you be. An' if he is, the thing for you to do ain't to run away, nor it ain't to go on buttin' yer head ag'in a stone wall. You want to think, think hard, an' be blamed sure you ain't makin' some mistake!" Jim rose on one elbow.

"What mistake?" he asked savagely. His father looked down, apparently puzzled.

"Why," he said, "in sizin' up what kind of a man the lady really wants." His son dropped back in deep disgust.

"Don't I know what kind?"

"Do you?"

"Oh, leave me alone! It's my own funeral, ain't it? I guess I can stand it—somehow!"

For over an hour Jim tossed and muttered. Once, out of the darkness, he thought he heard a low chuckle. He sat up angrily, listened, but decided he must have heard wrong. In the next two weeks, as the "old uncle" lingered on in the city and Jim's anxiety sharpened, by slow degrees his father edged into the position of sympathetic adviser. Jim was loth to grow confidential; time and again he said he could run his own business; but as, little by little, the captain revealed a shrewd knowledge of women in general, and of this particular girl a knowledge almost uncanny, his son let him in. They had many short talks.

"The old uncle business," Jim announced one evening, "is done with. No uncle at all, but a 'new friend' of hers. She says she's surprised at the way she likes him." He swallowed bravely. "So much surprised that she thinks it's only fair an' square to us both for her to get better acquainted with him before she decides about me."

"All right," said his father cheerfully; "the thing for you to do is to find what it is in this other feller she likes, an' supply the same goods."

"S'pose I can't supply 'em? S'pose he has what I can't never get?"

"How d'you mean?"

"Oh, he's one of them born swells! Durn him!"

"How d'you know? Ever seen him?"

"No, an' I don't want to! He's one of those fellers born with a dash! Clothes—talk—smile—nice little laugh! He—he! Ha—ha! All jest as gentle! That's him! Ain't it queer how that takes with women?"

The captain shook his head sagely. "From what you tell me of the girl," he said, "that feller ain't what she wants."

"Ain't he? Watch her."

"How's he workin' it? What do they do evenin's?"

"That's one thing I have found out. They ain't stayed in her flat one night since he begun!"

"You bet they ain't," chuckled his father. He caught a quick look from his son. "From what you say of her mother," he explained hastily, "I don't wonder he wants to get her away."

"Her mother's all right!"

"Is she? Well, we'll waive that p'int. The main question is, how does he make his hit? Where does he take her?"

"That's easy enough," was the grim reply. "Broadway shows of the most

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expensive kind, an' a whole string of swell dances."

The captain's face grew suddenly red. "S'pose you hint round a little," he said at last. "The next time you see her. Find out. Facts beat guesses hollow."

Three days passed. Late one night Jim came home triumphant.

"He has made a mistake this time, anyhow," he cried. "I'm surprised at the feller's lack of sense!"

"How?"

"Why," said Jim with a fine contempt, "he's going to take her to-morrow night to one of them cheap, rip-roaring shows down here!—The Count of Monte Cristo!"

"Is he?" asked the captain with interest.

"Well, now, maybe he ain't so far off. That used to be one of your favorites, didn't it? Ain't me an' you been to see it a dozen times?"

"Yes, an' that's just what I'm getting away from! If he tries that on many times he'll lose!"

Over his father's face crept an anxious expression.

"Maybe," he said, "an' maybe not. We'll see."

"Well?" he asked, two nights later.

"How was it?"

Jim stared at his father in silence.

"She liked the thundering show," he said. There followed a thoughtful pause.

"Um," murmured his father, "that kind of shakes our fingerin', don't it?"

It did. Jim's entire social scheme of things had been given a heavy jar. In the week that followed his freckled face grew wrinkled and lean with puzzling.

From the girl herself he could get little enlightenment. Even his father had less than ever to say. Jim was allowed now to call on her every other night, his rival taking the nights between. On these off nights his state of mind grew so completely befogged that often he looked to his dad to pilot him through. But the captain was always out. Only on the other nights, at a late hour, when Jim returned from his call, he invariably found his father sitting up. And they had a brief smoke. But even here the captain gave little help.

"What's the use tryin'," he would ask gloomily, "till you know what she wants? The trouble with you an' her is—you ain't even acquainted."

On one such occasion Jim broke the silence with a harsh laugh. The captain looked up.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"That crittur's taste. Where d'you s'pose he took her to-day? He must have a queer job—if any—to get off at two P. M."

"Where?"

"Out on the harbor!" The captain wheeled round in amazement. "Sounds queer, don't it?" said his son bitterly.

"But he did. He fixed it to get 'em both on a tug. He probably owns a few dozen. An' out they went, kiting all over the place—from Sandy Hook to the Palisades! Cute! All-fired cute! See his game? He wanted to get her so dead tired by evening that she could hardly sit up with me!"

"Well?" asked the captain at last.

"Did she like it?"

"Talked as if she did." Again the harsh laugh. "She wasn't bothered much by respect for my feelings. When not yawning, she was giving it all, the whole picture, as if I didn't know a screw from a hawser, as if I'd been a clerk all my life!" A light flashed over his father's face.

"Ain't you proud of bein' a clerk?" he asked.

Jim gave him a startled look.

"All I said," he repeated, "was that she gave me all the details, of course getting every blamed one of 'em wrong. An' then, to season 'em up, she gave a few yarns—like the ones you tell."

"Not the same ones," said the captain uneasily.

"No," said son in surly tones, "they beat anything you ever done in your life." His father's eyes twinkled.

"I thought so," he murmured.

"The feller must be a corker at yarns," Jim went on angrily. "We had 'em all. An' I couldn't tell one of my old ones!"

"Why not?"

"Can't you see? Had I ever told her that I'd worked on a tug?"

The captain drew a quick breath, grew red.

"That's so," he said; "I'd forgotten that. The feller did have you, sure!"

"All of a sudden," Jim continued, "she broke off an' took a look at me, of the

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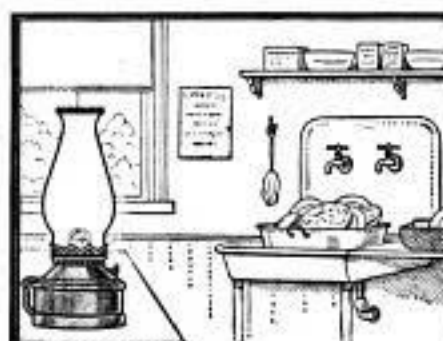
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pitying kind that makes a man too mad to think!

"How mean I am," she said, "to make you listen to all this—when you look so tired. Why, how tired you are!"

"I ain't," I said.

"Oh, yes, you are," she said. "An' what a pity! A man like you—to have to be only a clerk, cooped up in a hole of an office, when other men have such a splendid life!"

"Mad? You bet I was mad! I told her, right off the bat, that I'd tried her 'splendid life'—been on a tug five years—an' hated the job! . . . Then I said good-night!"

His father gave a long whistle.

"Wa'n't that a mistake?" he asked.

"Everything is mistakes!"

"But I mean this in partic'lar. To begin with, you didn't hate it, you used to love it, same as I do." The captain's voice grew a trifle husky. "You got to be so good at it I began to think maybe, later on, you'd get what your dad never did—a ship."

There was a short silence.

"Second," he went on, "even s'pose you did hate it—or do now, in these clerkin' days. Wa'n't it a mistake to come out with it? What d'you know of this other feller? How d'you know he ain't the kind you used to be? How d'you know she don't like that kind, as a change from the life she's been havin'? The ocean ain't a gutter-hole. People have loved it before. Women have even been proud of bein' sailors' wives."

"She's not that kind, I tell you!" cried Jim impatiently. "Anyhow, what's the use talking? This thing ain't at all the same! This feller owns tugs! He don't jest run 'em!"

"You sure?"

"Who else could he be? D'you think for one minute she's the breed of woman to marry a common tug?" he stopped.

Old MacClanahan rose slowly. His voice was low.

"Look here. Somebody else in this room will be mad in a minute—mad as the all-fired bottomless pit! Your mother was that breed of woman, wa'n't she?"

"Eh?"

"Say!" said Jim hoarsely, rising. "I didn't mean that, an' you know it! I ain't forgetting what a woman she was!"

His father looked at him blankly.

"Ain't you?" he asked. "Sometimes I ain't sure."

Jim turned away. His face looked drawn and white.

"Dad!" he whispered, "can't you see how sorry I am for what I said? Can't you see how cut up I am, anyhow, so I don't know what I'm saying?"

The captain turned suddenly, gripped his son's hand.

"Look here, Jim," he said fiercely, "I know you! You're a man all the time—underneath, an' if that woman loves you, or did, it's because she has seen what you used to be! Now can't you see what a fool mistake you've gone an' made? How does this make you size up alongside of that other crittur? How d'you know he ain't exactly what you used to be? How d'you know he's a tug owner?"

"She said so," cried Jim.

"Well," said his father slowly, "I own my tug, don't I?"

For some moments Jim stared at him speechless.

"That's so," he said. "You do."

"Now," said his father, "take my advice. You've been guessin' jest about wild enough to spoil all your chances. S'pose you go in an' collect some facts. Find out what they really do evenin's, find out what he is, what kind of people he comes from—where he lives!"

Another week dragged by. Christmas had drawn near. For years the captain's crazy house had been the scene of such Christmas Eve parties as made the Tammany alderman green with envy. This time, absorbed in his daughter-in-law, he had wholly forgotten to prepare. And there were only three days left.

Suddenly rousing to this fact, Captain Mac set to with jovial zest. Stout bunches of holly and mistletoe, huge wreaths and garlands of green, Christmas trees large and small, all came in pell-mell, till the house from cellar to roof was one fresh, spicy chaos. A few select youngsters were asked in to help, and each evening the work went merrily on.

Jim paid little heed. In former years he had been a willing assistant, but now the contrast between his own feelings and the approaching festivities made him set his teeth.



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"Say, Dad." His voice was choking. "Don't be mad if I get out before the fun begins. It's a little more'n I can stand!"

His father rose in surprise. "Why?" he asked. "Why? Because of what she's doing to-night!" There was a short pause. "You mean," said the captain gently, "she's havin' a Christmas jamboree up at her home?"

"No! That's just it! She ain't never had one! The flat's too small an' there ain't any kids. So now she's half crazy about it. An' he saw she was, confound him, an' he has invited her to the Christmas at his home—to finish off the business!"

His father sat down, deeply discouraged. "Where is the durned feller's home?" he asked.

"In a house!" snapped son. "A reg'lar house! An' she says there's a perfect raft of kids coming. She says she can hardly wait!"

"Maybe," suggested the captain forlornly, "she won't like the house when she sees it." Jim snorted.

"Like it? Ain't she been there half the week helping 'em trim the tree an' all the rest? Like it? She says that, nowadays, the very idea of a flat makes her mad. That settles things, don't it? Looks kind of as though she'd made up her mind. An' it also gives a knockout blow to that other idea of yours—that the feller ain't rich!"

"How?"

"Why," cried Jim, "did you ever hear of a tug captain owning a house like that?"

"Yes," said his father grimly. "I have. An' so have you." He took his son's arm.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "ain't it time this thing was ended?" His voice shook with suppressed excitement. He raised his voice as though addressing somebody out in the hall: "This impudent, stony, young woman of yours, ain't she tormented you long enough? Why don't you go right to her an' face her like the man that you are, an' face that other feller, too, an' make her choose between you? Ain't you man enough?"

Jim drew himself slowly to his full height, and as he faced the captain the old snap came twinkling into his eyes.

"Dad," he said, "I guess you're right. Anyhow—I'll do it!"

The captain threw a quick side glance, a glance as excited as though the Anny Lisle were plunging through seas that were simply terrific. With a mighty effort regaining control, he turned back and eyed his son.

"Well," he said solemnly, "you're doin' it—now."

The next instant he had a tight grip on somebody's arm.

"Young woman," he cried in menacing tones, "choose—between that other feller—an' my son Jim!"

Somebody gasped. Jim sprang back. And the next moment his arms received a sensation so utterly strange and new that he closed them—tighter and tighter; eyes, mind, body and soul all spinning around.

"Easy," cried a stern, shaking, old voice; "easy there!" And Captain Mac skipped out of the room.

Down in the kitchen he seized Bess, the astonished old cook, and waited her gravely round and round till she came to a sharp, indignant halt. He vigorously mopped his forehead and eyes, took a look at the clock.

"Hello," he cried. "Here's Christmas! In about five minutes those kids will be pourin' all over the house." And he hurried upstairs to give warning.

In the hall he stopped and listened, heard not a sound, but shook with glee.

"Ship ahoy!" he called out at last.

"Ship ahoy!" he repeated. "Speak up when you're hailed! I'm the old tug, Anny Lisle, who got you safe out of the harbor—come to say good-by!"

Still no reply. Only odd noises.

"Look here," roared the captain. "You cocky young ship, are you goin' to throw off the tow without even a word! Hello!"

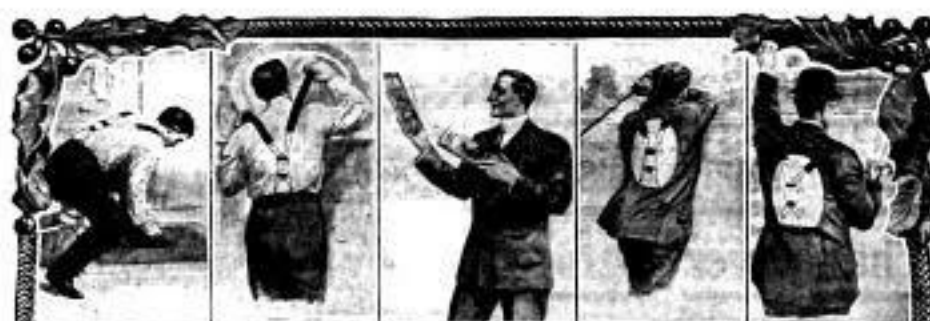
"Hello!" came a voice from the other room, a voice low and vibrating with gladness. "Anny Lisle, ahoy! We want a tow—over the sea! Come alongside!"

The captain's face fell.

"Can't take the job," he called. "Too old. Get another tug."

"Like thunder we will!" shouted somebody else. "Come alongside!"

And a few moments later, in the maddest jumble of unsteady voices and mistletoe doings and laughter, Christmas was well under way! And the voyage had begun!



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## THE THIN SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yes?" said Mrs. Gratz. "And what is it, such clogs? I haven't any clogs."

The thin Santa Claus seemed provoked. "Now, look here!" he said. "You may think this is funny, but it isn't. I have got to catch that chicken thief or I'll lose my job, and I can't catch him unless I have some clogs to catch him with. Now, didn't you have some chickens stolen last night?"

"Chickens?" asked Mrs. Gratz. "No, I didn't have chickens stolen. Such toober-chosis bugs eat them. With feeders, too. And bones. Right off the hoof, ain't it a pity?"

It may have been a blush of shame, but it was more like a flush of anger, that overspread the face of the thin Santa Claus. He stared hard at the placid German face of Mrs. Gratz, and decided she was too stupid to mean it—that she was not teasing him.

"You don't catch on," he said. "You see, there ain't any such things as toober-chosis bugs. I just made that up as a sort of detective disguise. Them chickens wasn't eat by no bugs at all—they was stole. See? A chicken thief come right into the coop and stole them. Do you think any kind of a bug could pry off a padlock?"

Mrs. Gratz seemed to let this sink into her mind and to revolve there, and get to feeling at home, before she answered.

"No," she said at length. "I guess not. But Santa Claus could do it. Such a big, fat man. Sure he could do it."

"Why, you—" began the thin man crossly, and then changed his tone. "There ain't no such thing as Santa Claus," he said as one might speak to a child—but even a chicken thief would not tell a child such a thing, I hope.

"No?" queried Mrs. Gratz sadly. "No Santa Claus? And I was scared of it, myself, with such toober-chosis bugs around. He should not to have gone into such a chicken coop with so many bugs busting up all over. He had a right to have fumigated himself, once. And now he ain't. He's all eat up, on the hoof, bones and feet and all. And such a kind man, too."

The thin Santa Claus frowned. He had half an idea that Mrs. Gratz was fooling with him, and when he spoke it was crisply.

"Now, see here," he said, "last night somebody broke into your chicken coop and stole all your chickens. I know that. And he's been stealing chickens all around this town, and all around this part of the country, too, and I know that. And this stealing has got to stop. I've got to catch that thief. And to catch him I've got to have a clew. A clew is something he has left around, or dropped, where he was stealing. Now, did that chicken thief drop any clogs in your chicken yard? That's what I want to know—did he drop any clogs?"

"Mebby, if he dropped some clogs, those toober-chosis bugs eat them up," suggested Mrs. Gratz. "They eats bones and feeders; mebbly they eats clogs, too."

"Now, ain't that smart?" sneered the thin Santa Claus. "Don't you think you're funny? But I'll tell you the clew I'm

looking for. Did that thief drop a pocket-book, or anything like that?"

"Oh, a pocketbook!" said Mrs. Gratz. "How much should be in such a pocketbook, mebbly?"

"Nine hundred dollars," said the thin Santa Claus promptly.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Gratz. "So much money all in one clogs! Come out to the chicken yard once; I'll help hunt for clogs, too."

The thin Santa Claus stood a minute looking doubtfully at Mrs. Gratz. Her face was large and placid and unemotional.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "it ain't much use, but I'll try it again."

When he had gone, after another close search of the chicken yard and coop, Mrs. Gratz returned to her friend, Mrs. Flannery.

"Purty soon I don't belief any more in Santa Claus at all," she said. "Purty soon I have more beliefs in chicken thieves than in Santa Claus. Yet a while I beliefs in him, but, one more of those come-agains, and I don't."

"He'll not be comin' back any more," said Mrs. Flannery positively. "I'm wonderin' he came at all, and the jail so handy. All ye have t' do is t' call a cop."

"Sure!" said Mrs. Gratz. "But it is not nice I should put Santa Claus in jail. Such a liberal Santa Claus, too."

"Have it yer own way, mam," said Mrs. Flannery. "I'll own 'tis some different whin chickens is stole. 'Tis hard to expind th' affections on a bunch of chickens, but, if any one was t' steal my pig, t' jail he would go, Santa Claus or no Santa Claus. Not but what ye have a kind heart anyway, mam, not wantin' t' put th' poor fellow in jail whin he has already lost nine hundred dollars, which, goodness knows, ye might have t' hand back, was th' law t' take a hand in it."

"So!" said Mrs. Gratz. "Such is the law, yet? All right, I don't belief in chicken thieves, no matter how much he comes again. I stick me to Santa Claus. Always will I belief in Santa Claus. Chicken thieves gives, and wants to take away again, but Santa Claus is always giving and never taking."

"Ye're forgettin' th' chickens that was took," suggested Mrs. Flannery.

"Took?" said Mrs. Gratz.

"Took?" Mrs. Flannery corrected.

"Took?" said Mrs. Gratz. "I beliefs me not in Santa Claus that way. I beliefs he is a good old man. For givings I beliefs in Santa Claus, but for takings I beliefs in toober-chosis bugs."

"An' th' busted padlock, then?" asked Mrs. Flannery.

"Aeh!" exclaimed Mrs. Gratz. "Them reindeers is so frisky, yet. They have a right to kick up and bust it, mebbly."

Mrs. Flannery sighed.

"'Tis a grand thing t' have faith, mam," she said.

"Y-e-s," said Mrs. Gratz indolently, "that's nice. And it is nice to have nine hundred dollars more in the bank, ain't it?"

## THE FASHIONABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA CRAIG

(Continued from Page 21)

was still breakfastless—he well knew how to manipulate his weaknesses so that his purposes could cow them, could even use them. He answered her lowering glance with a flash of his blue-green eyes like lightning from a thunder-cloud. "Do you know it is nine o'clock?" demanded he.

"So early? I try to get up late so that the days won't seem so long."

He abandoned the field to her, and she thought him permanently beaten. She had yet to learn the depths of his sagacity that never gave battle until the time was auspicious.

Two mornings later he returned to the attack. "I see your light burning every night until midnight," said he—at breakfast with her, after the usual wait.

"I read myself to sleep," explained she. "Do you think that's good for you?"

"I don't notice any ill effects."

"You say your health doesn't improve as rapidly as you hoped."

Check! She reddened with guilt and exasperation. "What a sly trick!" thought she. She answered him with a cold: "I always have read myself to sleep, and I fancy I always shall."

"If you went to sleep earlier," observed he, his air unmistakably that of the victor conscious of victory, "you'd not keep me raging round two or three hours for breakfast."

"How often I've asked you not to wait for me! I prefer to breakfast alone, anyhow. It's the dreadful habit of breakfasting together that causes people to get on together so badly."

"I'd not feel right," said he, moderately, but firmly, "if I didn't see you at breakfast."

She sat silent—thinking. He felt what she was thinking—how common this was, how "middle class," how "bourgeois," she was calling it. "Bourgeois" was her favorite word for all that she objected to in



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him, for all she was trying to train out of  
him by what she regarded as most artist-  
ically indirect lessons. He felt that their  
talk about his family, what he had said,  
had shown he felt, was recurring to her.  
He grew red, burned with shame from  
head to foot. "What a fool, what a pup I  
was!" he said to himself. "If she had  
been a real lady—no, by gad—a real  
woman—she'd have shown that she de-  
spised me."

Again and again that incident had come  
back to him. It had been, perhaps, the  
most powerful factor in his patience with  
her airs and condescensions. He felt that  
it, the lowest dip of his degradation in  
snobism, had given her the right to keep  
him in his place. It seemed to him one of  
those frightful crimes against self-respect  
which can never be atoned, and, bad as he  
thought it from the standpoint of good  
sense as to the way to get on with her, he  
suffered far more because it was such a  
stinging, scoffing denial of all his pretenses  
of personal pride. "Her sensibilities have  
been too blunted by associating with those  
Washington vulgarians," he reasoned,  
"for her to realize the enormity of my  
offense, but she realizes enough to look  
down at me more contemptuously every  
time she recalls it."

However, the greater the blunder the  
greater the necessity of repairing. He  
resolutely thrust his self-abasing thoughts  
to the background of his mind, and began  
afresh.

"I'm sure," said he, "you'd not mind,  
once you got used to it."

She was startled out of her abstraction.  
"Used to—what?" she inquired.

"To getting up early."

"Oh!" She gave a relieved laugh.  
"Still harping on that. How persistent  
you are!"

"You could accomplish twice as much if  
you got up early and made a right start."

She frowned slightly. "Couldn't think  
of it," said she, in the tone of one whose  
forbearance is about at an end. "I hate  
the early morning."

"We usually hate what's best for us.  
But, if we're sensible, we do it until it  
becomes a habit that we don't mind—or  
positively like."

This philosophy of the indisputable and  
the sensible brimmed the measure. "What  
would you think of me," said she, in her  
pleasantest, most deliberately irritating  
way in the world, "if I were to insist that  
you get up late and breakfast late? You  
should learn to let live as well as to live.  
You are too fond of trying to compel  
everybody to do as you wish."

"I make 'em see that what I wish is what  
they ought to do. That's not compelling."

"It's even more unpopular."

"I'm not looking for popularity, but  
for success."

"Well, please don't annoy me in the  
mornings hereafter."

"You don't seem to realize you've  
renounced your foolish idlers and all their  
ways, and have joined the working-classes."  
His good humor had come back with  
breakfast; he had finished two large trout,  
much bread and marmalade and coffee—  
and it had given her a pleasure that some-  
how seemed vulgar and forbidden to see  
him eat so vastly, with such obvious delight.  
As he made his jest about her entry into  
the working-classes—she who suggested a  
queen bee, to employ the labors of a whole  
army of willing toilers, while she herself  
toiled not—he was tilted back at his ease,  
smoking a cigarette and watching the  
sunbeams sparkle in the waves of her black  
hair like jewels showered there. "You're  
surely quite well again," he went on, the  
trend of his thought so hidden that he did  
not see it himself.

"I don't feel especially well," said she,  
instantly on guard.

He laughed.  
"You'd not dare say that to yourself in  
the mirror. You have wonderful color. Your  
eyes—there never was anything so clear.  
You were always straight—that was one  
of the things I admired about you. But  
now you seem to be straight without the  
slightest effort—the natural straightness  
of a sapling."

This was most agreeable, for she loved  
compliments, liked to discover that the  
charms which she herself saw in herself  
were really there. But encouraging such  
talk was not compatible with the course  
she had laid out for herself with him. She  
continued silent and cold.

"If you'd only go to sleep early, and get  
up early, and drop all that the railway



Stanlaw



Christy



Fisher

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This is the title of a beautiful Art Calendar for 1900, issued by Armour & Company.  
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The one to the right is by Harrison Fisher in colored crayon—one of his best—typical of his ability.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 12-5-08

train carried us away from you'd be as happy as the birds and the deer and the fish.

"I shall not change my habits," said she tartly. "I hope you'll drop the subject."

He leaned across the table toward her, the same charm now in his face and in his voice that had drawn her when she first heard him in public speech. "Let's suppose I'm a woodchopper, and you are my wife. We've never been anywhere but just here. We're going to live here all our lives—just you and I—and no one else—and we don't want any one else. And we love each other—"

It was very alluring, but there was duty frowning upon her yielding senses. "Please don't let that smoke drift into my face," said she crossly. "It's choking me."

He flung away the cigarette. "Beg pardon," he muttered, between anger and humility. "Thought you didn't mind smoking."

She was ashamed of herself, and grew still angrier. "If you'd only think about some one besides yourself once in a while," said she. "You quite wear people out, with your everlasting thinking and talking about yourself."

"You'd better stop that midnight reading," flared he. "Your temper is going to the devil."

She rose with great dignity; with an expression that seemed to send him tumbling, and her soaring, she went into the house.

In some moods he would have lain where he fell for quite a while. But his mood of delight in her charms as a woman had completely eclipsed his deference for her charms as a lady. He hesitated only a second, then followed her, overtook her at the entrance to her room. She, hearing him coming, did not face about and put him back in his place with one haughty look. Instead, she, in impulsive, most ill-timed panic, quickened her step. When the woman flees the man, if there be any manhood in him, pursues. He caught her, held her fast.

"Let me go!" she cried, not with the compelling force of offended dignity, but with the hysterical ineffectiveness of terror. "You are rough. You hurt."

He laughed, turned her about in his arms until she was facing him. "The odor of those pines, out there," he said, "makes me drunk, and the odor of your hair makes me insane." And he was kissing her—those fierce, strong carresses that at once repelled and compelled her.

"I hate you!" she panted. "I hate you!" "Oh, no, you don't," retorted he. "That isn't what's in your eyes." And he held her so tightly that she was almost crying out with pain.

"Please—please!" she gasped. And she wrenched to free herself. One of his hands slipped, his nail tore a long gash in her neck; the blood spurted out, she gave a loud cry, an exaggerated cry—for the pain, somehow, had a certain pleasure in it. He released her, stared vacantly at the wound he had made. She rushed into her room, slammed the door and locked it.

"Margaret!" he implored.

She did not answer; he knew she would not. He sat miserably at her door for an hour, then wandered out into the woods, and stayed there until dinnertime.

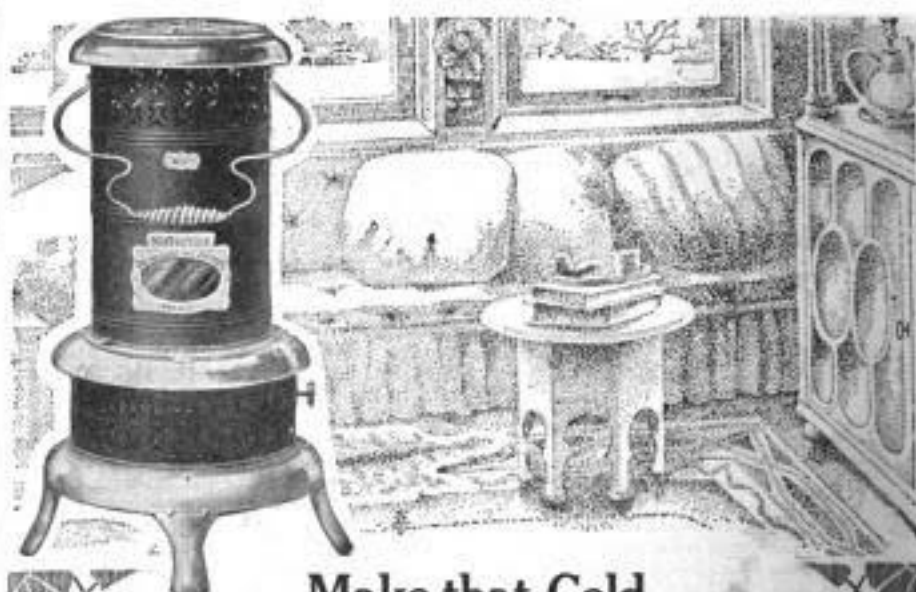
When he came in she was sitting by the lake, reading a French novel. To him, who knew only his own language, there was something peculiarly refined and elegant about her ability at French; he thought, as did she, that she spoke French like a native, though, in fact, her accent was almost British, and her understanding of it was just about what can be expected in a person who has never made a thorough study of any language. As he advanced toward her she seemed unconscious of his presence. But she was seeing him distinctly, and so ludicrous a figure of shy and sheepish contrition was he making that she with difficulty restrained her laughter. He glanced guiltily at the long, red scratch on the whiteness of her throat.

"I'm ashamed of myself," said he humbly. "I'm not fit to touch a person like you. I—I—"

She was not so mean as she had thought she would be. "It was nothing," said she pleasantly, if distantly. "Is dinner ready?"

Once more she had him where she wished—abject, apologetic, conscious of the high honor of merely being permitted to associate with her. She could relax and unbend again; she was safe from his cyclones.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## Make that Cold Room a Cozy Den

In nearly every house there is one room that is extremely hard to heat—it is therefore practically closed for the winter. This room can be made the coziest room in the house with no trouble by the use of the

## PERFECTION Oil Heater

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This heater gives intense heat, with no smoke, no smell. Turn it as high as you can to light it, as low as you can to extinguish it. Easy to clean, easily carried from room to room. Nickel or Japan finish. Every heater guaranteed.

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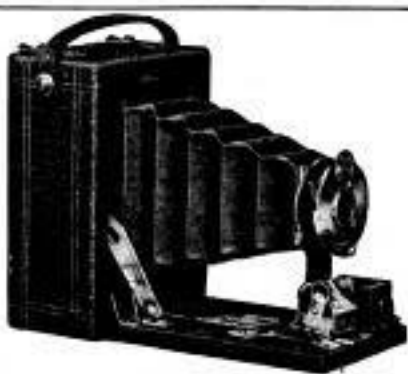
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Eastman Kodak Company  
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## THE PEDIGREE HUNTERS

(Concluded from Page 5)

there are ten generations, as the genealogists reckon, and to-day the scion of a monarch of that time, without allowing for intermarriages in the lines of descent, could not boast of even a thousandth part of royal blood. Carry it on three hundred years more, and he would have less than a millionth, and just as much might be flowing in the veins of his cook.

Still, there is nothing more persistent than the survival of type. In the streets of Fez one meets with the red-haired, blue-eyed Scot, the English florid complexion and fair hair, the Spaniard who lies all day in the sun strumming on a *guitar*. Yet they are all Moors of the strictest orthodoxy, speaking no other language but their own, and, probably, with no ancestors but Moors for many generations. To-day, if you enter any of the little fishing-huts about the original Baltimore, you will see an astonishing opulence of color, and be received with Oriental hospitality by men and women whose type you will recognize any day on the far outskirts of Algiers. The Algerines left their mark in their long visits before they sacked the town in the days of The O'Driscoll, and the type is there to-day, as virile and persistent as ever.

No matter how faint a trace of the monarch's blood arithmetic may show the descendant of a mediæval king to possess, there is a lively and growing demand in America for royal ancestry. Yet of the tens of thousands of Americans who really are of royal descent very few are aware of the fact. But there are hundreds who in all sincerity boast of such a lineage without the slightest grounds for their claim. There is nothing more dubious than a long pedigree. It is likely to take wing at any moment. The foreign genealogist will declare that five out of ten of the long ancestral charts in this country will not bear investigation. A single blunder or the acceptance of some doubtful record may cause a person to claim a whole line of forebears with whom he has not the remotest connection. And these blunders are being made all the time.

With the American lines the danger of mistakes is not so great, but European researches must be conducted on a more elaborate scale, and in making them even the most scholarly and conscientious agent is likely to blunder. Parish registers have in some cases been kept improperly, and ministers or wardens, fearing the penalty incurred by their neglect, have inserted false names. English Visitations, although accepted as evidence, depend mainly, for the earlier generations, on the unsupported statement of the then head of the house or family. Traditions often have been accepted when direct evidence was lacking. Even in the lineage of the peerage families expert genealogists declare there is much confusion and blundering, without even an attempt to preserve consistency in error.

Many a person, however, is perfectly willing to wink at an oversight in the preparation of his ancestral line, considering a spurious claim to a fine collection of forefathers better than no claim at all. In fact, the infant industry of supplying ancestry, although it has not yet reached the department stores or installment houses, has developed to such an extent that there are now professional pedigree-hunters to suit all tastes. There is the genealogist who, like the popular portrait painter who makes every woman beautiful regardless of her defects, will supply the kind of ancestors his client most desires. His sole aim is to please, and, in itself, that is a fine ambition. Any one, no matter what his real lineage happens to be, can have himself traced back to a royal line. A brand-new millionaire from the gold fields finds no difficulty in acquiring a truly magnificent collection of forebears, if that is the only kind he is willing to buy.

To be sure, he might undergo some embarrassment in supplying satisfactory proof if it should come to the test. But the great beauty of laying claim to an ancient ancestor, whether he is yours or not, lies in the fact that it never does come to the test. Americans are not parsimonious, but they are not hiring genealogists at fifteen hundred dollars a month for the satisfaction of proving that their neighbor's mediæval forefather doesn't belong to him.

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THERE is danger in wearing shoes with soft, spongy insoles—because this part of the shoe comes in direct contact with your sensitive foot sole and upon it rests the weight of the whole body. Crawford insoles are cut from selected firm, closely-fibred hides in our No. 4 Factory which is maintained exclusively for the sole leather department. Crawford insoles never grow rough and uneven. The Crawford combination of firm insoles and of "bend" outsoles insures a permanently smooth bed for your feet!

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Crawford Shoes contain many points of merit—that's why they are such a good shoe investment. Take my advice and buy a pair of Crawford!

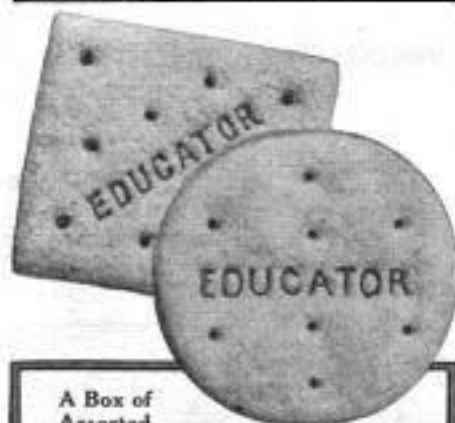


When retailers drop other brands and buy Crawford instead, it is because of Crawford merit. Our agencies increased 116% in two years.



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A Box of Assorted

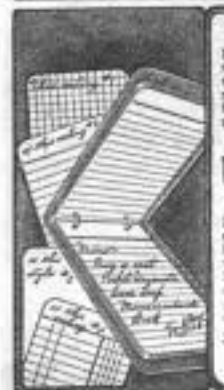
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Just to let you prove the difference between them and the usual crackers you buy. The distinctive flavor afforded by our methods of milling and baking, make Educator Crackers more delicious as well as infinitely more nutritious than any crackers you've ever tasted.

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A GREAT BOOK FOR BOYS  
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AUTHOR OF "THE CRIMSON SWEATER"



HAVE you ever enjoyed a book more than you enjoyed "Robinson Crusoe"? Here is a new book by the most popular writer for boys, Ralph Henry Barbour, —a story of three boys camping out for a month,—a kind of a civilized "Robinson Crusoe."

If you are giving Christmas presents, give "Harry's Island." It is a sure hit.

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Send for our pamphlet "Books to Buy," with colored cover and marginal pictures on every page. It contains a classified list of books for boys and girls. Address above.

## \$1.00 Christmas Gift. Sanford's Fountain Penholder

Useful and Novel. Use any steel pen. Change pen same as in ordinary penholders. A steady flow of ink. Never leaks or floods. Fills like common fountain pens. Order one today enclosing your favorite steel pen. We will send it adjusted in one of our holders—this will show you. Use it 10 days and if not satisfied, return it and we will refund your money. Sent postpaid for \$1.00, check, money order or express. Sales tax 10c extra. Booklet free. (Pat. Feb. 25, 1908).

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There's no other tobacco like it. No other tobacco has the delightful aroma, the delicate, refined taste, the soothing, satisfying qualities of Orchid Tobacco.

Orchid Tobacco is a blend of the finest tobaccos grown. The blending and curing is an art acquired by our hundred years of experience. To prove Orchid the "finest tobacco," you should try it. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send prepaid a pound for \$3.00; half pound \$1.50; quarter pound 75 cents.

To Dealers:—Orchid Tobacco is being extensively advertised all over the country. In this way a demand is being created, which must be met by the local dealer. Write us and we will put you in touch with the distributor in your district.

Franklin B. & Co., Inc.  
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The Oldest Independent Tobacco Manufacturer in the Country.



STYLE ECONOMY **THIS IS THE LITHOLIN COLLAR BOX IT'S RED** FIT COMFORT

Imitations of the world famous LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs are on the market, and are occasionally substituted, when the buyer is unacquainted with the GENUINE. To protect ourselves and the public we reproduce cut of the LITHOLIN Box, which is always RED. Here is our

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If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request. The Fiberside Co., Dept. 4, 7 Waverly Place, N.Y.



**STATESMAN WEATHERPROOF SIGNS Wear Well**

**Weather Won't Faze 'Em**

Five salesmen that work all hours, all weathers. Our exclusive process "wax finish" weatherproof signs on wire fences, barns, anywhere; cost 75¢ less than metal or wood; average life 3 to 5 years. Almost impossible to tear down. Attractively printed in any size and variety of face colors to order. Say anything you want or we furnish snappy phrases. Big trade pullers. A persistent, economical way to advertise. Any quantity you order shipped in 10 days, freight paid. Write for prices, samples. High-grade salesmen wanted.

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**FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT**

We positively teach you how in one lesson. Outfit \$2.00. Booklet free. Agents wanted. The Home Candy Makers, 121 Bar Street, Canton, O.

## THE SLEEPING COLUMN

(Continued from Page 7)

Davenport paused, refilled his pipe and lighted it, flinging the match over the rail, and resumed: "We rode on. And then my dreams, my imagination, my boyish play began to fall me. I could no longer find a satisfaction in pretending that this was my command, my regiment—their uniforms, you know, were the wrong color. I tried for a while to let my mind hide this defect as the night so effectually hid it, but it was futile, impossible. I began to think of General Forrest—where was he now? Where was that stock? Had his men, with the help of Paten and our black boys, got it all safely across the Tennessee? I thought, too, of Cousin John, off there in those glooms with Forrest's men to the north, riding so much faster, so much harder than we. I was glad that our column was too worn and weary to pursue them at the gallop. Was Wilson galloping behind us? I strained my ears to listen—it was silent back there along the dusky road; no ring of hoofbeats yet. I thought again of Cousin John—and my heart sank, grew heavy. What would he say? Then my conscience, with the supernatural acuteness night gives that optic of the soul, as if it were some dark, nocturnal bird—a figure in which, by the way, I might express my conception of your New England conscience—began to gaze at me. Where did my duty lie? My grandfather had told me to guide this sleeping commander who rode silently beside me; he himself had said I was an honest lad, and he trusted me. And yet—well—I thought, and rode along. And then I recalled my dreams and the ambitions of these four years, of the war in which I had longed to do my part; I thought of the Southern cause, our cause, and then, suddenly, my heart gave a leap, such a surprising leap that I almost, for an instant, feared it must awaken these sleepers. Here was my chance! I had no conception of the relative importance of this movement, of which so curiously I had come to form a part, and it was easy for me presently to regard it as possibly the great crisis, the turning point, the pivot of the war. Here, then, this night, the opportunity I had longed for, pleaded for, had come at last—an opportunity in which, by some strange miracle of chance, were concentrated all the opportunities that might have been mine had I been permitted to go forth as Cousin John had gone. And I made my resolve. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that this was the mind of a boy at work, a Southern boy, who loved the South, the South that had demanded losses and sacrifices he was not to realize until later and even sadder years."

Davenport for a moment was silent. "About half a mile farther on there branches off from the Nashville Pike a little dirt road, soft but dry at that season, for the rains had not yet come. I had not, at first, thought of that road; it was so insignificant; it rambled on for miles, and led—nowhere. But, suddenly, I remembered it, and it seemed to me just then a part of this Providence that I should have thought of it. I thought for an instant of the risk I was running; perhaps I magnified that risk, for I told myself that if this column should discover in the gray morning that I had purposely misled him he would order out a file and have me shot on the instant, or, perhaps—string me up to a tree by the roadside. Yes—he would hang me; that would be my fate. And yet—I would try. And we rode on, the line sleeping, the sabres clanking now and then, the horses blowing through their delicate nostrils. I leaned over and softly patted my own horse on the neck. 'Will you stand by me, old fellow?' I whispered. He plodded on; he was not, I fear, a very loyal horse, and seemed ready to desert. Well, we reached the side road, the road to nowhere, and quietly I drew my rein and turned into it. And quietly, obediently, the column followed without a question. I had committed myself to the issue now; there was no turning back. We moved on a quarter, a half, a full mile. The road was narrower than the pike; it was soft and the horses' hoofs made less noise on it. And the troopers slumbered in their saddles—ah! they were a tired, fagged outfit! But I was awake, the only one of them all who was awake, and my mind was alert,

## "Tainted Advertisements"

is what Dr. Harvey Wiley—chief of the Washington Bureau of Chemistry and eagle-eyed guardian of the Pure Food Laws—in a recent speech, calls advertisements "which make misleading statements about the quality of the goods advertised."

Shivers' Panatela is full 5 in. long



Doctor Wiley thinks the principle of the Pure Food Law should apply to all other merchandise, and that a misleading advertisement is as bad as an untruthful label.

Good for Dr. Wiley! Nothing would please me better than to have a law enforced that would not only compel every maker of cigars to label every cigar box with a description of just what kind of tobacco was used in the manufacture of its contents, but to tell the truth about them in their advertising.

There would be something doing in the cigar business not now on the schedule.

Havana! What that name has to stand for. That word has been made to cover everything from fine leaf grown and cured in Cuba to the shorts and cuttings—the by-product of the cigar manufacturer; and to the seed tobacco grown in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and New York, etc.

And as to wrappers. Is it Havana? or is it Sumatra? Is it a genuine Sumatra or the so-called "Sumatra" grown in Florida? Or is it Connecticut seed leaf?

In no other field of manufacture is there more need of protecting the public against wrong labeling. Did you ever see a box labeled other than "Havana"?

It is in the light of the foregoing that I make my claims. I make them as definitely as I can with my present knowledge of the English language.

My Shivers' Panatela is a hand-made cigar—all of the filler is clear, clean, straight long Havana tobacco.

**My Book is Free** It tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars, and smoking in general that every man should know. Illustrates and describes all the different shapes and sizes of cigars I make and tells the truth about them. Write for it.

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75-77 Nassau St., New York  
ESTABLISHED 1842

**Red Baby "Vulcan" Ink Pencil**

The ONE perfect, non-leakable ink pencil at a moderate price.

**\$1.00**

At your stationer's or by mail, postpaid.

**A SUITABLE HOLIDAY PRESENT**

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In stores, dust is a source of loss to every merchant and of danger to the health of every employee and customer. In schools and public buildings with untreated wood floors, the dangers of dust-poisoning are an ever present menace to pupils, teachers and the public at large.

To remove the evil it is necessary first to treat the floors.

## STANDARD Floor Dressing

has proved eminently satisfactory for this purpose in thousands of places. Use proves that it practically eliminates dust and destroys all disease bacteria.

It also preserves the floors and pays for itself many times over by reducing the labor and cost of caretaking.

*Not intended for household use.*

Sold everywhere in barrels, half-barrels, one and five gallon cans.



On request, we will apply Standard Floor Dressing to one floor of any building of a public character AT OUR OWN EXPENSE.

Write for particulars and our book "Dust and Its Dangers."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, (INCORPORATED)



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The fastest, safest, strongest, ever invented. A boy's sled—the only one girls can properly control. Steers easily around corners without dragging the feet—runs away from them all—runs forward, backward to pull up hill. Saves its cost in shoes the first winter—prevents wet feet, colds and Doctor's bills. Built to last of special steel and seasoned growth white ash, handsomely finished. Built on a Flexible Flyer.

Look for the new Flexible Flyer Racer—long, low, narrow, speedy, moderate price.

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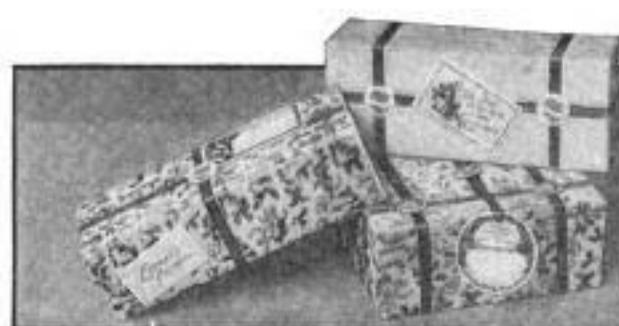
all alive. Now my hopes arose; perhaps I could escape! This sleeping column, set in motion, would evidently move forward of its own momentum, as it were, and move on, probably, till morning. I wondered what time it was, and I tried to calculate. We had come about four miles; it must be well on toward midnight now. The sky was black and overcast with low clouds. The road was darker, too, than the pike had been. The woods of oak and chestnut trees that lined it, and, in some places, overhung it, grew more dense as we advanced. I was still fearful, wildly fearful, but now, if I were ever to escape, I must act. My feat had been performed, and the column thus diverted. Wilson far behind and General Forrest probably safe across the Tennessee, my work was done. It only remained for me to save myself, if I could. I began to make little tentative experiments. I lightly touched my bridle rein and drew aside, gently, stealthily.

"We were riding along beside the wildest part of the wood. The fence that once, in happier days, had surrounded it had fallen, perhaps under the ravage of some earlier raid, and was now decayed and gone. The place was wild, desolate and forlorn. A wind had come up, driving along the low-hanging wrack of clouds; I could hear it rustling mournfully through the trees, bare now save for a few clinging leaves that gave a snarl to the breeze. Under the touch of my bridle-hand my horse turned and edged gradually away from the side of the sleeping column—who had trusted me. He was oblivious; he rode on unconcerned, and his men followed. Slowly, step by step, I drew the horse to the roadside. My heart was in my throat, and my throat dry and rough with excitement. I suffered from a thirst that was intolerable, and fear was white within me. One step, one stumble, one unusual sound of that horse's hoof and the sleepers would be aroused; surely, there must be some in that long line who were awake, some who could not sleep under such circumstances, some whose weariness and saddle-galls must keep them awake. It was imperative to make haste—and yet, it was impossible to make haste. But slowly, surely, I was making progress, step by step of that tall and awkward steed who picked his way carefully into the curtained roadside. I dared not pat him, dared not speak to him; I feared that he might suddenly neigh or that some of his comrades in the column might whinny at his departure. I had read somewhere, in some romantic tale, that to rub a horse's nostrils with brandy would keep him from neighing at night alone this way—but I had no brandy.

"Well, I got into the woods, and here progress was more difficult; the horse hung back, afraid of the irritating undergrowth, and it was all that I could do to urge him into the thick of the forest. But I proceeded slowly, stopping now and then, in nice agony all the while. But the night was kind, and the darkness, thickened by the dense wood, hid me away in those profound depths. Behind me, along the road, I would hear the column moving on, and at every clink of scabbard, at every clasp of bit I froze stock still, in an agony of fear. But I bent low over the horse's neck and pressed him on. Then I had to dismount, for the low-hanging boughs lacerated my face cruelly, and I dropped off, took him by the bridle, and, sheltering myself against his neck, led him forward. We went deep into the woods. The sounds from the moving column ceased, or ceased as individual sounds, to merge in one low sound made by the fall of the hoofs on that soft road.

"I felt that I had made my escape, and a feeling of elation possessed me. I patted my horse and spoke to him endearments and congratulations. Then it occurred to me that he was not mine, that he belonged to the enemy, and that I had no right to keep him, even to carry me home. And then, too, perhaps if I left him behind, to be found when the trick I had played on the Union cavalry should inevitably have been discovered, this might, somehow, plead for me with the Colonel; for horses were scarce. And so I halted that horse by a tree and flung my arm about his neck and whispered in his ear, lopping with fatigue: "Good-by, old fellow. You have helped to save our cause, anyway. Do try, old fellow, to find your way—well—to our army."

"He was not demonstrative; whether he was a Northern or a Southern sympathizer I don't know; just then he was too weary,



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and when he halted he instantly hung his head and slept. I left him and started on my long journey homeward. What became of him I don't know; he was sleepy and confused, and probably didn't know which army was ours. Things were badly mixed in those last days.

"I tried to keep the general direction, but it was hard in those woods, and yet I plunged on, as I hoped, toward the southeast, intending to make my detour that way. I could not return directly by the road—that involved too many risks. The troops might retrace their steps; besides, I didn't wish to meet General Wilson. He, too, might need a guide.

"I wandered about in those woods all night, and then, worn out and tired, I sat down and soon fell asleep. When I awoke the gray November dawn was spreading gradually through the trees; and stiff and sore from my ride and the exposure, lying out that way, I could scarcely move. But I did move; I got up and stumbled on. Presently it began to grow lighter in the woods, and then, to my relief, I saw daylight—real daylight, shining between the tree trunks. I ran, and emerged into an open cotton field.

"I got home that morning just as grandfather was at his breakfast.

"Well, sir," he said, "what report?"

"I hesitated—and told him. And the old gentleman got up out of his chair and held out his arms, and silently enfolded me in a long embrace; in that silent embrace were all approval, satisfaction, gratitude and love.

"I sat down to breakfast and the old gentleman dwelt with rapture on the details I related, and then, about nine o'clock, Paten returned with the negroes, and there was more joy—General Forrest and all those horses were safely across the Tennessee by midnight. It was a happy morning for us on that old plantation, and I strutted about in my pride, enjoying my distinction and wishing nothing more than a wide field in which to display it. But that joy, like all joy, was short-lived. I began to have new fears, fears that gradually became morbid. Colonel Hutchins, I thought, must long since have discovered my perfidy—if it was perfidy—and, in his rage and disappointment at being thus duped by a boy, would come back or else send back to take me. This fear preyed on my mind all day, and by night tortured me to distraction. Grandfather sent me to bed early, saying I needed a good night's rest. Long after I had gone to my room I listened for the hoofbeats of pursuers, riding toward me in the night. And then I made my resolve. About eleven o'clock I wrote a note, sealed it and left it for my grandfather, and when I was sure he had retired I stole out of the house and fled in the darkness. It broke my heart to leave the dear, old gentleman who had wanted me to have a good night's rest. I was not to have a good night's rest that night or for many nights afterward. I went away, and three days later overtook and joined General Forrest's army, enlisted, and rode away for the Mississippi campaign."

The Northern gentlemen sighed in relief. Davenport, too, sighed, almost inaudibly, but there was a difference in those sighs; theirs had been the sigh of satisfaction of a story that ends well; his the sigh of regret for a cause that had ended badly.

"But," said the Northern major, eager for more, "did General Forrest ever know?"

"And," added the Northern captain, "did you ever meet Colonel Hutchins again?"

"I had seen General Forrest, of course," Davenport resumed, "seen him at a distance—the great distance that separates a common soldier from the general officer—and I had looked up in boyish awe, with never a dream of daring to draw near and make myself known. But on our way south the General left his dwindling army one day, and, with his escort, galloped around to our plantation.

"I had the story from two sources afterward, from the General himself and from the old gentleman. General Forrest inquired for me, and grandfather had told him he had supposed that I had joined his command, and he had hoped for word of me.

"General Forrest told him that I was not with his army; that he knew, personally, every man in his command. My grandfather insisted that I might, nevertheless, be with him, and after they had discussed this point and debated it, and the General had noted some alarm in my grandfather,

he calmed him and said sadly—I can imagine that he said it sadly:

"Well, you are probably right, Colonel; there have been many changes among my boys of late."

"Later—but, thank God, not too late—I communicated with my grandfather, even before General Forrest happened to recognize me one morning down in the glades of Mississippi and told me. But he left with my grandfather a horse, a magnificent animal, beautifully caparisoned, and a brace of cavalry pistols—presents for me. I have those pistols now at home.

"It was a sacrifice; you know how valuable horses were just at that time and place. Many a time on that last campaign I wished I had that horse; many a time I needed him; but the war was over before I ever saw him, and those pistols have never been fired.

"There isn't much more to my little story, gentlemen. Three years later I was in St. Louis, a young man—young in years, but old in the experience those last days of the war brought me. One evening I was a guest at a reception given in honor of some officers then lately stationed at Jefferson Barracks. Early in the evening I saw, in one of the crowded drawing-rooms, a gentleman, tall and dark, whom I could not mistake, and even then my heart gave a little spring of fear, and it was a moment before I could adjust myself to all the changes that had come over the spirit and the aspect of events since the cause of that fear had found lodgment in my breast; those changes had removed that fear, but left a residuum more to be regretted and deplored.

"I sought an introduction, and when my presenter spoke of 'General Hutchins,' and the soldier thus addressed turned on me those deep, dark eyes with no brighter flame in them than that of polite acknowledgment, I said:

"May I inquire if you are the gentleman who, as Colonel Hutchins, served under General Wilson in northern Alabama during the fall of '64?"

"I am, sir," he responded.

"And do you remember," I said, "a boy who undertook to guide you one night after General—"

"I did not have to finish my question. The dark eyes lit with a brighter flame and the dark visage was illumined by a smile, one of the few smiles, I imagine, that ever touched it.

"Indeed, I remember that night and that boy!"

"I am that boy," I said.

"And then he seized my hand and said:

"Well, I am glad to meet you now and I would have been glad to meet you then." He spoke with significance.

"But glad in a different way," I suggested.

"Yes," he said. "I think, had I found you when we came to the bank of the Tennessee that morning I would have—"

"Strung me up; I know," I said. "I always knew that."

"Well, something like that, at any rate." He looked at me a moment, and then, with some new impulse, he said: "Come with me."

"We went upstairs and into a room where men were smoking. There in a chair surrounded by many admirers was a middle-aged, bearded, stocky man, smoking a very black cigar. I recognized him, of course, and in an instant General Hutchins was saying:

"General Grant, allow me to present Mr. Davenport."

"General Grant gave me his hand, and then General Hutchins, in fewer words than I have employed, told him the story. He listened with interest, even smiled, and at the end he took my hand and said:

"You served Hutchins just right!"

The conclusion of his experience lifted Davenport out of the depression into which the memories auxiliary to that experience, rather than the experience itself, had cast him, and he laughed once more that laugh that told of his determination to be free from care. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and pushed back his chair.

"But, Mr. Davenport," said the Northern major, "you haven't told us—whatever became of the buried treasure?"

Davenport paused; there was a perceptible change, but he laughed that laugh again and said:

"Oh—that story—not to-night, please. I think, gentlemen, that I'll stroll up to the Casino and watch the young folks dance."

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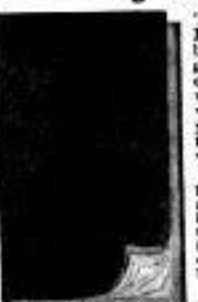
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## "WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT"

(Continued from Page 11)

delectation, which I have called 'A Reverie in Purple'—a poor thing, but mine own." He draws out a large roll of manuscript and reads:

"Ah, Life, thou brings't me little joy,  
Thou brings't me only pain;  
Thou art'st a hollow, shallow toy  
Mix't up with sordid gain.  
Thou'st lasts a few, short, weary years  
And then we get'st surcease—  
So off with dreary, darkling fears  
That in our souls do crease,  
And from Lethe's stream now quaff with me  
And join in my Purple Reverie."

Whereupon Mr. Childers reads forty-seven more stanzas of his poem, each stanza telling of some new phase of his reverie, which is a fine, sloppy, sentimental reverie. As he recites the lines:

"And in emblossomed floral bowers  
When soul met soul in purple light"

there is a loud cry of "Mush! Mush! Mush!" This rather disconcerts the poet, and he hurries through his remaining stanzas, while the young men at the end table chant: "Mush! Mush! Mush-mush-mush!"

The Toastmaster (severely): "I regret that any of our company so far forgot themselves as to be rude to Mr. Childers, whom, I am sure, we all thank for his beautiful poem, which is very uplifting; but, as the hour is growing late, I will be brief in my introductory remarks and only say that we have with us to-night that celebrated rancorator, I should say rancorator, Mr. Claude Chestnutt, who has kindly consented to tell us a few stories. Mr. Chestnutt."

Mr. Chestnutt is discovered to be a short, stout gentleman, very self-possessed, who moves back to the end of the hall so everybody can see him, and begins a long and involved story about a negro, a mule, two white men and a cotton field. He describes the negro with imitations, the mule with imitations, the white men with imitations, and the cotton with imitations. After he has talked half an hour he begins cautiously leading up to the point of his story, putting in all the detail he can think of, and using five or six dialects, including one for the mule. This is the way it comes out:

"Scipio, you black rascal, did you-all mail that letter that was on my desk this morning?"

"Yassir, yassir, I reckon I done mail um."

"But, you black idiot, didn't you-all see it had no address on it?"

"Well, massa, I dun 'spect it wux one 'f dem 'nonnymus letters."

Mr. Chestnutt pauses for his laugh, assuming a sort of a Geel-I-can-do-better-than-that air. Then he says: "Now I'll give you a short, new one I heard the other day. Two Irishmen eating together. One takes the mustard pot and puts a spoonful of mustard in his mouth. He begins to cry. 'Whot are yez cryin' about?' asks the other Mick. 'Sure, I'm cryin' because my poor father's did an' gone.' The other Mick puts a big spoonful of mustard in his mouth and begins to cry. 'Whot are yez cryin' for?' 'Sure, I'm cryin' because ye didn't die whin y'r father did.'"

Judge Bolus and Mr. Skinnem laugh violently. "I hadn't heard it before for fifty years," says the Judge, gasping.

A Voice: "That'll be about all, Chestnutt!"

Mr. Chestnutt looks around in an aggrieved manner and goes to his seat.

The Toastmaster: "And now, gentlemen—now—we shall have the treat of the evening. We have with us to-night a guest whom I have purposely reserved to the last, to top off this feast of reason and flow of soul, as the poet says, to make this the most notable banquet ever held by this society. I refer, of course, to United States Senator Demosthenes Butt, who has honored us with his presence and who will speak on that inspiring topic: 'The Stars and Stripes.' Senator Butt."

The Senator had been sitting in a bored attitude for two hours. Now he brightens perceptibly, rises, bows to the Toastmaster and to the remaining diners and says, orotundly: "Mr. Toastmaster"—then he pauses for a moment, sweeps the room with

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his eyes and says, "and gentlemen: I have been highly edified this evening by the brilliant addresses I have heard, and I feel somewhat abashed" (pauses to let that sink into them; everybody laughs the sort of a laugh that means they all know what he can do when he lets out)—"I feel somewhat abashed in rising before you. Had I the legal clarity of vision of my friend, Judge Bolus" (bows to the Judge), "or the eloquence of my friend, Congressman McGuff" (bows to McGuff), "I might, with better grace, presume on your patience; but as I am not so highly gifted I crave your forbearance, and say to you, in all sincerity, that whatever shortcomings I may have will be shortcomings of the head and not of the heart.

"Gentlemen, when Freedom tore the azure robe of night and set the stars in glory there, there was created a banner of light that shall ever proudly wave as the emblem of the free. Those stripes of glorious red and milky white, those stars set on that gorgeous field of blue, the gonfalon of liberty, the standard of freedom, the pledge given by our forefathers and gallantly maintained by ourselves, that never in this country shall there be a throne, that never in this country shall there be aught but that life that is liberty and that liberty that is life.

"From where the great Atlantic surges on the rocky shores of our eastern coast to where the soft Pacific taps, with fairy fingers, the golden sands of our western shore, from the ultramarine and pellucid depths of the Great Lakes to the balmy breezes that blow over the tiny and odorous wavelets of the green-embosomed Gulf, from where the Mississippi rises to where, the Queen of Rivers, she gives her largess to the ocean tides, from the pines of Maine to the cypresses of Florida, from the ruddy orchards of Washington to the gleaming gold of the orange groves of California—from North to South, from East to West, there rises the grand, antiphonal chorus, that mingles with the music of the rolling spheres, that mighty psalm of praise and thanksgiving, that joyous anthem of the blest:

"Hail! banner of freedom, blue and white and red. Hail! flag of deeds and destiny, spangled with shimmering stars. Hail! gonfalon of glory, my flag—your flag—OUR FLAG—hail! thrice hail! Never, never, NEVER shall your glorious folds be furled; never, never, NEVER shall you wave over aught but a free country and a free people, now and forevermore!"

Senator Butt sinks into his seat, overcome with emotion. Everybody sings America. The crowd goes out. The dinner is over.

In the cloakroom: "That was fine what the Senator said, wasn't it?"

"Yes; what was it?"

"I forget."

## Recognition

"O Friend of other days"—  
You start, at our first meeting,  
To hear the cordial greeting,  
And search the past for warrant of the phrase.  
"My soul," you say, "have I forgot  
Some memorable hour and spot  
When, with long-clasping hand  
And confident demand,  
Mine eye its tribute took  
In level, lingering look?  
Or, in some age of yore  
Trod we this path before?"

But why look back for treasure? Many a star

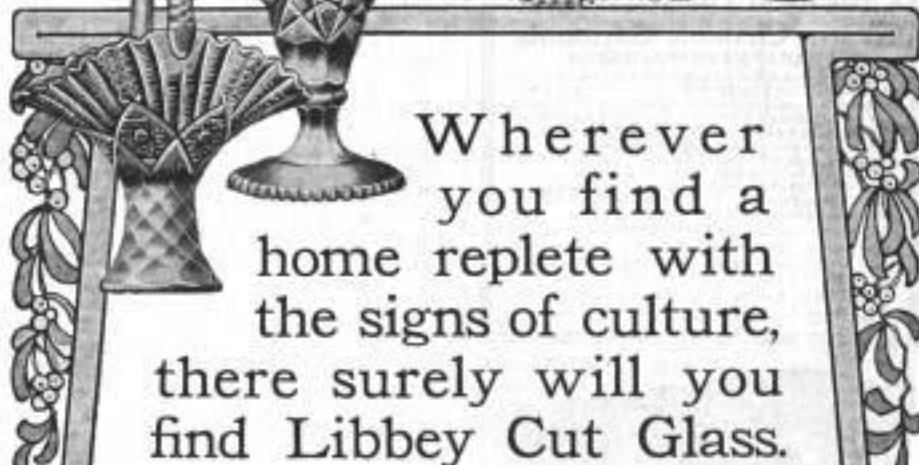
Was undiscovered once. Our choicest good  
Was erst an unseen angel; long she stood  
So near we knew not and esteemed it far,  
For what to her was veil to us was bar.  
No, not quite yet that moment, rich but dumb,  
Of friendship's truth the sum.

We tread the same path toward it: we but hear

The inland tide to know the ocean near.  
'Tis to the future, not the past, must be  
Your staunchest loyalty,

O Friend of other days—to come!

—Robert Underwood Johnson.

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MIL-Standard Mfg. Co., 948 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.

## THE TRIPLE CROSS

(Concluded from Page 19)

whisper. "We've got to make a get-away or go up. They're fierce on us here if the pinch once comes."

"Hello, boys," broke in a third new voice, and then the real shock came. The third new voice was not in the play at all, and the consternation it wrought was more than ludicrous.

Wallingford, drawing back for a moment, was nearly knocked off his feet by fat Badger Billy's dashing past him through that door to the back stairway, closely followed by Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Phelps was trailed almost as closely by the gaunt man of the badge. Glancing toward the door, Mr. Wallingford smiled beatifically. The cause of all this sudden exodus was huge Harvey Willis, in his blue suit and brass buttons and helmet, with a club in his hand, who, making one dive for the husky, red-faced man as he, too, was bent on disappearing, whanged him against the wall with a blow upon the head from his billy; and as the red-faced man fell over, Harvey grabbed the black bag. The crash of a breaking water-pitcher from the adjoining room, the shrill voice of a protesting and frightened landlady as she came tearing up the stairs, and the clamor of one of those lightning-collected mobs in front of the house around the patrol-wagon, created a diversion in the midst of which Harvey Willis started out into the hall, a circumstance which gave the dazed, red-faced man an opportunity to stagger down the back stairway and out through the alley after his companions, whom Wallingford had already followed. They were not waiting for him, by any means, but this time were genuinely interested in getting away from the law, each man darkly suspicious of all the others, and Wallingford, alone, serene in mind.

In the hall, Willis, with a grin, thrust the black bag into his big pocket, and turned his attention to the terrified landlady and his brother officer of the wagon, who was just then mounting the stairs.

"Case of plain coke jag," he explained, and burst into the noisy room, from which the two presently emerged with the shrieking and inebriated man who had been brought upstairs but a short while before.

In Wallingford's room that night, Blackie Daw was just packing up to go to Boston in the morning, when Harvey Willis, now off duty, came up with the little black bag, which he dropped upon the table, sitting down in one of the big chairs and laughing hugely.

"Mr. Daw, shake hands with Mr. Willis, a friend of mine from Filmore," said Wallingford. "Order a drink, Daw."

As he spoke he untied the bag, and, taking its lower corners, sifted the mixture of cards and greenbacks upon the table. Daw, in the act of shaking hands, stopped with gaping jaws.

"What in Moses is that?" he asked. "Merely a little contribution from your Broadway friends," Wallingford explained with a chuckle. "Harvey, what do I owe out of this?"

"Well," said Harvey, sitting down again and naming over the cast of characters on his fingers, "there's seven dollars for the room, and the tinner I gave Sawyer to go down on Park Row and hunt up a coke jag. Sawyer gets fifty. We ought to slip a twenty to the wagon-man. Sawyer will have to pay about a ten-case note for broken furniture, and I suppose you'll want to pay this poor coke dip's fine. That's all, except me."

"Ninety-seven dollars, besides the fine," said Wallingford, counting it up. "Suppose we say a hundred and fifty to cover all expenses, and about three hundred and fifty for you. How would that do?"

"Fine!" agreed Harvey. "Stay right here and keep me busy at the price."

"Not me," said Wallingford warmly. "I only did this because I was peevish. I don't like this kind of money. It isn't honest money. I don't know how Phelps and Banting and Teller got this money."

Blackie Daw came solemnly over and shook hands with him.

"Stay amongst our midst, J. Rufus," he pleaded. "We need an infusion of live ones on Broadway. Our best workers have grown jaded and effete, and our reputation is suffering. Stay, oh, stay."

"No," refused J. Rufus positively. "I don't want to have anything more to do with crooks!"

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## "Pardon, You are Mademoiselle Girard!"

(Concluded from Page 23)

She was silent again. I understood that her conscience was a more formidable drawback than her penury.

"Monsieur, I said that you had asked me for a humiliating story—that I had poignant memories connected with La Voix. Here is one of them.

"I set myself to override her scruples—to render this girl false to her employers! Many men might have done so without remorse. But not a man like me. I am naturally high-minded, of the most sensitive honor. Even when I conquered at last, I could not triumph. Far from it! I blamed the force of circumstances furiously for compelling me to sacrifice my principles to my purse. Hein? I am no adventurer."

Enfin, the problem now was, where was I to hide her? Her portmanteau she had deposited at a railway station. Should we have it removed to another room, or to a pension? Both plans were open to objections—a room would necessitate her still challenging discovery in restaurants; and at a pension she would run risks on the premises. A pretty kettle of fish if she was spotted while I was holding for the rise!

We debated the point exhaustively. And, having yielded, she displayed keen intelligence in arranging for the best. Finally she declared:

"Of the two things, a pension is to be preferred. Install me there as your sister! Remember that people picture me a wanderer and alone; therefore, a lady who is introduced by her brother is in small danger of being recognized as Mademoiselle Girard."

She was right, I perceived it. We found an excellent pension, where I was unknown. I presented her as "Mademoiselle Henriette Durand, my sister." And, to be on the safe side, I engaged a private sitting-room for her, explaining that she was somewhat nervous.

Good! I waited breathless now for every edition of La Voix, thinking that her price might advance even sooner. But she closed at three thousand francs daily. Girard stood firm, but there was an upward tendency. Every afternoon I called on her. She talked about that conscience of hers again, sometimes, and it did not prove quite so delightful as I had expected when I paid a visit. Especially when I paid a bill as well.

"Monsieur, my disposition is most liberal. But when I had been mulcted in the second bill, I confess that I became a trifle downcast. I had prepared myself to nourish the girl wholesomely, as befitted the circumstances, but I had said nothing of vin superieur, and I noted that she was ordering it like water. The list of extras in those bills gave me the jumps, and the charges made for scented soap were nothing short of an outrage.

"Well, there was but one more week to bear now, and during the week I allowed her to revel. This, though I was approaching embarrassments re the rent of my own attic!

"How strange is life! Who shall foretell the future? I had wrestled with my self-respect, I had nursed an investment which promised stupendous profits were I capable of carrying my scheme to a callous conclusion. But could I do it? Did I claim the prize, which had already cost me so much? Monsieur, you are a man of the world, a judge of character; I ask you, did I claim the prize, or did I not?"

I regarded him, his irresolute mouth, his receding chin, his unquenchable thirst for absinthe. I paid no compliments. I said: "You claimed the prize."

"You have made a howler," he answered. "I did not claim it. The prize was claimed by the wife of a piano-tuner, who had discovered Mademoiselle Girard employed in the artificial flower department of the Printemps. I read the blood-curdling news at nine o'clock on a Friday evening; and at nine-fifteen, when I hurled myself, panic-stricken, into the pension, the impostor who had tricked me out of three weeks' board and lodging had already done a bolt. I have never had the joy of meeting her since."

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## Extremes of Temperature Cannot Affect Contents of THERMOS BOTTLES

With a Thermos Bottle you can keep liquids steaming hot in the coldest weather or ice cold in the hottest weather,—at home for luncheons, nursery or sick-room—or when outdoors any time.

**Keeps Liquids Ice Cold For 3 Days**

Richard Harding Davis carried ice in Thermos Bottles into the heart of the Congo jungles in Africa for first time.

### The Ideal Gift

for holidays, weddings, birthdays—a gift of value to man, woman or child.

### The Thermos Jar

keeps solid foods like bottle keeps liquids—hot or cold as desired.

**Keeps Liquids Steaming Hot 24 Hours**

Perry keeps liquid nourishment steaming hot in Thermos Bottles in the Arctic regions.

Beware of imitations and infringements. If dealer can't supply you we will on receipt of price. Pints \$3.75, quarts \$5.75.

Write for Booklet.

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of New York

523 Fifth Avenue  
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I make a specialty of the Die Stamped Stationery for personal correspondence. My new system enables me to furnish this high-grade stationery for less than one-third the price others ask. Hundreds of pleased customers all over the U. S. express delight and surprise at the low price and high quality of my stationery. All I ask is a small trial order—send me 50c for a sample lot of Letter Paper, Envelopes and Postcards Die Stamped with your Monogram or Initial—I guarantee not only to please and surprise you, but that you could not duplicate the value elsewhere for three times the price. If you don't care to order a sample lot, write me anyway; let me send my samples. I also make all kinds of business and professional stationery, visiting cards, etc.

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## All Safety Razor Blades 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>c

Including all double-edged blades especially. You can't afford to throw away your dull blades. We sterilize, resharpen and return your own blades better than new at this trifling cost. State make of blades and we will send you a convenient mailing package free. Write today. Address **KENNEDY CO., 600 Kennedy Bldg., Chicago**



Stamp Album with 528 Genuine Stamps, including Rhodesia, Congo (Hart), China (Dragon), Fannin (Hatched), Jamaica (Waterfall), etc., only 15c. Agts. wanted. 50c per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare stamps worth 30c. All Free! We Pay Stamps. C. E. Newman Co., Dept. B-1, St. Louis, Mo.





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For a bang up good smoke try

## Frishmuth's Cube Mixture Tobacco

It's packed in the handy box that fits the hip pocket. Can always have it with you just as clean and fresh as originally packed. All its original moisture and flavor retained.

A cool, satisfying smoke that will not bite the tongue. It's a cube-cut tobacco.

10 Cents a Box

Try and get it from your dealer; if he hasn't it send us 10 cents and we will send you a full size box.

FRISHMUTH BROS. & CO., Inc.,  
17th Street and Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.  
The Oldest Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the Country.

## Congress Cards.



Gold edges. 50c. per pack. 90 picture backs, dainty colors and gold.

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40 regulation backs. Most durable 25c. card made. More sold than all others combined.

New 200-page book, "Card Games and How to Play Them," latest rules. Sent prepaid for 6 flap ends from Bicycle card boxes or 15c. in stamps.  
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 10, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

### \$3.75 BEST-YETTE STORM CAPE

Well-made, of strong, silky waterproof fabric—plaid-lined hood. Complete protection from cold and rain. Red, Dark Blue, Golden Brown or Tan.

Ask your dealer for the "Best-Yette" storm cape, or send \$3.75 for cape, express prepaid. Give child's age.

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FOR BOYS. A 2c stamp sent today will bring you our interesting 32-Page Catalog, full of illustrations and descriptions of all manner of electrical appliances—Motors, Dynamos, Transformers, Telegraph Instruments, "Wireless," Lamps, Flashlights, Miniature Electric Railways, etc. Every boy should have this book—it's the greatest electrical educational experience ever produced—just in time for the Holidays—contains hundreds of valuable suggestions for Xmas gifts. Prices low. A 2c stamp gets it—send today to:

**Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co.**  
Post Building, Baltimore, Md.

## Our Practical Cousins

A Shilling Turned is a Luxury Earned

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

THE English have always been accused of taking their pleasures seriously, but that trait is the merest circumstance to the seriousness with which they take money-matters, large and small. In the first place, it is to them a deadly earmark of vulgarity and inexperience (particularly American) to spend any money carelessly or to pay a bill without first scrutinizing its details most carefully. The habit is no doubt born of necessity, for Europe, including England, still has its elastic scale of charges. In London alone there are several smart restaurants where prices are omitted on the menu card. Almost all small shops and many large ones continue to mark their goods in private cipher. Deductions are obvious. There is one price for the new-rich (again particularly American), one for the person of title, and yet another for the One Who Knows. For example, the writer once had occasion to search for a special article at a milliner's. What the saleswoman had to show was not according to requirements. They mentioned the price of the substitute they offered. When this was seen to have no effect they reduced this price; and, finally, to one's intense disgust it was discovered that a genuine reluctance to take something one does not want was mistaken for a method of bargaining; and in this instance the price of the article was practically cut in half before the pestered customer could go out of the place.

So one learns, and a little later ventures to profit by the knowledge. On the next visit to a Bond Street shop something like this may happen. The prospective customer enters a furrier's to examine an article in the window; it is brought for her inspection and the price is named at eleven guineas. The enlightened—we will say—American, anxious to get through with an unpleasant type of shopping says, as shortly as may be, "Go and ask your manager what is the best price you can make for this; say it is for cash and I am in a hurry." The saleswoman returns to say that the price is seven guineas! This is an actual incident, and is, besides, a fair example of the general state of affairs. One London shop has for years practiced this pernicious custom at its Fifth Avenue branch, and more than one New York woman has been known to leave without purchasing, and never return, simply because she refused to be compelled to haggle in order to avoid overcharge.

Cosmopolitan Americans are often stared at with surprise or suspicion by their less experienced countrymen when they permit a sensible and practical habit acquired abroad to be applied to home incidents. It is right and proper to understand fully just what one is paying for, and to have no false sentiment about it; we have, as a nation, much to learn in such matters, but let us pray the day may never come when Americans will be so entirely practical as their neighbors across the water.

There are actually—it is no fiction—hundreds of retail firms who exist on the published fact that Lord This and Lady That "patronize" their shops, and these dear, perfectly-practical personages lend their names for a very positive *pro quo*. There are thousands of them often unpleasantly hard up, and they are always willing to turn an honest shilling or its equivalent, if it is "cricket," and running up enormous bills or lending one's name apparently is "cricket" in England. Of course the impression made on individuals or general public by the judicious use of a titled client's name does not always imply that these clients are of the non-paying class—far from it—but to fail to make capital out of the fact that one had such a client would be rank stupidity in English opinion; the manner in which one uses it is of no matter whatever.

I once happened to be one of several persons waiting in the reception-room of what is called a Nursing Home, something which corresponds to an American private

No Stropping

No Honing



## Give Him a Gillette Safety Razor for Christmas

HE will use it, never fear! And thank you from his heart every time he shaves.

Over two million men are using the Gillette—any one of them will tell you he would not be without it for ten times its cost.

Shaving is the old way is the base of a man's life. It means time wasted at the barber-shop—or tedious stropping and scraping with the old-fashioned razor, with the certainty of cuts and scratches if he is nervous or in a hurry. Besides, as you know, he is not always shaved when he ought to be.

The Gillette makes shaving easy. Takes only five minutes for a smooth, satisfying shave, no matter how rough the beard or tender the skin.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It is the one razor that is safe—cannot cut his face—and it is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

A man is conservative. He takes to the Gillette like a duck to water once he gets acquainted—but, as with other improvements, it sometimes takes a woman to lead him to it.

The Gillette makes a beautiful gift, with its triple silver-plated handle, in velvet lined, full leather case.

Standard set, as illustrated above, \$5.00. Combination sets, \$6.50 to \$50.00. Send for illustrated booklet today.

The Gillette is on sale at all leading jewelry, drug, cutlery, hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us.

New York  
Times Building

GILLETTE SALES CO.

206 Kimball Building, Boston

Chicago

Stock Exchange Building

Factories: Boston, London, Berlin, Paris, Montreal

## Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

### This Heat Regulator Saves on Your Coal

30 Days to Try—60 Days to Pay

Place it for yourself. We send it all ready to put up or 30 Days Free Trial to convince you it will do just what we say it will. Any one who can use a screw-driver can attach it to any furnace, steam or hot water heater.

The Chicago Heat Regulator keeps even heat, whether the weather outside be below zero or above boiling. That means health and 25% coal saved.

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"The Chicago" Heat Regulator Company  
Dept. 1, 43 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
Or, Ottumwa Mfg. Co., Canadian Agents, Ottumwa, Ont.

### 5 Acres \$100

Payable \$5 Monthly. Near Atlantic City, N. J.

Fertile soil especially adapted for fruits, truck and poultry. Excellent markets, near 3 main line railroads and 2 large manufacturing towns. Mild, healthful climate, pure water, early crops. Excellent shipping facilities to New York and Philadelphia. Write for booklet and map. White people only.  
Daniel Frazier Co., 682 Bailey Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Agents  
Wanted



Just the Thing for a Christmas Present

The Little Shaver Pencil Sharpener. For the office, home or school, practical, useful and ornamental. Shaves pencil to an blunt or fine point as you like without breaking the lead. Best postpaid on trial to responsible parties agreeing to return it postpaid or refund the price \$1.00. Better order a Little Shaver at once. Sold and mailed by E. L. McDuffie, P. O. Box 8, Balldisore, Ill.

### The Automatic Eye-Glass Holder

is the neatest and most convenient device made to hold glasses.

Chain winds up when not in use and prevents mislaying them. As a Christmas Present it is excellent. Sold by jewelers and opticians or postpaid direct from us. 50c up. Our free catalog describes 30 styles.

Ketcham & McDougall, 39 Maiden Lane

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### \$11.00 Starts You in Business

Operate Famous Machines. Combines selling chewing gum and merchandise. One machine and 100 gum can sell 1,000 extra gum \$1.50. Makes money anywhere. Pays for itself quickly—then 200% profit. Works for you like clock, day and night. Neat, accurate, well made. Sold outright. Immediate shipment.  
PREMIUM VENDING CO., Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.



### SOLID COMFORT! The Worth Cushion Shoe

A MATRESS FOR THE FOOT.  
Send postal for illustrated catalogue.  
THE CUMMINGS COMPANY  
486 V Washington St., Boston

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IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST BURGLAR INSURANCE

No mechanical skill required to fit it to any sash—the only tool necessary, a screw-driver. By merely shutting the window, IT LOCKS AUTOMATICALLY. You can sleep by the open window without sacrificing security, as it locks the sashes securely at any desired point when open from top or bottom or both. You can not forget to lock your window; it is always locked when open or shut.

### No Burglar's "Jimmy" Can Pry it Loose

It might splinter the sash to pieces, but the lock would hold. Cannot be picked from the outside—no knife can be inserted between the sashes to pry it. It is an entirely new principle and locks to stay locked. Draws sashes tightly together, no matter how far separated and

PREVENTS RATTLING OF WINDOWS

Fits any new or old style window and does not interfere with other sash locks which are already in use. Retail Price, 50 Cents, at all hardware dealers. If your dealer will not supply you, write us.

An interesting Booklet tells more about this wonderful burglar proof lock. Write for it today. It's free.  
Climax Lock & Ventilator Co., Dept. A, Ellicott Square, BUFFALO, N.Y.

Agents  
Wanted







## LAMB CHOPS

are given a delightful piquancy and flavor by adding

## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

An Ideal Sauce for Soups, Gravies, Stews, Fish, Cheese, Game and Salads.

Assists Digestion.

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The Accumulative Bond, compelling the saving of small sums. Purchasable in ten yearly payments and maturing in either 10 or 15 years, each payment earning 6 per cent. interest, compounded annually.

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The Coupon Gold Bond issued in multiples of \$100 at par, maturing in 10 years for the face value with 6 per cent. interest.

**An Ideal Investment—Because Safety—**Our Bonds are secured by the assets of the New York Central Realty Company, composed wholly of New York realty. As this realty is purchased in advance and is being constantly developed by us, it constitutes a steadily growing security of the highest order.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits \$1,250,000

We want agencies in every city and offer a liberal proposition to men of character.

Write for particulars.

## The ROCKAWAY



Coaster Safety Motion

### "Snowless Coasting"

Boys and Girls, Get a Rockaway. Runs on roller bearings. Can safely coast without snow anywhere a sled runs. No dragging feet. New guiding principle. Safety brake regulates speed. Send direct \$3.50; express prepaid send Rocky Mountain. Order from this ad; money back if not satisfied. Wholesale dealers, order by for Christmas.

Write for free booklet—"Snowless Coasting."

THE ROCKAWAY COASTER CO., 66 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets

From the Mill. We Pay Freight



Buy your rugs, carpets, blankets and curtains from the mill; save half the money these articles usually cost. Send for our new and handsomely illustrated catalogue, showing latest styles and designs in actual colors. Just think! We sell the well-known **REXAL** **EDGEM**, reversible, all-wool English, many patterns, for the remarkably low price of \$3.75. Our

**BRUSSELO ART RUG** at \$2.00 is the greatest rug value known. Flax quality of Lace Curtains, per pair, etc. and up. It will pay you to write today for our catalogue.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.  
2450-2460 Jasper St., Phila.

**Class and Fraternity Pin Jeweler**  
Loving Cups, Badges, Medals, and Watch Fobs  
Send for my free illustrated 1908 catalogue.  
**FREDERICK T. WIDMER, 33 West Street, Boston**

hospital. Into this room, wherein the occupants sat as restless and silent as they always are in waiting-rooms the world over, there bustled a tall, gaunt woman, looking very professional, so far as her neat uniform went. Her business was to tell one of the waiting clients that Miss —, proprietor and head nurse, was engaged and could not see her for half an hour.

Ineradicable habit, however, and the practical instinct of both proprietor and employee could never permit a golden opportunity such as this to pass unused. Therefore the business which concerned the head nurse and a possible patient must be shouted so that the whole roomful of people may be impressed with the fact that a duchess occupied the attention of Miss — at that moment. Three times in the delivery of a short message did that woman make it clear to all whom she intended it to concern that a duchess (which duchess was left unsaid) was being massaged.

The root of the custom is in deep; more correctly speaking, it is very high up, and begins with By Royal Warrant to His Majesty, which is a very costly form of advertising for any firm to embark upon. There are too many strings attached to the honor. It is much like having a title conferred. To write Sir before his name will have cost—say, the King's physician—two hundred pounds in court and other fees for the investiture, but is a good business investment in England, if the ambitious gentleman can afford to tie up so much real money and accept the social burden which follows.

Fortunately his present Majesty is most particular that tradesmen's and other bills shall be promptly paid by the household officials. Etiquette requires that a bill shall be rendered but once to Royalty.

Customs that prevail at country houses are often positively revolting to the "vulgar" provincial American newly introduced to such things. It is true that the inhospitable plague of excessive tipping has established itself in America for some time past, but I think in no degree as it exists in England among corresponding social sets—sets among whom visits are a finely-calculated exchange of values, at houses where, between the hostess' bridge table and the demands of her servants, a visit entails personal expenses quite equal to the most extravagant hotel; where, too, the show guests are often "persuaded" to come, and gowns are worn by certain influential women for exactly so much off the bill, if a new client is guided to its maker.

In a daily paper there appeared at frequent intervals, last June, an advertisement in which a "titled gentleman, with fine country manor and estate," announced that he was arranging a "house-party," for terms please apply. I do not imply that all or even many country house-parties are formed by such means, but it is certainly an example of eminently practical use for a noble house and title. Another advertisement, which appeared only twice, explained that a Lady who was expert at arranging menus and bridge would act as hostess for American family or bachelor. Highest credentials, no salary required.

A touch of English delicacy is introduced by a well-known actor invited to this year's garden-party, who advertised in the newspapers that he was prevented from obeying the commands of Majesty because the people commanded his presence at a certain provincial town, which was named. Sandwiched into the account of a banquet to some English Royalty visiting a foreign country will be the fact that So-and-So's mineral water served. "Why not?" says the practical editor. "That one line will pay the cost of the cable message." Quite in line with this is the way fashion papers in England, French-English editions included, will deliver over their reading pages en bloc and only report as fashionable such things as their advertisers are selling.

For downright unsentimental prudence the system of hiring out their homes to strangers must seem curious to American ideas. But the practical English mind sees nothing undesirable in it. High and low, they all do it, regardless of actual necessity. The beds in which their children have slept, and will again, their dearest books to be bent and thumbed by strange hands, the family china to be counted at so many shillings (or pounds) per dish, cracked or perfect as it may happen to be. To a simple American mind there has always been something akin to shame at the

# Kno-tair

## Merry Christmas Papa

Are your Hosiery as sheer as this

**YULETIDE is the TIME**  
To make those around YOU — HAPPY.  
What BETTER or more SUBSTANTIAL present can you give than a box of "Kno-tair" GUARANTEED Like-like hosiery?  
The kind that won't break through. GUARANTEED to wear and remain whole for SIX MONTHS or NEW ONES — FREE.  
Santa Claus will send a box of "Kno-tair" Men's or Women's any size or color to any address in the United States, enclosing a handsome Knox card with your name and the Season's Greetings, upon receipt of \$2.50 (Men's) \$3.50 (Women's) in any convenient way.  
More Comfort—Less Darning: That's the password for the coming year.  
Begin right—From the feet up.  
Pull on a pair of "Kno-tair" Hosiery.  
You'll be in it—Heels and Toes.  
For a half a year or more.  
Or better still—make it a YEAR.  
Buy a dozen pairs—You can't go wrong.  
Because we'll make it right.  
A year's supply of fine, strong, sheer hosiery, Black, Tan or Grey, half in Men's Cashmere if you want them—No other combination like "Kno-tair".  
And the dye never runs. Indes or cracks—Because we have our own peculiar method—You'll say so too when you become acquainted with "Kno-tair".  
We spin the yarn, knit the hosiery, dye to color, and sell it to you with a GUARANTEE.  
That's just as good as the hosiery we make—You can prove this for \$2.50.  
A trial box will prove this—Your Wife, Mother or Sister will accept it. Can we say more? It's up to you—Buy when. At the best stores everywhere, or if not represented in your town, write direct to M.L. Write now for booklet, "Kno-tair Knits." It's free.  
Representative dealers wanted in every town—Write now

**Men's Hosiery** is Black, Tan and Grey, fine like-like quality, sizes 7½ to 17½; packed one size, six pairs in a box (assorted colors if desired). Price \$2.50 the box. Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.  
**Women's Hosiery** is Black and Tan, fine like-like quality, "interlaced pattern" giving, sizes 6 to 16½; packed one size, six pairs in a box (assorted colors if desired). Price \$3.50 the box. Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.  
**Men's Cashmere Hosiery**, fine-combed Australian Wool, in Black only, sizes 7½ to 17½; packed one size, six pairs in a box. Price \$5.00 the box. Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.  
**Men's Pure Silk Like Hosiery**, made in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Heliotrope, all fashionable shades, sizes 7½ to 17½; packed one size, six pairs in a box (assorted colors if desired). Price \$3.50 the box. Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.  
**Women's Pure Silk Like Hosiery**, made in Black, White, Tan, On-Sand, Copenhagen, Green, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink, Sky Blue, all fashionable shades, sizes 6 to 16½; packed one size, six pairs in a box (assorted colors if desired). Price \$5.00 the box. Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.

**HOSIERY COMPANY** 13301 Westminister Ave. West Philadelphia

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## WORLD SHOEMAKERS

### FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

**"Wearers of Rice & Hutchins' Shoes are comfortably, tastefully and economically shod."**  
**There's a reason!**

A boot like this for man or boy is the best thing in footwear that money can buy for winter wear. Storm-proof, durable, warm and dry. Made in "All America" high cut blucher, 12 to 17-inch top, tan oil grain stock, with solid heavy soles.

**Price \$5.50 UP (ACCORDING TO LENGTH)**  
BY EXPRESS 50 CENTS EXTRA.

Our well-known Brands of Shoes are sold generally by Dealers throughout the U. S.

Write to-day for Our Family Footwear Catalogue.

**RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.**  
Dept. A, 10 and 12 High Street, Boston, Mass.

**BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEP CAUSE RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS and TENDERNESS of the feet, also legs, knees, and backache, and possibly deformity. The**

## C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT

will prevent all this.

**50 C. PER PAIR**

Your Dealer or by Mail. Give size shoe, Men's or Women's.

Shadow view showing steel arch through leather top

**The C & H ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.**

**Great Fun For 10c**

**SPECIAL OFFER!** To introduce my Big Catalogue of Toys, Games and Musical Novelties I will, on receipt of 10c, send you, all charges prepaid, the latest, sweetest, and funniest Musical Novelty you ever heard. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**STRAUSS, The Toy King**  
325 Broadway, Dept. 2, New York



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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.  
Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 12-5-08

## LIVING MUSIC BOX

Is the registered name for

A Cherry Melodist for Every Household.

Delightful Music for Everybody.

This is a special breed of music of Canada directly imported from our own best musicians in Germany. Their song is entirely different from the ordinary Canary, and far superior to anything you have ever heard. It is simply marvelous—how a little bird like this can bring forth such a volume of sweet, rich, melodious tones. They live about ten years. Obtainable only from us; sold direct at lowest price possible.

GUARANTEED SONGSTERS, \$5.

After various prices \$2.00 up. Sent by express anywhere in the United States or Canada. Live arrival guaranteed.

Beware of Imitations. Cager and Bird's inside wing must be stamped with our registered Trade-Mark, "Living-Music-Box."  
"Living-Music-Box" arrived in best condition after traveling 1000 miles. A boy brought him 12 miles from the Express Office and he sang most of the way in his bag. I know the notes of every bird in this country, but none equals my Little Man; the sweetest singer in America. *Just and Certain don't approach him.* Mrs. J. W. BETHEL.

Large Illustrated Catalogue and Proof Free.

MAX GEISLER BIRD CO., Dept. A, Omaha, Neb.

Largest Mail Order Bird House in the World. Estab. 1880.

thought of letting unknown persons take possession of their sacred personal home for the sake of a few extra dollars, but not all our English cousins. The cold fact is that many who own their town house could not possibly have their country one unless they did let one or the other each season to some stranger, of late years so often the despised American. Many an old family must let its shooting, ancestral home and all, once every few years in order to keep the thing going at all; but the advent of the stranger is not in any degree the bitter pill it would be to a less practical nation.

One may go into almost any "great" house by the mere payment of a fee to the porter and housekeeper. Indeed, few things give the newcomer more of a shock than to realize that, granted the fact one may enter at all, the dignified person in black silk is anxiously awaiting one's five-shilling tip. Tips are the time-honored heritage of the lower classes, from the waiter in a public restaurant, who, as it is well known, rarely has a regular wage but depends entirely upon gratuities, to the man who comes to one's house to read the gas meter, or the carpenter who is working for no master but himself. I am told that even a policeman will not disdain to take one's "tuppence," though I have never tried to prove it. "Why not?" they say. "You have more than we." But the whole thing is pitiful in the extreme, for it means not only an inherited servility but an unconscious conviction that they always will be where they are now.

There are many good points about class distinctions; even an inexperienced American can see that by such means much restlessness of spirit may be avoided, but it develops many side issues that are apt to make him impatient. It may be a 'bus conductor, earning thirty shillings a week, who stands in front of a passenger and says "Thank you" repeatedly, until you discover that that is the formula by which he asks for your fare. This is an instance chosen at random, yet even in this one example there is a whole volume of inference. So long, however, as he can be kept in his place, even by foolish formulas, anything is expedient. Every one, in fact, must be kept in his place, otherwise the whole social fabric would disintegrate. It would certainly never do for the lower classes to be able to drop their caste like an old coat. The marks must be so firmly ingrained that they stick forever, like a visible label. At an English railway station there came to the door of a first-class carriage an old man and woman. External proclaimed them to be thoroughly decent, self-respecting persons. The man was not traveling, but the woman, somewhat feeble, was provided with the ticket that entitled her to travel in English luxury. Though she would have been much more comfortable in a second-class carriage, a seat in the first was hers by every reasonable right; and yet a respectable-looking old man stood there in the door and actually whined: "Please make room for a poor old woman!" That was "their place."

Again, if I, who must be my own housekeeper, should venture into my own kitchen once a day, for what I consider good and sufficient reason, I know perfectly well that my cook will announce to my neighbor's cook or to my own upstairs maid that her mistress is certainly "no class"; she may even tell me so to my face if she chances to get drunk. An American friend told me of her disgust at the condition of a furnished house she proposed to hire. "Does not your mistress ever come downstairs to see for herself?" asked she of the servant who "went" with the house. "Oh, my, no," exclaimed the woman; "Mrs. — is a real lady."

Really, taking it altogether, Americans are an awful lot of bother over in Europe, what with their insistence on warm rooms, baths and fresh linen, and wanting to take all the best things away with them to a place like America!

Quite naturally they recognize that, if the Americans are to have anything nice or mellow at all, they must come over here to get it, and it is particularly kind and prudent to make the process of buying and selling as mutually interesting as is possible.

But during this past summer there has gone up a large and dismal howl all over Europe from shop and hotel proprietors. The worm has turned. Their despised and succulent prey, the Rich American, has

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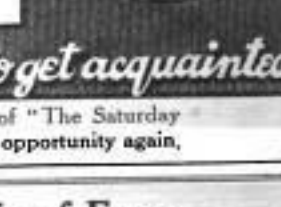
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begun to open its eyes. Although America genuinely had its money troubles and millions of us were obliged to economize, strangely, the outgoing steamers were as full as ever when sailing dates came round. The travelers landed in due time and swarmed, as usual, all over the place; but if mass meetings had been held in advance and solemn resolutions passed, no more concerted action could possibly have been effected than what actually did come to pass. With one accord the visitors all cried poor. When all the hundreds of thousands of harpies who live solely for and by the hordes of American visitors held out their welcoming arms this year they got sadly disappointed, and "my word," but they needed the lesson. "Dear me, no," said everybody; "we are all poor this year; don't dare to ask me such prices." And the harpies wrung their hands and told the true ones. "Mein Gott! they come, these peoples, but they buy not," was an anguished plaint that went forth in many languages, and this autumn great London cries poor in consequence. As for the continental hotel proprietor, he spreads his hands and rolls his eyes after the fashion of his class and cries that "If next year is as same we are reu-eeend!"

In one way the year of American economy has had good results. Never again will the knowing American traveler submit to quite such extortion as we have been used to; besides which, the hotel and shopkeepers were getting to think they had a right to our money; they felt abused if it did not come their way. This year, if they did not get positive refusals to pay exorbitant prices, they got at least reduced orders. London tailors tell one tale of regular customers whose annual orders were for ten to fifteen suits; this year they would order three, or perhaps none. And London mourns, because West End trade is bad as bad can be; translated, this means that the cash business of June, July and August was alarmingly curtailed. The unfortunate thing is that all this reacts on a large class of innocent persons.

But woe betide the Englishman who, in his distress, borrows help from his more fortunate countryman. He may get what he needs, because the English are sympathetic and really kind, however much they may resent being caught in their emotional moments; but the borrower has nailed down his own social coffin unless he be unusually swift in erasing the debt. The great fetish is to be "on your own," and this leads to curious bypaths of self-help that are quite too shady to attract the people of a nation born to sunshine and the bigness of things. Some of these I have touched upon, others it is kindest to leave unsaid, but the strong feeling against lending money among friends and acquaintances is due, greatly, to the instinctive feeling that when a man is down, in the older countries, he is down to stay. In America it is different, for while no one loves the habitual borrower, every one does know that he who borrows to-day may be in a position to lend to-morrow. Of course, it is a perfectly just and eminently practical feeling that resents whatever may tend to break up the smoothly-running associations of years, one which is necessary and does exist everywhere; but in England the subject is looked upon with so much seriousness, and such quaint customs grow out of the insistence that one must be "on their own," and with such cool assumption that every one else must see things in the same light, that one is bound to notice, and sometimes even to smile.

If a man says, "Come on and have a drink," he by no means implies that he intends to pay for two. If one man says to another, "I wish you would go to the theatre with me to-night," it is very unlikely to be an invitation, as we understand it; the invited one may expect to get a little note in a day or two asking for the price of the ticket, if he has so far failed to understand the rules of the game. Friends may ask you out to their country clubs. In the course of the afternoon you are asked to sign the visitors' book, and at the same time you are likely to be told in a perfectly matter-of-course manner that there is a shilling to pay. People may invite you to motor with them for a day's run, but that does not mean they invite you to luncheon. Each of the party will be quite comfortably and composedly "on his own."

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THE first thing any man of wealth who is an intelligent investor considers is the security of his fortune. Only the men who are rich to-day and poor to-morrow operate on any other plan. The question of increase is the second consideration. But the matter of security is first and foremost with every man who is sound and shrewd enough to deserve to be called a successful investor.

And he does not consider the question of security in a piecemeal fashion, with reference to each single investment as it comes along; on the other hand, he looks at it in a big, broad way in relation to his fortune as a whole. And this is the only sane way in which to look at it. Every bank has its sinking-fund, its undivided surplus. So has every big corporation which is soundly managed. What does this mean? Simply precaution, protection against the unforeseen emergency, a level-headed regard for the security of the enterprise taken as a whole.

So with the private investor: he must look ahead to the unexpected emergency and provide for it so that he may not be caught napping, so that some unexpected depression in business, some streak of hard luck, may not take him off his guard, with reference to certain particular investments, and thus force him, from a temporary disadvantage, to impair his fortune as a whole.

Undoubtedly there is a deadly sameness in the general plans and methods which men of wealth follow in providing for this matter of security. The rich man first puts a large proportion of his available fortune into first-lien securities, which are not only as sound and solid as the eternal hills, but are also in such constant demand that you can always get ready money for them. In most of the States of this country the laws are very stringent as to how trust funds may be invested. Broadly speaking, they have a tendency to compel the investors of trust funds to buy high-priced securities which pay only a small percentage of interest or return.

This fact alone helps to make a steady market for these first-lien securities, which pay a low interest rate—say, three to four per cent. Times have to be mighty tight when there are not enough trustees and other very cautious buyers in the field to make a reliable market for the tip-top securities.

This, of course, means that the investor who has the foundation of his structure laid on this kind of securities can always turn enough of them into cash to meet his necessities. This is what they are there for—at least this is the main reason. So far as the securities which go into this kind of a sinking-fund are concerned they should be absolutely the best of the first-lien order, and this means a return of about four per cent., or less.

As to what portion of his fortune an investor should put into these high-grade securities depends very largely upon the man—but it should not be less than one-half. If the investor is not too ambitious and too active, and if he is content to take life comparatively easy, he will do well to put every dollar of his resources into this highest type of securities. This is on the assumption that his fortune is large enough to give him all he requires for his expenses—and a little more—at three to four per cent. interest. Then, if death overtakes that man, his affairs will be in the best possible shape.

And right in this connection it is interesting to make a list of the men you know who have had fortunes and lost them—fortunes which would have given their owners a comfortable and perhaps a luxurious living if "planted" in the best securities. Every community has its group of these families. Hardly any country town is so small that it has not a few persons who are pointed out as having once been rich, but who are now in the thick of the struggle for a livelihood.

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However, I know that this is the way in which to get ahead fast, if you are equipped for the campaign with the sense that can see a bargain and the information necessary to measure the conditions. Seeing the success of this plan, as my friend followed it, I adopted it for my own, and I have seldom, if ever, had to take a loss, while the profits have been much better than the best of interest rates.

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# FRANZ LEHÁR

(COMPOSER OF THE MERRY WIDOW)

By William Armstrong

FRANZ LEHÁR started out to write serious music, mellowed into operetta with Viennese Women, and crossed the borders of world-fame with The Merry Widow. Lehár has within him indisputable power for serious things, but, personally, I think he has done both art and humanity a better service in his present gay mood; more composers have already put the world to sleep than have lived to awaken it.

In the campaign of 1859, between Austria and Italy, there was a Franz Lehár, a regimental musician, who composed, on the field of Gustoza, a march that has since become a war-cry of Austria. The son of a line of Hungarian peasants, with good fighting blood in his veins, he passed a sturdy spirit and the musical gift on to his son, the Franz Lehár of present operetta achievements. The boy's birthplace was Komorn, in Hungary, and the date, April 30, 1870.

In his cradle-days he was what the German humorists call a "knapsack child" (Tornistenkind), a sobriquet given to the infants of soldiers constantly bundled from post to post, the father in this case being transferred with such frequency from one garrison town to conduct the band of another that the new Franz had scarcely time to cut teeth-between journeys.

One day, at six years old, Franz emerged from an obscure corner and suspicious silence with his first little song. At four he had been able to put an accompaniment to any melody and in any key; to play on a piano with the keyboard covered with cloth; to take a given theme and improvise on it. Enough indications to assure a profitable prodigy to his struggling family; but good sense nipped the suggestion.

Of his brief schooldays at Budapest Lehár says that, had he not been able to play the harmonium in "singing hour," he does not know how things would have gone with him.

He was a dreamer of melodies that whispered all day in fascinating cadences foreign to the three R's; they sang still, loudly enough to drown both conscience and ancient history, in a fruitless year at the high school at Sternberg; then it became music or nothing.

Only twelve when he left home for the conservatory at Prague, he was entered as a violin pupil, and, instead of practicing, promptly began to compose. In the conservatory orchestra he was assigned the post of triangle player; there he heard the works of Smetana, Fibich and Dvorak, that set new melodies in his own brain to tingling. The violin went into silence for days at a time, while he put down a constantly lengthening procession of notes upon paper.

Called before the director for neglecting his chosen instrument, Lehár was given the choice of forsaking his studies in composition with Fibich or leaving the conservatory.

"Keep to your violin," wrote back his father, to whom he had appealed; "you must have a means of support."

"Hang your violin on a nail and stick to composing," said Dvorak, to whom he had submitted two sonatas. Brahms, the great composer, after scanning these works, confirmed the encouragement.

Oftentimes in those days the scant allowance from home had made hunger an intimate; once Franz Lehár, the boy, fell

unconscious from it in the streets of Prague. But when his mother visited him briefly he had the courage to keep from her even a hint of it; only in the moment of her leaving, as the train moved out from the station, and the

phantom of loneliness made that other clutching phantom too strong to fight, he ran along the platform crying, "Mother! Mother!" She, poor woman, understanding only too well the agony conveyed in his cry of despair, tried to jump out of the quickly-gliding train to the little figure trotting along on the platform beside it.

Then life went on again, as it has gone on before and since, for the boy with a gift too great for money to buy, but with scarcely enough of money itself to buy bread.

That troubled him less than the hours he had to sacrifice to practice, as his father had ordered—hours that meant others stolen from sleep that the long procession of notes might keep on upon paper.

In 1888, when he was eighteen, he was given his certificate as violinist, and the Prague days were ended. In his heart he treasured, and still treasures, as best memory of them, the lessons that Dvorak and Fibich gave him, helping him out of the chrysalis to wings of his own.

To his first engagement as concertmeister at the combined theatres of Barmen-Elberfeld he took with him twelve hundred pounds of manuscript compositions. "I remember the exact amount," said Lehár, smiling, "because of the frightfully high freight rate."

With a salary of thirty-seven dollars a month life had begun; but his composing was now temporarily ended. Performances were given alternately at the two theatres; symphony concerts, opera and operetta jostled each other, with endless rehearsals wedged in between; one single song was all that he found time to write there. Unable longer to support it, one day between dark and dawn he departed, leaving a broken contract behind by way of good-by.

For ten happy months after that he lived in Vienna, a member of the Fifteenth Regiment Band, which his father conducted. There was a living in it, and, to Lehár, more important still, there was, between rehearsals, concerts and marching at the head of the regiment, time for composing. Many marches, dances, a Romance for violin, and a hymn for the unveiling of the Grilparzer monument in the Volksgarten, were written then.

The fate of the "knapsack child" fell to him for many a year after that, but those brief months fixed in Lehár an affection for Vienna and Viennese life that made it his home as surely as if he had been born there.

There is a beautiful season in youth when one is driven by the motor of energy to perpetual work, as the boy is driven to play. With Lehár this season came in the mud-paved isolation of Losonez, a townlet in upper Hungary, where at twenty he donned the Austrian uniform as kapellmeister of the garrison band. The situation was not alluring; the peasant players were musical with Hungarian intuitiveness, and ended at that. Lehár set out to make them musicians, giving them lessons between rehearsals. To his credit and theirs they grew to be one of the best bands in the Empire, but it was when Lehár took up his violin and led some passionate Hungarian



Franz Lehár

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melody that they swept things most com-  
pletely; the power and magnetism in his  
playing would carry any audience as com-  
pletely to-day. It was that gift which was  
the cause of his departure from Losoncz.  
Utterly wearied, he was seated at supper at  
a restaurant where his band had played  
a long concert that evening. A waiter  
brought him word from a staff-officer that  
he wanted to hear his favorite melody  
played by Lehár. Tired out, his rage was  
too strong for restraint. "Tell him," was  
the answer, "that I am no gipsy leader,  
and if he wants me to play the violin he  
must come and ask me himself."

After that, to the regret of the many  
friends he had made there, nothing re-  
mained for him to do, under the existing  
military exactions, but resign.

All this self-imposed toil at Losoncz had  
left little time for composing. One opera,  
The Cuirassier, was partly written there,  
and another, Rodrigo, completed and en-  
tered in a contest at Coburg-Gotha for a  
prize, which it failed to receive. With that  
his probation ended, for his next opera,  
Kukuska, written at his succeeding post as  
conductor of the single marine orchestra of  
Austria, was produced at Leipzig.

As he was brought out many times that  
night, Lehár experienced distinction with  
empty pockets; that day his few valuables  
had been pawned that he might live over  
the twenty-four hours of a triumph. One  
unforgettable happiness, however, Kukuska  
brought him, though sorrow went with it.  
Getting word of the mortal illness of his  
father, he hurried from Trieste to upper  
Hungary. To his joy he found that the  
dying man had studied the score of the  
opera note for note, that he had faith in his  
son's future, fulfilling the wish the young  
composer had in his heart, that his father,  
severe but just critic, might believe in him.

At his request the piano was brought  
into the room, and by the light of a candle  
Franz played the prelude of the work. As  
he expresses it, no success ever meant, ever  
will mean, what his father's smile of joy  
and belief meant in that solemn moment.

Renamed Tatjana, the opera had a  
single hearing at Budapest, then it fell  
into forgetfulness, leaving its composer an  
exile, conducting a theatre orchestra at  
Trieste; he had given up his marine post  
in a moment of promise that he might live  
by composing. But his stay there had  
given him incentive that meant a turning-  
point in his life. It came from the German  
Emperor, the only monarch in Europe  
who has any intelligence in art. During a  
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heard Lehár's work, his quick ear caught  
its worth, and he sent him a long message  
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than that of the composer, once serious,  
to remain so for eternity, whether or not he  
can escape it.

Lehár has written, can write, serious  
enough music, though he will forgive me if  
I say frankly that even in his humor peeps  
out, like the smile on a child's lips at  
prayers. When he made his vault into  
fields where the lighter flower of the ope-  
retta waved him gay welcome, he had not  
lost his ability for serious music, he has not  
lost it yet. Neither did Offenbach. La  
Fille de Madame Angot, La Belle Hélène,  
La Grande Duchesse left intact the talent  
of the man who wrote The Tales of Hoff-  
mann that, fifty years later, sang its song in  
every world-city, an opera half a century  
old, but half a century in advance of a day  
that the French and young Italians have  
but lately caught up with.

Like Offenbach, Lehár has espoused  
operetta; like him, too, he has held work of  
another style in abeyance. But a man who  
makes a world smile has created a fulcrum  
that tosses care into space.

With Lehár the forsaking of old fields  
for new was an affair of deliberation and  
thought, not accident. He looks on the  
operetta as a work that only a good musi-  
cian can write, but of which not every good  
musician is capable; that its composer  
must have within him talent for melody  
that is never banal, a heart overflowing  
with gaiety, and be possessed alike of  
feeling and inspiration; that for speculative  
and made music there is no place in it, all  
must be natural, fresh and sincere.

The future of operetta, he predicts, will  
be an approach nearer to the style of the  
opéra comique, in the continental and  
proper sense of the term.

From the start, the struggle with Lehár  
was between earning an existence and time  
to compose. When he exchanged Trieste for  
Vienna, in 1900, it was but a continuation  
of hard experience. As conductor of the  
Fiftieth Infantry Regiment band there,  
rehearsals, concerts, parades and musical  
functions claimed day and night. At the  
end of two years of it his troop was ordered  
to Raab, and it marched off without him;  
he had taken the post of first conductor at  
the Theatre an der Wien. With prospects  
of a chance to write actually nearer, he  
threw discretion out of the window, gave  
up his conductorship and went to composing  
two operettas at once against time, against  
circumstances. The one was Viennese  
Women, the other, Rastelbinder; for the  
latter, Leon, the librettist, had, after refusal,  
finally given him the book.

In the spring he had left his regiment;  
on November twentieth Viennese Women  
was brought out; four weeks later Rastel-  
binder appeared behind the footlights.

The first made an immediate impression,  
the second, doomed by the critics, refused  
to remain so. Inexperience and need of  
money led him to sell the score for two  
hundred dollars; the publishers who bought  
it cleared thirty-two thousand dollars.

Following these operettas came Götter-  
gatte, Juxheirat, then The Merry Widow,  
Mystislay der Moderne, The Man With  
Three Wives, and his latest, The Prince's  
Child, to be produced in America by Colonel  
Savage this winter.

By the time The Merry Widow arrived  
Lehár had grown wiser. That operetta  
brought him his first financial recompense,  
and a very considerable one, Colonel Sav-  
age having paid, as the American royalties  
alone, one hundred and fifty thousand  
dollars in a single year.

## Christening the Philippines

IN A POLITICAL campaign in Texas,  
a few years ago, the Republicans, for  
the sake of the party's organization in that  
State, had speakers in the field on behalf  
of the national ticket. One of these was  
W. H. Atwell, of Dallas, who now holds the  
office of United States District Attorney  
for the Northern District of Texas. He  
was billed to make a speech in the town of  
Seguin. When he arrived there to fill the  
appointment he found that the late ex-  
Governor James S. Hogg was billed to  
make a speech at the same hour on behalf  
of the Democrats.

"Former Governor Hogg and I were  
good personal friends," Mr. Atwell said,  
"and soon after I got to my hotel he came  
up to my room."

"Bill, how would you like to divide  
time with me to-night?" he asked.

"I saw no way out of it, although I knew  
his powers as a stump speaker, so I agreed  
to the proposition."

"Now, what subject shall we take for  
discussion?" I asked.

"Let's talk about the Philippines," said  
Governor Hogg. He pronounced the  
letter 'i' in the final syllable of the word  
like 'i' in pine. "I'll discuss the question  
from the standpoint that the United States  
ought to turn the islands loose, and you  
can take the other side."

"I agreed to this. I was given the  
opening of thirty minutes, was to be fol-  
lowed by Mr. Hogg in an hour's address,  
and, in turn, had the closing of the argu-  
ment. In the course of Mr. Hogg's argu-  
ment he said, with dramatic effect:

"There are scores of islands in the  
Philippine group, and I'll tell you  
people what I'll do. If my opponent, Mr.  
Atwell, can name, give the names of five  
of these islands, I will concede that he has  
bested me in this joint debate."

"This proposition the audience received  
with wild yells. My heart sank within me.  
As a matter of fact, I didn't know the name  
of but one of the islands, and that was  
Luzon. Suddenly it occurred to me that  
Governor Hogg probably didn't know any  
more. So I told the audience I gladly  
accepted the challenge, and as promptly  
proceeded to give the names of five brands  
of Havana cigars. The crowd applauded  
and the Governor bowed. Nobody knew  
enough to correct me, and I was accorded  
the honors of victory."



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# HELPING ROSABEL

## Borrowed Plumes and a Blow to Pride

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

"COME right in, Mis' Henderson. Laws, you shore is a sight fo' sore eyes. You'll have to 'scuse de disapp'ance of dis room. De chillen been a-litterin' up de place till it looks like a cyclone struck it. I tell 'em dat de Good Book say, 'Dey's a time when patience ceases to be a monument,' but dey don't listen no mo'n a rabbit. Dey's like dey daddy. He's got de disposition to be tidy, but he jes' don't use it."

"Ain't it warm? I declare to gracious de preparation's a-drippin' off me like a shower. Yes'm, I'd be feelin' tollable well if it wasn't fo' de mix'ry in my bress', but I ain't done so much washin' lately, so de hurtin' kind slowed up on me."

"Ain't you heard I done give up de Slocumses' washin'? Yes'm, last Wednesday a week ago. It'll be fourteen years next November, if I lives an' nothin' happens, since I first took in dey washin', and if it hadn't 'a' been fo' dat fool niggah Ros'bel I'd be ironin' de Slocumses' clothes dis minute."

"How come Ros'bel mixed up in it? Well, dat's what I'm goin' to tell you, but every time I speak dat flouncin' gal's name I wants to spit."

"You see, all de trouble come along of her tryin' to git de new preacher over at de Shiloh Baptist Church to pop de question. He'd been keepin' comp'ny with her fo' over a month, an' it begin to look like he was a little backwa'ds. Ros'bel bein' a orphan an' not havin' no one to look after her I kinder took pity on her an' let her spend a good deal o' time at my house."

"One mornin' I was iron' a dress of Mis' Fanny's—I always call Mis' Slocum Mis' Fanny—when Ros'bel comes in. De dress was one of dese Maxicum drawed-work pieces, de kind dat's fix all over like a rockin'-chair tidy, an' I knows it cost a sight of money. De Cunnel brung it to Mis' Fanny when he come back from one of his trips, an' she set a heap o' store by it."

"Well, Ros'bel ain't no sooner'n clap her eyes on dat dress den she like to had a fit. She ask me how much I'd take to let her wear it dat afternoon, 'cause de preacher was goin' to call an' he'd shore have de blind staggers of de heart if he'd see her in it."

"She come at me so sudden-like I didn't scarcely know what to do. I ain't never lent out any of Mis' Fanny's good dresses, an' her askin' me dat way kinder put me to it. I jes' argyfyed dis hyah way: Mis' Fanny she's rich an' got a-plenty, but Ros'bel's a orphan, an' de preacher might be de chanst of her life. 'But den agin,' I says, 'sposen' something happens to dat dress!' Dere I stood 'sputin' with myself, an' all de time Ros'bel a-talkin' me into lettin' her wear de dress till I was plum added, an' de end of it was dat I finally give in. But first I made her mighty nigh swear de skin off'n her tongue dat she'd take good care of de dress an' not let it come to no harm."

"I 'member de time I let de folks over at de strawbe'y festibal have one of Mis' Fanny's bafinbug tidies for de table, an' how I had to scorch it with a hot iron to cover up de place where a stain was made on it, an' den preten' to Mis' Fanny like I scorched it by ax'dent. So I made dat gal promise me some mighty tall promise-ments. I knowed de dress was servin' in a good cause an' dat kind of kept me from feelin' so oneasy 'bout it."

"Well, a little after dinner here comes Ros'bel to my house all ready exceptin' de dress, 'cause I wouldn't trust her to git in it by herself. It was a blessin' she come early—leastways I thought so den—for it took till de end of kingdom come to hook her in dat dress. I had to be so careful 'cause it was a clost fit, an' by de time I finished hookin' it I knowed where de name 'drawed-work' come from, for it mighty near drawed my nails out by de roots gittin' dat dress on Ros'bel."

"But when de job was done dat gal shore did look fine! She knowed it, too, an' de way she switch'd up an' down in front o' de glass, an' grin at herself like a possum, was a sight."

"While I was standin' by, miratin' over her an' tellin' her to play her cards right an'

she'd git de preacher easy, I saw a carriage drive up in front, an' a lady step out an' come in de gate. 'Ros'bel,' says I, 'ain't dat a white lady comin' in de gate?'

"'Yes'm,' says Ros'bel."

"'Laws-a-mussy,' says I, wonderin' who it was. 'I ain't fitten to see no ladies.' An' wid dat I kinder straighten myself out intendin' to step to de do'."

"An' den, what you reckon dat fool nigger done? It jes' takes one o' dese here yaller niggers to act dat-away. De black ones ain't so no-count an' flutter-headed. She was so anxious to show herself, no sooner did a knock come, dan she flung open de do'. An' dere stands Mis' Fanny!"

"De minute I rec'nize who it was I tried to jerk Ros'bel back in de room an' git in front of her. But it was too late. Mis' Fanny ain't no sooner'n set her eyes on dat coon den dey bulge out till you could 'a' hung a hat on 'em, an' she jes' said, 'My dress!' But dey was more language in dem two words dan if she'd 'a' talked a week."

"Dere was so much happen after dat, it fairly made my brames spin 'round. Ros'bel screamed an' started to run, but Mis' Fanny was dat quick, she reached out an' catch her by de Maxicum drawed-work, an' helt on to her. An' all de 'splainin' I was trying to do was jes' breff wasted. I never seen any one so hard-headed as white folks is."

"Mis' Fanny hung on to Ros'bel like a snappin' turtle, an' she wouldn't loose her holt till I peel de dress off dat no-count nigger. I never was so much embas'sment in all my bawn days."

"Den she makes me git all de rest of de clothes an' have de driver pile 'em in de carriage. I had to send one of de chillen out de back way to de next-do' neighbor's to git one of Cunnel Slocumses' white vests dat I let Mr. Johnson have de night befo'."

"John, de driver, tol' me de next day dat Mis' Fanny had come to ask me 'bout a ol' cook o' her'n. But dat don't make no diff'ence. White folks got no business pokin' round where dey don't belong, an' my 'pinion of Mis' Fanny cert'nly fell since dat happen."

"But I knows one thing. If dat yaller-faced, triffin', no-count nigger Ros'bel comes round here askin' me to help her out in courtin' again, I'll have de law on her!"

## Women in Business

IN A LARGE department store, a man buyer had charge of the women's underwear department. He did a very large volume of trade in those goods as he understood them. Really, though, his understanding of the women's underwear business was limited to close prices, favorable discounts and fortunate "jobs" on stock of an extremely staple and plebeian nature. There was hardly a garment in the department that ran above three dollars, retail. The average was about a dollar and a half. It was a fine underwear stock, and nothing more.

When he was promoted a woman succeeded him.

Inside of two years she had wholly changed the character of that department. "Jobs" no longer came, because she passed most of them along to the country trade. Her sales of low-price goods were as large as her predecessor's, and she perhaps beat him a bit on the quality of those goods, price with price. But it was in goods at higher prices that she did wonders. Soon it was an every-day thing to see customers come in and purchase fine, lace-trimmed garments at ten or twenty dollars, and from that to sets of garments retailing at fifty dollars, seventy-five dollars, one hundred dollars, and from that to an exclusive patronage in fine froisseques.

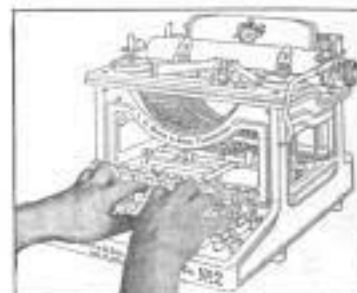
Under a man this department went up to three dollars a garment.

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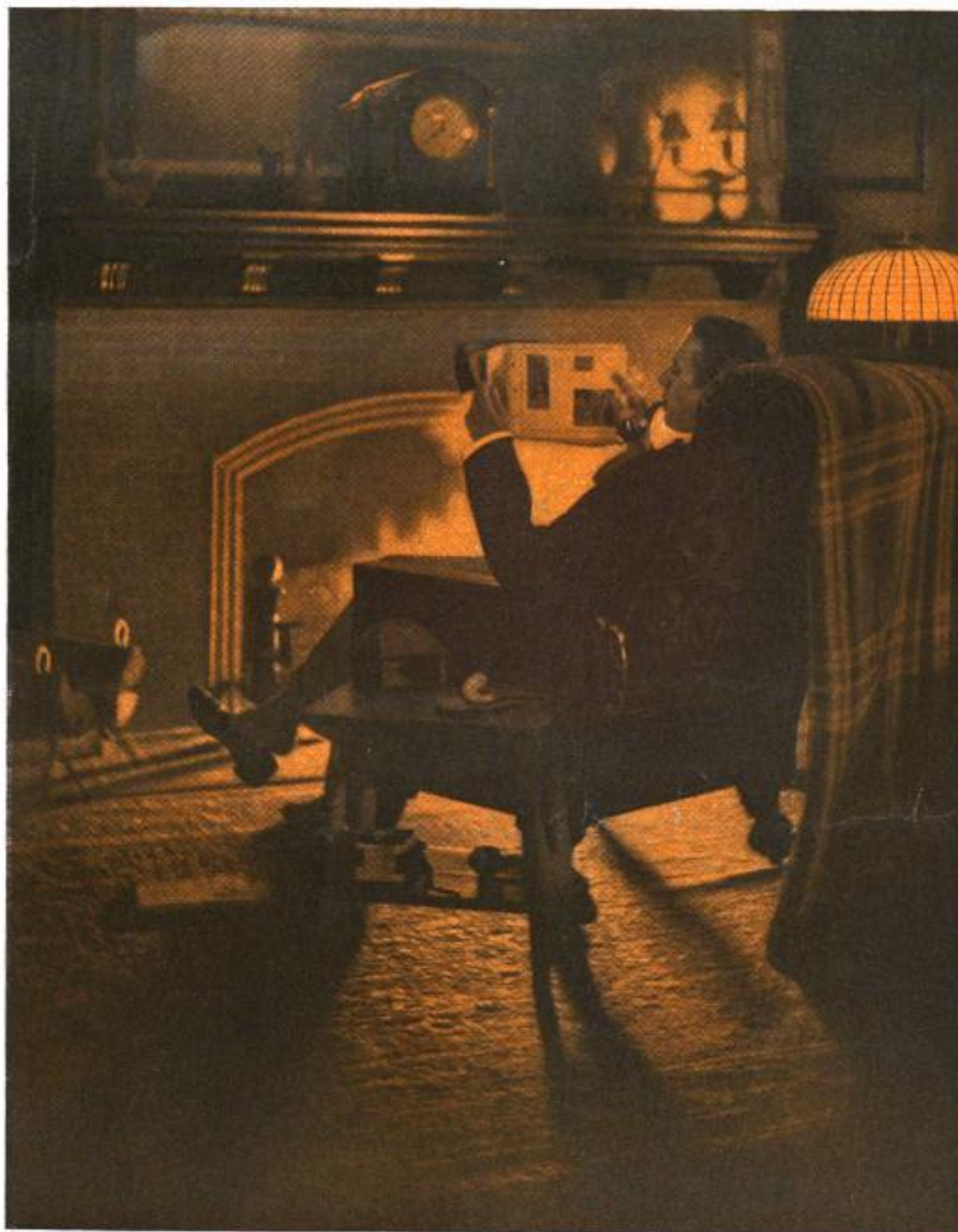
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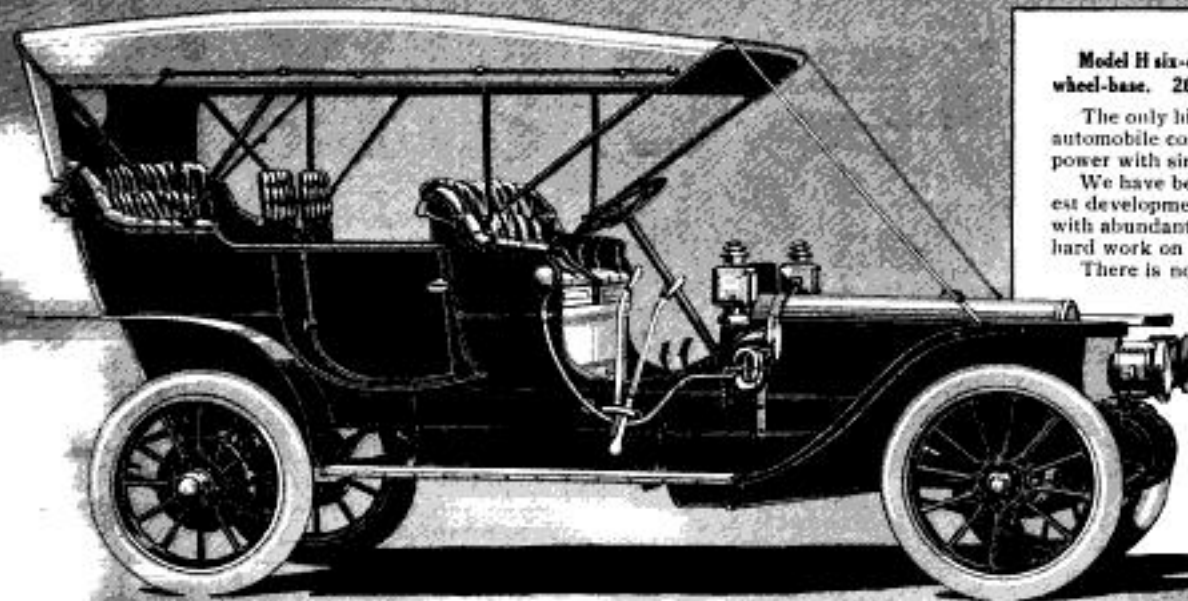
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Wanted to Represent **YANCO HAND SOAP** in shops where they work. \$25.00 to \$40.00 per month has been made on the side. You can work up a profitable independent business. Send 10c for full size card and particulars. **The J. T. Robertson Co., Box 8, Manchester, Conn.**



# FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES



**Model H six-cylinders. Seven passengers. 36-inch wheels. 127-inch wheel-base. 2600 pounds. \$3750, f.o.b. Syracuse. (Top extra.)**

The only high-grade, light-weight large automobile. No other automobile combines such extreme refinement, and flexibility of power with simplicity and great strength.

We have been making Model H for four years. It is the highest development of six-cylinder engineering—smooth, quiet and with abundant reserve power for every demand. Its ability for hard work on the high gear is altogether unusual.

There is no jolting nor jarring. It will carry its passengers farther in a day with comfort on American roads than any other automobile. It is almost incredibly easy to handle and control. It gives you a sense of ease and security unknown in any heavy automobile. And no heavy automobile can do so much on so low an operating cost.

Model H looks its class in every detail. With its long sweeping lines, big wheels and tires—the largest on any automobile of its weight—handsome sheet-metal body and superb finish, Model H is the very picture of quiet elegance and style.

## Quality, not pounds, makes an automobile high-grade and strong and safe.

Strength is not a question of weight. It is a question of materials and their proper distribution. This is where skillful engineering comes in. The Franklin laminated wood frame—the highest grade construction—is both stronger and lighter than the ordinary steel frame. The Franklin tubular axle is stronger and lighter than the solid I-beam axle commonly used. And so, all through the automobile.

Weight is what wears out tires. The light weight of Franklin automobiles makes their tires last longer than those on any other automobile, no matter what it costs.

The Franklin air-cooled motor is neither big nor heavy, but it is the most efficient and effective of automobile engines. Its production of usable power for its size is unparalleled. It does away with the weight and complication of water-cooling apparatus and allows the whole automobile to be refined, simple and unsurpassably strong.

Water-cooled automobiles with not a particle more strength nor carrying ability weigh a third to a half as much more, with all the chronic tire troubles and other worries involved; beside the unreasonable operating expense.

There is no "tire-problem" with Franklin automobiles; no overheating, no leaking, no freezing. You can use any Franklin every day in the year.

Look at any Franklin model inside and out. Ride in it on any road. Put it to any test. Compare the performance of the perfect score Franklins with that of the heavy water-cooled machines in the Glidden tour and the Bretton Woods, the Chicago and the Cleveland endurance runs—the four severest reliability tests in automobiling history. The tire troubles, the overheating and leaking, the broken axles and broken frames were none of them on the light-weight air-cooled Franklins.

## Before you buy trouble and useless weight, look into the facts.

**Model D Touring-car 36-inch wheels. 106-inch wheel-base. 2100 pounds, \$2800 (Top extra).**

The Franklin Model D is the greatest of five-passenger automobiles—powerful, commodious and strong but not bulky nor heavy.

The extreme Franklin engine-effectiveness combined with strength and light weight make Model D do more than any other five-passenger automobile. And its easy-riding quality makes it more comfortable than any automobile except a Franklin.

This is the sixth year of Model D. It is a tried and proven standard—a touring-car, a city car, a family car; the ideal for all-around service, and as handsome as it is able.

**Model G Runabout with single or double rumble seat. Four-cylinders, 18 h. p. long-stroke motor. Multiple disc-clutch, sliding-gear transmission, shaft-driven, \$1800 (Top extra).**

Model G Runabout is the only small automobile of its grade and style. In quality and refinement it equals the largest Franklin touring-cars. It is speedy, capable for the hardest service and an astonishing climber. Like all Franklin Automobiles the G Runabout may be left standing out of doors in any weather and has nothing to freeze. As a business and professional runabout there is nothing to compare with Model G. It is the readiest of automobiles, the easiest to operate and care for. It costs next to nothing to maintain, and you can't wear it out.

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G 18 H. P. touring-car \$1800. Runabout with single or double rumble seat \$1800.  
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# Genuine Holeproof Sox

## NOW 25¢ a Pair

We have reduced the price of "Holeproof" Sox. We are now saving you 50 cents on every six pairs that you buy.

And you actually save this money.

For the sox you can now buy for 25 cents a pair are the same identical "Holeproof" Sox that have heretofore cost 33 1/3 cents.

The best yarn now costs us ten cents per pound less.

You get the same quality—yarn and stitch—from the top to toe of these sox. The reason is this:

### We Now Pay an Average of 63c per Pound for our Yarn

Before we paid 73 cents.

So the reduction is really in the market price of yarn.

For we still pay the *top market price*—as before.

We could buy coarse yarn for less than half what we pay. But the sox would be uncomfortable.

We still buy the best yarn we know—exactly the same Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest 3-ply yarn that the market affords.



But instead of putting this reduction into our profits, we use it to make our price less.

The saving is for those who wear "Holeproof."

For though all makers now pay less for yarn they are not cutting the price of their hose.

They are saving the difference for added profit.

Those who have always paid 25 cents for inferior goods can now have the best at that price.

Since the price is now 25 cents a pair, see if "Holeproof" are not far better than others at this price. Judge if they aren't softer—finer—more comfortable—see if you ever *have* to return a pair.

### See if You Do Not Now Prefer the Original Guaranteed Sox

If you think any other kind compares with "Holeproof," try both kinds and see.

Let the next box of sox that you buy be a trial box of "Holeproof."

Learn in this way what you miss by wearing other kinds.

## You can now buy a box of six pairs of Holeproof Sox—formerly \$2—for \$1.50

Prove in one trial that six pairs of "Holeproof" are the best sox that \$1.50 will buy.

We knit our hose with 3-ply yarn, which is doubled to 6-ply in heel and toe. Yet these parts are not stiff, for our yarn is extra soft.

Compare "Holeproof" with the best unguaranteed sox—the result will surprise you. You'll never again pay 25 cents for sox that wear out in a week.

### Think of the Convenience

Think what a comfort to always have six pairs of sox in your dresser ready to wear when you want them. Think of never having to look for whole sox. Think of the time and the bother saved when in a hurry to dress.

### We Spend More

We spend \$30,000 a year for inspection alone. 80 people—all non-producers—do nothing else all day.

One apparatus we use cost us \$5,000.00. It simply filters and softens the water we use for our dyes.

But that makes our colors clearer. Then it makes them fast.

So "Holeproof" never fade, crock, nor rust.

We sterilize each pair twice in the making, so the sox are sanitary.

Each pair is thoroughly shrunk, so the sox never wrinkle nor stretch.

The shaping is done in the knitting process, so that shape is permanent.

The sox lose none of their qualities after washing.

### We Use the Latest Machines

If a new machine is produced, anywhere, that does better work, we employ it.

It is thus that we keep our lead in this business—keep far ahead of all others.

### 31 Years to Make the First Pair

31 years were spent in perfecting

**Holeproof Sox are sold in boxes of 6 pairs with a 6 months' guarantee reading like this:**

"If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

"Holeproof." Over 100 imitations have been placed on the market since they became a success.

We are today one of the greatest hosiery-making concerns in the world.

600 people are employed in our factory. So when you buy a box of "Holeproof" you get more than appears on the surface.

You get all the foregoing assurance that the goods are the best to be had—that they are honest goods—that the guarantee is not made to get sales, but to protect you after you've bought.

### Are Your Hose Insured?

We are not asking you to buy simply for extra wear—but for all that you like in sox—plus extra wear.

Simply resolve that you'll try

"Holeproof"—that you'll know which is the best hosiery—that you'll abandon prejudice and see what "Holeproof" is like.

After that you'll always buy "Holeproof"—you'll buy fewer pairs of hose—you'll save money—trouble—time.

### Get the Genuine

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Hose, bearing the "Holeproof" Trademark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way. Mail the coupon and we will ship the hose promptly and prepay transportation charges.

Remember, the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you. If the hose comes to holes and darning within six months, you get new hose FREE.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

**FAMOUS**  
**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

### How to Order

**Holeproof Sox**—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9 1/2 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

**Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)**—Made entirely of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, \$2.

**Holeproof Lustre-Sox**—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, and pearl gray. Sizes, 9 1/2 to 12.

**Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$2. Medium

weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

**Holeproof Lustre-Stockings**—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

**Boys' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

**Misses' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9 1/2. These are the best children's hose made today.

Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.

Men's	<input type="checkbox"/>	Holeproof Hosiery Co., 339 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Women's	<input type="checkbox"/>	Enclosed \$_____ Please send me _____ boxes of _____
Boys'	<input type="checkbox"/>	Holeproof _____ Size _____ Weight _____
Misses'	<input type="checkbox"/>	

Colors \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



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This trade-mark is put on our hose and each box.



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE NEW SENATE

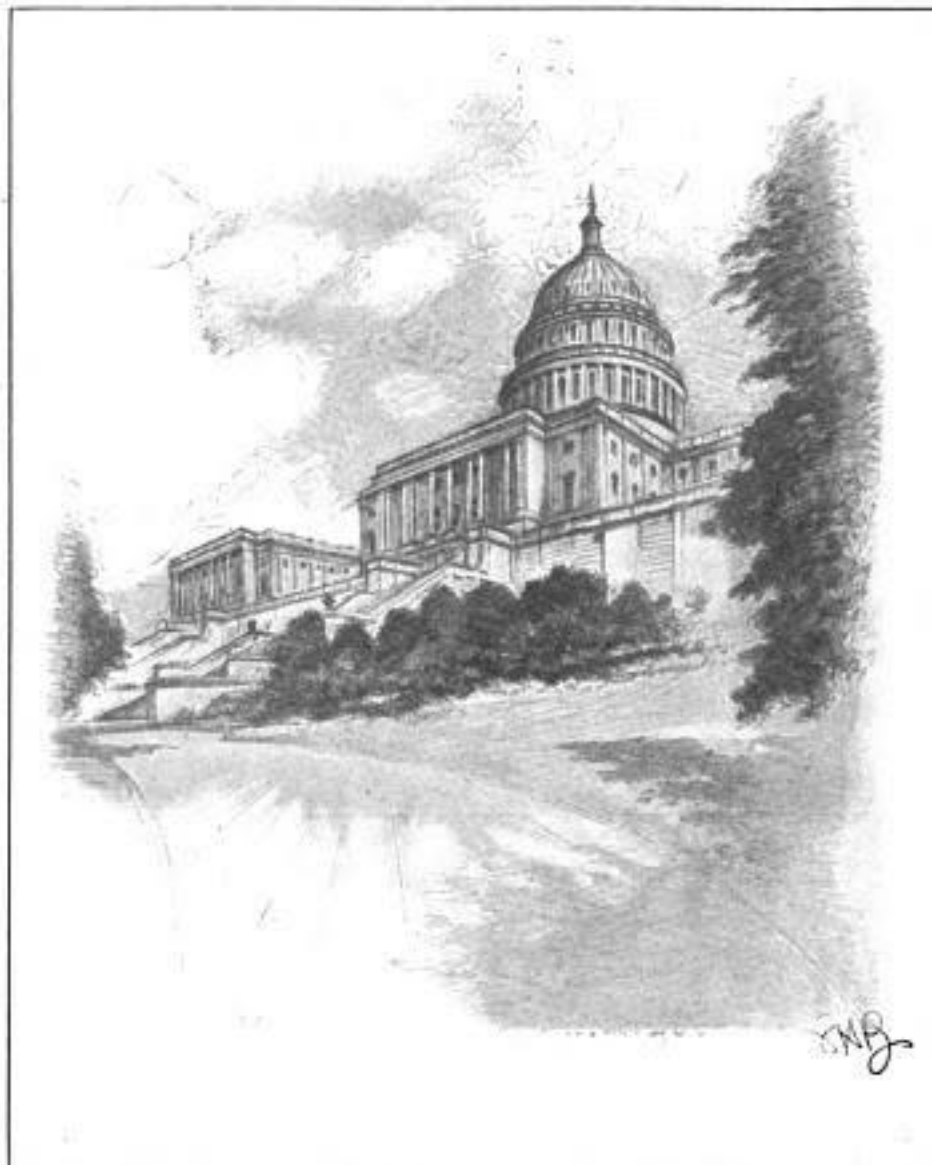
WHEN President Taft calls the Sixty-first Congress in extraordinary session to revise the tariff, soon after he is inaugurated, the real battle for the control of the Senate by the two factions in the Republican party will begin. There were some skirmishes in the first session of the Sixtieth Congress, which closed last May, notably the one over the question of providing for the construction of four battleships instead of two, and there may be others during the session that began on December seventh and will end at noon on March fourth, next. It is likely, however, that these will be but skirmishes, as the others were, and that the heavy firing will not begin until the new men are all in their seats for the special session.

The Senate renews one-third of its membership every two years. This year there will be twelve or thirteen new men out of the thirty-one elected, the final result depending on the revised count in some States not yet made when this is written. On the face of the returns, at this time, the Senate will be made up of thirty-two Democrats and sixty Republicans, leaving the Republicans one short of a two-thirds vote, which is providential in a way, inasmuch as with a two-thirds vote the Republicans could, practically, nullify the Democratic opposition and do exactly what they pleased. Not that they will not be able to do that, in a great measure, as it is, but with a two-thirds vote there would be no opposition that could stop them in many parliamentary situations, provided they all voted together.

Long-time observers of the Senate are of the opinion that in the next four years, during the term of Mr. Taft, the control of the Senate will shift from the East to the West. This opinion is based on the gradual growth of strength among the radical element, the elimination of old, conservative leaders by death and other causes, and the influx of half a dozen or more new Senators, who may be expected to ally themselves with the little group of men older in the service who have shown a disposition not to follow every time Senators Aldrich and Hale issue orders. The leading Republican group of the Senate—the Senate Oligarchy—has been badly shattered, and there are not men in the Senate who have the ability in special lines to take the places of those who are gone. When it was at the full flower of its power the Oligarchy was made up of Senators Aldrich, of Rhode Island, Hale, of Maine, Platt, of Connecticut, Spooner, of Wisconsin, Allison, of Iowa, and McMillan, of Michigan, with several other lesser lights in the capacities of lieutenants and hangers-on. The disintegration began with the death of McMillan, although he was not of such great importance that his place was not easily filled, and continued with the death of Platt, of Connecticut, the resignation of Spooner and the death of Allison. Hanna, before his death, had a considerable standing in this group, but he died too soon to exercise his full power as a leader.

Of the original Oligarchy there remain in active service but Aldrich and Hale, and Aldrich has announced his determination to retire at the end of his present term, on March fourth, nineteen-eleven, although he may be urged to change his mind; while Hale, whose term expires at the same time, is seventy-two years old, and not robust. The effort has been, of course, to replace the old leaders with newer men who might, in a measure, take their places, and Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, has been picked as one who has the desirable qualities as well as the conservative inclinations. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, has forced himself in, so far as he has been able, but there are not many members of the Senate who will follow Lodge anywhere, for his superciliousness and arrogance alienate even the most fervent Republican partisans.

The problem of Mr. Aldrich, admittedly the leader, both of the group of leaders and the majority, is to find associates on whom he can place some of the burden of



### By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATION BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

not likely that the younger and more radical element can defeat him in his tariff-making, even if they desire, although it need cause no surprise if they try, emboldened by their success in removing certain classes of railroad bonds from the original Aldrich financial bill, where they were designated as securities suitable for deposit by national banks for the guaranty of currency issued, and in the fight over the four battleships. Aldrich made his reputation and got his leadership in tariff fights and will hold it, unless he is too greatly weakened by the deaths of Platt, of Connecticut, and Allison, who were his main advisers in his other tariff fights. Then, too, there has been no tariff-making since the Dingley tariff, which was made in the first year of the first McKinley Administration. Conditions may have changed enough to give the younger men a hold. It all awaits the event, and ought to be in process of determination by the first of April, next.

It is not necessary to consider the reflected Senators of the thirty-one who will take their seats on March fourth, next, for another six years, for none of these is of any particular, immediate consequence, except as an individual vote, in the struggle that is to come. The new men are important. The radical forces will find several recruits among them. It seems certain that, of the new Republicans, Bristow, of Kansas, Crawford, of South Dakota, Jones, of Washington, and Cummins, of Iowa, will join, naturally, with the group of Western Republicans who will try to wrest the leadership from the present controlling group. Bradley, of Kentucky, is an old-time politician, and may be expected to go with the Aldrich crowd, although that is not certain until he acts; and Page, of Vermont, certainly will. It is not yet known who will succeed Foraker

conducting the affairs of the Senate, as well as fighters who can combat the surely-increasing radicalism. When Platt, of Connecticut, died Aldrich lost his ablest associate; when Spooner resigned he lost his most brilliant advocate and when Allison died he suffered greatly, for Allison was the wisest of counselors and the most conservative of Senators, in addition to having a more comprehensive knowledge of the complex machinery of the Government than any man in public life, or private life, for that matter. Knox may, in a way, replace Spooner, for Knox is an advocate and a skillful one. Elkins is a good rough-and-tumble politician and might help, but he is not to be classed with any of those who are gone. Burrows is a crafty Senator, but he is old and tired. Frye and Cullom are both too old, even if they had other qualifications. Foraker is eliminated and so is Hansbrough. Leader Aldrich will have slim picking among his conservative colleagues and, as is probable, will line up a combination somewhat like this: Aldrich, Hale, Knox, Elkins and Crane, with Lodge beating on the door to get in. Crane is a smart man, not overly impressed with the abilities of his colleague, Lodge, and Crane is likely to assume great importance in the new alignment, as is John Kean, of New Jersey, who is a man of much experience and of wise counsel. It would not be surprising if Kean superseded Elkins, or if Kean were placed in the company without the consideration of Elkins. Of the two Kean would be the better man.

There is no doubt that Aldrich will take the lead and attempt to hold the control during the revision of the tariff. There may be a fight on this, and probably will. Aldrich has been making and remaking tariffs for many years. He knows more about them than any other Senator, has more real, thorough, practical knowledge of requirements, of necessities and possibilities than any other. Besides, Aldrich is chairman of the Finance Committee and thus controls the tariff-making machinery, although most of the schedules will be fought out on the floor. It is



in Ohio, nor Platt in New York, although if Root follows Platt he will be an item of great strength to the present control, and it is likely a conservative will come from Ohio. The new men from the other States, not yet chosen, can hardly count, except as voters, one way or the other. Chamberlain, of Oregon, who is to succeed Fulton, is a Democrat who will be elected by a Republican legislature, but he will undoubtedly act with the Democrats.

There have been many revolts, small and inefficient, in the Senate among Republicans, and directed at Aldrich, but none has been of enough consequence to shake the Aldrich control until the revolt against the inclusion of certain specified classes of railroad bonds in the original Aldrich financial bill last winter. This revolt was not brought to a vote, for Aldrich withdrew the provision after there had been much spoken opposition on the floor. He said he withdrew it to save many Western Republican Senators from the necessity of voting against their party because of opposition to the provision in their home States—to save their faces. That was as good a reason as any at the time. The fact is, these Senators intended to vote to eliminate this provision, and would have so voted, and Aldrich knew it and he withdrew it to save his own face.

It was a different proposition in the fight for four battleships. That went to a vote on the straight and square proposition whether the Senate, for its part, would authorize four or two battleships, four being demanded by the President and one being the number the Senate deemed sufficient. The four-battleship men were defeated, but they won a sort of a victory, for the Senate authorized two battleships, one more than the Aldrich men wanted, and promised to authorize two more each year. Hale was most prominent in this fight, as he is chairman of the Naval Committee in the Senate. He was bitterly opposed to more than one battleship, and fought desperately, winning his main contention only after the concessions noted.

These Republicans voted for four battleships: Ankeny, of Washington, Beveridge, of Indiana, Borah, of Idaho, Bourne, of Oregon, Briggs, of New Jersey, Brown, of Nebraska, Burkett, of Nebraska, Dupont, of Delaware, Flint, of California, Fulton, of Oregon, Gamble, of South Dakota, Hansbrough, of North Dakota, Heyburn, of Idaho, Lodge, of Massachusetts (purely on Rooseveltian grounds and because he is the Presidential mouthpiece in the Senate), Piles, of Washington, Smith, of Michigan, Smoot, of Utah, Sutherland, of Utah, and Warren, of Wyoming. Of this list Ankeny, Fulton and Hansbrough have been defeated for reelection and will not be in the new Senate, and by a further process of elimination the real fighting force can be found. Briggs and Dupont are not likely to go against Aldrich in a fight for control, nor is Lodge, of course, nor Warren, who is chairman of the Military Affairs Committee and is allied with the old guard. Gamble is of not much weight, and Smoot and Sutherland are negligible quantities. Thus the effective force lines up about like this: Beveridge, Borah, Bourne, Brown, Burkett, Flint, Heyburn, Smith, of Michigan, together with the new men.

Of these Cummins is a radical and always has been. He will be strong for tariff revision along extreme lines. Crawford is much like LaFollette, without so much ability. Bristow will align himself with the radicals, both from temperament and because of the circumstances surrounding his election. Jones is expected to fall in with the younger set, also.

That, with the followers among the weaker men, will give a strong fighting body, provided, of course, the body wants to fight. Nothing has been said about the position of LaFollette in the impending struggle, because LaFollette, although he will be in any battle that will

disrupt the existing order of things, is so much more of a radical than the others that he will be out in front leading a little fight of his own. Moreover, he is not popular with anybody. He is a lone fisherman. He, apparently, does not want to make friends in the Senate, and he has his want. If LaFollette tries to lead an organized movement against the present controlling powers he will find he will have no privates in the ranks. The movement will consist of General LaFollette and no soldiers, but that will not worry him. He is used to it and, at times, it seems from his actions in the Senate, goes to extremes in order to keep himself away from any association. LaFollette has advanced principles and is true to them, but he is so far advanced that he can get no company. He is an able man, but unfortunate temperamentally. He always wants to go the utmost, instead of getting a little, and then getting a little bit more.

Looking over this assemblage of Westerners who may reasonably be expected to try to force the advantage they gained last winter, after they have the recruits that are coming in the new Senate, there is more apparent weakness than there is apparent strength, although, here and there

among them, is a man who may be relied upon to do a man's part in the fight. Borah, of Idaho, is a young man of rather dramatic tendencies, who likes to make a splash speech, and who has the reputation of being an orator who can strew all the flowers that grow in the garden of rhetoric along his oratorical path. He is earnest and sincere, but he lacks both experience and poise. Brown, of Nebraska, is a sturdy chap who will develop. Burkett is an emotional, sentimental and hand-shaking Western politician.

Flint, of California, is a man of ability, who may or may not get in on a movement of this kind. His affiliations in California might prevent any such action, but he has the natural capabilities that would make him powerful if he should care to exert them. Gamble, of South Dakota, does not count. He is occupied more with petty, local politics than anything else. He is a country supervisor who got into the Senate by some strange turn of politics. Heyburn is a big, bull-voiced, hard-headed person, who has opinions and is not averse to fighting for them. He is a man of much strength and will make a good ally. Moreover, he is full of the Western spirit. Piles needs support when he goes into a battle. He is of no particular consequence in any alignment. If handled judiciously he will stay out. William Alden Smith, of Michigan, has developed a lot since he left the House to go to the Senate. He was the first man who jumped out last winter and opposed the railroad-bond provision in the Aldrich bill, and he opposed it more effectively than any other who spoke against it. Smith is a politician, of course, but he is willing to take a chance, and he will be one of the leaders in the movement.

Of the new men the strongest will be Cummins, of Iowa, and Bristow, of Kansas. Cummins has had experience in legislative affairs. Bristow has had none. He has been an executive in Washington for several years, in the Post-Office Department, but it is likely that he will go to the front for a reasonably radical program, if for no other reason than because his supporters in Kansas are of that type and demand that thing. Bourne, of Oregon, can be depended upon to get into any ruction. He is a sort of a fanatic on various matters and persons, one of whom is President Roosevelt. Bourne has no fear of the ruling class in the Senate and he will be a valuable adjunct.

This leaves Beveridge, of Indiana, who, in point of ability, is greater than any of those mentioned. Beveridge really led the fight for the four battleships, although there were few of his colleagues who would admit it. By the shifting of politics Beveridge is now the biggest Republican in Indiana. Fairbanks will retire on March fourth. So will Senator Hemenway. Watson was defeated for Governor. Several of the war-horses in the House who war-horsed from Indiana have been left at home and will not be in the Sixty-first Congress. Beveridge will be Senator, his term not expiring until nineteen eleven, and the great Republican of his State. Moreover, he has a following among the young men of the country that must not be underestimated.

There always has been a tendency to sneer at Beveridge in the Senate, because of certain temperamental extravagances, but the man who will sneer at his intelligence, his knowledge of Governmental needs, his ability as a speaker, his sincerity and his honesty, is a fool. Beveridge has many faults, chief among which is egoism, but he has not the fault of lack of brains. He is easily the most powerful man, as an individual, among the younger Republicans in the Senate. He has a keener grasp of what the people want, a quicker apprehension of the popular need, a sincerer desire to do what is right for the whole body politic, than many of those who decry him. Combined with



## THE LANE

By Thomas Lomax Hunter

There is a lane I know and love,  
With shapely cedars either side,  
That lift prim, conelike tops above  
Great tangled hedges, tall and wide,  
Of bramble, grape and sweet woodbine,  
Wild rose and trailing berry vine,  
Within whose depth the plaintive dove  
And brooding sparrows hide.

The roadway is of clean, white sand,  
In deepest shadow all the day;  
It lays imperative command  
On travelers that hither stray  
To go with slow and idling feet,  
Safe sheltered from the cruel heat;  
It bears, to tempt the loitering hand,  
Shy flowers and berries sweet.

Here have I watched the seasons pass,  
Observed the footprints of the Spring—  
White bloom and pink, and tender grass,  
And stir of every greening thing,  
Have seen the coy arbutus blow  
Before the vanishing of snow,  
And heard the earliest singing-class  
Of choristers awing.

Oft generous Summer, hand in mine,  
Has led me loitering through the lane,  
And offered wealth of bush and vine  
To please and tempt me back again.

While 'yond the hedge the ripened wheat  
Is shimmering in the noonday heat,  
Here, in cool shade, I may recline  
And dream till even's wane.

Here pensive Autumn, sober-eyed,  
But clad in gayest colors, trod  
Where slender "Black-Eyed Susan" vied  
With gay and graceful Goldenrod.  
The lane its tinsel glories wore  
A few glad, golden days before  
The frost its sickle keen applied  
And cast them to the sod.

Bleak Winter struck the hedges stark;  
And here through hindering snow I strode,  
At night, when all the world was dark,  
Save for the stars that o'er me glowed,  
Or glimmering lights, through hedge revealed,  
Of farmhouse in a distant field.  
But glad, within the gloom, to mark  
The dear, familiar road.

And whether earth be green or white,  
Howe'er inconstant seasons rove,  
In heat or cold, at day or night,  
Here do my footsteps gladly move,  
For in its every changing mood  
Is something pleasant, something good.  
It always has some fresh delight—  
The lane I know and love.



this, he has had ten years in the Senate and has grown, despite his temperamental handicaps, to be a big man. And out in the country they do not look at the little things that his colleagues magnify. To the young men, Beveridge, who fought his way up against tremendous odds, is an inspiration. He has a personality that attracts young men. In Indiana, while the old machinists flout him, he is stronger than Fairbanks or Hemenway or any of the rest of the old-line politicians ever was.

It remains to be seen what can be done with this little band of men who may, if they wish, in time, gain the control of the Senate that the East has dominated for so many years. It remains to be seen what can be done by them. To the outsider, Beveridge would seem to be the logical leader, despite these faults of temperament that are so resented by some of his colleagues. There can be no gain-saying the fact that, in point of ability, he surpasses all of them. Whether he can be a leader or not must be developed.

A piquant touch to the situation was added a few days after election by the statement, sent out from Washington by the Associated Press and apparently inspired in high quarters, that President Roosevelt would not be averse to an election as Senator, by the New York Legislature, to succeed Senator T. C. Platt, whose term expires next March. This followed, in a day or two, the story that Elihu Root is the President's choice for the New York Senatorship. President Roosevelt does not finish his term until March fourth, next, at noon, and the New York Legislature that will elect Platt's successor will meet on January first, next.

The impression in Washington, before this "feeler" was put out, was that the President would try for Depew's seat, which becomes vacant in nineteen eleven, and his plans for a hunting trip to Africa and visits to several European countries during the next two years were held to bear this out. If the President should try for Platt's seat, in order to go into the Senate when the special tariff

session is called by President Taft, his coming would not alter the leadership situation at all, for it is most probable that he would instantly ally himself with the men who have, in the past, been his friends and supporters. That would put him in direct antagonism to the Aldrich clique, for the present leaders of the Senate have no love for the President, nor he for them. In fact, the President's going to the Senate would make the fight more imminent and more bitter, for it is not to be supposed that those Senators who have opposed Roosevelt while he was President would immediately bow to him when he became Senator, lacking the great powers of the Executive and having but the voice and vote of any other Senator, with whatever strength his prestige might add. Aldrich and his friends fought Roosevelt in the Senate when Roosevelt was President. What they would try to do to him if he were Senator can easily be imagined. They would have a fair crack at him then, and they would take it. Likewise, Roosevelt would fight back, thus adding considerably to the daily gayety.

It is undoubtedly true that the President has Senatorial aspirations, but whether they are so strong and insistent that they will cause him to abandon his African trip and its resulting dollar-a-word cannot be conjectured at this time. Also, the Legislature of the State of New York will have something to say about it. There are many other handy New York men besides the President who have designs on that Platt seat. And T. Roosevelt in the Senate would be an entirely different proposition from T. Roosevelt in the White House, as he would soon learn. Nor does the doctrine, "The king is dead; long live the king," lack application. Mr. Roosevelt has but a few months more as President. Perhaps he could not control New York State politics. In any event, when he does go into the Senate—if he ever does—he will necessarily be opposed to the present ruling class, unless he abandons all his tenets and principles, which he is not likely to do.

This will be the situation in the Senate after March fourth, next. The old leadership is tottering. It has been sadly weakened by death and retirement. The old men are passing rapidly. Gruesome as it may appear to refer to such a subject, there is no doubt that, in the course of Nature, many of the older men now in the Senate will not be there when the coming four years of Taft are ended. Then, too, many of the older men, who have been long on the firing-line, are getting tired. Their vitalities are exhausted. They do not respond to the summons as they did ten years ago. And, leaving all that aside, giving the older men all the honor and respect and veneration due them, granting and hoping they will all continue in public life for many years to come, there is no doubt that the time is ripe for a régime of younger men, of more progressive men, of men from the West, who are nearer to the people.

The opportunity is there. A compact fighting force can be organized if the younger Senators will enlist for their common good and forget the personal equation, which is hard, but not impossible. The West can gain the leadership of the United States Senate in the next four years if the Senators from the West, the Republican Senators, will fight together. This may be worth much, or it may be worth little. It all depends on how the Western Republican Senators view it themselves. There is no doubt how the bulk of the people in the country will view it.

It will take hard fighting, and much of it. For many years Senators who have no adequate conception of the possibilities or the needs of the West have been legislating for the West, or controlling legislation for the West, to put it in another way, without adequate conception of what the West really is; legislating for the West from a New England viewpoint. Everything is now propitious for some legislation for the West directed by Western men.

All that is needed is continuity and concentration, coöperation and courage.

# THE TIDEWATER 4'S

## The Under Dog Bests the Upper

EVERY afternoon, promptly at three o'clock, a little stir among the clerks announced briefly that the bank was closed for the day. Mr. Pringle, the receiving teller, whose window was the first in line from the door, invariably gave the signal. "What! three o'clock already?" Instantly he whistled, as if dismayed—a new alertness awoke in his already busy manner. Mr. Pringle kept up a constant race against time, a race in which he seemed always to be distanced. Leaning forward to count the customers in line, he snatched at the pass-books; and, after that, bank-notes, drafts, checks and deposit slips flew around in his cage like dried leaves behind a park railing when the wind blows.

Richter, the paying teller, announced the hour in another way. He was a morose, middle-aged man, who paid out the bank's money as if he begrudged every cent of it. Reaching under his counter with a sour grin, he hauled out the broken pasteboard back of an old ledger, which he set up beside the window—ready to slide it over the opening the moment the line in front melted away. The clerks within earshot laughed sometimes to hear him grunt. A few got down from their stools and stretched themselves momentarily; others glanced at the clock, scowled, and again set their pencils racing up and down the banked figures of their ledgers. Further along, a quartette of automatic adding machines clacked and clanked to the drone of low voices murmuring rapidly, all in terms of dollars and cents. "Boston—twelve, two eighty-four, twenty-eight." "New Haven—twelve hundred flat." "Chi.—seventeen, nine eighty-three, twenty-two."

At three o'clock the voices grew swifter, more unintelligible amid the louder clatter of the machines. Up and down the fat columns of the ledgers pencils raced still more swiftly. Pringle and Richter, in their cages, crouched over stacks of banknotes, drafts and checks; and far in the rear of the bank there arose during a moment's lull



"I Tell You it is Hush Money—Hush Money! Do You Hear Me?"

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. BREHM

the rasping chatter of a stock ticker, feeding out the day's closing quotations in the Street.

Harney, the bank's loan clerk, hung over the instrument, absorbed in the flowing tape. Here, in a moment, he'd catch the close of a wild day among days on the Exchange. But the close hardly meant for him an end to the labors of the day. Three o'clock, as he saw it, merely signaled a point midway in what he had come to look upon as a double day's stint—a toil as incessant as the travail of a Sisyphus. There were days when he had gone home at five o'clock—they seemed to be like holidays. Ordinarily, he escaped at six; not infrequently at seven. On unusually active days he had stayed till nine and ten. Once—it was during the Northern Pacific times—the Nipper panic—he had not gone home for two consecutive nights,

and had eaten when he could, paying to have his meals brought to him. They had cost him eight dollars and forty cents, and the bank had cut it down to four dollars and fifty cents—seventy-five cents a meal. "Mr. Gaines!" said Heyburn, the cashier, when Harney had gone to complain. So the loan clerk went to him. "We're not supporting the Savarin," said Mr. Gaines, the president. Gaines prided himself on his management, and kept a weather eye open for the details—small details like this.

Harney hated the bank. He had hated it and Gaines from that day, an instinctive distrust of the man hardening into rancor—all concealed, however, from Gaines, who assumed to adopt the fatherly manner in his relations with the bank's employed. But Gaines, who had looked him like that, could not repair matters with a patronizing smile, or an equally complacent "Well, my boy," or a "My son" or so, whenever the mood struck him. Harney

hated the bank, because he hated the way Gaines had treated him. For twelve years now he had slaved in its employ, his eyes weakened in adding up its figures, running down its balances, checking off its loan lists, his health sapped by long hours of close confinement, his energies devitalized by grinding fealty in its behalf—the almost servile drudgery it demanded of its underpaid, unimportant workers. He could look along the line of figures crouched over the counters, and each one seemed to cry out but the one thing—drudgery!

Yes, it seemed to him. There were pink-cheeked boys, new to the bank, new to their work, too—hopeful and innocently ambitious. Then there were others, not so pink, whose shoulders had begun to sag. The drudgery, Harney figured out, had its visible stages—they were in the second stage. Beyond—rising in the scale—were the full-fledged converts—sallow-faced men, men that stooped; and when they moved, moved listlessly. Hide-bound drudges, he thought them—men like himself. A



small, clattering burst of sound drew his eyes to the ticker; and as he turned he saw out of the corner of an eye Gaines moving to and fro in the foreground. He had been doing that all day—restlessly, as if on the lookout.

But Gaines was florid, well-fed, inclined almost to portliness. He had a heavy dewlap under his chin, and above the snowy front of white waistcoat, white scarf and loose white collar his face shone at times as red as the wattles of a turkey gobbler. But what Harney disliked the most about him was his spats. There was no way he could have put it into words, yet he hated Gaines' spats wholesomely and with a vital heat. They were of white duck in summertime, tan in the winter, and always spotlessly spick and span. Every afternoon a large French motor-car took Gaines from the bank; and the last Harney saw of him, as he looked up from the loan window, was the spats twinkling away into the distance, white or tan, spotless always, and always self-sufficient. *Clack!—clack!—clack!—clack!* rapped the ticker. Harney stooped over the tape, his shoulders sagging, so that one looked to see him raise a hand to his lips and cough softly, lightly, in the deprecatory way of one who has learned to reduce coughing to the least possible exertion.

"Prices at the close . . ."

The loan clerk dragged out the tape with a sound like that of ripping cloth. There would be no close for him until hours afterward; for on a wild day like this in the Street he could not leave until he had checked over every loan on the list—until he had made sure that the closing prices were well above the amount loaned on each item of the bank's collateral security. Furthermore, he must figure interest on each and every call loan; and when he thought of that—

"There he goes—in his spotless spats!" grunted Harney, looking up instinctively.

But instead of climbing into the limousine, Gaines went to the steps and waved it away. Then he returned to his office and closed the door. Through the blue haze of cigar smoke Harney saw, dimly, another figure he knew—Lombard, the broker, a close friend of the fatherly gentleman in spats—Gaines' "connection" in the Street.

Harney snatched at the loan sheet, still possessed of his senseless spleen. He had asked Gaines for help that day—asked him again for an assistant; and Gaines had peered at him over the tortoise-shell rims of his eyeglasses with a fishy stare. "Look here, now," Gaines had said, "don't come to me with that again. The man before you got along without—ah!—assistance."

A handy retort had trembled on Harney's lips. He would have liked to say that the man before him had, indeed, done it alone, and that he had gone consequently to Colorado Springs. Nor did he say that when the man had come back to work he had gone, a little later, to Greenwood Cemetery. It was the case, but he realized what might happen if he said it.

"Oh, I'm just a dog—that's it!" muttered Harney now, as he stooped over the tape. "This bank's got me!"

Before him, as the paper ribbon slid through his fingers, arose the visual image of a young woman in an uptown flat. He had given his hostages to fortune, and he realized it—for Harney was married. Otherwise he might have rapped out the retort, so handy on his tongue.

The ticker had grown busy now. "Damn him!" muttered Harney, under his breath. For Gaines, furthermore, had added insult to injury. "I've noticed, Mr. Harney, that of late you have been—ah!—somewhat tardy. Nine o'clock is the hour, as you know."

Harney had answered him doggedly, realizing that no other loan clerk in a downtown bank was likely to be talked to in that way. "I was here until half-past eight last night," he said.

Mr. Gaines raised his eyebrows. "You must conduct yourself—ah!—as do the other employees. There can be no exception. And, perhaps, if you arrive on time you may finish your duties—ah—accordingly."

Harney went back at him. "But I was kept so late I couldn't do something—well, I had something of my own to do."

Again the president lifted his brows. "The bank must be first, sir—remember that. Always! That is all."

Thereupon he had gravely handed to Harney the day's usual memorandum for the loan department—a statement of what the bank would accept from its customers in substitution for collateral they wished to draw out to deliver. Harney had gone back to his desk, a scowl on his face. Yes, he was a dog; the bank had him under its thumb. It was not a large bank—as downtown banks go—but it was the only one of its size that would not allow its loan clerk a helper. "Oh, I'm a dog!" he growled; and out of the memorandum sheet the face arose, hazily again—the face of a young woman, brown-haired, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked—a fresh, comely face, frowning with just a hint of dissatisfaction.

"Yes—even she's seen it! The under dog! She knows, too, they've got me beaten."

All that day it had come up before him—this thought of his wife. He'd tried for a long while to overlook the little pucker of her brows, but he could not overlook

the words that went with it. He'd been delayed that morning because she had sent him to stand off a pressing household bill.

"I don't wish to hurt you, Walter—but, you know, other women aren't worried the way I am. What's wrong



The Face of a Young Woman, Brown-Haired, Blue-Eyed, Pink-Cheeked

with you? There are the Willis—Tom Willis started when you did. And there are the Gays and Fred Sloane's family. I'm sure they don't need to worry about butchers' bills. Why, they're riding around in motor-cars."

It was not the first time she had asked innocently why he couldn't get ahead. It was even harder to bear when he recalled how she had struggled, shoulder to shoulder with him, to keep up the battle. For years she hadn't complained, but now the fight was beginning to tell on her. But, instead of answering, Harney had only clenched his teeth together. He remembered how, once before, he had let out a sharp retort: "Willis!—that fellow? And Gay and Sloane! Those grafters?" There had been an inflection in his voice, as if he asked whether she wished to see him adopt their methods. He knew their policy: "Get money—honestly, if you can. But get it!"

"Walter, I don't see why you can't succeed if they do. I've heard you call them grafters, but—" There she had laughed lightly: "Well, why don't you learn, then, how to graft?"

He had laughed, too, in spite of himself; for she was such a child in business matters. Yet, though still a child, he knew solidly that she thought him a little incapable—that his place in life only counted failure, if measured by the standard of these friends of hers who rode around in motor-cars. For two years he had been trying to get a raise in salary—a paltry fifteen or twenty dollars a month. Fifteen or twenty dollars! Another swift image flew into his mind—the picture of Gaines on the verge of apoplexy when he'd spoken of it.

He looked up to see the president bearing down on him. Gaines seemed to have his eye on Harney as he came down the corridor; but he withdrew it suddenly when Harney raised his head. The white spats twinkled hurriedly over the marble flooring, turned to the right and sped down the flight of steps leading to the safety-deposit vaults below. In Gaines' hand was a fat bundle of securities fastened together with broad rubber bands.

"More work!" thought Harney, idly looking back at the ticker. *Clack!—clack!—clack!—clack!* rapped the machine; and, fastening his eyes on the tape, he spelled out the sequence of cabalistic signs that jerked itself into view. "TWM 1st 4's . . . 89½."

Dully, in the habit of a mind driven to its hidebound routine, Harney forced himself to the task before him. Gertie, for the moment, was forgotten—Gertie and her perhaps not unreasonable questions; for Tidewater first mortgage 4's were Lombard's specialty; and for two weeks now the broker had been feeding them to the bank as collateral for his loans. But Harney saw no need to worry himself; they were time loans—not loans on call; and the bonds had closed only a half off from the opening. Scanning the tape again, he set down the quotation on his sheet and swung back to the ticker.

"TWM col. 4's . . . 45½."

Harney grinned. Tidewater first mortgage 4's had held up well enough, but their weak-kneed sister security, the collateral 4's, showed the result of a hard day's grueling in the market. They were off three and an eighth from the opening, and still showed no tendency to harden. But the bank had shied off from the collateral 4's days ago; and Gaines' morning memorandum bore the significant order: "Accept no TWM collateral 4's for substitution." In other words, customers wishing to replace one batch of securities with another could not substitute the collateral 4's, which were virtually little better than notes at hand.

"Say," said a voice at Harney's elbow, "how's the market?"

It was Richter, the paying teller; he had locked his cage and come back to the water cooler for a drink. Harney, his eyes on the tape, grunted the answer.

"Hummh!" drawled Richter morosely, and added a bit of gossip: "The old man's balance got a swat in the eye again to-day."

News like this travels fast from counter to counter in a bank; for no one yet has found a way to stop the leak. "You don't say," responded Harney idly, and dragged out another length of tape. It was a habit of his, an old trick of nervousness that more than once had put the ticker out of whack. "I wonder—" he began, and then looked around. Richter, with a muffled exclamation, had darted away; and over the railing of the safety-deposit steps Harney saw the head and shoulders of Gaines solemnly coming into view.

The stairs seemed to have caused the paternal gentleman not a little loss of breath; he was wheezing in more than usual distress. Harney's glance took in the florid face, the pouches under the small, alert eyes, the almost portly front of the white waistcoat. "Eats too much," he thought, and looked back to his sheet. In Gaines' hand was still the fat bundle of bonds, with a flattened loan envelope slipped in under the two flat rubber bands.

"Lombard and Company—fourteen thousand—four months at six per cent."

The president's voice had cleared itself of wheeziness. He tapped an open hand with the bundle of securities, and then held them face outward, so that Harney could see the writing on the envelope.

"Tidewater Milling First Mortgage 4's."

Harney reached for the packet, but Gaines shook his head.

"That's all right. Just enter them on the loan sheet. I've checked them over, and I'll file them in the vault."

Harney's eye took in the O. K., Gaines' penciled initials "W. G." with a ring around them. It was all right, of course. As the president walked away to the vaults he entered the loan on his sheet, and sticking his pen behind his ear turned back to the ticker.

"Devilish polite of him, I'm sure!" he grumbled to himself. Yesterday, Gaines had done the same thing—checked over another bundle of Tidewater Milling 4's—saved the overworked loan clerk that much labor. Yes—and the week before, too. Twice during the week before.

Harney looked up suddenly, and stared after the white spats twinkling down the corridor. Like the White Rabbit in Alice's Wonderland, the loan clerk thought. But why—

"Oh, the devil!" Harney said to himself, and hunched his shoulders over the tape again.

"Hey, you there!" a voice called at him from the loan window. It was after hours, but there stood a runner from a brokerage firm. "Say—on that loan 48, thirty-six thousand to Florizel & Co. The old man wants to know if you'll take Tidewater collateral 4's again. We want to lift two odd lots of Annie, fifty Little Steel, all the bum Sweet Alice, a slice of the Soup and Nipper—not much, though—and the balance of the Mop."

Harney stared at him sulkily while he rattled off this jargon—the flash vernacular of the Street, the slang terms for Anaconda, Steel Common, Alice Chalmers, and the three Pacific rails—Southern, Northern and Missouri.

"Hey?" inquired the runner, catching his breath.

Harney waved him away. "Tell your story walking," he observed crisply. "Florizel's got cats and dogs enough on our loan sheet—and this ain't a pound. Gaines won't stand for the collateral 4's."

"Frozen face!" retorted the runner, and went away.

Tidewater collateral 4's. "Hunh!" grunted Harney, and then a thought leaped swiftly into mind. The tape flowed through his fingers unseen; he sat looking up the corridor, and there passed across his line of sight a semi-portly figure in white spats drifting to the doorway and out into the street, where a limousine car had returned to a place beside the curb. For collateral 4's were peculiar—peculiar in the way they had been issued. You had to look closely to find on their fronts the one discriminating word; if you were careless you might not see it at all.

"Eh?" Harney darted from the ticker. He'd had a thought—a wild inspiration. But once suspicion stirs itself inside a bank—once it quickens, no matter how wild the thought may be, there is no downing it until proof has been shown to the contrary. Ticklish affairs—affairs as ticklish as the banking business—are safeguarded by suspicion. It is more dependable than rigid personal honesty.

Harney quickstepped down the corridor, turned and made straight for the inner vaults. There the bank's securities were filed away in large, black tin cases. He dragged out the first bundle of Tidewaters he could find, and spread them on the counter like a hand of cards. Then Harney stared.

"My soul!" he said, and looked about him guiltily.

Before Gertie had married her loan clerk she had belonged to that army which the circulars of the Women's



Exchange describe complacently as the "self-supporting." One could apply the same term to the young woman in the circus who slides down a wire while holding on with her teeth. For Gertie, in the past days of fancy-work, had hung on, too, with her teeth—hung on to life. Indeed, of the two occupations—hers and the circus woman's—Gertie's had seemed the more perilous; for the woman in the circus, if she let go, would fall into a net, while Gertie—well, there had been a net to catch Gertie, too, if she fell, but not just the same kind of a net. She hated the thought of it—the drudgery, the heartburning pangs of disappointment, the rejected work and the living from hand to mouth. To-day, it was all recalled to her again, flatly and unavoidably. She remembered what she'd said to Walter in that moment of petulant worry. Poor Walter!—poor, dear, dear boy! She recalled how hard he worked, and she recalled, too, how hard she herself had toiled before he had come to take her from it. A small, conscious wave of color swept into her face at the thought of that half-forgotten romance—a romance almost buried under now in the sordid, implacable effort of making both ends meet. A vision of the courtship in their dingy boarding-house swam back into view. They had married quickly, he insisting she must toil no more; and from that day she had never laid her hands to the hated fancy-work. Perhaps she had been wrong. Perhaps she should go back to it. All the afternoon it was still before her.

At five o'clock she arose and walked back to the tiny kitchen. Three weeks before she had sent away the maid-of-all-work—by that hoping still further to economize. However, the dinner would be an easy matter to manage, its *pièce de résistance* to be a stew, made from what was left over in the ice box. She had not dared go near the butcher for fear of a possible rebuff; anyway, the stew was enough. Poor Walter! Just as she stooped to look into the ice box she heard the front door open, and then close with a slam that jarred all the glassware on the shelves.

"Why, Walter!"

He had his hat dragged down over his eyes; at a glance she saw he was nervous and repressed.

"Why, what brings you home so soon?"

He slung off his hat, and began working at a bulky packet in his pocket. It was wrapped in manila paper and securely fastened with flat rubber bands.

"Nothing," he answered shortly. "I just quit."

Quit? A chill of fear shook her. "You quit?" She stepped toward him uncertainly. "Not your place—your place—in the bank?"

Harney stared at her, his eyes blinking. "What?" Then he understood. "Oh, no! What's the matter with you?"

She still watched him nervously, a new thought in her mind—the remembrance of her morning. "He wouldn't give us any more—the butcher—any more credit?"

Harney, who had jerked the bundle from his pocket, looked up.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Gertie! No! I fixed it up with the butcher all right."

At the door of the front room he turned and looked back. She was still watching him. "How soon's dinner?" he demanded, his voice a little harsh and thick. She answered she would have it ready at half-past six.

"Well, hurry. I've got to talk to you."

There was something so heavy and portentous in his tone that she was alarmed again. "Walter, what has happened? Don't hide it from me. Haven't you really lost your place?"

"My place?—oh, great Scott!" He burst into a cackle of dry and mirthless laughter. "Well, I guess not!" As he disappeared into the front room, still cackling, he called back to her: "Hurry up with the dinner, now."

But her mind was in a tumult. She was possessed fiercely of all a wife's fierce divination of coming trouble. Leaving the dinner to simmer on the stove, she drifted along the hall to the front room, determined to know.

"Walter—"

He started at the touch of her hand on his shoulder. Spread out before him on the table was an array of folded papers—bonds, as she saw at a glance.

"What is it, Walter?"

He stared up at her over his shoulder, and turned away again to chuckle harshly. "Oh, do you want to know—know now?" he demanded almost truculently.

With a sinking heart, a still fiercer prescience of something wrong, she nodded slowly.

"All right!" he laughed lightly; "you told me to go learn grafting—grafting, do you hear? Well, I've done it."

"Grafting? You mean you have —"

"Yes—grafting! You didn't know what you were talking about, but I've done it, anyhow. And here it is!"

He waved a hand toward the securities spread out before him.

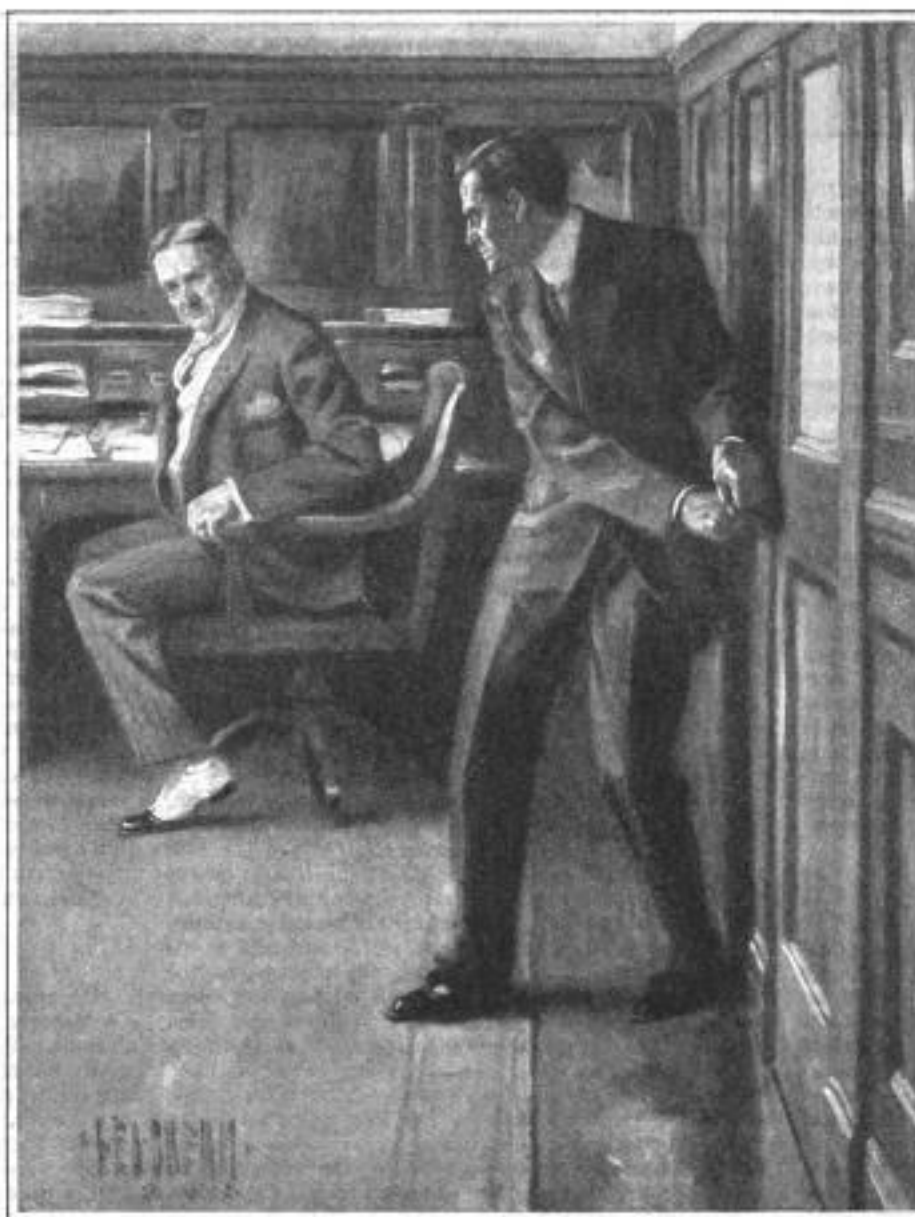
Grafting! She still had no clear conception of the term; it was still as so much Greek to her. But her husband's voice now, in its inflection, spoke of something she had not dreamed—a hint of troubled waters, perilously close. Grafting?—had he said *stealing* his tone could have carried no greater significance and weight.

"What do you mean, Walter? I don't understand."

"No—I knew you wouldn't." Harney pushed back his chair and turned to her, quivering with a deeply vital passion—the heat of a man who scorns himself in what he is doing. "Well, I'm a grafter now. Your unknowing taunt—and what the bank's done to me—have made me one." With a rough hand he flung the bonds about.

"Do you see that?" he demanded, laying his fingertip on one that lay face upward. "Tidewater Milling Company," she read, and the name meant nothing to her—nor the bonds, either. But he explained.

"Look—Here's a Tidewater Milling first mortgage bond. It's worth, roughly, about nine hundred dollars.



"Furthermore, I Must Inform You That it is—ah—Final. Good-Morning"

But this bond—here, this one —" He rapped another with his fingertip—"this one with the word collateral down here—collateral in place of first mortgage. Well, they're worth only half as much as the others."

She was white now, though she still failed to grasp what he meant. Swift and terrible memories of men that had gone wrong in banks swept up before her. Was her own husband a — "Well?" she gasped.

"Can't you see it? It's Gaines, and I've caught him dead to rights!"

She shook her head slowly, her eyes burning as they fastened themselves on his. He looked at her fiercely, and saw she didn't understand.

"Oh, of course, Gertie! You're just a child in such things." He laughed again, harshly still, but with a little

ring of triumph. "Now, pay strict attention to what I say." Again he put his finger on one of the bonds. "Lombard, the broker, a friend of Gaines, has been feeding us these bonds for the last two weeks—all on time loans. I don't know whether he's in cahoots with Gaines or not—it doesn't matter. Well, every time a bunch of these good bonds has come in Gaines has loaned him their full borrowing value. Then Gaines has taken the bonds down into the safety-deposit vaults and gotten busy. He's nipped out a third or a half of them, and put these other bonds, these collateral 4's, in their place. Do you see? Afterward he's taken the first mortgage bonds he's held out, and put them up with brokers as margin for the stocks he's carrying."

It was still too deep for her; she shook her head. "Why has he done it? I can't understand."

"Why?" He rapped out the word angrily, and then subsided. "Oh, you mean, why did he take this way of getting into us? Because all our loans must be passed on by the directors. They've approved the Lombard loans on Tidewater first mortgage 4's. If the directors hadn't been in the way he could have loaned himself what he wanted on any old kind of security—cats and dogs of any sort. Why —"

She raised her hand. "Never mind telling me any more. I want to know what it means."

He laughed still more triumphantly now, and at that she shivered. "Mean?" he cried. "Why—ten or twenty years in Sing Sing. That's what it means." He pulled a closely-penciled envelope from his pocket and glanced at it. "I worked it out, coming up on the Subway. This is his first whack at stealing—at all events, I can't find any other bonds he's monkeyed with. But he's robbed the bank already of about forty-eight thousand. That won't hurt us, though we're not a big bank. But for Gaines—well, it's Sing Sing if he doesn't listen to me."

She was white and shaking now. When she spoke, her voice came quivering—small and unfamiliar to her in its tone of terrified expectancy.

"Stealing—and you—you—What are you going to do?"

He shook himself with another jarring laugh. "I don't know yet; but I can tell you this: you're not going to worry any more about butchers' bills!"

Then she understood. He was going to graft! She knew the meaning now of the thing she had laughed at lightly. He was going to hold what he'd found out as a club to make Gaines, the thief, give him what he wanted. She saw clearly now what grafting meant. Her husband was about to become a grafter—one to profit himself in any way he could, though the way led through channels of blackmail and of theft. In that blazing moment she saw there were deeper affairs in existence than she had dreamed of in her philosophy—deeper, graver matters than the mere struggle to make both ends meet.

"Walter!" She walked around the other side of the table and pointed a tragic finger at the bonds. "Wrap them up!" she cried, her finger wigwagging emphatically. "Get them out of my sight—and yours! Do you hear?" Her face grew more deeply convulsed as she saw him fall back in his chair, his mouth agape. Then, after a moment's amazement, his sullen truculency returned.

"I'll not do it. I see what you mean. You yourself egged me on—to turn my hand to grafting. I'm going to see it through now."

"Yes!—you're going to become a thief!"

He shook his head doggedly. "No—just a grafter!" he muttered savagely.

"I'm going to make him give me the raise I've asked for—and some one to help me. He's got to put back those bonds, besides. But I hate to think what I'd do if I was Willis! You'd have a whole flock of motor-cars then."

The dinner on the stove went on simmering. Three hours later an odor of burning food reminded her. She left him long enough to turn out the gas in the range and then went back to him. Toward midnight, after a long interval of silence, she spoke to him in the dark:

"What are you going to do? I can't sleep!"

There was a muffled answer. "I wish I knew!"

At nine o'clock the bank opened for the day. The porter in his shirt-sleeves put on a gray uniform coat, and going

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# The Way They Do Business in China

By I. K. Friedman

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON



ambitious. On the other hand, which is peculiar considering their business acumen, these same compositors will work overtime for the same rate that applies to their regular hours. They haven't learned yet that, in the Occident, it's the fashion to charge once and a half for overtime. But they will learn it in time."

"And if any particular Chinaman, standing out on his rights as an individual, refuses to join a guild?" I asked.

"I don't know that death recognizes any individual rights," he answered.

All the foregoing must have made it sufficiently clear that there are guilds in China

THE farther one travels in this little world of ours the more is one forced to the conclusion, which would be startling if it were original, that honesty, like morality, is to a considerable degree a matter of geography. At all events, nearly every nation would seem to have its own peculiar style of being honest or dishonest, just as it chooses its own way of being moral or immoral, according to the way you look at the subject.

Anyway, it appears on analysis that the Chinese, whose reputation for exceeding honesty has escaped narrowly from passing into proverb, have little more or little less of that highly-regarded quality than the rest of us. What they possess is a superior system for enforcing honesty. Or, perhaps, it may be highly systematized rather than highly honest or dishonest Chinese. Whether or not this is probity and integrity, inherent and *per se*, must remain a matter of opinion, but let us first consider the system.

Century in and century out, for the purpose of fostering and increasing their credit, the Chinese have employed the Guild System of mutual insurance. Almost every man in China belongs to one kind of a guild or another, merchants, laborers, clerks or whatnot. All work together, and the business man who refused to join a union of his trade and abide by its dictates wouldn't stay in business long enough to learn what the sensation was like. A far-reaching boycott leveled against his stubborn head by mechanic and tradesman alike would tie him up the way a cowboy's rope entangles an objectionable bronco.

## The Supremacy of the Guild

EVEN the common coolie who peddles vegetables or cut-flowers at your back door is controlled in all his petty business dealings quite as much by the guild to which he belongs as is the greatest merchant of whom he stands in awe. And the foreign manufacturer in China may bless his stars that he is in a land where there are no tyrannical labor unions; but his gratitude to the stellar guardians of his destiny won't last very many minutes after the guild has made him suspect its existence by serving notice that wages have increased by fiat, or that all his coolies will leave him in the lurch unless the one ignominiously discharged be honorably reinstated. "For a time," said the editor of one of the foremost English newspapers in Hongkong to me, "I thought I had labor conditions all my own way. But the guilds soon gave me a jolt in the ribs and woke me out of my dream. I posted a notice one morning that the irregularity on the part of my printers had to cease, and that every man who came to his work five minutes late would be docked for a full half-hour. But no sooner was the notice on the wall than my pigtailed compositors crowded round it, deciphered its meaning, and came in a body to tell me that, in China, time wasn't counted that way. Five minutes was five minutes, not thirty. I would have to go back to the old style of telling time, they insisted, or suffer a general walk-out. I thought it all over, and finding out that, if these printers left my shop, there wasn't money enough in all China to induce others to take their places, I agreed with them that my watch was a little too premature and

and that the guilds, like the atmosphere, are everywhere. But what has this to do with the finer questions of honesty and shades of honor? will be asked. Just this: the association or guild, taken as a unit, goes bond for the integrity of each of its adherents, and binds itself to make good any loss that may have been incurred by his defalcation, incompetence or knavery.

## How One Loses His Face in China

AND the guild itself is perfectly safe, in the long run, in taking this method of booming business, being in turn guaranteed against loss by the families of its members. For in China the family and not the individual is the social unit, and every member of it, whether distantly or closely allied, is answerable for the conduct and good behavior of every other member. A Chinaman is uncovered in the community as a thief and a scoundrel, and all his relatives, back and forth to the sixteenth cousins, uncles and aunts, suffer the most horrible torture that refined Chinese cruelty knows how to inflict—namely and to wit, the loss of face. He forfeits thus, at one fell swoop, social standing, position and the respect and consideration of his fellows. A "boy" in the '—l steals the purse of a guest, and what happens? He loses face and brings the same disgrace on Coolie Number One, who has hired him, and who is responsible to the manager for the actions of every other servant in the hostelry. To gain the face which he has lost the peculator may hang himself or cut his throat, suicide from that source being anything but uncommon in China. A student fails in his examinations, and what is his dire punishment? He loses face in his native haunts and, quailing under the thought of the humiliation that awaits him at home, he does away with himself. A mandarin is dismissed from office, a foreign minister is recalled, and off go their faces, which is quite as bad as if off went their heads. A war is lost and the Emperor hangs his head and moves through his palace as if in quest of the face he has lost. One authority makes the statement that during the Chinese-Japanese War, the Emperor, in consequence of the defeat of his armies and the march of the Mikado's troops on Peking, threatened to commit suicide, saying to his court: "I know what there remains for me to do. There still flourish in my park the branches of the tree on which the last of the Mings hung himself." And, by the way, the last of the Mings took to the tree in question when he learned that Peking was in the hands of the Manchus and that, while he might save his head, there was no possibility of his keeping his face. Coolie, merchant, mandarin, emperor, the very highest and the very lowest, the most humble and the most exalted of China, are all actuated by the peculiar national ideal of keeping face. Nor does the disgrace and consequent loss of countenance consist in the perpetration of any crime or misdemeanor. Far from it! It rests entirely in being found out and having the mask torn off from what it was worn to conceal. Let a Chinaman steal, and let everybody in his village be morally certain that he steals, and he may pass for none the less of a Chinaman on that account. But let him steal and be

caught, red-handed, in the act, and it is all up with him. He has lost the dearest and most precious thing life holds for him—his physiognomy.

A more or less supposititious case may show how the loss of face works out practically, and how much a Chinaman's love of his countenance tends to keep him honest. Hop Lung, the highly honorable and much-esteemed merchant, finds that he is up against it and can't pay his debts. Do you suppose, on that account, his numerous creditors count their good, hard-earned money lost? Not much. They know that Hop's children will some day pay them, or pay their grandchildren or their great-grandchildren; anyway, they console themselves with the reflection that the money won't get away from the family. Why? Because, if Hop's remote posterity should be mean enough to repudiate the obligation, they would lose face on earth and discredit Hop's beatific countenance in Heaven. In China the whole family assumes absolute responsibility in financial matters, and a debt is handed down from father to son as a sort of precious heirloom, and the cancellation stamp never goes down on a debt until it is paid. The system preserves many a man's memory that otherwise might disappear like last year's snows; at the same time it serves to keep the nation in debt—and all China is in debt—and to keep it honest. Of course the ninety-sixth male descendant of our merchant Hop Lung, for instance, doesn't relish the fact that he must square the honorable Hop's fan-tan losses, but then he can do the same to the ninety-sixth heir in the direct line that follows him, and so keep even with the game.

## The Celestial Credit System

AND, speaking of debt, here is a good place to mention another idiosyncrasy of the Chinaman's way of doing business. The native merchant of the Middle Kingdom has only three pay-days for the fiscal year, none of which falls on the same date for all the provinces, save that of New Year's, when the peremptory call for settlement is issued. Then all the A's in China scamper about like mad to collect from all the B's, in order that they may pay all the C's, who owe all the D's, who push all the E's, who scamper after all the F's, and so down a list complicated as any puzzle that Chinese wits ever evolved.

Moreover, it is the rule to permit customers up-country to skip the first pay-day and settle on the second. And here is the odd way in which the scheme works out: If the goods have been delivered twenty-four hours before any one of the three dates fixed for collection, the shipper has only to whistle for his money for four months plus one day. But, on the other hand, if he delivered his stuff twenty-four hours after any one of these triennial events, he will have to possess his soul in patience and entertain himself with his own music for eight months less one day.

Obviously, a system that extends such long credits is not particularly good for business, since it discourages the idea of rapidly increasing your profits by rapidly increasing your sales; and it must put a damper on the amount of merchandise that passes through commercial channels. However, in actual practice the bad tendency is somewhat



corrected by giving the dealer the option of paying, in full or in part as he pleases, before the date fixed. If he is able to take advantage of the privilege he is accredited with interest at the rate of one and one-fifth per cent. per Chinese month on the amount paid in as long as his account is kept open. The Piece-Goods Guild seems to have been responsible for the introduction of this invention, although it is now followed by all other guilds, regardless of the lines in which they happen to deal.

Cash transactions of a size large enough to be worthy of the name, save in retail stores, are almost a rarity to the Chinese merchant. If the jobber or middleman travels up-country with a load of goods and is lucky enough to sell them, he will receive in exchange another load of local produce or manufactures plus a balance of cash in hand. When the same merchant travels down-country he will sell the stuff that has been given him in payment up-country, and so work both ends of the journey. But if this Chinese knight of the road makes it a point to stick to one single line, and to restrict his field of operations only to carrying goods into the interior, refusing to come back toward the coast laden with other goods in kind, then he will be compensated by hard cash of the realm or by a letter of credit. If his money comes in the shape of taels of silver, equal to a Chinese ounce, he may have an added chance to extract profit, for the simple reason that the weight of the tael differs in different provinces, and the wide-awake man knows how to get more from Paul than was paid to him by Peter. His letter of credit, if payment has come in that guise, need cause him no anxiety, for it has been drawn on a responsible native bank or on native merchants whose names for uprightness and fair dealing carry all the authority of a long-established trade-mark. Indeed, foreign travelers and merchants have gone forth into the wilderness of China armed with no other means of satisfying their needs than these same letters of credit, and never found cause to regret it.

#### Why Chinese Bankers are Honest

THE reputation of Chinese bankers and bank clerks for honesty is world-wide. Is it merited? The word system is again and at once given as an answer and an explanation. The Chinese bank clerks belong to a guild, the guild is responsible for their conduct, and their families in turn are responsible to the guild. Nothing could give a deeper insight into Chinese banking methods than a casual consideration of the bankers of the province of Shansi, who have followed that profession for generations, and who have managed to establish a fairly good monopoly over the banking of the big centres of China. One long associated with the Imperial Maritime Customs, and in a position to know absolutely, says of them:

"A peculiar feature in the constitution of these banks is the extraordinary manner in which employees are treated. The bankers themselves, being Shansi men, employ only natives of that province, and when possible select men out of their own villages. When a man is appointed to a post at one of the branch offices his family is taken charge of by the bank and held as security for fidelity and good behavior. At his post the employee may send no letter to his family, except an open one through his master. He receives no pay or salary of any kind while away, officials are entertained, clothing is purchased as required, and sundry expenses are incurred, and every item is met with the bank's money, the strictest account being kept of all expenditures on behalf of the individual. A man holds his employment for three years and then returns to his employer's house, taking with him the account of the money expended during his term; he is duly searched and the clothing he has purchased undergoes examination. Should it happen, after examination, that the accounts are satisfactory and the affairs of the bank have been prosperous during the man's tenure of office, he is handsomely rewarded, and he is allowed to join his family, who are immediately released. If, on the other hand, business has not prospered under the man's management and he has presented an unsatisfactory account, clothing and everything is retained and the family is held in bondage until a suitable fine is paid, or the man himself may be imprisoned."

Considering the evidence, therefore, it may not be too unfair to say that the Chinese bank clerk is honest for

the same reason that the prisoner in jail doesn't steal: he is too closely watched to take the chance, and the chance itself is fraught with too great danger to make it worth the while.

We are told, too, that the Chinaman's word is as good as his bond, but a frank and free discussion with those on the ground who know, and do not guess, elicits the fact that the proposition needs reservation. The reservation consists in the bond. Chinaman number one is not apt to take, in a business transaction, the mere word of Chinaman number two, if unbacked by a bond. Before the advent of the foreigner it was almost the universal custom in China to demand bargain or earnest money as payment in part and evidence of good faith; but the increased trade attendant on the opening of commerce brought along in its train increased competition, and the merchants let their bargain money go by the board in their eagerness to outdo the other fellow and get their share of the amount of silver in circulation. In one way this looks like faith in mankind, which has its basis in honesty and honor; in another way it looks like enterprise.

#### The Man Who Knows Everything

AGAIN, the foreigner—Frenchman, German, American, Italian, whatnot—who has any considerable Chinese custom, will rest content with the written word of his Celestial patrons. But why? The word comprador, heard so rarely in the West but which is on everybody's lips in the Far East, gives the answer. A comprador is the Chinese business agent or go-between for the "tipan" or head of the foreign house by whom he is employed. In China the comprador is an invaluable and indispensable institution. Like the encyclopaedia, he knows everything. He speaks all dialects; he is 'way up in all the complicated convolutions of Chinese politics and finance. He is intimate with all other compradores, and he is well acquainted with all the merchants along the coast or in the interior to whom his firm is likely to sell. He possesses the knowledge of what they are worth and how large a credit ought to be extended them. In short, he is an abridged and walking edition of Dun and Bradstreet's. But more than all else the comprador is heavily bonded to his firm, and his bonds are of no questionable value, for, often as not, he is as richly blessed with this world's goods as the man who pays him.

If the comprador brings a Chinese customer into the counting-room of his "hong," or business house, by that very token he stands sponsor for all goods sold, and the result is that the obliging and confiding merchant will rest satisfied with the prospective patron's spoken word, and blandly forget to ask for security or bond. Not so the comprador; he has a lien safely stowed away on his person, or else he has learned through past experience, or from some other comprador, that he may dispense with what he is just as well off without. Moreover, the "tipan" has another powerful, though invisible, hold on his comprador,

and one which may help to make his head rest easier than if it were crowned: if he goes broke, the comprador loses face. The dire punishment involved in the separation of a man and his countenance has already been explained, but in the instance of the comprador it is so utterly unbearable that he has been known to come to the rescue of the impending bankruptcy of his lord and master with his purse and his entire fortune.

The story is told of a certain faithful comprador who, on hearing the sad tidings that his "hong" had gone to pieces against the rocks of adversity, sought out his English employer and said to him, with tears in his eyes: "I will do anything to help you get on your feet again, anything. I will even continue to work for you at one-third of what I am now getting in salary and commissions."

"So be it," returned the Englishman, more appreciative than eloquent.

A year went by, and the firm's tussle for existence being harder than the gentle comprador had anticipated, he went to his master a second time and said to him: "I see things are not turning out as they promised. Cut my commissions and salary down one-half and I will work on as before."

"Very well," said the employer, looking, if not speaking, his gratitude.

A third year, unfavored by the gods of commerce, rolled by, and once more the good comprador entered the presence of the Englishman and said: "Cut down my pay by three-fourths, and if that doesn't do —"

"You get out of here," interrupted the irascible Briton with a roar. "I've had enough of you! No wonder I went broke if you can work for me on three-fourths of your present income and still flourish. I thought there was a leak somewhere!"

And the comprador retreated sadly, muttering: "Such is Occidental gratitude!"

#### Faithful Kwong and the Prodigal

ONE can scarcely blame the worthy comprador for being distressed over benefits forgot, since the Chinese themselves are so often stigmatized by the Occidental as a race which is as strange to the sentiment of gratitude as to the use of soap. Most of us don't know it, and are the more blissful on account of our ignorance, but the truth is that the Chinese look down on the white man from the dizzy heights of their Celestial superiority with utter contempt. We are barbarians in their eyes and why, therefore, worthy of gratitude? Should the civilized pay homage to the savage? Seen through Chinese eyes we are stupid, inferior, "easy," and put on earth for the purpose of "being worked." If Chinese employees serve their foreign masters loyally and faithfully, long residents in the Far East will tell you it is rather because they have learned that loyalty and faithfulness, like honesty, pay! Other strong reasons, already explained in full, assist the sentiment, but respect and love are not found among them with any alarming frequency. I wish to record a brilliant and beautiful exception.

Some forty years ago a man by the name of James McGregor came to China, went into the brokerage business at Tientsin and accumulated a fortune. Dying, he left behind him a son and a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. Young McGregor's genius for spending money made his father's ability for coining it look sorry and drab. He flung the golden grain to the four winds and took advantage of every passing cyclone and tornado besides. Occupation interfering with his favorite pastime, he converted his father's business into hard cash and then proceeded to turn the hard cash into automobiles, fast horses, diamonds and pearl necklaces. The jewels and the automobiles and horses not consuming lucre fast enough, he turned his attention to the gaming-table. His extravagance was a topic of conversation from Peking to Calcutta.

But let the sober-minded shake their heads over young McGregor's career as they might, and let the gossipers censure him as they would, all had to admit one thing in the prodigal's favor: he had a big gift for financiering. It was known that in less than no time he had put into general circulation the inheritance his father had dipped out of that ever-flowing stream, and still he managed to draw enough sustenance from his exchequer to keep up

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# THE BEDIZENED TRUTH



AFTER we got Moon Park going, that summer, the old man called me into the office for one of his synoposed talks. He said:

"There's a loft up over the Penny Arcade that isn't working. I've staked it out in my mind as a hospital and dispensary for fainting women and animal trainers that get scratched, and all the rest—you know. It's mainly for press work, anyhow. Use it as the ideas strike you—that's your job. Fix up the details yourself. There's a lot of junk lying around the concessions. Cop it for furniture. Call up the Nurses' Employment Bureau—no, go yourself—and get a trained nurse. Pick out a pearl, a pippin, a peach—large blonde preferred. If she's especially long on looks add ten dollars a month to her regular price and cinch her with a contract for the summer."

"I'd better work up a story about leaving society for a career, or records in college athletics, I suppose?" said I.

"All right. Anything that suggests itself, but she's got to be a beaut," said the old man. Then he put another slant on his cigar, and went on composing a tank drama with his head, designing a back drop for the Dales of Persia with his hands, beating time for his new Coney Island March with his feet, and jacking up the chief of the Park Fire Department with his mouth.

At the agency I lined up the nurses like Frank Daniels lines up a chorus. I hadn't any trouble making a choice. A blind deaf-mute would have picked Dorcas Freeman just from the atmosphere she radiated. She had eyes like a snow leopard's and hair like pulled molasses candy, and a mouth—oh, well, I get foolish whenever I pipe this strain.

When I mentioned Coney Island she shied a little. She said she'd go wherever humanity called to relieve suffering, but when it came to taking a steady job for four months she must know whether the place was respectable, and whether she could find a proper boarding-house. I persuaded her that the old man's sole object and desire was to make a Sunday-school look like the Streets of Cairo beside the new Coney Island. I pointed out that we had a Catholic church just over the fence and Protestant religious services every Sunday morning in Dwarf City. By the time I'd hypnotized her name on to a season contract I'd also decided to carry her baggage and to escort her to Coney in person. Even at that early stage of the game it would have taken a blast of dynamite to bust me loose from the side of Dorcas Freeman.

We were on our way and had introduced our families and our past histories into the conversation before I came

W. J. Glackens

Every Morning We Went Down to the Beach With Bumbo and had a Dip

## By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS

down to business and led up to the story. I should have known better as soon as I learned that she was born and brought up at Barnstable, Cape Cod. But I plowed right on, regardless. I began:

"You know, I suppose, that I'm press agent for Moon Park?"

She was highly entertained and interested.

"Do you write the things that appear in the papers about it?" she asked. "Some of them are very readable."

"Not exactly," I said. "I may say that I inspire them. If nothing happens I make it happen." I thought I might as well come straight out with it. "For example: if I could make it happen that you'd given up a career in society to be a nurse, or that you were the heroine of a hospital ship in the Spanish War—" I kind of ran down on that point, because she was looking me over with those snow-leopard eyes of hers.

"But I didn't do either thing," she said. "My father was a farmer. I graduated from Barnstable High School and took up nursing because I'd rather do that than teach school. You wouldn't have me lie, would you?"

It seemed to me that the best thing was to come back at her frankly.

"Well, you see, it's my job to make the news from Moon Park and to land it in the papers when made. On my professional side I'm a liar, and everybody knows it. It's what I'm paid for. The papers know it, and unless my lying is too raw they close their eyes to it. It's news for them in the dull season, and I save them the mental irritation of thinking up their own fakes. The performers know I lie, but it advertises them and flatters their vanity. Every one knows it on me, every one is pleased, and what's the harm?"

"What of the people like me who read those articles and believe them?" she said. "I read the other day that the camel from Moon Park ran away and entered a brewery, and ate a lot of hops and swelled up terribly, because the water he was keeping in his seven stomachs expanded the hops. It was an extraordinary thing to happen. Was that a lie?"

"That wasn't exactly a lie," I said. "At least, there was a peg of truth to hang the lie on to. I turned the camel loose. His keepers induced him into the brewery and saw that he didn't eat enough hops to endanger his life—I'd paid for the damage in advance."

"But you haven't answered my question," said Dorcas. She has a way of hanging to the main point. "Are you fair to the public?"

"See here," said I. "You take George Barr McCutcheon and Henry James and Laura Jean Libbey. In their published works they don't tell the truth conspicuous, do they? In fact, their books are all lie. They're frank and open about it, and every one respects them. Same here."

She thought on this a while, and the little pucker between her eyebrows kept growing. Finally she said:

"That's a very different thing. How can I ever believe anything you say? You told me I could find a respectable place to board at Coney Island. How am I to know if that is true?"

"In my private capacity as plain Billy Morris," said I. "I've been accused frequently of telling the truth consecutively. In fact, there are those who have wondered how such a grand, imaginative artist could be so truthful about his own affairs. It's my ease and recreation from my public life. I guess you can just about bank on me when I'm not talking for publication."

I could see she wasn't convinced; and as for trying to make her stand for society connections or a college career, I'd dropped that idea long ago.

"I don't like it at all," she said. "And if I don't find the place as represented I shall ask you, as a gentleman, to release me from my promise."

"You'll find it as represented," said I, "and a great light will burst concerning the difference between a man's public work and his private nature."

When she got into her little white cap and her big apron, with the red cross on the arm, Dorcas Freeman tore like a whipsaw into my dispensary arrangements. While Dorcas was at work she was all business, and that didn't tend any to separate my young affections from her. If there's any one, man or woman, that I hate, it's a sloppy performer. The first thing she did was to dump out a ton of truck which I'd borrowed from all over the park to make the place look pretty and homelike. She loaded up a cart with Turkish portières from the Abode of Mystery, and sabres from the Dales of Persia, and stuffed walrus heads from the Arctic Ice Floes, and rugs from the Laughing Gallery. When she got down to cases there was nothing in sight but a plain, iron bed and two white chairs, and cleanliness, and Dorcas Freeman, who was decoration enough for any room. While she was bustling about throwing out furniture, with me assisting Marceline fashion, Professor Malino, the lion-tamer, poked his head into the room. I introduced them. That afternoon Professor Malino hailed me.

"I'm remembering that I've just been married," said he, "but let me tell you that this season I'll welcome bites and similar catastrophes."

"You aren't the only one, Tom," said I. "Moon Park can look forward to the greatest season of minor accidents in its whole history. It makes a man reckless just to think on the subject."

The next day was a fine, crowded Sunday. All the reporters were over, piping up floss stories for the Monday issue. I'd been saving the new dispensary for that occasion. Luck helped me. Early in the afternoon Dorcas had her first patient. Jimmie Sales, assistant chief in the fire show, burned his hand monkeying with the gas connections. At any other time Jimmie would have dropped a little sweet oil on it and tied it up with his handkerchief, and gone back to work. But he'd heard about the peach in captivity at the dispensary. When I arrived with the reporters Dorcas was wrapping up his hand from a roll of surgical bandage.

Quick thinking is my specialty. I began my talk at once.

"I've saved the story," I said, "until I could get you fellows all corralled here. The truth is, we had a singular accident in the fire show this morning. While they were rehearsing the Leap for Life into the net, Señora Cortigo—you've all seen her great act—came too near the gas jets."



"Good Old Fellow, You Saved My Life!"



Her dress caught fire. They had no ladders around just then—they'd hauled her up by a rope—I was making up the story as I went along—"Mr. Sales, here, with the quick decision of a true fireman, went up that rope hand over hand. He arrived just in time to beat out the fire in Señora's dress, leaving her entirely uninjured. But in doing so he burned his right hand severely. Tell 'em about it, Jimmie," said I.

Jimmie Sales had been in the show business long enough to recognize press work when he saw it. He said:

"That's about the straight goods. It was only part of the day's work for a fireman."

Now all this time I'd been talking to a pair of fishy eyes which protruded from the face of Frothingham, of the Evening Dispatch. The Frothingham person prides himself on being a conservative representative of the most conservative newspaper in America. I hadn't made him bite—not once—for a whole year. He wouldn't even print the story and queer it with "according to the press agent," as Riley, of the Star, used to do. Frothingham spoke up right there:

"Did they haul the lady up over a pulley?"

"Sure!" said Jimmie before he thought.

"Then who made the rope fast so you could climb it?" he asked.

"The Señora did. She had the presence of mind to see that it was her only chance for rescue," said I.

"Oh, say now!" responded Frothingham. And the story was queered right there.

I went back that evening to find how Dorcas Freeman was getting on. She sat in a rocking-chair beside the little iron bed, reading a book and looking like an angel. Before I could say "good-evening" she had started in on me.

"That was what you call press work, was it? Of course I knew it wasn't true. Mr. Sales had just told me how the accident happened."

I tried to bluff it through by getting gay.

"Well, how did it happen?" said I.

"Oh, Mr. Morris, what a business to be in!" said she.

"Well, it's mine and I can't change it now," said I.

"But in our brief acquaintance have you ever heard me speak to deceive any one but the newspapers?"

She trained those snow-leopard eyes on me and smiled the dimpledest, demurest—oh, say, but here I go getting foolish again.

"What about the Protestant religious services in Dwarf City? I tried to attend them this morning."

I guess I must have blushed.

"Well," said I, "that was a place where I kind of had the wires crossed. You see, we did have services there for one Sunday, and it made a great story. I got to thinking it was regularly true." She pretty nearly laughed at me.

"How can I believe anything you say? That's the way it always happens. They come to believe it."

"But wasn't the rest of it true?" said I. "You find the park perfectly respectable, don't you?"

"Yes. Everybody is very dear and kind."

Well, you bet, everybody was.

I might as well state, before going any further, that I was positively dippy over Dorcas Freeman by that time; and the deeper I got in love with her the more my work fell off. My mind and imagination were too busy finding excuses to loaf around the dispensary, I guess. The dispensary story was the last really good yarn that I landed for three weeks. When I hadn't anything else to do, and frequently when I had, I could be found over the Penny Arcade.

Dorcas was always pleasant to me; I figured she liked to hear me talk, and that was encouraging. I developed the habit of discussing my plans with her. They always amused her; but after I got through she'd always flash that reproachful look into her eyes and say:

"Mr. Morris, how can I ever believe anything you say?" It got to be a catch phrase between us, so that we'd both laugh.

The funny feature of that dull period was that things kept happening to me—no pipe, straight goods—things that would have been good for a column a paper if they'd happened to Professor Malino or Hattie Collins, or any other performer. I had summer quarters over the Dules of Persia that year. How it ever happened the old man could never find out, though he fired three men trying to learn—but a rattlesnake got loose

from the animal show. I'd arrived late from a visit with Dorcas, and I came pretty near undressing in the dark. Lucky I didn't; when I flashed up the light there he lay stretched out on my pillow. I've seen too many snakes to get the real horror start out of it, and all I could think of, when I settled down, was the weeping pity that it happened to the press agent.

I expressed these ideas to Dorcas next morning when we were taking our regular walk before the gates opened up—I'd got her to that point a week before.

"But why wouldn't it make a story?" said she.

"A press agent in a story?" said I. "It would be unprofessional, in the first place —"

"Oh, you have professional ethics then, have you?" said she, sort of tantalizing.

"And, in the second place," said I, "nobody would believe it. They have to believe me when I pipe about the performers, but if anything startling was passed up to them about me they'd say, 'Oh, come now, that's too much.' In moments of desperation I've tried it. I always get the merry laugh. A press agent is no good in type except as a joke."

"Then if anything really startling happened to you—anything that the papers couldn't ignore —"

"I'd nail it to some other hero or kiss the story good-by,"

I said. I was low in my mind that morning, because the old man had just written me a letter congratulating me on my success in keeping publicity away from him and his business projects. By this time Dorcas had annexed to her staff everything that breathed in Moon Park. Next to me, the closest follower she had was Bumbo, the clown-dog in the animal show. Most trained dogs are poor, spiritless things with all the wag and wriggle pounded out of them. But this Bumbo was just a fool dog who succeeded because he was naturally funny and because he reveled in applause. Pay some attention to him, laugh at his tricks a little, and he'd stick out his tongue and laugh back dog-fashion, and trot out every stunt that he knew. One of his parents was a Newfoundland, I guess, and the other was a problem. He started at the jaws to be a bull-terrier and grew to be a water-spaniel by the time he got to his eyes. He was a Newfoundland all the rest of the way to his tail, which was Irish setter. He was always loose around the show of mornings, and he took to trailing us on our walks.

In my low spirits my mind turned to Bumbo.

"I'm so plumb discouraged," I said, "that I'm just about to see if I can't do something with that dog. It's about the last card I have with the animals. Why, even when the polar bear really did hug his trainer I couldn't make the papers bite. That Frothingham person queered it."

Dorcas didn't make me feel any happier when she said: "Perhaps Mr. Frothingham has a sense of the value of truth."



W. S. "Pick Out a Pearl, a Pippin, a Peach—Large Blonde Preferred"

"That's the trouble," said Dorcas. "I can't take it from you after all the admissions you've made to me."

"But you like me in spite of it all?" said I.

"Yes, I like you," said she.

"Make it love," said I.

"No. I love truth," said she. And there negotiations halted for the space of two weeks.

The hot season came on. Every morning we went down to the beach with Bumbo and had a dip. Dorcas couldn't swim; I was teaching her. Hattie Collins, who did the high dive into the tank, used to join us sometimes. Hattie was a curious professional freak—a little wisp of a thing who dove on nerve and control, but who hadn't the strength to open a fountain pen. Although she'd a fair stroke in the water she had no endurance whatever. We all knew that; and whenever Hattie wanted to go far Dorcas used to make me swim out with her.

So we went in one rough morning after a storm, with the sea piling up the breakers. We left Dorcas on the beach playing with Bumbo, who was wriggling himself to pieces at the thought that his mistress wasn't going out into the horrid ocean that morning. Hattie and I took advantage of a lull, dove through two rollers, and played with the big waves, imagining we were shooting the chutes when we came out on top of a crest and dropped into a hollow. Before we knew it we had got three or four hundred yards out. I told Hattie we'd better turn back; she seemed willing. I noticed then that she wasn't keeping up; I turned to ask her what was the matter. A big wave broke over her head; she came out with her face all drawn.

"What is it?" I yelled. Hattie gasped and mumbled when she said:

"Cramp! All over me! You'll have to tow me in!" Hattie was perfectly cool. She certainly has the nerve! She talked right on as I caught her under the arm:

"I'll be perfectly quiet. See if you can't get help from shore—and save your strength!" She got that all out in gasps before the next wave hit us, and when we came out of that—I couldn't manage to ride it—she wasn't swimming at all.

I wonder if you think it's any cinch to rescue a drowning person? You've read a hundred times just how to do it—did you ever try it in practice? It's swimming with lead in your boots and handcuffs on your wrists and a ton on your heart. After I'd struggled a few strokes I took one peep at the beach. I can see yet how bare it seemed. Early morning, not a life-saver in sight, only Dorcas, sitting with her arms around Bumbo, never thinking to look up—and Dorcas couldn't swim. I remember cursing that fool dog, Bumbo, and wondering if the Newfoundland in him wouldn't rise up and perform

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Daring Any One to Come in and Touch Me



# TREASON IN THE BODY



## The Fight Against Rebellious Body Cells

By  
**Woods Hutchinson**  
A.M., M.D.

THE imagination of the race has ever endowed Cancer with a peculiar individuality of its own. Although it has vaguely personified in darkest ages other diseases, like the Plague, the Pestilence and *Maya* (the Smallpox), these have rapidly faded away in even the earliest light of civilization and have never approached in concreteness and definiteness the malevolent personality of Cancer. Its sudden appearance, the utter absence of any discoverable cause, the twinges of agonizing pain that shoot out from it in all directions, its stonelike hardness in the soft, elastic flesh of the body, the ruthless way in which it eats into and destroys every organ and tissue that comes in its way, make this impression, not merely of personality, but of positive malevolence, almost unescapable.

Its very name is instinct and bristling with this idea: *Krebs*, in German; *Cancer*, in Latin, French and English; *Carcinoma*, in Greek, all alike mean "Crab," a ghastly, flesh-eating parasite, gnawing its way into the body. The simile is sufficiently obvious. The hard mass is the body of the beast; the pain of the growth is due to his bite; the hard ridges of scar-tissue which radiate in all directions into the surrounding skin are his claws.

The singular thing is that, while brushing aside, of course, all these grotesque similes, the most advanced researches of science are developing more and more clearly the conception of the independent individuality—as they term it, the *autonomy*—of cancer.

More and more decidedly are they drifting toward the unwelcome conclusion that in cancer we have to deal with a process of revolt of a part of the body against the remainder, "a rebellion of the cells," as an eminent surgeon-philosopher terms it. Unwelcome, because a man's worst foes are "they of his own household." Successful and even invigorating warfare can be waged against enemies without, but a contest with traitors within dulls the spear and paralyzes the arm. Against the frankly foreign-epidemic enemies of the race a sturdy and, of late years, a highly successful battle has been fought. We have banished the plague, drawn the teeth of smallpox, riddled the armor of diphtheria and robbed consumption of part of its terrors. In spite of the ravings and gallery-play of the Lombroso school anent "degeneracy," our bills of mortality show a marked diminution in the fatality of almost every important disease of external origin which afflicts humanity.

### The World-Riddle of Pathology

THE world-riddle of pathology the past twenty years has been: Is cancer due to the invasion of a parasite, a veritable microscopic "crab," or is it due to influences in the communal relations, or, to speak metaphorically, the allegiance of the cells? Disappointing as it may be, the balance of proof and the opinion of the most experienced and broadest-minded experts is against the parasitic theory, so far, and becoming more decidedly so. In other words, cancer appears to be an evil which the body breeds within itself.

There is absolutely no adequate ground for the tone of lamentation and the Cassandra-like prophecy which pervades all popular, and a considerable part of medical, discussion of the race aspects of the cancer problem. The reasoning of most of these Jeremiahs is something on this wise: That, inasmuch as the deaths from cancer have apparently nearly trebled in proportion to the population within the last thirty years, it only needs a piece of paper and a pencil to be able to figure out with absolute certainty that in a certain number of decades, at this geometric ratio, there will be more deaths from cancer than there are human beings living.

There could be no more striking illustration, both of the dangerousness of "a little knowledge" and of the absurdity of applying rigid logic to premises which contain a large percentage of error. Too blind a confidence in the inerrancy of logic is almost as dangerous as superstition. Space will not permit us to enter into details. Suffice it to say:

First, that expert statisticians are in grave doubt whether this increase is real or only apparent, due to more accurate diagnosis and more complete recording of all cases occurring. Certainly a large proportion of it is due to the gross imperfection of our records thirty years ago.

Second, that the apparent increase is little greater than that of deaths due to other diseases of later life, such as nervous, kidney and heart diseases. Our heaviest saving of life so far is in the first five-year period, and more children are surviving to reach the cancer and Bright's disease age.

Third, that a disease eighty per cent. of whose death rate occurs after forty-five years of age is scarcely likely to threaten the continued existence of the race.

### How the Insurrection Begins

THE nature of the process is a revolt of a group of cells. The cause of it is legion, for it embraces any influence which may detach the cell from its normal surroundings—"isolate it," as one pathologist expresses it. The cure is early and complete amputation of not only the rebellious cells, but of the entire organ or region in which they occur.

A cancer is a biologic anomaly. Everywhere else in the cell state we find each organ, each part, strictly subordinated, both in form and function, to the interests of the whole.

Here, this relation is utterly disregarded. In the body-republic, where we have come to regard harmony and loyalty as the invariable rule, we find ourselves suddenly confronted by anarchy and revolt.

The process begins in one great class of cells, the epithelium of the secreting glands. This is a group of cell-citizens of the highest rank, descended originally from the great primitive skin-sheet, which have formed themselves into chemical laboratories, ferment-factories for the production of the various secretions required by the body, from the simplest watery mucus, as in the mouth, or the mere lubricant, as in the fat-glands of the hair-follicles, to the most complex gastric or pancreatic juice. They form one of the most active and important groups in the body, and their revolt is dangerous in proportion.

The movement of the process is usually somewhat upon this order: After forty, fifty, or even sixty years of loyal service the cells lining one of the tubules of a gland—for instance, of the lip, or tongue, or stomach—begin to grow and increase in number. Soon they block up the gland-tube, then begin to push out in the form of finger or root-like columns of cells into the surrounding tissues.

These columns appear to have the curious power of either turning their natural digestive ferments against the surrounding tissues, or of secreting new ferments for the purpose, closely resembling pepsin, and thus literally eating their way into them. So rapidly do these cells continue to breed and grow and spread resistlessly in every direction that soon the entire gland, and next the neighboring tissues, become packed and swollen, so that a hard lump is formed, the pressure upon the nerve trunks gives rise to shooting pains, and the first act of the drama is complete.

But these new columns and masses, like most other results of such rapid cell-breeding in the body, are literally a mushroom growth. Scarcely are they formed than they begin to break down, with various results. If they lie near a surface, either external or internal, they crumble under the slightest pressure or irritation, and an ulcer is formed, which may either spread slowly over the surface from the size of a shilling to that of a dinner-plate, or deepen so rapidly as to destroy the entire organ, or perforate a blood-vessel and cause death by hemorrhage. The cancer is breaking down in its centre, while it continues to grow and spread at its edge. Truly a "magnificent scheme of decay."

Then comes the last and strangest act of this weird tragedy. In the course of the resistless onward march of these rebel cell-columns some of their skirmishers push through the wall of a lymph channel, or even, by some rare chance, a vein, and are swept away by the stream. Surely now the regular leucocyte cavalry have them at their mercy, and can cut them down at leisure. We little realize the fiendish resourcefulness of the cancer cell. One such adrift in the body is like a ferret in a rabbit warren; no other cell can face it for an instant. It simply floats unmolested along the lymph channels until its progress is arrested in some way, when it promptly settles down wherever it may happen to have landed, begins to multiply and push out columns in every direction, into and at the expense of the surrounding tissues, and behold, a new cancer, or "secondary nodule," is born (*metastasis*).

In fact, it is a genuine "animal spore," or seed cell, capable of taking root and reproducing its kind in any favorable soil. And, unfortunately, almost every inch of a cancer patient's body seems to be such. It is merely a question of where the spore cells happen to drift and lodge. The lymph nodes or "settling basins" of the drainage area of the primary cancer are the first to become infected, probably in an attempt to check the invaders; but the spores soon force their way past them toward the central citadels of the body, and, one after another, the great, vital organs—the liver, the lungs, the spleen, the brain—are riddled by the deadly columns and choked by decaying masses of new cells, until the functions of one of them are so seriously interfered with that death results.

### The Difference Between Cancer and Infection

OBVIOUSLY, this is a totally different process, not merely in degree, but in kind, from anything that takes place as a result of the invasion of the body by an infectious germ or parasite of any sort. There is a certain delusive similarity between the cancer process and an infection. But the more closely and carefully this similarity is examined the more superficial and unreal does it become. The invading germ may multiply chiefly at one point or focus, like cancer, and from this spread throughout the body and form new foci, and may even produce swarms of masses of cells resembling tumors, as, for instance, in tuberculosis and syphilis. But here the analogy ends.

The great fundamental difference between cancer and any infection lies in the fact that, in an infection, the inflammations and poisonings and local swellings are due solely and invariably to the presence and multiplication of the invading germs, which may be recovered in millions from every organ and region affected, while swellings or new masses produced are merely the outpouring of the body cells in an attempt to attack and overwhelm these invaders. In cancer, on the contrary, the destroying organism is a group of perverted body cells. The invasion of other parts of the body is carried out by transference of their bastard and abortive offspring. Most significant



of all, the new growths and swellings that are formed in other parts of the body are composed not of the outpourings of the local tissues, but of the descendants of these *pirate cells*. This is one of the most singular and incredible things about the cancer process: that a cancer starting, say, in the pancreas, and spreading to the brain, will there pile up a mass—not of brain cells, or even of connective tissue cells—but of gland cells, resembling crudely the organ in which it was born. So far will this resemblance go that a secondary cancer of the pancreas found in the lung will yield on analysis large amounts of trypsin, the digestive ferment of the pancreas. Similarly, a cancer of the rectum, invading the liver, will there pile up in the midst of the liver tissue abortive attempts at building up glands of intestinal mucous membrane.

This fundamental and vital difference between the two processes is further illustrated by this fact: While an ordinary infection may be transferred from one individual to another, not merely of the same species, but of half a dozen different species, with perfect certainty, and for any number of successive generations, no case of cancer has ever yet been known to be transferred from one human being to another. In other words, the cancer cell appears utterly unable to live in any other body except the one in which it originated.

So confident have surgeons and pathologists become of this that a score of instances are on record where physicians and pathologists, among them the famous surgeon-pathologist, Senn, of Chicago, only a few years ago, have voluntarily ingrafted portions of cancerous tissue from patients into their own arms, with absolutely no resulting growth. In fact, the cancer cell behaves like every other

cell of the normal body, in that, though portions of it can be grafted into appropriate places in the bodies of other human beings and live for a period of days, or even months, they ultimately are completely absorbed and disappear. The only apparent exception is the epithelium of the skin, which can be used in grafting or skinning over a wide raw surface in another individual. However, even here the probability appears to be that the taking root of the foreign cells is only temporary, and makes a preliminary covering or protection for the surface until the patient's own skin cells can multiply fast and far enough to take its place.

A similarly reassuring result has been obtained in animals. Not a single authenticated case is on record of the transference of a human cancer to one of the lower animals, and of all the thousands and thousands of experiments that have been made in attempting to transfer cancers from one animal to another only one variety of tumor with the microscopic appearance of cancer—the so-called Jensen's tumor of mice—has yet been found which can be transferred from one animal to another.

So we may absolutely disabuse our minds of the fear which some of our enthusiastic believers in the parasitic theory of cancer have done much to foster—that there is any danger of cancer "spreading," like an infectious disease. Disastrous and gruesome as are the conditions produced by this disease, they are absolutely free from danger to those living with or caring for the unfortunate victim. In the hundreds of thousands of cases of cancers which have been treated, both in private practice, general hospitals and in hospitals devoted exclusively to their care, not a single case is on record of the transference of

the disease to a husband, wife or child, nurse or medical attendant. So that the cancer problem, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within us.

This conclusion is further supported by the disappointing result of the magnificent crusade of research for the discovery of the cancer "parasite," whether vegetable or animal, which has been pursued with a splendid enthusiasm, industry and ability by the best blood and brains of the pathological world for twenty years past. I say disappointing, because a positive result—the discovery and identification of a parasite which causes cancer—would be one of the greatest boons that could be granted to humanity—not so much on account of the actual loss of life produced by the disease as for the agonies of apprehension engendered by the fact of the absolute remorselessness and blindness with which it may strike and our comparative powerlessness to cure. So far the results have been distressingly uniform and hopelessly negative.

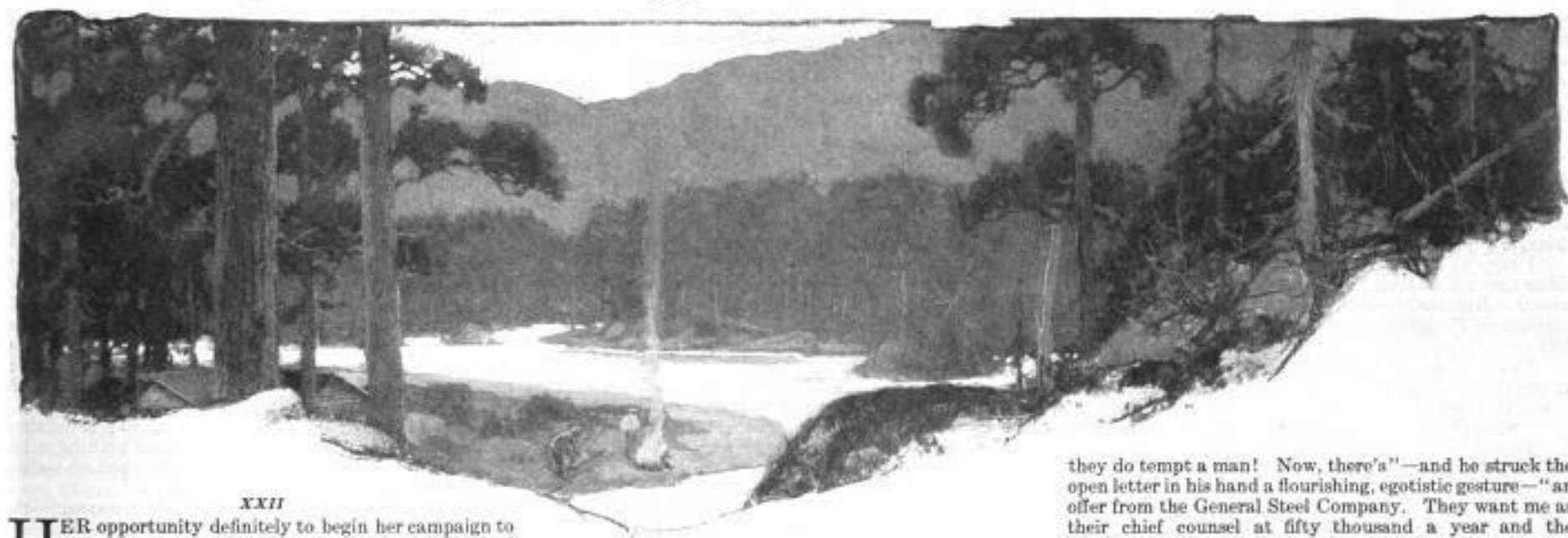
Scores, yes, hundreds, of different organisms have been discovered in and about cancerous growths, and announced by the proud discoverer as the cause of cancer. Not one of these, however, has stood the test of being able to produce a similar growth by inoculation into another body; and all which have been deemed worthy of a test—research by other investigators besides the paternal one have been found to be mere accidental contaminations, and present in a score of other diseases, or even in normal conditions. Many of them have been shown to be abnormal products of the cells of the body in the course of the cancer process, and some even such ludicrous misfits as impurities in the chemical reagents used, scrapings from

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# The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



XXII

HER opportunity definitely to begin her campaign to lift him up out of politics finally came. She had been doing something in that direction almost every day. She must be careful not to alarm his vanity in being absolute master of his own destiny. The idea of leaving politics and practicing law in New York must seem to originate and to grow in his own brain; she would seem to be merely assenting. Also, it was a delicate matter because the basic reason for the change was money; and it was her cue as a lady, refined and sensitive and wholly free from sordidness, so to act that he would think her loftily indifferent to money. She had learned from dealing with her grandmother that the way to get the most money was by seeming ignorant of money values, a cover behind which she could shame Madam Bowker into giving a great deal more than she would have given on direct and specific demand. For instance, she could get more from the old lady than could her mother, who explained just what she wanted the money for and acted as if the giving were a great favor. No, she must never get with him on a footing where he could discuss money matters frankly with her; she must simply make him realize how attractive luxury was, how necessary it was to her, how confidently she looked to him to provide it, how blindly, in her ignorance of money and all sordid matters, she trusted to him to maintain her as a wife such as she must be maintained. She knew she did not understand him thoroughly—"we've been so differently brought up." But she felt

that the kind of life that pleased her and dazzled him must be the kind he really wished to lead—and would see he wished to lead, once he extricated himself, with her adroit assistance, from the kind of life to which his vociferous pretenses had committed him.

Whether her subtleties in furtherance of creating a sane state of mind in him had penetrated to him she could not tell. In the earliest step of their acquaintance she had studied him as a matrimonial possibility, after the habit of young women with each unattached man they add to their list of acquaintances. And she had then discovered that whenever he was seriously revolving any matter he never spoke of it; he would be voluble about everything and anything else under the sun, would seem to be unbosoming himself of his bottommost secret of thought and action, but would not let escape so much as the smallest hint of what was really engaging his whole mind. It was this discovery that had set her to disregarding his seeming of colossal, of fatuous egotism, and had started her toward an estimate of him wholly different from the current estimate. Now, was he thinking of their future, or was it some other matter that occupied his real mind while he talked on and on, usually of himself? She could not tell; she hoped it was, but she dared not try to find out.

They were at their mail, which one of the guides had just brought. He interrupted his reading to burst out: "How

they do tempt a man! Now, there's"—and he struck the open letter in his hand a flourishing, egotistic gesture—"an offer from the General Steel Company. They want me as their chief counsel at fifty thousand a year and the privilege of doing other work that doesn't conflict."

Fifty thousand a year! Margaret discreetly veiled her glistening eyes.

"It's the fourth offer of the same sort," he went on, "since we've been up here—since it was given out that I'd be Attorney-General as soon as old Stillwater retires. The people pay me seventy-five hundred a year. They take all my time. They make it impossible for me to do anything outside. They watch and suspect and grumble. And I could be making my two hundred thousand a year or more."

He was rattling on complacently, patting himself on the back, and, in his effort to pose as a marvel of patriotic self-sacrifice, carefully avoiding any suggestion that mere money seemed to him a very poor thing beside the honor of high office, the direction of great affairs, the flattering columns of newspaper praise and censure, the general agitation of eighty millions over him. "Sometimes I'm almost tempted to drop politics," he went on, "and go in for the spoils. What do you think?"

She was taken completely off guard. She hadn't the faintest notion that this was his way of getting at her real mind. But she was too feminine to walk straight into the trap. "I don't know," said she, with well-simulated indifference, as if her mind were more than half on her own letter. "I haven't given the matter any thought." Carelessly: "Where would we live if you accepted this offer?"



"New York, of course. You prefer Washington, don't you?"

"No, I believe I'd like New York better. I've a great many friends there. While there isn't such a variety of people, the really nice New Yorkers are the most attractive people in America. And one can live so well in New York."

"I'd sink into a forgotten obscurity," pursued the crafty Joshua. "I'd be nothing but a corporation lawyer, a well-paid fetch-and-carry for the rich thieves that huddle together there."

"Oh, you'd be famous wherever you are, I'm sure," replied she with judicious enthusiasm. "Besides, you'd have fame with the real people."

His head reared significantly. But, to draw her on, he said: "That's true. That's true," as if reflecting favorably.

"Yes, I think I'd like New York," continued she, all unsuspecting. "I don't care much for politics. I hate to think of a man of your abilities at the mercy of the mob. In New York you could make a really great career."

"Get rich—be right in the social swim—and you, too," suggested he.

"It certainly is very satisfactory to feel one is of the best people. And I'm sure you'd not care to have me mix up with all sorts, as politicians' wives have to do."

He laughed at her—the loud, coarse Josh Craig outburst. "You're stark mad on the subject of class distinctions, aren't you?" said he. "You'll learn some day to look on that sort of thing as you would on an attempt to shovel highways and set up sign-posts in the open sea. Your kind of people are like the children that build forts out of sand at the seashore. Along comes a wave and washes it all away. . . . You'd be willing for me to abandon my career and become a rich nonentity in New York."

His tone was distinctly offensive. "I don't look at it in that way," said she coldly. "Really, I care nothing about it." And she resumed the reading of her letter.

"Do you expect me to believe," demanded he, excited and angry—"Do you expect me to believe you've not given the subject of our future a thought?"

She continued reading. Such a question in such a tone called for the rebuke of an ignoring silence. Also, deep down in her nature, down where the rock foundations of courage should have been but were not, there had begun an ominous trembling.

"You know what my salary is?"

"You just mentioned it."

"You know it's to be only five hundred dollars a year more after January?"

"I knew the Cabinet people got eight thousand." She was gazing dreamily out toward the purple horizon, seemed as far as its mountains from worldliness.

"Haven't you thought out how we were to live on that sum? You are aware I've practically nothing but my salary."

"I suppose I ought to think of those things—ought to have thought of them," replied she with a vague, faint smile. "But really—well, we've been brought up rather carelessly—I suppose some people would call it badly—and —"

"You take me for a fool, don't you?" he interrupted roughly.

She elevated her eyebrows.

"I wish I had a quarrel for every row between your people and your grandmother on the subject of money. I wish I had a dollar for every row you and she have had about it."

He again vented his boisterous laugh; her nerves had not been so rasped since her wedding day. "Come, Margaret," he went on, "I know you've been brought up differently from me. I know I seem vulgar to you in many ways. But because I show you I appreciate those differences don't imagine I'm an utter ass. And I certainly should be if I didn't know that your people are human beings."

She looked guilty as well as angry now. She felt she had gone just the one short step too far in her aristocratic assumptions.

He went on in the tone of one who confidently expects that there will be no more nonsense: "When you married me you had some sort of idea how we'd live."

"I assumed you had thought out those things or you'd not have married me," cried she hotly. In spite of her warnings to herself she couldn't keep cool. His manner, his words, were so inflammatory that she could not hold herself from jumping into the mud to do battle with him. She abandoned her one advantage—high ground; she descended to his level. "You knew the sort of woman I was," she pursued. "You undertook the responsibility. I assume you are man enough to fulfill it."

He felt quite at home with her now. "And you?" rasped he. "What responsibility did you undertake?"

She caught her breath, flamed scarlet.

"Now, let us hear what wife means in the dictionary of a lady. Come, let's hear it!"

She was silent.

"I'm not criticising," he went on; "I'm simply inquiring. What do you think it means to be a wife?"

Still she could think of no answer.

"It must mean something," urged he. "Tell me. I've got to learn some time, haven't I?"

"I think," said she, with a tranquil haughtiness which she hoped would carry off the weakness of the only reply she could get together on such short notice, "among our sort of people the wife is expected to attend to the social part of the life."

He waited for more—waited with an expression that suggested thirst. But no more came. "Is that all?" he inquired, and waited again—in vain. "Yes? . . . Well, tell me, where in thunder does the husband come in? He puts up the cash for the wife to spend in dressing and amusing herself—is that all?"

"It is generally assumed," said she, since she had to say something or let the case go against her by default, "that the social side of life can be useful in furthering a man."

He vented a scornful sound that was like a hoot. "In furthering a lickspittle—yes. But not a man!"

"Our ideas on some subjects are hopelessly apart."

She suddenly realized that this whole conversation had been deliberately planned by him; that he had, indeed, been debating within himself their future life, and that he had decided that the time was ripe for a frank talk with her. It angered her that she had not realized this sooner, that she had been drawn from her position, had been forced to discuss with him on his own terms and at his own time and in his own manner. She felt all the fiery indignation of the schemer who has been outwitted.

"Your tone," said she, all ice, "makes it impossible for a well-bred person to discuss with you. Let us talk of something else, or of nothing at all."

"No; let's thresh it out now that we've begun. And do try to keep your temper. There's no reason for anger. We've got to go back to civilization. We've got to live after we get there. We want to live comfortably, as satisfactorily for both as our income permits. Now, what shall we do? How shall we invest our eight thousand a year—and whatever your grandmother allows you? I don't need much. You're quite welcome to all there is above my board and clothes."

This sounded generous and so irritated Margaret the more. "You know very well we can't live like decent people on twelve or fifteen thousand a year in Washington."

"You knew that before you married me. What did you have in mind?"

Silence.

"Why do you find it difficult to be frank with me?"

His courteous, appealing tone and manner made it impossible to indulge in the lie direct or the lie evasive. She continued silent, raging inwardly against him for being so ungenerous, so ungentlemanly as to put her in such a pitiful posture, one vastly different from that she had prearranged for herself when "the proper time" came.

"You had something in mind," he persisted. "What is it?"

"Grandmother wishes us to live with her," she said with intent to flank.

"Would you like that?" he inquired; and her very heart seemed to stand still in horror at his tone. It was a tone that suggested that the idea was attractive!

She debated. He must be "bluffing"—he surely must. She rallied her courage and pushed on: "It's probably the best we can do in the circumstances. We'd have almost nothing left after we'd paid our rent if we set up for ourselves. Even if I were content to pinch and look a frump and never go out you'd not tolerate it."

"Nothing could be more galling," said he, after reflecting, "than what people would say if we lived off your grandmother. No, going there is unthinkable. I like her, and we'd get on well together —"

Margaret laughed. "Like two cats drowning in a bag."

"Not at all," protested he sincerely. "Your grandmother and I understand each other—better than you and I—at least, better than you understand me. However, I'll not permit our being dependents of hers."

Margaret had a queer look. Was not her taking enough money from the old lady to pay all her personal expenses—was not that dependence?

"We'll return to that later," continued he, and she had an uncomfortable sense that he was answering her thought. "To go back to your idea in marrying me. You expected me to leave politics."

"Why do you think that?" exclaimed she.

"You told me."

"I!"

"You, yourself. Have you not said you could not live on what I get as a public man, and that if I were a gentleman I'd not expect you to?"

Margaret stared foolishly at this unescapable inference from her own statements and admissions during his cross-examination. She began to feel helpless in his hands—and began to respect him whom she could not fool.

"I know," he went on, "you're too intelligent not to have appreciated that either we must live on my salary or I must leave public life."

He laughed—a quiet, amused laugh, different from any she had ever heard from him. Evidently Joshua Craig in intimacy was still another person from the several Joshua Craigs she already knew. "And," said he, in explanation of his laughter, "I thought you married me because I had political prospects. I fancied you had real ambition. . . . I might have known! According to the people of your set to be in that set is to have achieved the summit of earthly ambition—to dress, to roll about in carriages, to go from one stately house to another, from one showy entertainment to another, to eat stupid dinners, and caper or match picture cards afterward, to grin and chatter, to do nothing useful or even interesting —" He laughed again, one of his old-time, boisterous outbursts. But it seemed to her to fit in, to be the laughter of mountain and forest and infinity of space at her and her silly friends. "And you picture me taking permanent part in that show, or toiling to find you the money to do it with. Me! . . . Merely because I've been, for a moment, somewhat bedazzled by its cheap glitter."

Margaret felt that he had torn off the mask and had revealed his true self. But greater than her interest in this new personality was her anger at having been deceived—self-deceived. "You asked me how I'd like to live," cried she, color high and eyes filled with tears of rage. "I answered your question, and you grow insulting."

"I'm doing the best I know how," said he.

After a moment she got herself under control. "Then," asked she, "what have you to propose?"

"I can't tell you just now," replied he, and his manner was most disquieting. "To-morrow—or next day."

"Don't you think I'm right about it being humiliating for us to go back to Washington and live poorly?"

"Undoubtedly. I've felt that from the beginning."

"Then you agree with me?"

"Not altogether," said he. And there was a quiet sternness in his smile, in his gentle tone, that increased her alarm. "I've been hoping, rather," continued he, "that you'd take an interest in my career."

"I do," cried she.

"Not in my career," replied he, those powerful, hewn features of his sad and bitter. "In your own—in a career in which I'd become as contemptible as the rest of the men you know—a poor thing like Grant Arkwright. Worse, for I'd do very badly what he has learned to do well."

"To be a well-bred, well-mannered gentleman is no small achievement," said she with a sweetness that was designed to turn to gall after it reached him.

He surveyed her tranquilly. She remembered that look; it was the same he had had the morning he met her at the Waldorf elevator and took her away and married her. She knew that the crisis had come and that he was ready. And she? Never had she felt less capable, less resolute.

"I've been doing a good deal of thinking—thinking about us—these last few days—since I inflicted that scratch on you," said he. "Among other things, I've concluded you know as little about what constitutes a real gentleman as I do; also, that you have no idea what it is in you that makes you a lady—so far as you are one."

She glanced at him in fright, and that expression of hers betrayed the fundamental weakness in her—the weakness that underlies all character based upon the achievements of others, not upon one's own. Margaret was three generations away from self-reliance. His speech sounded like a deliberate insult, deliberate attempt to precipitate a quarrel, an estrangement. There had been nothing in her training to prepare her for such a rude, courage-testing event as that.

"Do you remember—it was the day we married—the talk we had about my relatives?"

She colored, was painfully embarrassed, strove in vain to conceal it. "About your relatives?" she said inquiringly.

He made an impatient gesture. "I know you remember. Well, if I had been a gentleman, or had known what gentleman meant, I'd never have said that. If you had known what a gentleman is, if you had been a lady, you'd have been unable to go on with a man who had shown himself such a blackguard."

"You are unjust to us both," she eagerly interrupted.

"Joshua—you —"

"Don't try to excuse me—or yourself," said he peremptorily. "Now, you thought what I said that day—my being ashamed of honest, straighter—more American—people than you or I will ever be—you thought that was the real me. Thank God, it wasn't. But"—he pointed a fascinating forefinger at her—"it was the me I'd be if you had your way."

She could not meet his eyes.

"I see you understand," said he earnestly. "That's a good sign."

"Yes, I do understand," said she. Her voice was low and her head was still hanging. "I'm glad you've said this. I—I respect you for it."

"Don't fret about me," said he curtly. "Fret about your own melancholy case. What do your impulses of decent feeling amount to, anyway? An inch below the surface you're all for the other sort of thing—the cheap



# HOW RICH MEN INVEST

By Theodore Burton

THE promise of a high rate of return on an investment should always awaken suspicion, and in some cases the actual payment of a high rate might well be considered the grounds for strong suspicion. Close and careful investigation should always be the order of the day whenever you are offered a security or an investment of any sort which promises to yield you a return which is above the normal.

But in this connection the question is continually asked: "Should a man be content with a return of four per cent.?" Many times my answer to this question has been a professional task, and for that reason I have repeatedly given it careful study. The conclusion at which I arrived is, that unless the man making the investment is able to give his close personal supervision to it, and unless he is also a capable man and fairly familiar with his ground, he will come out in the end with more money if he will stick to the four per cent. securities. My own observations in this field have compelled me to draw the conclusion that, granting good, average keenness and ability, the investor usually prospers with his investments in proportion as he is able to give them his individual attention.

## Sizing Up the Management

A little attention right at the start is worth more than a great deal of it later. In the first place, the security and soundness should be determined by every known method of test, and established beyond peradventure. While, of course, it will be impossible for the prospective investor to know everything about the enterprise represented in the security in which he is interested, shrewd and careful men have found so many ways in which to apply the probe that this matter of finding the weak spots in a prospective investment has been reduced almost to a science, the general rules of which are entirely familiar to investment brokers and specialists, and to that part of the legal profession handling estates and trust funds and advising clients who have money to put out. It is surprising how often persons of very considerable ability make investments which a little common-sense figuring with a lead-pencil and a piece of paper would have demonstrated, in ten minutes, to be thoroughly undesirable, and would have shown that the enterprise could not possibly have paid the return promised. Repeatedly, specific cases have come to my attention because of the disappointment of the investors, and it has been the work of only a few moments to demonstrate that, even under the most favorable conditions and circumstances, the enterprise could not possibly have made the profits implied in the promise which was held out to the investor. This, of course, applies with special force to investments in industrial and commercial concerns—or, in other words, in the stocks and shares of manufacturing and commercial corporations.

Not long ago I was asked the question: "Would you advise not to invest in anything which is not a first mortgage or a first mortgage lien of some kind?" And my answer was this: "Mortgages on real estate are not, I believe, quite the favorite investments which they were a few years ago, or, at least, are not quite as highly regarded by the shrewdest investors of to-day. As to farm loans, this class of borrowers are less likely to be prompt in their payments of interest than the borrowers on the best class of improved real estate in cities and large towns." Then it must be remembered that there is considerable labor involved in examining into the title of real estate and into the financial resources of the borrower. Even if the person having the money to put out is skillful enough to determine for himself whether the loan or the investment is a good one—which in most cases he is not—the process usually requires more time than he is able to give to it. Again, if real estate is a fluctuating quantity, and this is true of farm property as well as of the other kinds of real-estate holdings. We are often very wisely reminded that real estate will not run away. But those who repeat to us this saying usually fail to add

that a very large part of its market value may run away, and if this happens it makes small difference to the investor whether the land itself stays or goes.

The modern trend or disposition is to do business on a large scale, and this tendency has caused the floating of securities in far greater amounts than formerly, placing at the command of the private investor those securities which are based on transportation or manufacturing industries which, if carefully and honestly managed, are almost sure to be successful and remunerative. The qualifying clause which I have just used in this statement suggests the one essential point of inquiry to the man who proposes to put any considerable amount of money into a security of this sort. He should satisfy himself that the management of the corporation is in the right kind of hands; that it is, at the same time, characterized by conservatism; and that the acts of its officials are hedged about by those safeguards which always characterize an honest and efficient corporation management. This is quite as essential as to know that the line of the industry itself is right, and that its material resources are in sound condition.

Municipal and county bonds are, I believe, coming into increasing favor with conservative investors. There is only one precaution in this connection which should be emphasized, and that is, never to invest in a bond of this class until you have had some one making a specialty of this kind of knowledge determine whether the proper legal authority exists in the city, county or whatever it may be for the issue of the bond in question, and that it has actually been issued in strict conformity with the law. As to preferred stocks and common stocks it should be said that in some cases there is such a degree of ability in the management of the corporations issuing them, and in the growth and development of the manufacturing, industrial or transportation system upon which they are based, that they yield an uncommonly high percentage of return, and at the same time afford a reasonable degree of security. However, I cannot but recognize the fact that, speaking in a general way, there is a degree of uncertainty as to this development, and that the element of risk involved is such as to make it impossible to recommend them to the ordinary investor, excepting in the most qualified and cautious way. To the man, for example, whose whole life has been spent in the railroad business and who is broadly familiar with the situation of the various systems, both as to their financial condition and their prospects for development, this particular field of investment offers rare opportunities. But he who has no special and intimate knowledge of railroad affairs should, I feel, be decidedly cautious in taking on these stocks.

## Strength in Scattered Securities

One pronounced result of existing conditions has been a disposition to invest in banks and trust companies—to deposit with savings-banks and trust companies, which are, when we analyze it, mere agencies for the investment of money. Fifty years ago almost every one within a radius of ten miles of Cleveland who had a little spare means held at least a few shares of stock in the Lake Shore Railroad. There was a certain degree of public pride and interest in the enterprise, when it was building, which caused these persons to invest. The farmer, the tradesman, the shopkeeper, all liked the idea and felt a proprietary interest in the railroad into which they had put a little of their savings. They felt that it was their road and that its interests were their interests. What was the result? A local force of men all along the line of the road who felt a direct and individual responsibility for its protection and its prosperity! When one of these men saw some vandal defacing or injuring any feature of its property he didn't say to himself: "Oh, it's only the railroad," and pass by indifferently; on the other hand, he at once interested himself, actively and aggressively, in the protection of the property. Then, too, in a

multitude of other ways he was on hand to see that the railroad was not mulcted and that it had

a square deal—an attitude which, to say the least, is decidedly unusual on the part of the general public in these days. Consolidation of individual roads into great systems and the taking of the stock out of the hands of many small, individual holders along the line of the road has brought about this change, which I cannot but regard as an unfortunate one, both from the standpoint of the general public and the transportation lines.

All this is directly to the point, in one way. To my mind—other things being equal—the railroad or any other large industry which has a very large portion of its stock scattered among small holders who are in the same position to protect and assist the enterprise as were the small holders along the line of the old Lake Shore road of years ago, is a better investment than one where practically all of its stock is centralized in a few hands. I do not recall but one railroad to-day—the Illinois Central—which makes a special point of encouraging the scattering of its stock among small holders; this road offers special facilities for acquiring its stock to employees all along its line, and, I believe, also to the citizens who do business with it.

## Public-Service Securities

If I were to speak of my own personal experience I should say that I have had the most satisfactory success with first mortgage liens on real estate—the very form of security which, perhaps, I have, in the first part of this statement, seemed most to criticize. But, after all, I do not feel myself to be inconsistent in this, for the reason that I have been in position, personally, to examine the basis of the security and to keep closely in touch with the whole real-estate situation in the field in which I operated, either for myself or for others. Next to this kind of security I would rank the bonds of the great industrial or manufacturing enterprises, many of which have been highly profitable. In this field one may occasionally find a chance for investment which offers at least a reasonable degree of security and at the same time has the possibility of a percentage of return beyond that which could ordinarily be expected. On the other hand, it should be said that by a process of elimination great industrial enterprises are concentrated more and more in the great centres, where they have the best access to raw materials and to transportation facilities, and that the margin of profit in these enterprises is steadily becoming smaller; there is much keener competition resulting all along the line.

There is also another important consideration which investors of a certain class are seemingly quite prone to overlook. For at least twenty years I have been constantly advising clients against investment in public-service corporations which have temporary franchises; and this because I have seen the development of popular opinion against them. Whether rational or irrational, this drift of public sentiment should be taken strictly into account by every investor, and the first question he should ask when thinking of putting his money into a security that is being offered by a public-service corporation is: "What is the length and what are the terms of its franchise?" Unless that franchise extends well into the future he will be wise to pass the security by, no matter how alluring may be its other features. Again, if the franchise is hedged about by a multiplicity of restrictions which will invite litigation and make it difficult for the enterprise to pay a good profit without feeling the lash of public resentment, the investor will do better to put his money into an industrial security which is not of a public-service character.

This is not saying that there are not many public-service corporations whose stocks and bonds are highly desirable; it is placing the emphasis upon the point of the length of the franchise term and of the immunity of the corporation from vexatious interference which will handicap its successful operation and involve undue legal expense.



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## THE BEDIZENED TRUTH

(Concluded from Page 11)

a miracle. But there was no hope in that. The whole thing was up to me.

Twice on the way back I thought I'd have to give it all up and drown with Hattie. The first time the idea was horrible, and the second time I didn't much care. I got some heart after that; for as I came up on a crest I saw Dorcas running along the beach, trying to get Bumbo to go in after us. The old fool was frolicking around in front of her. He took it for some kind of a game. I thought I would never come up from the next wave—it was that seventh breaker you read about. But when I did get my head out of the foam and catch my breath I looked at the beach again. Dorcas was running toward the bathhouses, and Bumbo was cavorting after her, carrying a stick. I knew she'd gone for help; but I knew also that I couldn't keep going for two until they launched a boat or brought out a line. My play was to swim and swim and take chances that when we reached that boiling kettle of surf it would throw us ashore with the breath still in us. Hattie began to shake the cramp; she struck out a little with her arms, and I heard her whisper in gasps: "Save yourself—but I can't—swim yet."

Then I must have passed out for a while, with my arms and legs and breath still going; for the next thing I knew after I struck the boil of the surf I was riding the very crest of a big shore breaker and Hattie lay in my arms a dead weight. I saw the undertow below, as though I were looking from the top of a skyscraper. And, flash! I got a picture of the beach—three men standing holding a line, and Dorcas making gestures at them with her arms, and that fool, Bumbo, with his tail toward the water and the hair on his back up—daring any one to come in and touch me. I knew I had to fall, and I didn't care. I was only curious to know whether I was to die of a broken neck or was to be drowned right there on shore. Down we went, head first. I felt the water drop on me like the fall of a house. I felt the undertow roll me back as though I were a match, and I felt Hattie's body across me. I tried to catch it; I hadn't the strength. Then some one grabbed me—and I passed out complete.

The next sound I heard was a dog barking. The warm beach was under me. I opened my eyes—I couldn't turn my head. Bumbo was standing over me. I heard a man say, "Kill that fool dog," and another say, "The woman is breathing," and having nothing more on my mind I just naturally went out again.

As Laura Jean Libbey has it, when I struggled back to consciousness a fair hand was smoothing my brow. Of course, it was Dorcas; and I was in bed at the Moon Park Dispensary. The hot-water bags on my feet and chest were burning my skin but making no impression on the cold inside, and my lungs felt as if I'd tried to breathe the whole Atlantic. Besides several pains uncatalogued, I turned over and looked at Dorcas.

"Please, don't speak, Billy," she said, and she dropped that little, cool hand of hers on my lips. I kissed it, and she didn't take it away for a long time. I heard a step at the door. Dorcas went away, and I recognized Frothingham's voice. The thought of that frosty mutt talking to Dorcas did more to revive me than medicine.

"It's lucky you came so early, Mr. Frothingham," Dorcas was saying. "I can give you an exclusive story for the first edition of your paper. Of course, they'll all get it, but you will be ahead of the rest. It's really the most remarkable thing I ever went through."

"I heard something about it," said Frothingham. "They said that the press agent made a hero of himself. Now, really, it's a shame—but you can't expect me to feature the press agent, you know!"

I heard Dorcas give a little scream of surprise. "No, indeed!" she said, "Mr. Morris did the best he could, but he wasn't the hero. The real life-saver was Bumbo—you know him. The clown-dog in the animal show. Except for him they never would have got out alive. The strange thing is that we never could get Bumbo to swim before. But when he saw them struggling in the surf he plunged right through the breakers and came to them.

The dear old doggie, he was a gentleman. He went straight for Miss Collins, and got her bathing-suit in his mouth, and swam to a point where the men could reach her with a line. But that wasn't all. The minute he saw that she was safe he turned back for Mr. Morris, who was pretty nearly gone. Mr. Morris had the strength to hold to Bumbo's collar, though he was unconscious when they pulled him out."

"Well, well," says this Frothingham person, "if Billy Morris had told me this thing I wouldn't have believed it. Expert swimmer and diver saved by a clown-dog!"

"Why, it does make quite a story. I never thought of it in that light before," said Dorcas. "Of course, I think that Mr. Morris would prefer to have his name kept out—here's Bumbo now, the precious!" And that fool dog, still wet where a wave had broken over him, accidentally, came wiggling into the dispensary. He leaped to my bed, and I reached out and threw one arm over his neck and gasped: "Good old fellow, you saved my life!" The next sound I heard was retreating footsteps outside. That one touch of artistic nature had fixed Frothingham.

When he was gone, Dorcas rested her head on the pillow beside mine and said:

"Now, Billy Boy, you just rest quietly and don't worry. All your work is taken care of, and when you're well enough to see the papers—"

The temptation was too strong. I opened my port eye and said:

"But, after this, how can I ever believe anything you say?"

Dorcas didn't take it as a joke. She dropped her head on my breast and whispered:

"Oh, Billy, dear, I guess I'm a liar, too."

Well, I guess you saw the story with which I capped off that season. I've landed others that brought me more space, but never a one that it gave me more satisfaction to plant—"Romance of Pretty Nurse and Press Agent."

Hattie Collins was bridesmaid.

## Push Not Pull

ONE day a young stenographer thought of a plan which seemed to him likely to benefit the business—to increase sales, reduce costs, improve product—something desirable. He worked over this in his room evenings, writing it all out and considering possible flaws, revising and correcting it until he saw no room for further improvement. He wrote his suggestions out carefully, took the paper to the office and left it on the president's desk. To his disappointment it was never alluded to, but he had worked himself up to such an enthusiasm that nothing could discourage him. He had brightened his days of dull toil with dreams of what his night work was going to do for him. He saw in this line of effort something that would lift him out of detail work and gain for him a better position.

He, therefore, set to work on two or three other plans which he similarly revised and perfected and which, when left for the president's consideration, met the same fate as the first.

For various reasons, afterward clear to him, none of his early schemes was feasible. Some had been thought of previously and rejected as inexpedient, some had been tried and either abandoned or modified beyond recognition, others were, to the experienced eyes of the management, obviously futile.

But our persevering friend kept on trying. There were many evenings when he could find nothing else to do that was so interesting; besides, he felt all the time that he was getting nearer the mark.

One day he was sent for to discuss with the directors one of the many schemes he had submitted, and, with some changes, it was made to fit an existing condition and was adopted. A little later he made another hit, and then another. Soon he was regularly called to the conferences of the executive committee and then his progress was rapid; office manager, assistant secretary, treasurer, and finally vice-president and general manager of what had become a multi-millionaire corporation. He has now retired and could doubtless qualify for the very desirable personal rating of An A1.

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## THRIFT

THE novice in thrift usually effects his economies in pleasures and luxuries. "I'm spending too much," he reasons. "No more theatres, flowers or candy."

A New York accountant had never saved anything in his life until he cut down the most necessary item of his outgo. He saved money by cutting down the roof over his head.

In New York life, rent is the most inexorable factor. Clothing can be turned and worn another winter. Food may be hashed and warmed over. Amusements and vacations may be given the absent treatment. But the landlord is inflexible.

This accountant had a family of four—himself, his wife and two children, two and four years old. They lived in a six-room Harlem apartment. The lease was to expire in six weeks, and the agent notified tenants that rents would be raised. This accountant was already paying sixty-five dollars a month. His salary was twenty-eight hundred dollars. He recalled a talk with the janitor some days since. The janitor was tired and disposed to be confiding.

"This is a speculative apartment," said that expert. "It was built in the shabbiest manner. Our owners have spent twenty thousand dollars the past two years, sir, in repairs to tape, locks, pipes, wiring and the small things. It has been patchwork alone, and to-day we're as bad as when we started—there's no end to it, and we've nothing to show for the money."

There were twenty-four families in that building. This tenant knew very well that he paid a good profit on costly land and a speculative building. But he had not known that he was carrying an additional burden of nearly five hundred dollars a year for repairs. His children were now growing too old to be cooped indoors, and had to be sent out into the streets with a nurse-girl. He was born in Manhattan himself, and hated the thought of living in the suburbs. But the time had clearly arrived when he must do something to economize. So he moved to a Westchester town, twenty miles out, buying a house for thirty-five hundred dollars. This gave him, instead of rent, the following outgo:

Interest on mortgage, six per cent.	\$210.00
Taxes and insurance	65.00
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Thus his fixed expenses monthly were thirty dollars and fifty cents, instead of the sixty-five dollars he had paid as rent in Harlem. To that, of course, there was commutation to be added. In the city he had ridden back and forth between home and office on the subway. If he had ridden twenty times a day and kept it up a century the fare would still have been five cents a trip. But to commuters the railroad made a wholesale rate of five dollars and twenty cents per month for sixty rides. Traveling to town each business day his transportation cost about ten cents a trip. In the subway he had stood in a crowd to travel six miles for a nickel. As a commuter he had a comfortable seat and rode twenty miles for a dime.

"Yes," objected some of his bachelor friends in Harlem, "but think of the hours you spend every week on the railroad!"

He did think about it. Moreover, he figured it out.

The subway trip had taken twenty minutes. Railroad time on express trains was fifty minutes. So he was spending on trains one hour daily more than his former traveling schedule. The difference between his old rent and his present, fixed expenses for a dwelling was four hundred and fourteen dollars yearly, or thirty-four dollars and fifty cents each month. At that rate, for each hour that he spent traveling he was really being paid one dollar and thirty-eight cents, on a basis of twenty-five business days in the month. That was more per hour than his salary at the office for an eight-hour day.

So, what this accountant really secured by moving into the suburbs was a margin for saving more than fifteen per cent. of his salary, and, furthermore, it was virtually money paid him for riding so many hours a week. He considered one dollar and thirty-eight cents an hour good wages for time spent in smoking, reading and playing whist.



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## The Way They Do Business in China

(Continued from Page 9)

the pace. How did he do it? Everybody was interested in solving that most valuable of all arts, the trick of spending your money and keeping it too, but nobody learned the secret. It seems, moreover, that the spendthrift never knew himself, and never took pains to fathom it. In a period of five years he had exhausted the resources of the estate, and yet at the time of his death he was as well supplied as ever with funds to indulge his vicious propensities, and he had a goodly balance in bank besides.

His death, though it was tragic, was yet kind enough to divulge the mystery. One Kwong Chou-fu held the strings of a Fortunatus purse always open to the hand of the wastrel. And who, pray, was Kwong? At one time house servant in the employ of McGregor the elder, quondam office-boy for the canny Scot, and erstwhile comprador for that same shrewd gentleman. Kwong, it developed, had a little shrewdness on his own account. He learned by heart every move his employer had ever made; he accumulated a competency equal to that of his master's, and he had the added advantage of living longer and thereby doubling his capital. But, over and above his money, Kwong had gratitude, loyalty and staunchness that are beyond price. He was your Chinese *fidus Achates*. His clear Chinese brain and his good Chinese heart had been immeasurably distressed by the path young McGregor had chosen to follow and the end to which it must inevitably lead. Time and time again he remonstrated with him, and his only thanks were a sharp reminder to attend to his own affairs. Once or twice his thanks were even greater than this—the good-for-nothing proved his appreciation by slapping his wise monitor in the face. Kwong groaned inwardly, bowed submissively, and turned the other cheek. He ascertained the exact rate of speed at which the gilded youth was wearing off the lacquer, and when the last vestige of the gold was gone and a huge overdraft was in the greedy hands of a Shanghai gambler, the noble comprador deposited enough in the bank to pay for a regilding. And so it went on for several years, the fool burning his candle at both ends, the sage constantly supplying new candles to be burned.

Nor did Kwong's magnanimity end with the death of his master's son a whit more than it had ended with the death of the master himself. There is a romance within the romance. Young McGregor had paused long enough in his dance of ruin to marry a fair Portuguese girl at Macao, that famous Portuguese settlement and Oriental Monte Carlo within easy reach of Hongkong. His ardor stood the test of three brief months, then he sent his wife to Portugal, his letters and his remittances growing fewer and further between as the months waxed to years. In the very recent past the unhappy woman returned to China, bringing the daughter that meanwhile had been born to her, hoping to secure for their support some slight remains of the fortune that her former husband had not had the strength or the leisure to dissipate to the four winds. Her hope proved hopeless, and she was obliged to subsist as best she could on the charity of former friends. The story of her plight happened to reach the ears of the great-hearted Kwong—they were as sharp as his mind—and he hastened to the rescue, declaring to himself, with no mock heroics, that none of the clan of McGregor should want as long as he was alive. A generous sum was placed in the bank for Mrs. McGregor to draw against, and Kwong invented a story to the effect that the money had been left with him, in trust, by her former husband, for his wife and daughter. It would have been deposited sooner, he declared, if he had but known the whereabouts of the widow and her child. The banker in the case wormed the truth out of this more than good Samaritan, and, not wishing that Kwong's brilliant light should be hid longer under the bushel of his modesty, he made it public.

A finishing touch ends the story. The editor of a paper in Shanghai, to whom I am indebted for the tale, concluded it with: "Some months ago when I was in Tientsin I looked up Kwong Chou-fu, for I wanted to see what the hero of the unusual romance looked like. I found a plain, ordinary Chinese of the coolie type. He was a

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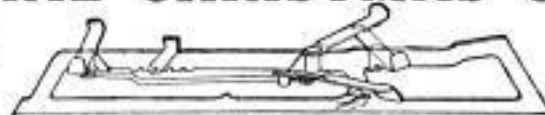
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very old man, with a wife and large family. All of the children were receiving an Occidental education. Two of the sons were in American colleges, a third was at school in France, and the two daughters were being tutored in a convent near Shanghai. The old man received me cordially, regaled me with tea and wine, and when we were smoking his Russian cigarettes I tried to extract all the details of the McGregor incident from his own lips. He fought shy and would only admit, after much questioning, that what I had heard was true. 'Muskee' (have done), he ended in his quaint pidgin-English; 'why you ask me? Suppose I can no spend my money no fashion I like best to spend?'

In America we have grown accustomed to take it politely for granted that no gentleman grafts until he is caught; in China they take it for granted that everybody "squeezes," and nobody puts himself to the trouble of catching anybody else. This is the ideal condition. A mandarin squeezes his way into a fat job, and getting a salary on which he can't and isn't expected to live, he squeezes his way out of it. He would pass for a fool if he didn't, and to be considered a fool would destroy the dignity that attaches itself in the eyes of the common people to a mandarinship.

The Chinese railroads are not without graft. Your rates will go up or down according as you have given or forgotten to give the freight clerk his duly recognized percentage of "squeeze." Nor is this all. For the chances are in some districts that the train will be stopped three or four times before it has run fifty miles to permit collectors at certain arbitrarily fixed places to levy a tax on your goods. They are not necessarily bad fellows, these pig-tailed collectors, but then they were "squeezed" by the powers that be when the taxes were farmed out to them, and they have to "squeeze" in turn to get their "squeeze" back again. And so it goes! Imagine our own innumerable freight trains being halted at every State boundary by officious appraisers and collectors of taxes, and you will have an idea of what this system does to Chinese commerce. Ask for your freight rates in advance in China and the answer will be forthcoming. "We can't tell in advance; all depends on the taxes." "But what are the taxes?" "We can't tell in advance; all depends on the taxers." Ship your cargo over one inland route and you will be highly elated or grievously disappointed, as the case may be, to discover they might have gone for much more or much less over another. Harassed by this constant fluctuation of rates the United States and two of the other powers agreed to pay a tax of seven and a half per cent. for all goods brought in the port of entry, instead of the five per cent. demanded by the Chinese custom house, if the vicious system of interior taxation were done away with. China, quick to see the advantage of the proposition, agreed to its stipulations, but she failed to keep her word. Yet the fault was not China's, but that of the other foreign powers with whom she had to negotiate concerning the imposts to be levied at the port of entry. In time to come, China being no fool and wishing her railroads to prosper and increase, this petty system will be done away with, but that time has not come yet.

Again, as certain forms of "squeeze" are considered to be legitimate in China, so are certain forms of business dishonesty openly recognized and approved. Take, as an instance, the industry she has built up in the exportation of raw goat and sheep wool, such a quantity of which is shipped to Philadelphia for the making of cheaper grades of American carpets. It is the universal practice of highly-respected dealers to mix just so much and no more dirt and sand in the stuff, not in order to pull the wool over the eyes of the purchasers who know what they are getting, but, as it were, to throw sand into them. The fact is that it's so bad that the United States gives it the lowest tariff rate on the lists. Were it any better the tariff would be increased and its importation would be shut off. Singular paradox of a business flourishing solely on its demerits!

Taking it altogether, one sees how it is, when discussing the broad question of Chinese honesty, one ends where one began by concluding that there is something to be said on both sides; but a little more on this side than on that. You pay your money or you get cheated out of it, and you take your choice.

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## THE TIDEWATER 4'S

(Continued from Page 7)

to the bronze double grilles in front pushed them back with a clang. In the rear, Heyburn, the cashier, and Pringle, the receiving teller, had already thrown open the vaults; and Richter, the paying teller, a scowl on his brow, was shambling down the corridor, laden down with bundles of banknotes. In the cage his assistant was busy arranging the last rows of specie, the gold and silver clinking sharply as he worked. Harney, as yet, had not arrived; but the ticker had begun to rasp like a locust as it pounded out the London opening.

"I'll be gone till noon," said Heyburn, putting on his hat. Pringle nodded, and the cashier had started for the door when he turned back. "Where's Harney?" he asked. "Hasn't he come?"

"Oh, he'll be here," answered Pringle evasively. "He always gets down before the Exchange opens."

Heyburn nodded. "I know it's all right, but you can't tell what Mr. Gaines might say. He's been talking lately of —" The cashier paused, and Pringle glanced at him sharply.

"You don't mean he's going to — Not drop him, is he?"

"I don't know. He's said something about a younger man—one he could manage better himself. But I'd hate to see a good man like Harney go. I'd raise him, if Gaines'd let me."

Three minutes after the cashier went out a thick-set man in a slouched hat and somewhat rumpled suit of pepper and salt walked in slowly. His gait and bearing were important—important, though he walked a little loosely and now and then moistened his lips, as if there were a taste in his mouth. Turning to the left he looked in at Gaines' empty office, glanced in turn at Heyburn's closed desk, and then, grinning slightly, bent his head to the level of Mr. Pringle's window. "Hello, son!" he said, a little thickly.

Pringle swung around with a start. "Why, good-morning, Mr. Topley!" he answered gravely, as he reached forward and took the somewhat uncertain hand stretched in to him at the window.

"Where's the old man and Heyburn—out?" inquired Mr. Topley.

It was not the words so much as it was the slight thickness of Mr. Topley's speech that made Pringle glance at him covertly.

"Mr. Gaines is not down yet, Mr. Topley. But he'll be here shortly, and I can get the cashier by telephone. Have you come to look us over?"

"Unh-hunh!" Mr. Topley turned from the window and glanced toward the vaults. "Suppose I might as well get busy," he remarked, and wet his lips again.

Five minutes later Harney entered. He walked briskly, his eye on the clock, after one swift glance at Gaines' empty office. But half-way down the corridor the quick step halted; he paused, faltering; and then something tugged at his heart with an icy, gripping clutch.

Topley, the district bank examiner, had just taken charge of the vaults.

Harney hardly knew his own voice when he spoke to the clerk in the nearest window. "What's up?" he asked, though he knew. The reply was illuminating.

"Topley—and say"—the clerk grinned, as he jerked his thumb toward the vaults—"say, he's got on a hang-over again!"

Topley!—and tight? But there was a greater and far more vital scandal working in Harney's mind than this old scandal of the bank examiner's weakness. There was the scandal of Gaines' thievery, now imminently to be found out. For when the examiner came to the bundles of Tidewater Milling 4's—

Harney clapped his coat pocket.

For the clerk had come down that morning with his mind made up. Gaines should be allowed no chance to wriggle out of it; he should have no opportunity to replace the stolen bonds. Harney had purposely left them at home, and he was going to charge Gaines with his thievery and find out what he'd do. The only promise that Gertie had managed to wring from her husband was that he would not blackmail the man—that is, force him to give the needed raise in salary. Beyond that, Harney must decide for himself.

But now — But now it was all different. For, if Topley found the bonds to be missing, the

finger of suspicion would point—not at Gaines; oh, no! Not at Gaines, but at the man who had taken them from the bank—Harney, the loan clerk!

He could clear himself, of course, in time. There might be no trouble, but —

Fear breeds on itself with inconceivable fertility. A swarm of mights and buts leaped into existence in Harney's mind. He knew himself to be ghastly white and shaking as he stood there, clinging to the counter for support. He whispered to himself, and, after that, turning on his heel, he shambled back to the doorway, and, once in the street, took to his heels as fast as his legs could carry him.

There was a telephone booth in the corner cigar store. Harney fumbled desperately in the book till he found the number he wanted—a grocery just around the corner from his flat. A dull-witted German boy answered, and it seemed to Harney as if he took a whole hour's agony in making the look understand.

"Get Mrs. Harney to the telephone—do you hear? As fast as she can get there!"

He repeated it over and over, until the boy at the wire's other end had it down. Then he sat in the booth, fearful lest some one might get the telephone away from him; and there he waited another blighting age, the sweat streaming from his face. If Gertie didn't understand—or if she were away from home —

The bell jingled, and he snatched up the receiver. "That you, Gertie?" To his horror it was the the same thick German voice as before that answered him.

"Choost a minnid. She gomes. Hold der wire."

Then there was a rattle, the small pattering of footsteps heard from many blocks away, and Gertie's voice rang out to him, clear and minute, like the voice in a dream: "Walter! What is it?"

By a tortured effort he cleared his throat and spoke. "Listen: I have no time to repeat what I say. Get those bonds and bring them to me as fast as the Subway can take you. Do you understand?"

She had been looking intuitively for something like that. But Harney, hardly waiting for her frightened yes, hung up the receiver and staggered from his seat. "City call?" asked the cigar clerk, and Harney slid him a quarter across the glass case. "Hey!" yelled the man after him, "here's your change!" But Harney was half-way back to the bank.

The first man he saw on entering was Gaines—Gaines, with his arm through Topley's and joking him as they walked down the corridor to the vault. Harney's eyes almost burst from their orbits.

For more than a half-hour the loan clerk sat waiting for the bomb to burst. And what happened to him during the half-hour he was never able to recall. He knew he tried to read his mail—notes of withdrawals, substitutions, interest charges, and whatnot; they swam giddily before him, letters and figures that mocked him with ribald, jeering movements, dancing to and fro. They were hauling out the bank's securities now, for Topley, curiously enough, had asked to see them first. Gaines, too, like Topley, had begun to wet his lips; but beyond this the man gave no outward sign of the storm of terror that must have raged within him.

"Eats too much!" thought Harney, with a sudden inward scream of laughter, heard—in its frenzy—only by himself. Indeed, he wondered it did not burst a way through his breast. "Eats too much. It'll be apoplexy, and he'll drop like an ox!"

That is, he might—unless it were Harney that was first to be felled in the shambles.

For the loan clerk, in the turmoil of his mind, had begun to wonder whether Gaines was a man to be caught like that—caught "with the goods." He might have something up his sleeve. And when it was found out that the loan clerk had walked off with last night's securities, why —

A slender figure turned in at the door—a woman with a set face, who held a package under her arm. Mr. Pringle nodded pleasantly as she went by his cage, but she passed blankly, hurrying as if she had not seen him. Then Harney heard a voice speaking to him, a voice he did not know, and so loud and clear that the near-by clerks looked up involuntarily.

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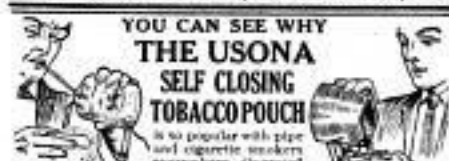
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parcel her lips framed the words: "Too late?" Harney made no answer—not even with a shake of his head. But she read it clearly enough—in his eagerness, in the color that sprang to his pallid cheeks, in the way he leaned down behind his desk and tore off the paper wrapping. Staring at him silently, she drew a deep breath of relief—relief, though she knew not why—relief, and then again a profound sinking and tumult in her soul.

For Harney had thrust the bonds beneath his coat and turned away. He was gone, and with her eyes fixed straight before her she walked dizzily from the bank.

Topley had begun on the bundles of securities. Grinning and careless, he spread them out with a flirt of his hand, bundle after bundle, the bank's board of stocks and bonds. One glance at the figures on the loan envelopes; another glance at the indentures; then a hurried counting of the securities. It was bungling, incompetent, almost brazenly arrogant and jocular in its shirking of the duty. Gaines wandered to and fro, and, now, he was grinning slightly, too.

"Say, old man," said Topley genially, "I heard a new one—out last night with the boys."

He leaned back long enough to tell the "new one"; and Gaines laughed cordially.

Harney heard him from afar. "He's got his nerve—the dog!" he muttered; and pushed open Heyburn's door. The room was empty. A moment later Pringle heard some one rattling sharply at the back of his cage. Harney was staring through the wires.

"Where's Heyburn?—gone out?" Pringle told him, speaking over his shoulder while he checked off a deposit slip and speared it on the spike. "Then you'll do, Pringle. Let me in—I've got to speak to you. . . . Quick!"

Pringle turned in astonishment. Harney's white face was dripping as the receiving teller opened the cage-door wide enough to let him push inside.

"Now look—and remember!" Harney slapped down the bonds on the counter, and stripped off the rubber bands. "See that?" he cried, and pointed to the entry on the bond envelope. "Fourteen thousand, four months at six per cent." Pringle nodded, and swiftly glanced at him; for Harney was shaking now. "See that?" said the loan clerk; "fourteen thousand on twenty Tidewater Milling first mortgage 4's. There's Gaines' initials—his O.K., and—" He laid a hand on Pringle's wrist, and clenched him tight. "Where are they?" he demanded shrilly.

The paying teller saw it at a glance. He looked up at Harney, his glance almost guilty; and there faltered from his lips one word—the first in a sentence that was never finished: "You —"

Harney gripped his wrist until Pringle squirmed. "No—not me! Or am I crazy? Not me—but Gaines!"

"Gaines!—the old man?"  
"Yes," answered Harney; and told him all. Then Richter was called in, too; for Harney had had a fright. His own honesty —

His brain cried back to him: "Your honesty?"

But Harney, hardly able to speak now, told what he knew. "I've been watching Topley. He's passed all three of the other Tidewater bundles, and missed it clean. This is the last."

Richter and Pringle were as white as Harney now. And to their question—the one they asked in a breath—he made the same answer he had made to his wife:

"I wish I knew!"

Gaines was still tacking off and on when Harney came back from the front. Gaines knew there was still another bundle of Tidewater 4's; and then —

"Mr. Topley," said the loan clerk, in a voice curiously clear and solemn, "here's a bunch of Tidewaters you haven't got. I didn't put them in the vaults last night."

Topley swung around, grinning indulgently. "Not holding out on me, are you?" he chuckled jocosely.

The loan clerk was aware, as he spoke, of Gaines starting forward swiftly—of Gaines clicking his teeth together, while the raw red of his face fled out, and left it a sickly, leathery white. "You kept —" Then the president seemed to realize. With a struggle he composed himself. "Ahem!—ah!" said he; and for the fourth time now the farce of checking off the securities was carried out. Topley ran the

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bonds through his fingers, and carelessly tossed them aside. "All right!" said he, and Harney heard some one wheezing close at hand.

As the loan clerk went back to his desk in the corner he knew that a pair of spotless spats came pattering after him. That was clumsy, too, for the spats should have waited a day or so before doing what they meant to do. Harney knew the spats were close behind, but without looking around he went and leaned over the ticker. At a glance he saw the market was hardening; and while he ran the tape through his fingers he could hear a thick breath wheezing behind him. Yes—clumsy—because, on a rising market, the owner of that wheezing voice might still be able to get away with it.

"Mr. Harney —"

He looked around slowly. "Yes," he responded dully.

"After your recent—ah—lack of interest and—ahem—your worse than gross—ah—carelessness of your methods—this present instance, I mean—why, it is my painful duty —"

Harney turned to him, his jaw thrust out. "Your what?" He knew that the near-by clerks were listening, aware of what was coming. It stung like a lash, and he felt his ears grow warm. A moment later a haze of red swam before his eyes. He wished to lean forward and pinch the heavy puffs beneath the lids, so that they would burst.

"We shall be obliged," said Gaines, his eyes glittering, "to replace you at once!"

Instantly he raised his hand. "No, do not plead with me. This is—ah—I may say—final. You may turn over your desk at once; immediately, sir."

Harney bristled up to him. "What?" he cried under his breath.

Gaines fell back a step or so in alarm, the white spats doing an abrupt and agitated little pos seal. But as the near-by clerks, mute spectators of the by-play, moved alertly, Harney glanced quickly about him. "Bah!" said he, and grinned. Then Gaines went back to his office, the white spats twinkling into the distance—more than ever reminding Harney of Alice's Wonderland White Rabbit. Dodging the expectant Topley, who, no doubt, had a new one reminiscent of the night before, the president kept on to his office, where he slammed the door behind him.

He found himself a cigar; but he had no sooner viciously bitten off the end when he as viciously threw it away from him. Then he heaved up his shoulders, breathed stertorously, and dropped his hands at his sides. A great weight seemed to have fallen from his breast, and he grinned slightly, moistening his lips afterward. It was the rapid opening and shutting of his door that awakened him from his reflections; and there stood Harney, his eyes glued on the president.

It was Gaines who spoke first. "Well, sir?" he said—not pompously, but with a small faltering of his voice, as if Harney's gaze were disconcerting. The loan clerk kept on staring. "What is it you wish?" asked Gaines, after a moment, uncomfortably moving his feet beneath the desk.

Harney stood where he was. "You've discharged me, Mr. Gaines."

"Oh, is that what you want?" The president's voice was almost chirping as he spoke. "Well, I have no time to talk about it now. Furthermore, I must inform you that it is—ah—final. Good-morning."

But, instead of going, Harney leaned down and turned the key in the lock. Then he walked slowly to the desk and rested his hand on the lid. His eyes had not moved from Gaines', but held them with a strong intensity. The loan clerk leaned a little nearer.

"You damned scoundrel!" he said between his teeth.

Gertie had chops for dinner—breaded mutton chops with tomato sauce. She knew, as she watched them cooking, that she would never again be able to see chops without an instant's loathing—a swift, intolerable memory of the day's terror and doubt. She had heard nothing from Walter and she dared not call up the bank. An odor of singed fat warned her to turn the chops in the pan. "Oh, my soul!" she whispered to herself; and then, as if in emphasis, the front door slammed noisily. But instead of going to him she sank weakly into the nearest chair—a chair over whose back she'd thrown the beginning

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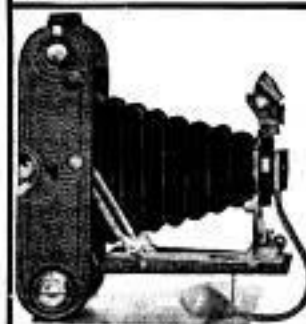
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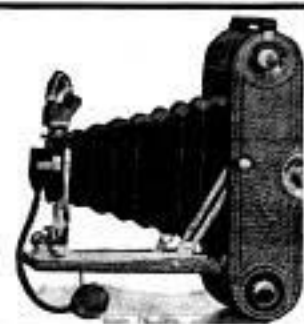
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of a piece of fancy-work. There he found her, pallid and wide-eyed, and—waiting.

"Well?"

His voice was thick and harsh, hoarse, so that his speech was almost unintelligible. He, too, was white, and there was a drawn look about his mouth she had never seen before.

"What happened?"

The answer crashed on her mind like a thunderbolt. "Nothing."

Nothing? He pulled off his hat and threw it on the kitchen table, where it narrowly escaped overturning the opened can of tomatoes.

"Then you didn't force him to raise your salary?"

Harney stared back at her stupidly. Rising swiftly, she waited, her head craned forward, as if hanging on the answer.

"No," he replied wearily; "I didn't club him into doing it. Why do you ask? Didn't I promise you?"

Gertie raised a despairing face—it was all her fault. She had done it—that laughing remark about grafting.

"But he raised your salary, anyway—and you let him. Oh, Walter, Walter, you took it!"

Harney sat down suddenly. It seemed to her as if he dropped into the chair without even the ability to sustain himself.

"Took it? No, I didn't take it!" He put up his hand to silence her. "They offered it to me, though, and I—oh, well! I laid down on the graft."

She stepped closer to him. "Laid down on it? Walter—please tell me!"

He sighed wearily again. "Oh, I laid down, I tell you. I've got a helper, though—an assistant; and I've got two weeks vacation—the first in three years. We're going to the seashore, because the bank's given me six weeks' extra pay. I only took it because they owed it to me—two weeks' vacation for three years."

As he finished speaking she threw out her hands to him in an attitude of abject appeal.

"Walter! Walter! You made him give you—that? You took it, after what I said to you last night? And you call it vacation money? I tell you it is hush money—hush money! Do you hear me?"

To her utter astonishment, after eying her a moment wildly, he burst into a gale of laughter.

"Huh! I took it from the bank—from the bank; and not from him," he cried thickly. "I took it because it was mine—owed to me. I'm going to the seashore—because if I didn't I'd go to Bloomingdale Asylum instead. From him, you say?"

He threw back his head again, laughing outrageously; and then rocked forward, his head buried in his arms, the sobs shaking him from head to foot. "Oh, Gertie! Gertie!" he wept; and shrugged himself, when he felt her arms flung around him. "No—don't touch me till I've told you."

But she got his head against her breast and held him. "You're mine—anyway!" she whispered fiercely. "It makes no difference. I'll get you out of it. My boy—my poor, poor boy!"

He sat up, staring at her wildly once again. "Listen: They offered me a raise—Heyburn and the others. I wouldn't take it. I said I'd rather wait a while—that I didn't care for it now. Then they made me take the vacation—Heyburn and the rest of them. I gave in there—and I gave in when they offered me a helper. I was nearly broken down—I've been that way for months. But I didn't take a thing that wasn't right and square. I didn't—I didn't!" he iterated passionately.

She asked one more question of him: "And Gaines?—he gave his consent?"

Harney shook a little more.

"Heyburn's president," he said, as he clung closer. "I'd forgotten to tell you. Gaines has resigned, and the bank won't lose a cent!"



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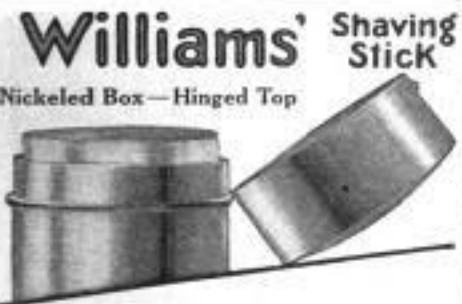


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## TREASON IN THE BODY

(Continued from Page 13)

the corks of bottles, dust from the air, or even air bubbles. These "discoveries" have ranged the whole realm of unicellular life—bacilli, bacteria, spirilla, yeasts, moulds, protozoa—yet the overwhelming judgment of broad-minded and reputable experts the world over is the Scotch verdict of "not proven"; and we are more and more coming to turn our attention to the other aspect of the problem—the factors which cause or condition this isolation and assumption of autonomy on the part of the cells.

This is not by any means to say that there is no causative organism, and that this will not some day be discovered. Human knowledge is a blind and short-sighted thing at best, and it may be that some invading cell, which, from its very similarity to the body cells, has escaped our search, will one day be discovered. Nor will the investigators diminish one whit of their vigor and enthusiasm on account of their failure thus far.

The most strikingly-suggestive proof of the native-born character of cancer comes from two of its biologic characters. The first is that its habit of beginning with a mass formation, rapidly deploying into columns and driving its way into the tissues in a ghastly flying wedge, is simply a perfect imitation and repetition of the method by which glands are formed during the development of the body. The flat, or epithelial, cells of the lining of the stomach, for instance, begin to pile up in a little swarm, or mass, elongate into a column, push their way down into the deeper tissue, and then hollow out in their interior to form a tubular gland. The only thing that cancer lacks is the last step of forming a tube, and thereby becoming a servant of the body instead of a parasite upon it.

Nor is this process confined to our embryonic or prenatal existence. Take any gland which has cause to increase in size during adult life, as, for instance, the mammary gland, in preparation for lactation, and you will find massing columns and nests of cells pushing out into the surrounding tissue in all directions, in a way that is absolutely undistinguishable in its earlier stages from the formation of cancer. It is a fact of gruesome significance that the two organs—the mammary gland and the uterus—in which this process habitually takes place in adult life are the two most fatally liable to the attack of cancer.

Another biologic character is even more striking and significant. A couple of years ago it was discovered by Murray and Bashford, of the English Imperial Cancer Research Commission, that the cells of cancer, in their swift and irregular reproduction, showed an unexpected peculiarity. In the simplest form of reproduction, one cell cutting itself in two to make two new ones, known as mitosis, the change begins in the nucleus, or kernel. This kernel splits itself up into a series of threads or loops, known as the chromosomes, half of which go into each of the daughter cells. When, however, sex is born and a male germ cell unites with a female germ cell to form a new organism, each cell proceeds, as the first step in the process, to get rid of half of these chromosomes, so that the new organism has precisely the normal number of chromosomes, half of which are derived from the father and the other half from the mother germ cell. This, by the way, is the mechanical basis of heredity.

It has been long known that the mitotic processes of cancer and the forming and dividing of the chromosomes were riotous and irregular, like the rest of its growth. But it was reserved for these investigators to discover the extraordinary fact that the majority of dividing and multiplying cancer cells had, instead of the normal number of chromosomes, exactly half the quota. In other words, they had resumed the powers of the germ, or sexual, cells from which the entire body was originally built up, and were, like them, capable of an indefinite amount of multiplication and reproduction. How extraordinary and limitless this power is may be seen from the fact that a little group of cancer cells grafted into a mouse to produce a Jensen tumor, from which a graft is again taken and transplanted into another mouse, and so on, is capable, in a comparatively few generations, of producing cancerous masses a

## "Twas the night before Christmas"



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thousand times the weight of the original mouse in which the tumor started.

In short, cancer cells are obviously a small, isolated group of the body cells which in a ghastly fashion have found the fountain of perpetual youth, and can ride through and over the law-abiding citizens of the body-state with the primitive vigor of the dawn of life.

This brings us to the most practical and important questions of the problem: What are the influences which condition this isolation and outlawry of the cells? What can we do to prevent or suppress the rebellion? To the first of these science can only return a tentative and approximate answer. The subject is beset with difficulties, chief among which is the fact that we are quite unable to produce the disease in animals, with the single exception of the Jensen's tumors in mice referred to, nor is it transferred from one human being to another, so that we can make even an approximate guess at the precise time at, or conditions under, which the process began.

Many theories have been advanced, but most investigators who have studied the problem in a broad-minded spirit are coming gradually to agree to this extent:

First of all, that one of the most powerful influences conditioning this isolation and revolt of the cells is age—both of the individual and of the organ concerned. Not only does far the heaviest cancer mortality fall between the ages of forty-five and sixty, but the organs most frequently and severely attacked are those which between these years are beginning to lose their function and waste away. First and most striking, the mammary gland and the uterus in women, and the shriveling lips and tongue of elderly men. To put it metaphorically, the mammary gland and the uterus, after the change of life, the lip, after the decay of the teeth, have done their work, outlived their usefulness, and are being placed upon a starvation pension by a grateful country. Nineteen out of twenty accept the situation without protest and sink slowly to a mere vegetative state of existence, but, in the twentieth, some little knot of cells rebel, revert to an ancestral power of breeding rapidly to escape extinction, begin to make ravages, and cancer is born.

The age-preferences are well marked. Cancer is emphatically a disease of senility, of age; but, as Roger Williams has pointed out in his admirable monograph, not of "completed" senility.

To express it in percentages, barely twenty per cent. of the cases occur before forty years of age, sixty per cent. between forty and sixty, and twenty per cent. between sixty and eighty. Thus the early period of decline, the transition stage between full functional vigor and declared atrophy (wasting) of the glands, is clearly the period in which the gland cells, though losing their function—and income—have still the strength to inaugurate a rebellion, and a sufficient supply of the sinews of war, either in their own possession or within easy striking distance in the tissues about them, to make it successful.

Not less than sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. of all cancers in women occur in atrophied organs.

A rather alluring suggestion was made by Cohnheim, years ago, that cancers might be due to the sudden resumption of growth on the part of islands or rests of embryonic tissue, left scattered about in various parts of the body. But these are now believed to play but a small part, if indeed any, in the production of true cancer.

Finally, what can be done to prevent or cure this grotesque yet deadly process? So far as it is conditioned by age, it is, of course, obvious that little can be done, for not even the most radical vivisection would propose preventing in any way as large a proportion as possible of the human race from reaching fifty and sixty, or even seventy years, to avoid the barely six per cent. liability to cancer after forty-five.

As regards the influence of chronic inflammations and irritation, much can be done, and here is our most hopeful field for prevention. Warts and birthmarks that are in any way subject to pressure or friction from clothing or movements should be promptly removed, as both show a distinctly greater tendency than normal tissue to develop into cancer. Cracks, fissures, chafes and ulcers of all sorts, especially about the lips, tongue, mammary gland, uterus and rectum, should be early and aseptically dealt with. Jagged remnants

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and nasty. If you could choose this minute you'd take the poorest of those drawing-room marionettes before the finest real man, if he didn't know how to wear his clothes or had trouble with his grammar."

She felt that there was more than a grain of truth in this; at any rate, denial would be useless, as his tone was the tone of settled conviction.

"We've made a false start," proceeded he. He rose, lighted a cigarette. "We're going to start all over again. I'll tell you what I'm going to do about it in a day or two."

And he strolled away to the landing. She saw him presently step into a canoe; under his powerful, easy stroke it shot away, to disappear behind the headland. She felt horribly lonely and oppressed—as if she would never see him again. "He's quite capable of leaving me here to find my way back to Washington alone—quite capable!"

And her lip curled.

But the scorn was all upon the surface. Beneath there was fear and respect—the fear and respect which those demoralized by unearned luxury and by the purposeless life always feel when faced by strength and self-reliance in the crises where externals avail no more than its paint and its bunting avail a warship in battle. She knew she had been treating him as no self-respecting man who knew the world would permit any woman to treat him. She knew her self-respect should have kept her from treating him thus, even if he, in his ignorance of her world and awe of it, would permit. But more than from shame at vain self-abasement her chagrin came from the sense of having played her game so confidently, so carelessly, so stupidly that he had seen it. She winced as she recalled how shrewdly and swiftly he had got to the very bottom of her thoughts, especially of her selfishness in planning to use him with no thought for his good. Yet so many women thus used their husbands; why not she? "I suppose I

began too soon. . . . No, not too soon, but too frigidly." The word seemed to her to illuminate the whole situation. "That's it!" she cried. "How stupid of me!"

### XXIII

PHYSICAL condition is no doubt the dominant factor in human thought and action. State of soul is, as Doctor Schulze has observed, simply the egotistic human vanity for state of body. If the health of the human race were better, if sickness, the latent and the revealed together, were not all but universal, human relations would be wonderfully softened, sweetened and simplified. Indigestion, with its various ramifications, is alone responsible for most of the crimes, catastrophes and cruelties, public and private discord; for it tinges human thought and vision with pessimistic black or bloody red or envious green or degenerate yellow instead of the normal, serene and invigorating white. All the world's great public disturbers have been diseased. As for private life, its bad of all degrees could, as to its deep-lying, originating causes, be better diagnosed by physician than by psychologist.

Margaret, being in perfect physical condition, was deeply depressed for only a short time after the immediate cause of her mood ceased to be active. An hour after Joshua had revealed himself in thunder and lightning, and had gone, she was almost serene again, her hopefulness of healthy youth and her sense of humor in the ascendant. Their stay in the woods was drawing to an end. Soon they would be off for Lenox, for her Uncle Dan's, where there would be many people about and small, perhaps no, opportunity for direct and quick action and result. She reviewed her conduct and felt that she had no reason to reproach herself for not having made an earlier beginning in what she now saw should have been her tactics with her "wild man." How could she, inexpert, foresee what was mockingly obvious to hindsight? Only by experiment and failure is the art of success learned. Her original plan

had been the best possible, taking into account her lack of knowledge of male nature and the very misleading indications of his real character she had got from him. In her position would not almost any one have decided that the right way to move him was by holding him at respectful distance and by indirect talk, with the inevitable drift of events doing the principal work—gradually awakening him to the responsibilities and privileges which his entry into a higher social station implied?

But no time must now be lost; the new way, which experience had revealed, must be taken forthwith and traveled by forced marches. Before they left the woods she must have led him through all the gradations of domestic climate between their present frosty, if kindly, winter and summer, or, at least, a very balmy spring. From what she knew of his temperament she guessed that once she began to thaw he would forthwith whirl her into July. She must be prepared to accept that, however, repellent though the thought was—she assured herself it was most repellent. She prided herself on her skill at catching and checking herself in self-deception; but it somehow did not occur to her to contrast her rather listless previous planning with the energy and interest she at once put into this project for supreme martyrdom, as she regarded it.

When he came back that evening she was ready. But not he; he stalked in, sulking and blustering, tired, ignoring her, doing all the talking himself, and departing for bed as soon as dinner was over. She felt as if he had repulsed her, though, in fact, her overtures were wholly internal and could not, by any chance, have impressed him. Bitter against him, and dreading the open humiliation she would have to endure before she could make one so self-absorbed see what she was about, she put out her light early, with intent to rise when he did and be at breakfast before he could finish. She lay awake until nearly dawn, then fell into a deep sleep. When she woke it was noon;

(Continued on Page 31)



Instead of the Usual Monologue of Egotism and Rant, He Poured Out Poetry, Eloquence, Sense and Humorous Shrewdness



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 12, 1908

## Lambs to the Slaughter

THE public has been acquiring stocks. Post-election transactions on the Exchange ran about nine million shares a week. "The outside buying," says a recent review, "exceeds anything Wall Street has known in years; much stock is being paid for outright as an investment."

That the public is buying stocks is commonly regarded as an admirable condition. But some other reviews, we notice, raise the disturbing suggestion that the public is going to get soaked; that the stocks it is buying are being sold by persons who are in control of various corporations and whose interest, when they have transferred enough stock from themselves to the public, will lie in having prices decline rather than advance.

Mere ownership of stock gives the public no control over the big corporations. The electoral right with which the law invests their shares is of the same practical importance to them that the constitutional right to vote is to a negro Republican in Mississippi. The actual government of the corporation is monarchical. Probably it will always be so. When the persons who constitute the actual government of the corporation are actively operating in its stock on the Exchange, the outside buyer is obviously at a tremendous disadvantage. Naturally they will sell when, from their intimate knowledge of conditions, they think the stock is too high, and buy when they think it is too low, while the outsider, without intimate knowledge or any power to control conditions, must take the chance that he is operating on the opposite side from them.

So long as speculation by officers and directors is regarded as a matter of course, we can never get very enthusiastic about public buying of stocks.

## Sharks and Outlaws

THAT loan sharks make no money is the opinion of a gentleman who—to put it delicately—has had rather exceptional opportunities for finding out.

Said he: "Because they charge five to ten per cent. a month interest, frequently ruin their patrons, and pursue their calling in the face of obloquy, many people have a notion that the business is vastly profitable. But it isn't. I don't know a loan shark in this town [a very large town, too] who quit very much ahead. The biggest and apparently the most successful one accumulated an imposing surplus on paper; but when he came to realize on it, the paper was mostly junk. All that he really took out of the business was painful experience and an accumulation of tears and curses. The shark's profit is usurious and uncollectable at law; when he presses for payment his victim pleads usury. The more the shark gets stuck, the gladder, naturally, everybody is. It's just like every other illegal game—may look good on paper, but you simply can't cash in."

As illustrating this point, he cited the case of a man, then attracting much public notice, who for many years had systematically uttered forged paper to an aggregate of two million dollars, and had no money left when detection came. The illicit enterprise, as usual, had devoured its own spoils; he couldn't cash in.

We may add, incidentally, that our usury laws are about the sole survival of sixteenth-century attempts to fix the prices of commodities by statute. A statute which makes

it illegal to charge a profitable rate of interest on loans to clerks—where the security, of course, is not up to a bank standard—simply throws that business into the hands of outlaws. To be in the hands of outlaws is seldom pleasant.

## The Fire Engine and the Stop Watch

"IN WALKING about the streets of our cities," writes an anxious subscriber, "I often see ambulances and police patrol wagons propelled by motors. Indeed, in the larger cities, I rarely see horses drawing such vehicles. On the other hand, I hardly ever see a motor-driven fire engine. Why does the automobile make, relatively speaking, so little progress in the latter field?"

The reason is that the automobile may snort, but it cannot jump up and down; its plane of action is entirely horizontal, while that of the fire-engine horse is mostly perpendicular; in fine, it is not as yet so constructed as to give a simulation of rapid motion. The advent, upon a thronged street, of the steaming fire engine and the thunderous hook-and-ladder truck is heralded by crashing gongs. Pedestrians scurry for the curb; policemen wave their clubs, shout and seize carriage-horses by the bridle; the trolley cars stop as if paralyzed. Then appears the formidable apparatus, the driver with set face and glassy eyes straining at the reins while his mate madly pumps the gong. The fiery steeds are in furious action; but, if you observe closely, you will see that the action is mostly just hobbling up and down. They are really going about as fast as a cab that is hired by the hour.

This spectacle is very popular. It might be described as an apotheosis of that "hustling" which consists mostly in making a tremendous stir without getting anywhere in particular. Probably the prancing fire-engine horse, with his clamorous appurtenances, will continue to be a general favorite until enough cynical people take to holding a stop watch on him.

## How the Simple Jap Does It

SPEAKING of our tobacco monopoly and the probably vain effort of the Government to dissolve it, in 1904, the same year in which the tobacco trust was organized in its present form, the Japanese Government took over the tobacco trade there as a state monopoly.

"The cultivation of leaf tobacco," says the Japanese fiscal report for 1908, "is permitted to private individuals, and the leaf is taken over by the Government, suitable compensation being paid therefor, and is manufactured at a Government manufactory. The manufactured article is sold at fixed prices by dealers licensed by the Government. The revenue from the monopoly yielded an annual profit of thirty-two or thirty-three million yen; but in December last, the Government, from considerations of financial requirements, raised, by thirty per cent. on an average, the price of manufactured tobacco, as a result of which there was for a time a slight diminution of sales. Not only has the tobacco monopoly been a success in the home market, but it has, on the whole, given good results in foreign markets."

The dealings of the Japanese monopoly with individual growers of leaf tobacco have, we believe, developed no startling incidents in the night-riding, arson and homicide line.

Whether our monopoly has raised prices, on an average, more than thirty per cent., we do not know. Its net profits last year were reported as twenty-seven million dollars, or nearly double the profit of the Japanese monopoly; but over there the Government gets the profit.

The Japanese method, as compared with ours, certainly has the merit of simplicity. Can this be because the Japanese are simpler than we are?

## A Good Job for a Bright Man

MR. ROOSEVELT has been President seven years. During that time there have been six Secretaries of the Navy—including Mr. Newberry, the latest. This is pretty near an average of one Secretary per annum. In the seven years, expenditures of the navy department have amounted to almost seven hundred million dollars. This is pretty near an average of one hundred million dollars per annum. Also, it is within three per cent. of as much money as was spent on the navy in the thirty-two fiscal years between the close of the Civil War and the beginning of the Spanish-American War. It is, undoubtedly, quite a lot of money.

There has been a great deal of expert complaint over the way in which much of this money has been spent. Professional critics have said that gross faults of construction were retained, even in the newer ships; that the armor-belts were improperly placed, some of the guns couldn't be worked in rough weather, magazines were needlessly exposed to explosion; that when faults were demonstrated the demonstrations were tucked away in pigeonholes. It is now admitted that some, at least, of the criticisms were well grounded. A common explanation of this unprofitable condition is that the department has an antiquated

organization, and is really run by several more or less ossified gentlemen at the heads of various bureaus.

The navy portfolio seems to be regarded as an opening for a bright young man who may wish to learn the business of Cabinet Minister, beginning at the bottom and working his way up—with every prospect of promotion in about a year if he proves capable. In view of the large expenditure and the important interests involved, it does look as though the job deserved greater consideration.

## Stratagems and Spoils

THE total approximate investment in the railroads of this country is stated for the first time in a report recently issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Par value of outstanding railroad stocks and bonds slightly exceeds eighteen billion dollars, which has been taken loosely as representing the investment; but of these stocks and bonds, as the report shows, the roads themselves own five and a half billions—one road holding the stock of another, the value of which is represented in its own capitalization. This leaves the actual approximate investment twelve and a half billions, or, to be exact, \$58,050 a mile.

The duplication of five and a half billions stands, in good part, for centralization of control—a rather cumbersome method of restricting competition which is made necessary by foolish anti-trust laws. The railroad holdings, naturally, are mainly of stock, for bonds carry no voting power. Of a total of eight and three-quarter billions of stock the roads themselves own four billions, leaving in the hands of "the public"—that is, of individual investors—say, four and three-quarter billions. The latter figure represents "the public's" theoretic voting power; but its actual voting power is far smaller. In many cases a road holds just enough of the stock of another road to give it control. Then that stock of the controlled road which is in the hands of the public has no effectual voting power. Indeed, the real public stockholder exercises practically no control.

This is partly the result of a condition which makes extra-legal strategy to restrict competition one of the most important functions of railroad management.

## Self-Government for Cities

DEMOCRACY is still, to a considerable extent, merely an academic theory. Government of the people, by the people, for the people, is everywhere accepted as a proper sentiment to be put in school readers, but its acceptance as an actual formula for conducting public business is less general. Two million people at the foot of Lake Michigan, having peculiar interests and problems because of their peculiar situation, are trying again to get permission to govern themselves in respect to those things in which they only are directly interested.

Two years ago Chicago framed a charter. But politicians couldn't let it alone. The State Legislature interpolated various notions of its own as to how Chicago should manage her affairs—which were so little acceptable that the people of Chicago rejected the mutilated document. The city is now trying again, hoping for better luck.

When State legislators impose their will upon a city, as to how she shall govern herself in respect to local affairs, the result is not democracy.

## The Business of the Senator

WE ARE little impressed with the argument that the Empire State ought to have an able representative in the Senate.

The business of a Senator as the representative of a State is to see that the post-offices and collectorships within the State are bestowed in a manner beneficial to his political power; or, occasionally, as when the tariff is revised, to stand up for some industry in which the State is especially interested. Probably Messrs. Platt and Depew could pick out postmasters about as well as Mr. Root could; nor is it likely they would prove recreant to the industries of leading cities.

The object of the Senator, as was frankly said in the constitutional convention, was to represent wealth. While other great departments of government have been more or less modified and deflected from the purpose for which they were designed, the Senate has been quite steadfast to the original intention. It still pretty generally represents wealth. In that respect, it is true, the present Senators from New York, however good their will, have become inefficient. But more efficient men might be more objectionable.

Eighty-five million people, for whom the Senate is the chief law-making body, are mightily interested just now in having that body represent them. To the country at large Mr. Root would be an admirable Senator, not at all because he is abler than his predecessor, but only in the degree to which he would exceed the predecessor in trying to make the Senate represent the people. The trouble with the Senate is not lack of ability.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Waiting for the Word

LOOKING at the matter in a calm and judicial manner, considering it in the cold light of reason, to say nothing of putting it to the chilly test of merciless logic, it must be conceded it is utterly impossible for any man to be so perpetually scared as Secretary Straus, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, always looks. To be sure, at this precise time of writing he is *some* scared, for you never can tell what a new President will do in the way of placing in his Cabinet those faithful souls who have weathered the stress and storm incident to a membership in his immediate predecessor's official family, stress and storm being used, in this instance, after mature reflection and with full and complete knowledge of whom the new President's immediate predecessor will be after March fourth, next.

Cabineteering is a pleasant and genteel occupation. It gives a patriot considerable standing, makes him a good card for a banquet and otherwise adds to his dignity and importance, albeit it costs a good deal to keep the place, rents in Washington being high for suitable Ministerial residences, and a stingy Congress not doing much in the way of emoluments for services performed in such capacity, allowing only a beggarly thousand a month. Still, there are few Cabinet members who desire to retire to private life. Most of them will consent to remain, and the question naturally arises, on a change of Administration, whether they will remain or not. It is a delicate proposition. A man cannot go to a new President and say: "Please, sir, I would like to continue doing business at the old stand." That would be highly improper. All he can do is to remain constantly on view and have his friends drop around and suggest his invaluable qualities, give a few hints on the one sure way to make the new Administration a success, which is, of course, to retain said Cabinet member in the Cabinet.

Coming back to the scared look of Mr. Straus. When one gets a good job one has hankered after for a long time one is justified in desiring to remain in close communion with that job, is one not? The salary is a matter of small moment to Mr. Straus. It probably costs him all of that, and more, for the rent of the pink Venetian palace he lives in up on Sixteenth Street. He has been thrifty, has Straus, and has enough laid by for a rainy day, for a lot of rainy days, in fact—for enough rainy days to make a pond round his pink palace and give it a sure-enough Venetian effect.

It isn't that. What he is scared at is the possibility of leaving the job when his patron T. R. leaves his, without the added compensation of being able to go to Africa and hunt giraffes for a dollar a word. You see, Mr. Straus could never hunt giraffes for a dollar a word. He absolutely could not.

He is not a giraffe hunter, and if he were he would have to write about the growth of religious liberty among giraffes, instead of how he popped 'em, and nobody would give him a dollar a word for that, not a soul.

### Whiskers for Marguerites

NOW, Mr. Taft is a kindly man. He has a fine property smile that illuminates everything on which it plays—a sort of a calcium-light smile, that he turns on and off whenever it is necessary. Still, the haunting fear possesses the soul of Mr. Straus that it may be the new President will want to put some other man in at the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor. "He loves me," says Mr. Straus, pulling at his whiskers, "he loves me not." It is a harrowing position. Just when one has learned to like Cabineteering, when one is used to the gentle applause that greets a Secretary when he rises to speak, when one can go bounding into the White House whenever one wishes and be sure of getting into the Presence, when one has the inestimable privilege of being allowed to sit in the ninth chair at the Cabinet table, looking as if one had many burdens of state on one's shoulders, and from time to time saying: "Yes, Mr. President, I agree with that perfectly," or "That is exactly my idea, Mr. President; I am in full accord with your views," it hurts to be obliged to go back to New York to such things as the New York Board of Trade, the National Primary League, the National Civic Federation, the American Social Science Association and the International Law Association of America, which are all well enough in their way, but do not, of course, compare with the Department of Commerce and Labor.

That is the department where they trace the octopus to its lair. That is where Jimmy Garfield and Lawrence O'Murray and Herbert Knox Smith gathered that bunch of damning evidence against benign old Mr. Rockefeller which resulted in the twenty-nine-million-dollar fine—and in the prompt reversal of that fine, which, as has been said in high quarters, was an outrage on justice, but which



He Could Never Hunt Giraffes for a Dollar a Word.  
He Absolutely Could Not

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

happened just the same. Think how much more interesting that sort of thing is than musing over musty international law. It has social science looking like a straw hat in January. It beats the Civic Federation all hollow. No wonder Mr. Straus looks scared, for it took him some time to get that Cabinet job, if you must know it, and now he hasn't the slightest idea whether he can keep it or not, is attacked by all the horrors of suspense, and it will be a long time before he does know.

Not that Mr. Straus did not do all in his power to help elect Mr. Taft; not that. Mr. Straus was the busiest little cup of tea in all the Cabinet. He made speeches wherever and whenever he could, made them at the suggestion of the President, at the suggestion of the National Committee, at his own suggestion and at the suggestion of any other person whatsoever. He just galloped around, exuding speeches. More than that, he had to combat the wicked machinations of his brother Nathan against Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. Brother Nathan, remaining a Democrat, was very positive the Republican campaign of four years ago was financed by this same Standard Oil Company, in a measure, that Brother Oscar is after with a sharp stick, and, moreover, that the Taft campaign was reaching oilward for a few dollars, now and then. Brother Nathan said so, right out in meeting, with a calm certainty that made everybody think he knew what he was talking about, although there seemed to be no appreciable effect on the general result. Brother Oscar, of course, had to prove to the world that one member of the Straus family was sternly of the opinion that Brother Nathan was talking through his lid on this matter. So Brother Oscar and Brother Nathan lined up, one against the other, Brother against Brother—catching the ultimate result coming and going, as the saying is, which shows that the Straus family still retains its presence of mind.

### A Maker of Hefty Literature

IT IS just about two years since Brother Oscar was called to head the Department of Commerce and Labor by President Roosevelt. He succeeded that masterful statesman, Victor Metcalf, who, in turn, succeeded that masterful statesman, George B. Cortelyou. Mr. Straus had been, before that, Minister to Turkey a couple of times, and had been made a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague to fill the vacancy caused by the death of former President Harrison. Otherwise he had been a lawyer and a merchant with Nathan and Isador, and while such delved into all those civic-federation and social-science and international-law depths. Likewise, he was an author, having at various times handed out to a dazed populace his ideas of "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government of the United States," to say nothing of a few other light and readable volumes on religious liberty,

Roger Williams, citizenship and expatriation, reform in the consular service and other engaging and pertinent topics.

Maybe it was some of these things that scared him originally. Anyhow, it was something, for he is the scarest-looking man in the world. He always seems to be in mortal terror of somebody coming up to him fiercely, and reading him a chapter or two out of his own books, which, when you come to glance at the titles, would scare anybody. But, of course, that isn't it. It is just a look, you understand, not a feeling. He is too busy with his job to have time for the delights of being scared. He revels in it. He works at it every minute. He buzzes around there all day long, buzzes over to the White House, buzzes back again, buzz-buzz-buzz!

Politics certainly is fierce. Just as he is warm and comfortable and buzzing happily, along comes a new Administration and perhaps they will give the job to somebody else. Enough to make anybody some scared, don't you think? And, I suppose, Brother Nathan is just mean enough to laugh at Brother Oscar in this his hour of suspense.

### A Swift One From Dear Old Chi

A PARTY of Chicago men were returning from New York and were at dinner in the dining-car.

"Nice enough city," said one. "I think New York is fair, but doesn't compare with Chicago at all. Nothing doing there for me. Go down once in a while for business, but dear old Chi for mine."

"Sure thing!" said another. "Ain't got the git up and git we have. Don't hand out the happy come-back. Not in it with us. Now, take the last game that the Cubs and the Giants played over in New York. I was one of three that signed a telegram that just put it all over some friends of ours down there in New York. Handed them a quick, bright one in a telegram they never would have thought of in a million years, and wired it to New York when the Cubs won that game."

"Whad ju say?" asked the third.

"Oh, simple enough, but shows how Chicago is there with the language. Hurl it right in, on the spur of the moment. The three of us signed this telegram to the New Yorkers and it was pretty clever, I can tell you. We just said this; nothing more: 'Ain't the Cubs rotten?'"

### A Stumper for Beveridge

SENATOR BEVERIDGE was speaking at an outdoor meeting at Garrett, Indiana.

"Is there anybody present who desires to ask me a question?" he inquired. "Speak up, now; don't be afraid. Has any one a question he desires to ask me?"

There was a pause. Nobody volunteered. Finally an old, gray-bearded man said: "Yes, durn ye, I'll ask one."

"What is it, my friend?" inquired Beveridge.

"I'll ask ye one and here 'tis: Why don't ye pass the President's message, durn ye? Answer me that if ye can!"

### The Closed Season for Baths

AN INDIGNANT Indiana citizen told the tale of his woes to Editor Charles B. Landis, at Delphi, where Mr. Landis edits when not busy with Congress.

"Now, Charley," said the indignant Indianian, "I want to put it to you plain to see if I ain't right. Away along last spring an agent came around peddling portable bathtubs. Now, of course, I ain't got no bathtub in my house no more than some of my neighbors; so I bought one, thinkin' it was a good thing."

"He promised delivery the first of April, but no tub. In June and July and August and September, not a sign of one. Now he comes along, here in the middle of October, with the bathing season practically over, and wants me to take this tub and I'll be durned if I do it."

### The Hall of Fame

President Roosevelt, who is going hunting in Africa soon, is only a fair shot with a rifle. He is near-sighted.

Philander C. Johnson, who invented "Senator Sorghum," and who is the humorist of the Washington Star, is interested in flying machines.

Kin Hubbard, the artist and epigrammatist, originator of "Abe Martin," who lives in Indiana, used to play a trombone—he calls it a slip-horn—in a minstrel band.

William S. Mowris, of Oklahoma, is the only man in that country who knows how to catch wild turkeys by running them down. Also, Mr. Mowris is a big oil operator.



# "Is There Any Money in It?"

And the Man Who Showed Why and What There Was

By George Frederic Stratton

IS THERE any money in it?" asked a friend of a small manufacturer of office appliances as they were talking about the business.

"There's five thousand of mine in it," exclaimed the manufacturer dryly, "and I'd be mighty glad to get it out."

A few weeks later he sold out for thirty-five hundred dollars. The purchaser took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and worked to such purpose that a year later he secured a partner who invested ten thousand dollars under an equal division of profits. To-day the firm is among the highest in the business, operating a capital of one million dollars.

From which it may be deduced that a more correct form of the question would have been: "Is there any money in you?"

For, in the last analysis, that is where the money really is—in the man.

Twenty-five years ago Charley M— was known as the Clothing King of the Middle West. He had stores in Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and one or two smaller towns. He was a pioneer in sensational advertising methods, a splendid business man, and had made a fortune before he was forty. To employ some idle capital he decided to exploit furniture, and stocked up an elaborate store with the finest line ever seen in that city. Eighteen months afterward he stretched a canvas across the front of that store, inscribed in the following characteristic style:

I Know the Clothing Business Up and Down and Through the Middle.

BUT

I Don't Know a Blamed Thing About Furniture, and I'm Not Going to Sink Any More Money in Learning.

This Entire Stock Will be Sold at Auction, Commencing Next Monday and Continuing Daily Until Even the Packing-Cases are Closed Out!

The stock was sold and the key turned in the lock, when a quiet, unassuming man from Kalamazoo came along and arranged to take the unexpired lease. He brought in a moderate stock of furniture, hired one of the former clerks and installed his wife at the desk. In three years he was carrying as fine a stock as M— had carried, and doing a large, profitable business—a striking illustration, again, that the money is in the man rather than in the business.

## The Imaginative Ferryman

At about the same period in the history of Detroit the ferryboats running across to the Canadian town of Windsor were owned by an Englishman named Horn, who also ran a somewhat noted saloon on the wharf. The boats were two in number, small side-wheelers, unattractive and uncomfortable, with twelve-inch plank seats affixed to the sides and in odd corners. As the boats were proving unprofitable, Horn, after trying for two years to sell out, declared that he would take them off the run and surrender his franchise. His eldest son, who had been a lake tug-captain for two or three years, came home at the close of navigation and persuaded his father to put in more money and build a new boat. The old man consented only when his son, who was his idol, agreed to stay at home and manage the line. The boat was built from the young captain's plans, and nearly paid for itself in the first season.

The upper deck was absolutely clear from stem to stern, with the exception of the eased-in smokestack. On the deck were seats for four hundred people, every one being a comfortable rocker or folding armchair. Not a plank seat or campstool was allowed on that boat.

The regular ferry fare was five cents, and Captain Horn issued ten-cent return tickets which gave the privilege of staying on board as long as one wished. Every fine afternoon, from early summer until late fall, that upper deck was filled with women who brought their sewing or their books, and often their babies in carriages—for which no extra charge was made—and rode back and forth on the mile run across the beautiful river. A man was stationed at the staircase to run those baby-carriages

up and down. In the evenings the boat was crowded with young people, enjoying, for ten cents, a river ride lasting until eleven o'clock.

Two hundred and fifty passengers was the afternoon average, and twice that number for the evenings. The income, at ten cents each, was clear profit, for the regular ferry passengers and teams paid the expenses. The young captain had seen what no other man had then seen, that the combination of ferry business with excursions had splendid possibilities.

During the five following years four new boats of the same type were added, and there was scarcely a day through the summer when one or two of them were not chartered for all-day picnics. The type of boat which Captain Horn designed and his method of managing them are in use to-day by the company which succeeded him, and which owns the finest fleet of local excursion steamers on the Great Lakes.

There is often a subtlety about the qualities which attain success where others have failed which makes them difficult of recognition. Undoubtedly there are many cases where the stock qualifications—perseverance, sobriety, energy, integrity and patience—are present, but fail in carrying a man forward and upward because of the lack of some additional ingredient necessary to the success of the particular effort he is making. Even so deep a thinker as Hazlitt failed to recognize the existence of—or necessity for—these fine and subtle qualities. In one of his essays he says:

"The great requisite for the prosperous management of ordinary business is the want of imagination, or of any ideas but those of custom and interests on the narrowest scale."

It is true that Hazlitt lived during the old school of commercialism, but it is also true that the old school still has many adherents and practitioners, especially among the smaller business men.

The proprietor of a cheap restaurant in a factory town was deploring his hand-to-mouth business existence. "No man works harder than I," he exclaimed. "I get into the kitchen at five o'clock every morning and stay around till nine at night—first in and last out. I never drink or spend a dollar unnecessarily, and I try to give an honest meal for the money; but I can't get a cent ahead, although I keep everlastingly at it."

When the late little experiment in Economy and Retrenchment—or was it Retrenchment and Economy?—was tried, the restaurant-keeper, despondent at decreased business, went into some near-by woods and ended his life and his troubles with a revolver. One of his waiters arranged with his widow to take over the fittings and put his own peculiar ideas on catering into effect. He cleaned out all the window-signs, "Lamb stew, pork and beans," and similar tempting but trite announcements, and put up a new sign: "The Pie House."

## Prosperity in Pies

It became, literally, "the pie house." There was but one pie—beefsteak, lamb or chicken—every day; but during each morning a window-bulletin stated that "Our Beefsteak Pie to-day weighs 160 pounds," or thereabouts. On Fridays the *pièce de résistance* was a clambake. This was prepared in an oven instead of the orthodox bed of hot stones and seaweed, but the ingredients were right, and it appealed. The patrons of that restaurant were men who required a hearty noon meal at lunch prices, and those gigantic pies were eminently satisfying, in appearance as well as in fact. In October, a month before the voters of our country had decided between Republican tariff revision and revision of tariff by the Democrats, our friend of the pies was tearing out the partition between his store and the next, and doubling his seating equipment.

In a certain mercantile house where the individual shipments were very small, while the gross amount was gigantic, and where an urgent necessity existed for those

shipments being made promptly, the greatest difficulty was found in meeting that condition. Shipping clerks were changed several times, but still the work dragged two or three days behind, although an ample force was furnished. Almost in despair, the manager took a young man from the sales department and placed him in charge.

"The shipments must be made on the days the orders come in!" he emphasized. "I don't know how you'll do it, but you must find some way."

Within a week the department had caught up and, thereafter, nothing but late afternoon orders were carried over.

"How have you managed it?" asked the manager. "Have you made any change in the system?"

"No, sir, not any. But I think it's because I got the boys to hustle at the first end of the day instead of the last end."

There's a good deal of science in that, although it is opposed to the "reserve your force" admonition. The man who knocks out his opponent in the third round hasn't got to fight a dozen more. Likewise, and also, the man who starts in good time for a train usually gets a choice of seats.

The peculiarity of this case is that, while the previous chiefs of that department were experienced men, selected for known success in other houses, they fell down in meeting the one urgent and admittedly-difficult condition, while a younger fellow, inexperienced, grasped the problem at just the salient point and won out.

The history of business contains many similar instances, but it is seldom possible to designate, exactly, the particular qualification which has enabled the man in question to wrest success from failure. No doubt it is often a combination in just the right proportions, unsuspected before, but brought into action by some sudden and urgent demand.

## Success Where Others Failed

Two brothers, partners in the insurance business in Buffalo, had advanced some money to a manufacturer of bedsprings. The business went wrong and, in order to protect themselves, the insurance men had to take it over and close it up. One of the brothers handled the matter and, although he knew so little of manufacturing that, as he said, a "line shaft" and a "buzz saw" were synonymous terms to him, before he had proceeded far with the closing-up process he told his brother that he thought he'd try a little building-up. He hired a good shop foreman and devoted himself to the office work, with the result that in a few months he was making some well-advised changes and improvements in his equipment. And the business was gratifyingly successful from that time on.

This adaptivity of business men to entirely new conditions is peculiar to the United States, where it is by no means uncommon. From the up-country farmer and banker, with his shrewd and successful exploitation of any business which may come under his notice as "looking good," to the giants of industry operating saw-mills in one county and street-railways in another, power-plants in the Sierras and mines in Cobalt, steamboat lines on the Great Lakes and irrigation projects on the great deserts, the peculiar and insistent qualities of all-round business and financial ability are found, as they are found in men of no other nation. We are sometimes accused by our trans-Atlantic brethren of lack of concentration and thoroughness; but, be that as it may, we are "hard to pass" in making satisfactory responses to the inevitable question: "Is there any money in it?"

And it is the man, every time—not the business, the patent, the franchise or the natural resource. All these have their part in determining the profits, but, like a recently exposed negative, they are blank or valueless until they come under the magic touch of the developer. Some of the most valuable inventions—inventions of world-wide fame and benefit—went begging for more or less lengthy periods, until the man with the pluck and the prowess to develop them came along.

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of teeth should be removed, all suppurative processes of the gums antiseptically treated, and the whole mouth-parts kept in a thoroughly aseptic condition.

Thorough and conscientious attention to this sort of surgical toilet work is not only valuable for its preventive effect—which is considerable—but also because it will insure the bringing under competent observation at the earliest possible moment of the beginnings of true cancer.

For the disease itself, after it has once started, there is, like treason in the body politic, but one remedy—capital punishment. Parleying with the rebels is worse than useless. Pastes, caustics, X-rays, trypsin, radium—all are fatally defective, because they suppress a symptom only and leave the cause untouched. Only in one form of surface cancer, the so-called flat-celled or rodent ulcer, which has little or no tendency to form spore cells and attack the deeper organs, are they effective.

Nothing is easier and nothing more idle than to destroy and break down cells which have actually become cancerous; but so long as there remains in the body a single nest, or even cell, of the organ in which the revolt started, so long the life of the patient is in danger.

Absolutely the only remedy which is of the slightest value is complete removal with the knife. The one superiority of the knife, shudder as we may at the name of it, over every other means of removal lies solely in this fact, that with it can be removed not merely the actual cancer, but the entire gland or group of surrounding cells in which this malignant, parricidal change has begun to occur.

The modern radical operations for cancer take not merely the tumor, but the entire diseased breast, for instance, and all the lymph glands into which it drains, clear up to the armpit, with the muscles beneath it down to the ribs. Where this is done early enough the disease does not recur. Such radical and complete amputation of an organ or region as this is possible in from two-thirds to three-fourths of all cases if seen reasonably early.

With watchfulness and courage, our attitude toward the cancer problem is one of hopeful confidence.

## The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 15)

she felt so greatly refreshed that her high good humor would not suffer her to be deeply resentful against him for this second failure. "No matter," reflected she. "He might have suspected me if I'd done anything so revolutionary as appear at breakfast. I'll make my beginning at lunch."

She was now striving, with some success, to think of him as a tyrant whom she, luckless martyr, must cajole. "I'm going the way of all the married women," thought she. "They soon find there's no honorable way to get their rights from their masters, find they simply have to degrade themselves." Yes, he was forcing her to degrade herself, to simulate affection when the reverse was in her heart. Well, she would make him pay dearly for it—some day. Meanwhile she must gain her point. "If I don't I'd better not have married. To be Mrs. is something, but not much if I'm the creature of his whims."

She put off lunch nearly an hour; but he did not come, did not reappear until dinner was waiting. "I've been over to town," he explained, "doing a lot of telegraphing that was necessary." He was in high spirits, delighted with himself, volubly boastful; so full of animal health and life and of joy in the prospect of food and sleep that mental worries were as foreign to him as to the wild geese flying overhead.

He sniffed the air in which the odor of cooking was mingled deliciously with the odor of the pines. "If they don't hurry up dinner," said he, "I'll rush in and eat off the stove. We used to at home sometimes. It's great fun."

She smiled tolerantly. "I've missed you," said she, and she was telling herself that this statement of a literal truth was the quintessence of hypocritical cajolery. "You might have taken me along."

He gave her a puzzled look. "Oh," said he, finally, "you've been thinking over what I said."

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Put this Sargent Patent Cigar Chest in your Home or Office. Then buy cigars by the box. And Be Your Own Dealer

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**\$3.50 FOR BOTH**

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They are. Otherwise we would lose money by sending the chest unless we knew that the cigars themselves would bring us frequent re-orders for them. It costs you at least double to buy cigars two or three at a time. On the other hand cigars by the box dry up and get rancid. So when we say "Own your own cigar store," we mean we want you to have the only chest on the market that will keep cigars in perfect condition without constant attention.

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NEW LIGHT, Incandescent KEROSENE OIL BURNER

Fits any lamp, gives 3 times light, costs 1-6 oil, 1-5 gas, 1-10 electricity. Everyone likes it. Agents wanted. Send for booklet and price list No. 3.

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THE TRADEMORE CO., Dept. 5, Toledo, O.

This was disconcerting; but she contrived to smile with winning frankness. "Yes," replied she. "I've been very wrong, I see." She felt proud of the adroitness of this—an exact truth, yet wholly misleading.

His expression told her that he was congratulating himself on his wisdom and success in having given her a sharp talking to; that he was thinking it had brought her to her senses, had restored her respect for him, had opened the way for her love for him to begin to show itself—that love which he so firmly believed in, egotist that he was! Could anything be more infuriating? Yet—after all, what difference did it make, so long as he yielded? And once she had him enthralled, then—ah, yes—then! Meanwhile she must remember that the first principle of successful deception is self-deception, and must try to convince herself that she was what she was pretending to be.

Dinner was served, and he fell to like a harvest hand. As he had the habit, when he was very hungry, of stuffing his mouth far too full for speech, she was free to carry out her little program of encouraging talk and action. As she advanced from hesitating compliment to flattery, to admiring glances, to lingering look, she marveled at her facility. "I suppose ages and ages of dreadful necessity have made it second nature to every woman, even the best of us," reflected she. If he weren't a handsome, superior man she might be finding it more difficult; also, no doubt the surroundings, so romantic, so fitting as a background for his ruggedness, were helping her to dexterity and even enthusiasm.

It was amusing, how she deceived herself—for the harmless self-deceptions of us chronic mummies are always amusing. The fact was, this melting and inviting mood had far more of nature and sincerity in it than there had been in her icy aloofness. Icy aloofness, except in the heroines of aristocratic novels, is a state of mind compatible only with extreme stupidity or with some one of those organic diseases that sour the disposition. Never had she been in such health as in that camp, never so buoyant, never had merely being alive been so deliciously intoxicating; the scratch he had made on her throat had healed in twenty-four hours, had all but disappeared in seventy-two. Never had she known to such a degree what a delight health can be, the sense of its eagerness to bring to the mind all the glorious pleasures of the senses. Whatever disinclination she had toward him was altogether a prompting of class education; now that she had let down the bars and released feeling she was in heart glad he was there with her, glad he was "such a man of a man."

The guides made a huge fire down by the shore, and left them alone. They sat by it until nearly ten o'clock, he talking incessantly; her overtures had roused in him the desire to please, and, instead of the usual monologue of egotism and rant, he poured out poetry, eloquence, sense and humorous shrewdness. Had he been far less the unusual, the great man, she would still have listened with a sense of delight, for in her mood that night his penetrating voice, which, in other moods, she found as insupportable as a needle-pointed goad, harmonized with the great, starry sky and the mysterious, eery shadows of forest and mountain and lake close round their huge, bright fire. As they rose to go in up came the moon—a broad, benevolent, encouraging face, the face of a matchmaker. Craig put his arm round Margaret. She trembled and thrilled.

"Do you know what that moon's saying?" asked he. In his voice was that exquisite tone that enabled him to make even commonplaces lift great audiences to their feet to cheer him wildly.

She lifted soft, shining eyes to his. "What?" she inquired under her breath. She had forgotten her schemes, her resentments, her make-believe of every kind. "What—Joshua?" she repeated.

"It's saying: 'Hurry up, you silly children, down there! Don't you know that life is a minute and youth a second?'" And now both his arms were round her and one of her hands lay upon his shoulder. "Life a minute—youth a second," she murmured.

"Do you think I'd scratch you horribly if I kissed you—Rita?" She lowered her eyes but not her face. "You might try—Josh."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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# Your Christmas Money

**W**ITHIN the next few weeks about 400,000 subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will expire. Most of these will be renewed. We want to engage representatives, either men or women, all over the country to look after this business for us and to send new orders. For the work we will pay a liberal weekly salary and an extra commission on each order.

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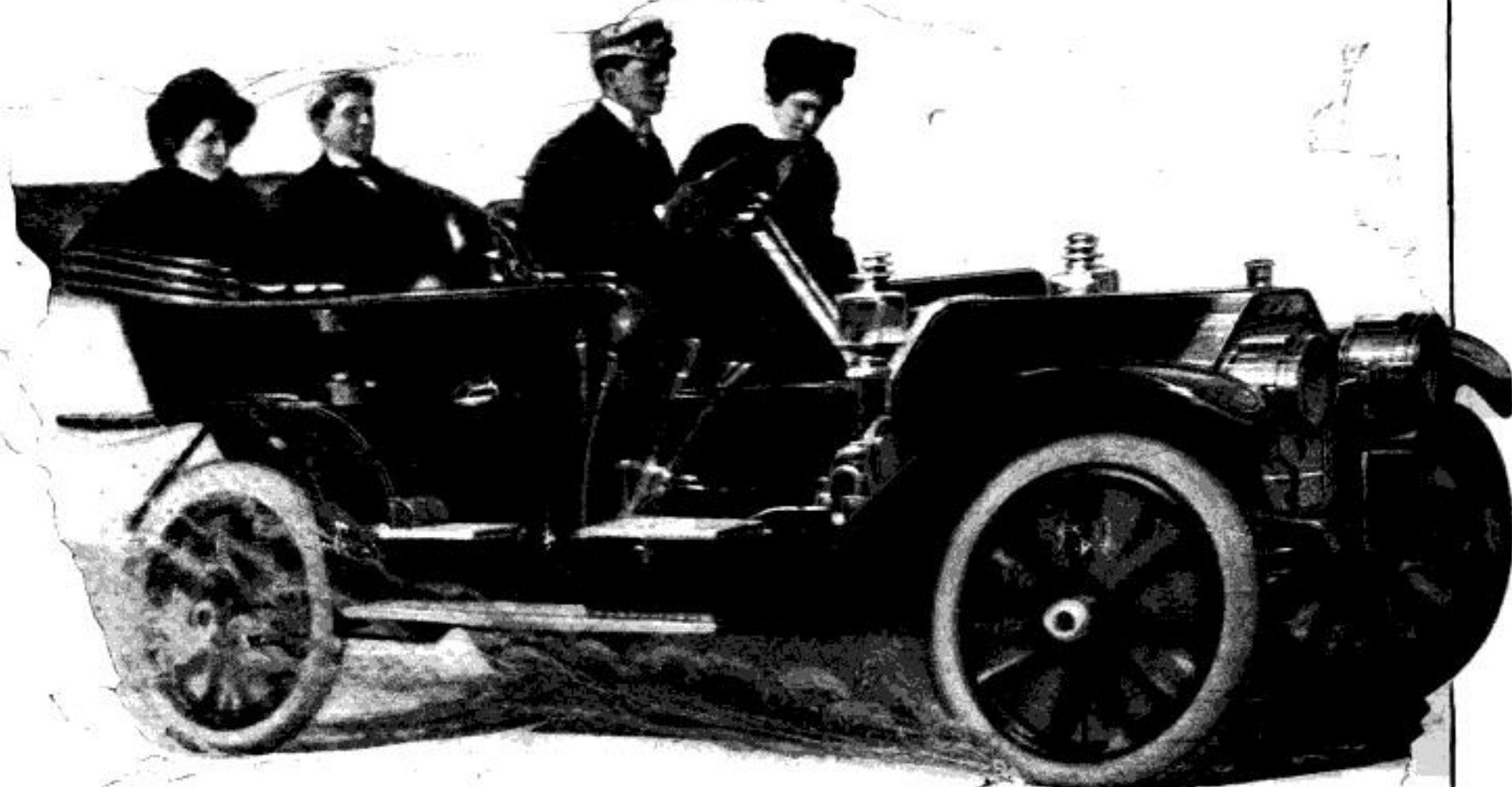
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



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DECEMBER 19, 1908

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From Door-knocker Days To The Bell



**T**HE old punched lanterns and the door-knockers savor now of romance, but only the distance of years can cast a mellow enchantment over the wet cloaks and the soggy shoes.

Amid the comforts of their own fire-sides, or in their offices, when men today pick up their telephones, they do not look down the line of the past to picture the door-knocker—but are we all very different from this door-knocking ancestor in our manifest annoyance at slight delays?

We call a number. We do not think of the time saved over the old method of communication. We want the connection right off—whether it is a block away, a furlong or a league.

So, like the old door-knocker, we knock the louder—by again ringing the bell or pounding on the transmitter—frequently in our haste undoing a portion of what has already been patiently done towards establishing the connection wanted.

Even in the face of impatience the equipoise of the operator is maintained as well as it can be. The unswerving endeavor of the management of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated Bell companies is to make its thousands of

exchange operators all measure to the same standard.

There will be some girls brighter than others, some with quicker perception and sweeter dispositions.

If you had to subscribe to six telephone systems in your locality—in order to cover the field as it is now covered by the one universal Bell system—do you imagine the girl operators would be different?

There is a moral to this advertisement—intended for all Bell subscribers and prospective subscribers. It is this:

*Treat the girl operator as if she were both a girl and an operator, and as if she were present.*

It enables her to serve you more quickly—more intelligently—and consequently saves you time.

Telephoning is a mutual operation, with mutual obligations. The maintenance of the most practical, complete, universal telephone system that human work can accomplish involves like mutual obligations.

It is the desire of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the associated Bell companies to let the public know and appreciate what they are doing and how this universality of service may best be maintained.

## American Telephone & Telegraph Company

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BUY THEM FOR CHRISTMAS

Hockey players know that a broken skate is pretty sure to mean an injury. They cannot afford to take chances. Only skates of known worth and of the highest reputation are used. That is the reason

## Barney & Berry Skates

(Quality made the name famous)

are always selected by the experienced skater. Irving Brokaw says, "They helped me to win the championship."

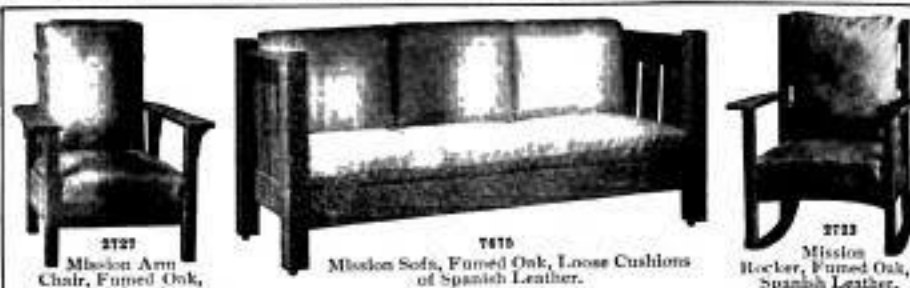
Ask your dealer and if he has not Barney & Berry Skates, send for a complete catalog containing Hockey Rules and directions for building an ice rink.

BARNEY & BERRY, 111 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.

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We want a man with small capital to take charge of territory for Automatic Cigar Vending Machines; write for particulars. **Pope Automatic Merchandising Company**, Cern Exchange Bank Building, Chicago.

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2121 Mission Arm Chair, Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

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## It Costs You Nothing to Know Good from Bad Furniture

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## Send for Free Karpen Style Book SD

It will show you by photographic illustrations how to know genuine Karpen leather from the cheap split leather and imitations so commonly used. It will show you how to detect fraud, and how to know the genuine.

Remember—that Karpen reproductions of the famous periods are exact—Karpen *Guaranteed* construction is enduring. Karpen alone puts a guarantee and trade-mark on upholstered furniture—

Karpen Sterling Leather is the tough outside of the hide—Karpen fabrics are harmonious in color and honest in material—Karpen springs are specified by the United States Government.

Write for free book today. We send with the book the name of a dealer who will be authorized to give you our special introductory price.



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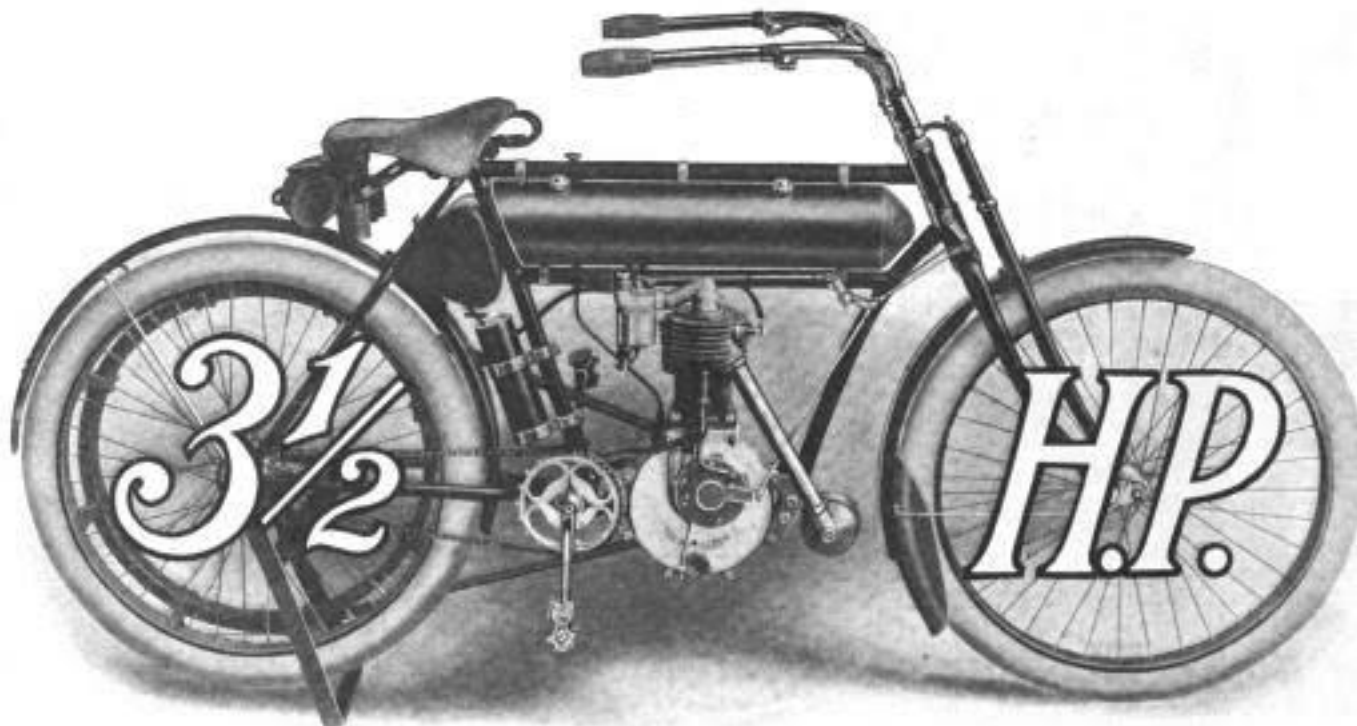
# The World has never seen a Motor-Cycle like this:

We have purposely subordinated the text in this announcement to the picture of this wonderful new Yale 3½ H. P. Motor-Cycle because:

**First**—The picture conveys a more striking idea of the tremendous strength and simplicity of this most powerful of all motor-cycles than could any words of ours.

**Second**—We could not if we occupied a page begin to tell all that is to be told and all that you ought to know about its marvelous efficiency.

So we simply say: Look at the picture; consider the extraordinary horse power developed and the extraordinary price and write us today for full particulars, filling out the coupon printed below.



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THE CRANK-HANGER ALONE IS REASON ENOUGH FOR INSISTING ON

*Yale & Snell*  
BICYCLES

No, all bicycles are not alike.

The difference is in their length of life—a difference for which you have to pay in dollars and cents when you buy a wheel without record or reputation.

And there are other differences even more vital of which every man who buys a bicycle should advise himself before he makes a choice. Before we specify just one of them, let us remind you that this is the biggest bicycle plant in the world—with the finest equipment of special machinery, and the biggest output, and nearly twenty years of unbroken experience.

That alone is reason for assuming what is actually the fact—that Yale & Snell Bicycles are admittedly first in America in soundness, stability and efficiency.

But to pass on to just one exclusive feature of Yale & Snell construction—the Consolidated Crank Hanger is reason enough in itself for discarding any other wheel and insisting that your dealer get you a Yale or Snell.

This crank hanger, made of the finest hardened, ground, polished automobile steel, gives the Yale & Snell rider the extraordinary advantage of covering the ground with one-half the exertion of energy required to ride any other bicycle. You can't get the Consolidated Hanger in any other wheel and without it you have to work just twice as hard in riding.

From forty-five to fifty thousand Yale & Snell wheels are built in this plant every year—every part manufactured from the highest priced and highest grade materials.

If your dealer doesn't sell the Yale & Snell don't rest satisfied until you get one. Fill out the accompanying coupon and mail it to us today.

Yale & Snell equipment includes the celebrated Hussey handle bar—adjustable to 45 different positions, and the New Atherton coaster brake.



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TWICE THE  
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ONE-HALF  
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*Consolidated*  
PACKAGE CAR

Don't wait until prosperity hits your store—install a Consolidated Package Car in your delivery system as hundreds of dealers have done since election, and start out to hustle for it.

Letters like the one quoted below are coming from every corner of the country—they tell better than we can what a revolution this fine little car is creating in the retail business. The Consolidated Package Car advertises your store and best of all advertises the fact that you make quick deliveries at any time of the day.

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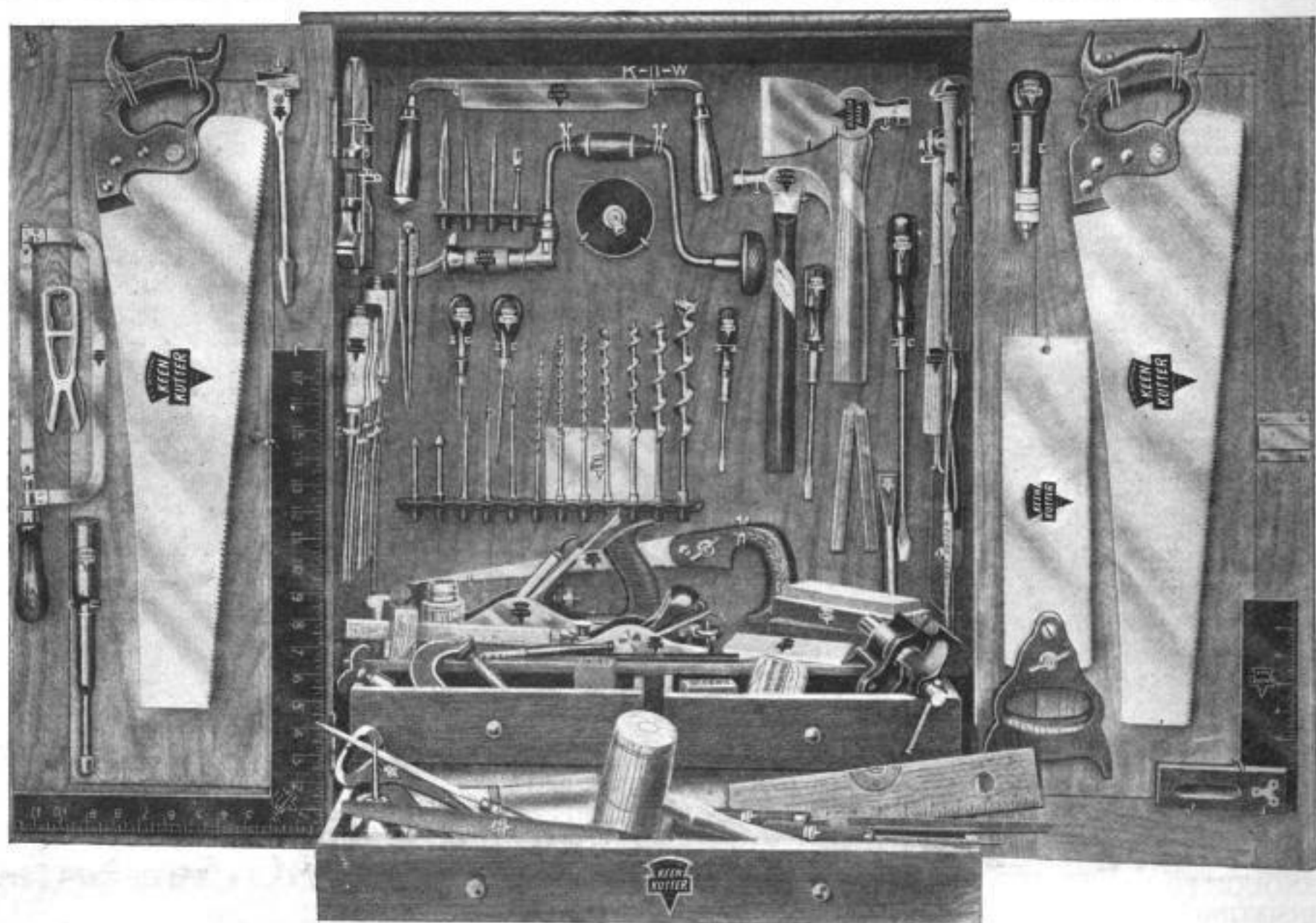
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## THE KING OF DIAMONDS

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THERE were thirty or forty personally-addressed letters, the daily heritage of the head of a great business establishment; and a plain, yellow-wrapped package about the size of a cigarette-box, some three inches long, two inches wide and one inch deep. It was neatly tied up with thin, scarlet twine, and innocent of markings except for the superscription in a precise, copper-plate hand, and the smudge of the postmark across the ten-cent stamp in the upper right-hand corner. The imprint of the cancellation, faintly decipherable, showed that the package had been mailed at the Madison Square sub-station at half-past seven o'clock of the previous evening.

Mr. Henry Latham, president and active head of the H. Latham Company, manufacturing jewelers in Fifth Avenue, found the letters and the package on his desk when he entered his private office a few minutes past nine o'clock. The simple fact that the package bore no return address or identifying mark of any sort caused him to pick it up and examine it, after which he shook it inquiringly. Then, with kindling curiosity, he snipped the scarlet thread with a pair of silver scissors, and unfolded the wrappings. Inside was a glazed paper box, such as jewelers use, but still there was no mark, no printing, either on top or bottom.

The cover of the box came off in Mr. Latham's hand, disclosing a bed of white cotton. He removed the downy, upper layer, and there—there, nestling against the snowy background, blazed a single splendid diamond, of six, perhaps seven, carats. Myriad colors played in its blue-white depths, sparkling, flashing, dazzling in the subdued light. Mr. Latham drew one long, quick breath, and walked over to the window to examine the stone in the full glare of day.

A minute or more passed, a minute of wonder, admiration, allurements, and at last he ventured to lift the diamond from the box. It was perfect, so far as he could see; perfect in cutting and color and depth, prismatic, radiant, bewilderingly gorgeous. Its value? Even he could not offer an opinion—only the appraisal of his expert would be worth listening to on that point. But one thing he knew instantly—in the million-dollar stock of precious stones stored away in the vaults of the H. Latham Company, there was not one to compare with this.

At length, as he stared at it fascinated, he remembered that he didn't know its owner, and for the second time he examined the wrappings, the box inside and out, and finally he lifted out the lower layer of cotton, seeking a fugitive card or mark of some sort. Surely the owner of so valuable a stone would not be so careless as to send it this way, through the mail—unregistered—without some method of identification! Another sharp scrutiny of box and cotton and wrappings left him in deep perplexity.

Then another idea came. One of the letters, of course! The owner of the diamond had sent it this way, perhaps to be set, and had sent instructions under another cover. An absurd, even a reckless thing to do, but —! And Mr. Latham attacked the heap of letters neatly stacked up in front of him. There were thirty-six of them, but not one even remotely hinted at diamonds. In order to be perfectly sure Mr. Latham went through his mail a second time. Perhaps the letter of instructions had come addressed to the company, and had gone to the secretary, Mr. Flitcroft.

He arose to summon Mr. Flitcroft from an adjoining room, then changed his mind long enough carefully to replace the diamond in the box and thrust the box into a pigeonhole of his desk. Then he called Mr. Flitcroft in.

"Have you gone through your morning mail?" Mr. Latham inquired of the secretary.



"A Perfect Diamond is a Perfect Diamond, No Matter Where it Comes From"

into his hand. For a minute or more he stood still examining it, as he turned and twisted it in his fingers, then walked over to a window, adjusted a magnifying glass in his left eye and continued the scrutiny. Mr. Latham swung around in his chair and stared at him intently.

"It's the most perfect blue-white I've ever seen," the expert announced at last. "I dare say it's the most perfect in the world."

Mr. Latham arose suddenly and strode over to Mr. Czenki, who was twisting the jewel in his fingers, singling out, dissecting, studying the colorful flashes, measuring the facets with practiced eyes, weighing it on his fingertips, seeking a possible flaw.

"The cutting is very fine," the expert went on. "Of course I would have to use instruments to tell me if it is mathematically correct; and the weight, I imagine, is—about six carats, perhaps a fraction more."

"What's it worth?" asked Mr. Latham. "Approximately, I mean?"

"We know the color is perfect," explained Mr. Czenki precisely. "If, in addition, the cutting is perfect, and the depth is right, and the weight is six carats or a fraction more, it's worth—in other words, if that is the most perfect specimen in existence, as it seems to be, it's worth whatever you might choose to demand for it—twenty, twenty-five, thirty thousand dollars. With this color, and assuming it to be six carats, even if badly cut, it would be worth ten or twelve thousand."

Mr. Latham mopped his brow. And this had come by mail, unregistered!

"It would not be possible to say where—where such a stone came from—what country?" Mr. Latham inquired curiously. "What's your opinion?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have just finished."

"Did you happen to come across a letter bearing on—that is, was there a letter to-day, or has there been a letter, of instructions as to a single large diamond which was to come, or had come, by mail?"

"No, nothing," replied Mr. Flitcroft promptly. "The only letter received to-day which referred to diamonds was a notification of a shipment from South Africa."

Mr. Latham thoughtfully drummed on his desk.

"Well, I'm expecting some such letter," he explained at last. "When it comes please call it to my attention. Send my stenographer in."

Mr. Flitcroft nodded and withdrew; and for an hour or more Mr. Latham was engrossed in the routine of correspondence. There was only an occasional glance at the box in the pigeonhole, and momentary fits of abstraction, to indicate an unabated interest and growing curiosity in the diamond. The last letter was finished, and the stenographer arose to go out.

"Please ask Mr. Czenki to come here," Mr. Latham directed.

And after a while Mr. Czenki appeared. He was a spare little man, with beady, black eyes, bushy brows, and a sinister scar extending from the point of his chin across the right jaw. Mr. Czenki drew a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year from the H. Latham Company, and was worth twice that much. He was the diamond expert of the firm; and for five or six years his had been the final word as to quality and value. He had been a laborer in the South African diamond fields—the scar was an assegai thrust—about the time Cecil Rhodes' grip was first felt there; later he was employed as an expert by Barney Barnato at Kimberly, and finally he went to London with Adolph Zeidt. Mr. Latham nodded as he entered, and took the box from the pigeonhole.

"Here's something I'd like you to look at," he remarked.

Mr. Czenki removed the cover and turned the glittering stone out



The expert shook his head. "If I had to guess I should say Brazil, of course," he replied; "but that would be merely because the most perfect blue-white diamonds come from Brazil. They are found all over the world—in Africa, Russia, India, China, even in the United States. The simple fact that this color is perfect makes conjecture useless."

Mr. Latham lapsed into silence, and for a time paced back and forth across his office; Mr. Czenki stood waiting.

"Please get the exact weight," Mr. Latham requested abruptly. "Also test the cutting. It came into my possession in rather an unusual manner, and I'm curious."

The expert went out. An hour later he returned and placed the white, glazed box on the desk before Mr. Latham.

"The weight is six and three-sixteenths carats," he stated. "The depth is absolutely perfect, according to the diameter of the girdle. The bezel facets are mathematically correct to the minutest fraction—thirty-three, including the table. The facets on the collet side are equally exact, twenty-five including the collet—or fifty-eight facets in all. As I said, the color is flawless. In other words," he continued without hesitation, "I should say, speaking as an expert, that it is the most perfect diamond existing in the world to-day."

Mr. Latham had been staring at him mutely, and he still sat so for an instant after Mr. Czenki had finished.

"And its value?" he asked at last.

"Its value!" Mr. Czenki repeated musingly. "You know, Mr. Latham," he went on suddenly, "there are a hundred experts, commissioned by royalty, scouring the diamond markets of the world for such stones as this. So, if you are looking for a sale and a price, by all means offer it abroad first." He lifted the sparkling, iridescent jewel from the box again, and gazed at it reflectively. "There is not one stone belonging to the British crown, for instance, which would compare with this."

"Not even the Koh-i-noor?" Mr. Latham demanded, surprised.

Mr. Czenki shook his head.

"Not even the Koh-i-noor. It is larger, that's all—a fraction more than one hundred and six carats, but it has neither the coloring nor the cutting of this." There was a pause. "Would it be impertinent if I ask who owns this?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Latham slowly. "I don't know; but it isn't ours. Perhaps later I'll be able to —"

"I beg your pardon," the expert interrupted courteously, and there was a slight expression of surprise on his thin, scarred face. "Is that all?"

Mr. Latham nodded absently and Mr. Czenki left the room. A little while later, when Mr. Latham started out to luncheon, he thrust the white, glazed box into an inside pocket. It had occurred to him that Schultze—Gustave Schultze, the greatest importer of precious stones in

America—was usually at the club where he had luncheon, and —

He found Mr. Schultze, a huge, blond German, sitting at a table in an alcove, alone, gazing out upon Fifth Avenue in deep abstraction, with perplexed wrinkles about his blue eyes. The German glanced around at him quickly and proceeded to draw out a chair on the opposite side of the table.

"Sit down, Laadham, sit down," he invited explosively. "I haf yust send der vaider to der telephone to ask —"

There was a restrained note of excitement in the German's voice, but at the moment it was utterly lost upon Mr. Latham.

"Schultze, you've probably imported more diamonds in the last ten years than any other half-dozen men in the United States," he interrupted. "I have something here I want you to see. Perhaps, at some time, it may have passed through your hands."

He placed the glazed box on the table. For an instant the German stared at it with amazed eyes, then one fat hand darted toward it, and he spilled the diamond out on the napkin in his plate. Then he sat gazing as if fascinated by the lambent, darting flashes deep from the blue-white heart.

"Mein Gott, Laadham!" he exclaimed, and with fingers which shook a little he lifted the stone and squinted through it toward the light, with critical eyes. Mr. Latham was leaning forward on the table, waiting, watching, listening.

"Well?" he queried impatiently, at last.

"Laadham, id is der miracle!" Mr. Schultze explained solemnly, with his characteristic, whimsical philosophy. "I haf der dupligade of id, Laadham—der dwins, der liddle brudder. Zee here!"

From an inner pocket he produced a glazed white box, identical with that which Mr. Latham had just set down, then carefully laid the cover aside.

"Look, Laadham, look!"

Mr. Latham looked—and gasped! Here was the counterpart of the mysterious diamond which still lay in Mr. Schultze's outstretched palm.

"Dey are dwins, Laadham," remarked the German quaintly, finally. "Id came by der mail in dis morning—yust like das, wrapped in paper, bud mit no marks, no name, no nodings. Id yust came!"

With his right hand Mr. Latham lifted the duplicate diamond from its cotton bed, and with his left took the other from the German's hand. Then, side by side, he examined them; color, cutting, diameter, depth, all seemed to be the same.

"Dwins, I dell you," repeated Mr. Schultze stolidly. "Dweededum und Dweededee, born of der same mudder and fadder. Laadham, id iss der miracle! Dey are der most beautiful der world in—yust der pair of dem."

"Have you made," Mr. Latham began, and there was an odd, uncertain note in his voice—"Have you made an expert examination?"

"I haf. I measure him, der deepness, der cudding, der facets, und id iss perfect. Und I take my own judgment of a diamond, Laadham, before any man der vorld in but Czenki."

"And the weight?"

"Prezizely six und d'ree-sixdeendh carads. Dere iss nod more as a difference of a d'irty-second between dem?"

Mr. Latham regarded the importer steadily, the while he fought back an absurd, nervous thrill in his voice.

"There isn't that much, Schultze. Their weight is exactly the same."

For a long time the two men sat staring at each other unseeing. Finally the German, with a prodigious Teutonic sigh, replaced the diamond from Mr. Latham's right hand in one of the glazed boxes and carefully stowed it away in a cavernous pocket; Mr. Latham mechanically disposed of the other in the same manner.

"Whose are they?" he demanded at length. "Why are they sent to us like this, with no name, no letter of explanation? Until I saw the stone you have I had believed this other had been sent to me by some careless fool for setting, perhaps, and that a letter would follow it. I merely brought it



"Id iss der Miracle, Laadham. When Czenki Make der Misdake!"

here on the chance that it was one of your importations and that you could identify it. But since you have received one under circumstances which seem to be identical, now —" He paused helplessly. "What does it mean?"

Mr. Schultze shrugged his huge shoulders and thoughtfully flicked the ashes from his cigar into the consommé.

"You know, Laadham," he said slowly, "dey don't pick up diamonds like dese on der street corners. I didn't believe dere vas a stone of so bigness in der United States whose owner I didn't know id vas. Dose dat are here I haf bring in myself, mostly—dose I did nod I haf kept drack of. I don't know, Laadham, I don't know. Der longer I lif der more I don't know."

The two men completed a scant luncheon in silence.

"Obviously," remarked Mr. Latham as he laid his napkin aside, "the diamonds

were sent to us by the same person; obviously they were sent to us with a purpose; obviously we will, in time, hear from the person who sent them; obviously they were intended to be perfectly matched; so let's see if they are. Come to my office and let Mr. Czenki see the one you have." He hesitated an instant. "Suppose you let me take it. We'll try an experiment."

He carefully placed the jewel which the German handed to him in an outside pocket, and together they went to his office. Mr. Czenki appeared, in answer to a summons, and Mr. Latham gave him the German's box.

"That's the diamond you examined for me this morning, isn't it?" he inquired.

Mr. Czenki turned it out into his hand and scrutinized it perfunctorily.

"Yes," he replied after a moment.

"Are you quite certain?" Mr. Latham insisted.

Something in the tone caused Mr. Czenki to raise his beady, black eyes questioningly for an instant, after which he walked over to a window and adjusted his magnifying glass again. For a minute or more he stood there, then:

"It's the same stone," he announced positively.

"Id iss der miracle, Laadham, when Czenki make der misdake!" the German exploded suddenly. "Show him der odder von."

Mr. Czenki glanced from one to the other with quick, inquisitive glance; then, without a word, Mr. Latham produced the second box and opened it. The expert stared incredulously at the two perfect stones and finally, placing them side by side on a sheet of paper, returned to the window and sat down. Mr. Latham and Mr. Schultze stood beside him looking on curiously as he turned and twisted the jewels under his powerful glass.

"As a matter of fact," asked Mr. Latham pointedly at last, "you would not venture to say which of those stones it was you examined this morning, would you?"

"No," responded Mr. Czenki curtly, "not without weighing them."

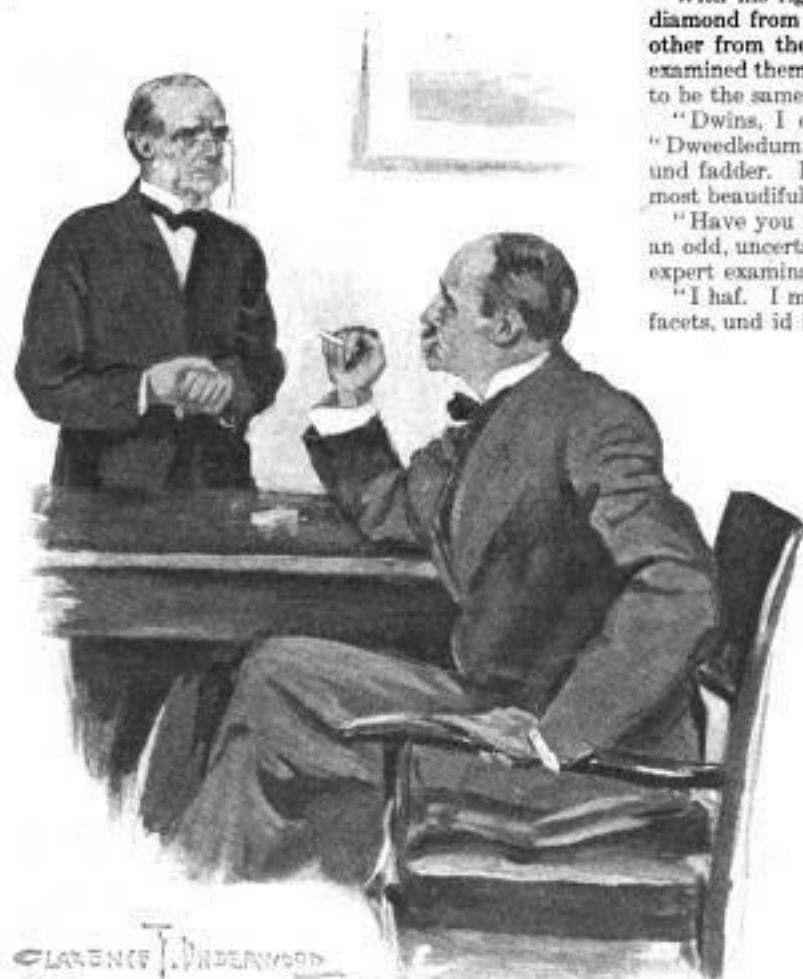
"And if the weight is identical?"

"No," said Mr. Czenki again. "If the weight is the same there is not the minutest fraction of a difference between them."

Mr. Latham ran through his afternoon mail with feverish haste and found—nothing; Mr. Schultze achieved the same result more ponderously. On the following morning the mail still brought nothing. About eleven o'clock Mr. Latham's desk 'phone rang.

"Come to my offiz," requested Mr. Schultze, in guttural excitement. "Mein Gott, Laadham, der—come to my offiz, Laadham, und bring der diamond!"

Mr. Latham went. Including himself there were the heads of the five greatest jewel establishments in America,



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representing, perhaps, one-tenth of the diamond trade of the country, in Mr. Schultze's office. He found the other four gathered around a small table, and on this table—Mr. Latham gasped as he looked—lay four replicas of the mysterious diamond in his pocket.

"Put 'em down here, Laadham," directed Mr. Schultze. "Dey're all dwins alike—Dweedledums und Dweedledeeses."

Mr. Latham silently placed the fifth diamond on the table, and for a minute or more the five men stood still and gazed, first at the diamonds, then at one another, and then again at the diamonds. Mr. Solomon, the crisply-spoken head of Solomon, Berger & Co., broke the silence.

"These all came yesterday morning by mail, one to each of us, just as the one came to you," he informed Mr. Latham. "Mr. Harris here, of Harris and Blacklock, learned that I had received such a stone, and brought the one he had received for comparison. We made some inquiries together and found that a duplicate had been received by Mr. Stoddard, of Hale-Stoddard-Higginson. The three of us came here to see if Mr. Schultze could give us any information, and he telephoned for you."

Mr. Latham listened blankly.

"It's positively beyond belief," he burst out. "What—what does it mean?"

"Id means," the German importer answered philosophically, "dat if diamonds like dese keep popping up like dis, dat in anoder d'ree months dey vill nod be vorth more as five cents a bucketful."

The truth of the observation came to the four others simultaneously. Hitherto there had been only the sense of wonder and admiration; now came the definite knowledge that diamonds, even of such great size and beauty as

these, would grow cheap if they were to be picked out of the void; and realization of this astonishing possibility brought five shrewd business brains to a unit of investigation. First it was necessary to find how many other jewelers had received duplicates; then it was necessary to find whence they came. A plan was adopted, and an investigation ordered to begin at once.

"Dere iss someding back of id, of course," declared Mr. Schultze. "Vas iss? Dey are nod being send for our healdh!"

During the next six days half a score of private detectives were at work on the mystery, with the slender clues at hand. They scanned hotel registers, quizzed paper-box manufacturers, pestered stamp clerks, bedeviled postal officials, and the sum total of their knowledge was negative, save in the fact that they established beyond question that only these five men had received the diamonds.

And meanwhile the heads of the five greatest jewel houses in New York were assiduous in their search for that copper-plate superscription in their daily mail. On the morning of the eighth day it came. Mr. Latham was nervously shuffling his unopened personal correspondence when he came upon it—a formal white, square envelope directed by that same copper-plate hand which had directed the boxes. He dropped into his chair, and opened the envelope with eager fingers. Inside was this letter:

*My Dear Sir:*

One week ago I took the liberty of sending to you, and to each of four other leading jewelers of this city whose names you know, a single large diamond of rare cutting and color. Please accept this as a gift from me, and be good enough to convey my compliments to the other four gentlemen, and assure them that theirs, too, were gifts.

Believe me, I had no intention of making a mystery of this. It was necessary to definitely attract your attention, and I could conceive of no more certain way than in this manner. In return for the value of the jewels I shall ask that you and the four others concerned give me an audience in your office on Thursday afternoon next at three o'clock; that you make known this request to the others; and that three experts whose judgment you will all accept shall meet with us.

I believe you will appreciate the necessity of secrecy in this matter, for the present at least.

Respectfully,  
E. VAN CORTLANDT WYNNE.

They were on hand promptly, all of them—Mr. Latham, Mr. Schultze, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Harris. The experts agreed upon were the unemotional Mr. Czenki, Mr. Cawthorne, an Englishman in the employ of Solomon, Berger & Co., and Mr. Schultze, who gravely admitted that he was the first expert in the land, after Mr. Czenki, and whose opinion of himself was unanimously accepted by the others. The meeting place was the directors' room of the H. Latham Company.

At one minute of three o'clock a clerk entered with a card, and handed it to Mr. Latham.

"Mr. E. van Cortlandt Wynne," Mr. Latham read aloud, and every man in the room moved a little in his chair. Then: "Show him in here, please."

"Now, gendlemens," observed Mr. Schultze sententiously, "ve shall zee vat ve shall zee."

The clerk went out and a moment later Mr. Wynne appeared. He was tall and rather slender, alert of eyes, graceful of person; perfectly self-possessed and sure of himself, yet without one trace of egotism in manner or

(Continued on Page 22)

# SYBILLA By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON



"Which of you three girls went into the laboratory this morning?" repeated their father impatiently.

The triplets continued to stand in a neat row, the buttons of their frocks aligned and resting on the hardwood floor. In graceful unison they removed their masks; three flushed and unusually pretty faces regarded the author of their being attentively—more attentively still when that round and ruddy gentleman, executing a facial contortion, screwed his monocle into an angry left eye and glared.

"Didn't I warn you to keep out of that laboratory?" he asked wrathfully; "didn't I explain to you that it was none of your business? I believe I informed you that whatever is locked up in that room is no concern of yours. Didn't I?"

"Yes, Pa-pah."

"Well, confound it, what did you go in for, then?"

An anxious silence was his answer.

"You didn't all go in, did you?" he demanded in a melodious bellow.

"Oh, no, Pa-pah!"

"Did two of you go?"

"Oh-h, n-o, Pa-pah!"

"Well, which one did?"

The line of beauty wavered for a moment; then Sybilla stepped slowly to the front, three paces, and halted with downcast eyes.

"I told you not to, didn't I?" said her father, scowling the monocle out of his eye and reinserting it.

"Y-yes, Pa-pah."

"But you did?"

"Y-yes —"

"That will do! Flavilla! Drusilla! You are excused," dismissing the two guiltless triplets with a wave of the terrible eyeglass; and when they had faced to the rear and retired in good order, closing the door behind them, he regarded his delinquent daughter in wrathful and rubicund dismay.

"What did you see in that laboratory?" he demanded.

Sybilla began to count on her fingers. "As I walked around the room I noticed jars, bottles, tubes, lamps, retorts, blowpipes, batteries —"

"Did you notice a small, shiny machine that somewhat resembles the interior economy of a watch?"

"Yes, Pa-pah, but I haven't come to that yet —"

"Did you go near it?"

"Quite near —"

"You didn't touch it, did you?"

"I was going to tell you —"

"Did you?" he bellowed musically. "Answer me, Sybilla!"

"Y-yes—I did."

"What did you suppose it to be?"

"I thought—we all thought—that you kept a wireless telephone instrument in there —"

"Why? Just because I happen to be president of the Amalgamated Wireless Trust Company?"



"Oh-h, N-o, Pa-pah!"

"Yes. And we were dying to see a wireless telephone work. . . . I thought I'd like to call up Central—just to be sure I could make the thing go — What is the matter, Pa-pah?"

He dropped into a wadded armchair and motioned Sybilla to a seat opposite. Then with another frightful facial contortion he reinserted the monocle.

"So you deliberately opened that door and went in to rummage?"

"No," said the girl; "we were—skylarking a little, on our way to the gymnasium; and I gave Drusilla a little shove toward the laboratory door, and then Flavilla

ABOUT noon their father bounced into the gymnasium, where they had just finished their fencing lesson.

"Did any of you three go into the laboratory this morning?" he demanded, his rich voice terminating in a sort of musical bellow, like the blast of a mellow French horn on a touring-car.

The triplets—Flavilla, Drusilla and Sybilla—all clothed precisely alike in knee kilts, plastrons, gauntlets and masks, came to attention, saluting their parent with their foils. The Boznovian fencing mistress, Madame Tzinglala, gracefully withdrew to the dressing-room and departed.



pushed me—very gently—and somehow I—the door flew open and my mask fell off and rolled inside; and I went in after it. That is how it happened—partly."

She lifted her dark and very beautiful eyes to her stony parent, then they dropped, and she began tracing figures and arabesques on the polished floor with the point of her foil. "That is partly how," she repeated.

"What is the other part?"

"The other part was that, having unfortunately disobeyed you, and being already in the room, I thought I might as well stay and take a little peep around —"

Her father fairly bounced in his padded chair. The velvet-eyed descendant of Eve shot a fearful glance at him and continued, still casually tracing invisible arabesques with her foil's point.

"You see, don't you," she said, "that being actually in, I thought I might as well do something before I came out again, which would make my disobedience worth the punishment. So I first picked up my mask, then I took a scared peep around. There were only jars and bottles and things. . . . I was dreadfully disappointed. The certainty of being punished and then, after all, seeing nothing but bottles, did seem rather unfair. . . . So I—walked around—to see if I could find something to look at which would repay me for the punishment. . . . There is a proverb, isn't there, Pa-pah?—something about being executed for a lamb —"

"Go on!" he said sharply.

"Well, all I could find that looked as though I had no business to touch it was a little jeweled machine —"

"That was it! Did you touch it?"

"Yes, several times. Was it a wireless?"

"Never mind! Yes, it's one kind of a wireless instrument. Go on!"

Sybilla shook her head:

"I'm sure I don't see why you are so disturbingly emphatic; because I haven't an idea how to send or receive a wireless message, and I hadn't the vaguest notion how that machine might work. I tried very hard to make it go; I turned several screws and pushed all the push-buttons —"

Mr. Carr emitted a hollow, despairing sound—a sort of musical groan—and feebly plucked at space.

"I tried every lever, screw and spring," she went on calmly, "but the machine must have been out of order, for I only got one miserable little spark —"

"You got a spark?"

"Yes—just a tiny, noiseless atom of white fire —"

Her father bounced to his feet and waved both hands at her distractedly.

"Do you know what you've done?" he bellowed.

"N-no —"

"Well, you've prepared yourself to fall in love! And you've probably induced some indescribable pup to fall in love with you! And that's what you've done!"

"In—love!"

"Yes, you have!"

"But how can a common wireless telephone —"

"It's another kind of a wireless. Your brother-in-law, William Destyn, invented it; I'm backing it and experimenting with it. I told you to keep out of that room. I hung up a sign on the door: 'Danger! Keep out!'"

"W-was that thing—loaded?"

"Yes, it was loaded!"

"W-what with?"

"Waves!" shouted her father furiously. "Psychic waves! You little ninny, we've just discovered that the world and everything in it is enveloped in psychic waves, as well as invisible electric currents. The minute you got near that machine and opened the receiver, waves from your subconscious personality flowed into it. And the minute you touched that spring and got a spark, your psychic waves had signaled, by wireless, the subconscious personality of some young man—some insufferable pup—who'll come from wherever he is at present—from the world's end if need be—and fall in love with you."

Mr. Carr jumped ponderously up and down in pure fury; his daughter regarded him in calm consternation.

"I am so very, very sorry," she said; "but I am quite certain that I am not going to fall in love —"

"You can't help it," roared her father, "if that instrument worked."

"Is—is that what it's f-for?"

"That's what it's invented for; that's why I'm putting a million into it. Anybody on earth desiring to meet the person with whom they're destined, some time or other, to fall in love, can come to us, in confidence, buy a ticket, and be hitched on to the proper psychic connection which insures speedy courtship and marriage—Damnation!"

"Pa-pah!"

"I can't help it! Any self-respecting, God-fearing father would swear! Do you think I ever expected to have my daughters mixed up with this machine? My

daughters wooed, engaged and married by machinery! And you're only eighteen; do you hear me? I won't have it! I'll certainly not have it!"

"But, dear, I don't in the least intend to fall in love and marry at eighteen. And if—*he*—really—comes, I'll tell him very frankly that I could not think of falling in love. I'll quietly explain that the machine went off by mistake and that I am only eighteen; and that Flavilla and Drusilla and I are not to come out until next winter. That," she added innocently, "ought to hold him."

"The thing to do," said her father, gazing fixedly at her, "is to keep you in your room until you're twenty!"

"Oh, Pa-pah!"

Mr. Carr smote his florid brow.

"You'll stay in for a week, anyway!" he thundered mellifluously. "No motoring party for you! That's your punishment. You'll be safe for to-day, anyhow; and by evening William Destyn will be back from Boston and I'll consult him as to the safest way to keep you out of the path of this whipper-snapper you have managed to wake up—evoke—stir out of space—wherever he may be—whoever he may be—whatever he chances to call himself —"

"George," she murmured involuntarily.

"What!?"

She looked at her father, abashed, confused.

"How absurd of me," she said. "I don't know why I should have thought of that name, George; or why I should have said it out loud—that way—I really don't —"

"Who do you know named George?"

"N-nobody in particular that I can think of —"

"Sybilla! Be honest!"

"Really, I don't; I am always honest."

He knew she was truthful, always; but he said:

"Then why the devil did you look—er—so, so moonily at me and call me George?"

"I can't imagine—I can't understand —"

"Well, I can! You don't realize it, but that cub's name must be George! I'll look out for the Georges. I'm glad I've been warned. I'll see that no two-legged object named George enters this house! You'll never go anywhere where there's anybody named George either, if I can prevent it."

"I—I don't want to," she returned, almost ready to cry. "You are very cruel to me —"

"I wish to be. I desire to be a monster!" he retorted fiercely. "You're an exceedingly bad, ungrateful, undutiful, disobedient and foolish child. Your sisters and I are going to motor to Westchester and lunch there with your sister and your latest brother-in-law. And if they ask why you didn't come I'll tell them that it's because you're undutiful, and that you are not to stir outdoors for a week, or see anybody who comes into this house!"

"I—I suppose I d-deserve it," she acquiesced tearfully. "I'm quite ready to be disciplined, and quite willing not to see anybody named George—ever! Besides, you have scared me d-dreadfully! I—I don't want to go out of the house."

And when her father had retired with a bounce she remained alone in the gymnasium, eyes downcast, lips quivering. Later still, sitting in precisely the same position, she heard the soft whirr of the touring-car outside; then the click of the closing door.

"There they go," she said to herself, "and they'll have such a jolly time, and all those very agreeable Westchester young men will be there—particularly Mr. Montmorency. . . . I did like him awfully; besides, his name is Julian, so it is p-perfectly safe to like him—and I did want to see how Sacharissa looks after her bridal trip."

Her lower lip trembled; she steadied it between her teeth, gazed miserably at the floor, and beat a desolate tattoo on it with the tip of her foil.

"I am being well paid for my disobedience," she whimpered. "Now I can't go out for a week; and it's April; and when I do go out I'll be so anxious all the while, peeping furtively at every man who passes and wondering whether his name might be George. . . . And it is going to be horridly awkward, too. . . . Fancy their bringing up some harmless dancing man named George to present to me next winter, and I, terrified, picking up my debutante skirts and running. . . . I'll actually be obliged to flee from every man until I know his name isn't George. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What an awful outlook for this summer when we open the house at Oyster Bay! What a terrible vista for next winter!"

She naively dabbed a tear from her long lashes with the back of her gauntlet.

Her maid came, announcing luncheon, but she would have none of it, nor any other offered office, including a bath and a house-gown.

"You go away somewhere, Bowles," she said, "and please, don't come near me, and don't let anybody come anywhere in my distant vicinity, because I am v-very unhappy, Bowles, and deserve to be—and I—I desire to be alone with c-conscience."

"But, Miss Sybilla —"

"No, no, no! I don't even wish to hear your voice—or anybody's. I don't wish to hear a single human sound of any description. I—*what* is that scraping noise in the library?"

"A man, Miss Sybilla —"

"A man! W-what's his name?"

"I don't know, miss. He's a workman—a paper-hanger."

"Oh!"

"Did you wish me to ask him to stop, miss?"

Sybilla laughed: "No, thank you." And she continued, amused at herself after her maid had withdrawn, strolling about the gymnasium, making passes with her foil at ring, bar and punching-bag. Her anxiety, too, was subsiding. The young have no very great capacity for continued anxiety. Besides, the first healthy hint of incredulity was already creeping in. And as she strolled about, swishing her foil, she mused aloud at her ease:

"What an extraordinary and horrid machine! . . . How can it do such exceedingly common things? And what a perfectly unpleasant way to fall in love—by machinery! . . . I had rather not know who I am some day to—like—very much. . . . It is far more interesting to meet a man by accident, and never suspect you may ever come to care for him, than to buy a ticket, walk over to a machine full of psychic waves and ring up some strange man somewhere on earth."

With a shudder of disdain she dropped on to a lounge and took her face between both hands.

She was like her sisters, tall, prettily built and articulated, with the same narrow feet and hands—always graceful when lounging, no matter what position her slim limbs fell into.

And now, in her fencing skirts of black and her black stockings, she was exceedingly ornamental, with the severe lines of the plastron accenting the white throat and chin, and the scarlet heart blazing over her own little heart—unvexed by such details as love and lovers. Yes, unvexed; for she had about come to the conclusion that her father had frightened her more than was necessary; that the instrument had not really done its worst; in fact, that, although she had been very disobedient, she had had a rather narrow escape; and nothing more serious than paternal displeasure was likely to be visited upon her.

Which comforted her to an extent that brought a return of appetite; and she rang for luncheon, and ate it with the healthy nonchalance usually so characteristic of her and her sisters.

"Now," she reflected, "I'll have to wait an hour for my bath"—one of the inculcated principles of domestic hygiene. So, rising, she strolled across the gymnasium, casting about for something interesting to do.

She looked out of the back windows. In New York the view from back windows is not imposing.

Tiring of the inartistic prospect she sauntered out and downstairs to see what her maid might be about. Bowles was sewing; Sybilla looked on for a while with languid interest, then, realizing that a long day of punishment was before her, that she deserved it, and that she ought to perform some act of penance, started contritely for the library with resolute intentions toward Henry James.

As she entered she noticed that the bookshelves, reaching part way to the ceiling, were shrouded in sheets. Also she encountered a pair of sawhorses overlaid with boards, upon which were rolls of green flock-paper, several pairs of shears, a bucket of paste, a large, flat brush, a knife and a T-square.

"The paper-hanger man," she said. "He's gone to lunch. I'll have time to seize on Henry James and flee."

Now Henry James, like some other sacred conventions, was, in that library, a movable feast. Sometimes he stood



With a Shudder of Disdain She Dropped on to a Lounge



neatly arranged on one shelf, sometimes on another. There was no counting on Henry.

Sybilla lifted the sheets from the face of one case and peered closer. Henry was not visible. She lifted the sheets from another case; no Henry; only G. P. R., in six dozen rakish volumes.

Sybilla peeped into a third case. Then a very unedifying thing occurred. Surely, surely, this was Sybilla's disobedient day. She saw a forbidden book glimmering in old, gilded leather—she saw its classic back turned mockingly toward her—the whole allure of the volume was impudent, dog-eared, devil-may-care-who-reads-me.

She took it out, replaced it, looked hard, hard for Henry, found him not, glanced sideways at the dog-eared one, took a step sideways.

"I'll just see where it was printed," she said to herself, drawing out the book and backing off hastily—so hastily that she came into collision with the sawhorse table, and the paste splashed out of the bucket.

But Sybilla paid no heed; she was examining the title page of old Dog-ear: a rather wonderful title page, printed in fascinating red and black with flourishes.

"I'll just see whether —" And the smooth, white fingers hesitated; but she had caught a glimpse of an ancient engraving on the next page—a very quaint one, that held her fascinated.

"I wonder —"

She turned the next page. The first paragraph of the famous classic began deliciously. After a few moments she laughed, adding to herself: "I can't see what harm —"

There was no harm. Her father had meant another book; but Sybilla did not know that.

"I'll just glance through it to—to—be sure that I mustn't read it."

She laid one hand on the paper-hanger's table, vaulted up sideways, and, seated on the top, legs swinging, buried herself in the book, unconscious that the overturned paste was slowly fastening her to the spattered table top.

An hour later, hearing steps on the landing, she sprang—that is, she went through all the graceful motions of springing lightly to the floor. But she had not budged an inch. No Gorgon's head could have consigned her to immobility more hopeless.

Restrained from freedom by she knew not what, she made one frantic and demoralized effort—and sank back in terror at the ominous tearing sound.

She was glued irrevocably to the table.

A few moments later the paper-hanging young man entered, swinging an empty dinner-pail, and halted in polite surprise before a flushed young girl in full fencing costume, who sat on his operating-table, feet crossed, convulsively hugging a book to the scarlet heart embroidered on her plastron.

"I—hope you don't mind my sitting here," she managed to say. "I wanted to watch the work."

"By all means," he said pleasantly. "Let me get you a chair —"

"No, thank you. I had rather sit th—this way. Please begin and don't mind if I watch you."

The young man appeared to be perplexed. "I'm afraid," he ventured, "that I may require that table for cutting and —"

"Please—if you don't mind—begin to paste. I am in—intensely interested in p—pasting—I like to w—watch p—paper p—pasted on a w—wall."

Her small teeth chattered in spite of her; she strove to control her voice—strove to collect her wits.

He stood irresolute, rather astonished, too.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but —"

"Please paste; won't you?" she asked.

"Why, I've got to have that table to paste on —" "Then d—don't think of pasting. D—do anything else; cut out some strips. I am so interested in watching p—paper-hangers cut out things —"

"But I need the table for that, too —"

"No, you don't. You can't be a—very skillful w—workman if you've got to use your table for everything —"

He laughed. "You are quite right; I'm not a skillful paper-hanger."

"Then," she said, "I am surprised that you came here to paper our library, and I think you had better go back to your shop and send a competent man."

He laughed again. The paper-hanger's youthful face was curiously attractive when he laughed—and otherwise, more or less.

He said: "I came to paper this library because Mr. Carr was in a hurry, and I was the only man in the shop. I didn't want to come. But they made me. . . . I think they're rather afraid of Mr. Carr in the shop. . . . And this work must be finished to-day."

She did not know what to say; anything to keep him away from the table until she could think clearly.

"W—why didn't you want to come?" she asked, fighting for time. "You said you didn't want to come, didn't you?"

"Because," he said, smiling, "I don't like to hang wall-paper."

"But if you are a paper-hanger by trade —"

"I suppose you think me a real paper-hanger?"

She was cautiously endeavoring to free one edge of her skirt; she nodded absently, then subsided, crimsoning, as a faint tearing of cloth sounded.

"Go on," she said hurriedly; "the story of your career is so interesting. You say you adore paper-hanging —"

"No, I don't," he returned, chagrined. "I say I hate it."

"Why do you do it then?"

"Because my father thinks that every son of his who finishes college ought to be disciplined by learning a trade before he enters a profession. My oldest brother, De Courcy, learned to be a blacksmith; my next brother, Algernon, ran a bakery; and since I left Harvard I've been slapping sheets of paper on people's walls —"

"Harvard?" she repeated, bewildered.

"Yes; I was 1907."

"You!"

He looked down at his white overalls, smiling.

"Does that astonish you, Miss Carr?—you are Miss Carr, I suppose —"

"Sybilla—yes—we're—we're triplets," she stammered.

"The beauti—the—the Carr triplets! And you are one of them?" he exclaimed, delighted.

"Yes." Still bewildered, she sat there, looking at him. How extraordinary! How strange to find a Harvard man pasting paper! Dire misgivings flashed up within her.

"Who are you?" she asked tremulously. "Would you mind telling me your name. It—it isn't—George!"



"Are You Pasted to That Table?" Flattered the Young Man

He looked up in pleased surprise:

"So you know who I am?"

"N—no. But—it isn't George—is it?"

"Why, yes —"

"O—h!" she breathed. A sense of swimming faintness enveloped her: she swayed; but an unmistakable ripping noise brought her suddenly to herself.

"I am afraid you are tearing your skirt somehow," he said anxiously. "Let me —"

"No!"

The desperation of the negative approached violence, and he involuntarily stepped back.

For a moment they faced one another; the flush died out on her cheeks.

"If," she said, "your name actually is George, this — this is the most—the most terrible punishment —" She closed her eyes with her fingers as though to shut out some monstrous vision.

"What," asked the amazed young man, "has my name to do with —"

Her hands dropped from her eyes; with horror she surveyed him, his paste-spattered overalls, his dingy white cap, his dinner-pail.

"I—I won't marry you!" she stammered in white desperation. "I won't! If you're not a paper-hanger you look like one! I don't care whether you're a Harvard man or not—whether you're playing at paper-hanging or not—whether your name is George or not—I won't marry you—I won't! I won't!"

With the feeling that his senses were rapidly evaporating the young man sat down dizzily, and passed a paste-spattered but well-shaped hand across his eyes.

Sybilla set her lips and looked at him.

"I don't suppose," she said, "that you understand what I am talking about, but I've got to tell you at once; I can't stand this sort of thing."

"W—what sort of thing?" asked the young man feebly.

"Your being here in this house—with me —"

"I'll be very glad to go —"

"Wait! That won't do any good! You'll come back!"

"N—no, I won't —"

"Yes, you will. Or I—I'll f—follow you —"

"What?"

"One or the other! We can't help it, I tell you. You don't understand, but I do. And the moment I knew your name was George —"

"What the deuce has that got to do with anything?" he demanded, turning red in spite of his amazement.

"Waves!" she said passionately, "psychic waves! I—somehow—knew that he'd be named George —"

"Who'd be named George?"

"He! The—man. . . . And if I ever—if you ever expect me to—to c—care for a man all over overalls —"

"But I don't—Good Heavens!—I don't expect you to care for—for overalls —"

"Then why do you wear them?" she asked in tremulous indignation.

The young man, galvanized, sprang from his chair and began running about, taking little, short, distracted steps.

"Either," he said, "I need mental treatment immediately, or I'll wake up toward morning. . . . I—don't know what you're trying to say to me. I came here to—to p—paste —"

"That machine sent you!" she said. "The minute I got a spark you started —"

"Do you think I'm a motor? Spark! Do you think I —"

"Yes, I do. You couldn't help it; I know it was my own fault, and this—this is the dreadful punishment—g—glued to a t—table-top—with a man named George —"

"What! ! !"

"Yes," she said passionately, "everything disobedient I have done has brought lightning retribution. I was forbidden to go into the laboratory; I disobeyed—and—*you* came to hang wall-paper! I—I took a b—book—which I had no business to take, and F—fate glues me to your horrid table and holds me fast till a man named George comes in —"

Flushed, trembling, excited, she made a quick and dramatic gesture of despair; and a ripping sound rent the silence.

"Are you pasted to that table?" faltered the young man, aghast.

"Yes, I am. And it's utterly impossible for you to aid me in the slightest, except by pretending to ignore it."

"But you—you can't remain there!"

"I can't help remaining here," she said hotly, "until you go."

"Then I'd better —"

"No! You shall not go! I—I won't have you go away—disappear somewhere in the city! Certainty is dreadful enough, but it's better

than the awful suspense of knowing you are somewhere in the world, and are sure to come back some time —"

"But I don't want to come back!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Why should I wish to come back? Have I said—acted—done—looked—Why should you imagine that I have the slightest interest in anything or in—in—anybody in this house?"

"Haven't you?"

"No! . . . And I cannot ignore your—your amazing—and intensely f—flattering fear that I have d—designs—that I desire—in other words, that I—er—have dared to cherish impossible aspirations in connection with a futile and absurd hope that one day you might possibly be induced to listen to any tentative suggestion of mine concerning a matrimonial alliance —"

He choked and turned a dull red.

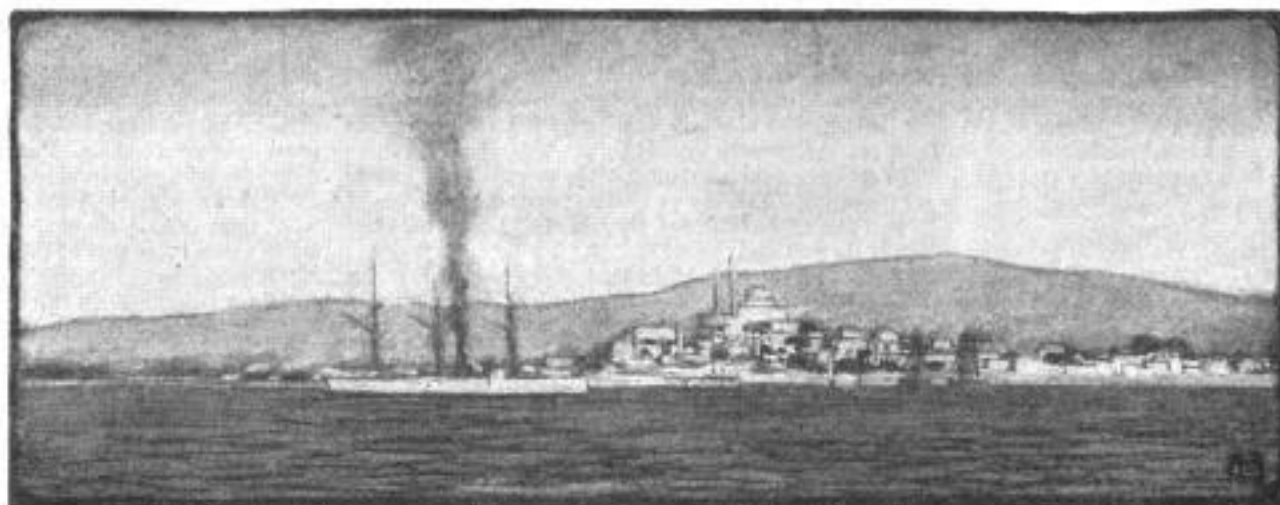
She reddened, too, but said calmly:

"Thank you for putting it so nicely. But it is no use. Sooner or later you and I will be obliged to consider a

(Concluded on Page 20)



# PIONEERS OF COMMERCE



"The Missionary, the Consul, and Then the Gunboat," was for Many Years a Familiar Saying in the East



## Ways and Woes of Consular Service in the East By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

F. R. G. S., M. N. G. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLÉN MCCONNELL

THE missionary, the consul, and then the gunboat," was for many years a familiar saying in the East. Until within half a dozen years that sentence graphically depicted the conditions prevailing in those portions of the Orient where overzealous, and oftentimes tactless, missionaries labored earnestly for the conversion of the heathen; where untrained and inexperienced consuls, appointees under a system of political spoils, unsuccessfully endeavored to maintain American prestige by a we-kin-lick-all-creation policy of boast and bombast; and where, when the simple-minded natives intimated their desire to be left alone by setting fire to a mission station or taking a pot-shot at a consul, a gunboat steamed up post-haste and obtained an apology—and an indemnity—by the menace of her guns.

But that order of things is all changed now. The missionary is no whit less aggressive in his campaign of proselytism, and the white gunboats still prowl aimlessly along Asiatic coasts, but the old-time consul, who perpetually carried a chip upon his shoulder, because he knew that there was a warship at the other end of the telegraph wire, and whose diplomacy consisted in flaunting his Americanism (as if any one could ever mistake him for anything else!) in the face of every foreigner with whom he came in contact, has disappeared with that era in our rise to world-power of which he was a product. He has passed across the pages of our latter-day history—slouch-hatted, tobacco-chewing, nasal-voiced, picturesque—and we shall see his like no more.

In his stead there has come a younger type of man, clean-cut and level-eyed, with all the Yankee's shrewdness and sense of humor; with the assurance and polish and tact of the man of the world; with the alert energy of a business man and the knowledge of a savant. There is nothing to match him in the foreign service of any other nation. His cool effrontery, his versatility and his energy have made him at once the envy and the admiration of every foreign office in Europe. He is the child of a strenuous President and the grandchild of a proud Congress. He has done more to promote the interests of American commerce in the half-dozen years of his existence than all the long line of hidebound autocrats who preceded him. The consul of the new school is essentially a man of action, and is recruited from many fields—reporters, rough-riders, war correspondents, lawyers, physicians, engineers and many others have gone to the making of our consular corps. In the conduct of his office he has introduced modern methods and modern devices. The "Yours truly" of the business man has replaced the "I have the honor to remain, sir, Your most obedient and humble servant" of the old-school official, tangled in his own red tape.

The day has passed when the worn-out clergyman, the unsuccessful editor or the petty politician is sent abroad to

represent his country in a consular capacity and, incidentally, to draw a lucrative compensation. Our consuls now are trained men, appointed only after rigid examinations and selected with particular reference to the work they are to perform. The system of compensation by fees has disappeared and every penny received must be turned over to the Government. Appointments are no longer the gifts of Senators or Representatives, but can be made by the President alone, and then only after examination. These examinations, which are held periodically at Washington, form a searching inquiry into the mental and moral qualifications of the candidate. So severe are the tests that only a small percentage of the candidates succeed in passing. The examinations consist of an oral and a written one, the two counting equally. The object of the oral examination is to determine the candidate's business ability, alertness, general contemporary information, and natural fitness for the service, including moral, mental and physical qualifications, character, address and general education, and good command of English. The oral examination is conducted by three examiners (the Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, the Chief Clerk of the Department of State, and an official interpreter), who fire questions at the candidate with the merciless rapidity of a machine-gun. "Tell us in French (or such other language as the candidate has chosen) where you have been and what you have been doing for the past five years" begins the interpreter, who is master of a dozen languages and can make himself understood in

a score. "Discuss the Initiative and Referendum." "Compare the 1908 platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties." "What was accomplished by the recent Congress of Governors?" "Presuming that you were sent as American consul to a foreign country and word was brought you of the arrest of an American citizen, what course of action would you pursue?"

But this is mere child's play to the written examinations, which are conducted under the vigilant eyes of Civil Service officials in a room of the Pension Building. It has become the custom to speak of a consulship as a sinecure, and of its procurement merely as a matter of political "pull." You who think in this wise, just run your eyes down the following questions and see how many you can answer offhand, or, for that matter, with preparation. They are the questions which were actually given to fifty-three candidates at the last examination for appointment in the Consular Service, and, in order to pass, a standing of at least eighty per cent. had to be obtained.

### INTERNATIONAL, MARITIME AND COMMERCIAL LAW (RELATIVE WEIGHT 3)

- (a) Distinguish between Public and Private International Law.  
(b) What is the Common Law of Nations?
- (a) State the Rules of the Declaration of Paris.  
(b) What is the practice concerning the observance of these rules by signatory nations at war with non-signatory nations?
- What course or courses of action are open to the local authorities if a person accused of crime takes refuge in the hotel of the diplomatic agent?
- What were the Alabama Claims? Discuss the principles involved.
- What is The Hague Tribunal, and in what cases has it jurisdiction?
- In the case of the death of an envoy, by what laws are the questions as to his last will and testament and the disposition of his real and personal property decided?
- Define Allegiance, Citizenship, Government, Pacific Blockade, Treaty.
- State the effects of the cession of territory on (a) existing laws, (b) citizenship of occupants, (c) obligation to secure the newcomer in possession.
- (a) Compare joint-stock companies with partnerships and with corporations.  
(b) Define Charter Party, Salvage, Bottomry, Insurance.
- (a) What is a Bill of Lading, Invoice, Power of Attorney, Foreign Bill of Exchange?  
(b) Discuss briefly the liabilities of agent and principal.

### AMERICAN COMMERCE AND RESOURCES (RELATIVE WEIGHT 4)

- Give the three States which lead in the production of each of the following: canned vegetables, canned fish, cottonseed products, silk manufactures, butter, cheese and condensed milk, flour and grist mill products, rice, salt.



"Say, Khedive, I've Got the Finest Well-Drilling Proposition You Ever Heard Of!"



- Name the principal articles of export from each of the following countries and in whose favor is the balance of trade: Honduras, Belgium, British India, Switzerland, Russia.
- Name three countries which are the chief importers of the following products: corn, steam railroad cars, manufactured copper, unmanufactured cotton, coal oil.
- Name four States leading in the production of each of the following: oil, bituminous coal, iron ore.
- Discuss the wood-pulp and paper-making industry, giving the various classes of goods.

#### COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY (RELATIVE WEIGHT 3)

- (a) Name four countries bordering on Austria-Hungary.  
(b) Name two seas bordering on Germany.  
(c) Name four islands of the Philippine Archipelago.
- (a) What country produces the most coffee, (b) consumes the most coffee, (c) produces the most rice, (d) the most wine, (e) what is the greatest gold-producing region?
- Under what sovereignty are the following: Rio de Oro, Falkland Islands, Sicily, Kyushu, New Caledonia, Celebes, Hawaii, Angola, Ladrones?
- Through what bodies of water would a ship pass going by the shortest route from New Orleans to St. Petersburg?
- What is the greatest copper-producing country next to the United States? (b) Tin? (c) Wheat?

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY (RELATIVE WEIGHT 2)

- Give four important reasons why gold and silver are used as the basis of exchange.
- (a) Distinguish between wealth which is capital and wealth which is not capital.  
(b) Explain the difference between fixed capital and circulating capital.
- (a) What is meant by the Law of Diminishing Returns in agriculture?  
(b) Explain the difference between interest and profit.
- (a) How may a usury law be a detriment to a community?  
(b) What is Foreign Exchange?
- Show why a change in the price of a commodity will tend to cause it to seek the best market, but a like change in the price of labor will not cause this tendency.

#### AMERICAN HISTORY AND INSTITUTIONS (RELATIVE WEIGHT 2)

- (a) Give an account of the events which led up to the Hartford Convention.  
(b) Give an account of the causes of the French and Indian War, and its effects on the Colonies.
- What is meant by (a) Western Reserve, (b) Patroon Estates, (c) John Brown's Raid, (d) Nullification Proceedings, (e) Resumption of Specie Payment?
- (a) On what occasion does the Chief Justice of the United States preside over the Senate?  
(b) How and for what terms are United States Senators chosen?  
(c) Who are citizens under the Constitution?  
(d) What power is given to Congress by the so-called "elastic clause" of the Constitution?
- (a) Where, under the Constitution, is the power lodged (1) to dispose of public lands, (2) to appoint consuls, (3) to originate bills of revenue?  
(b) Name two ways in which amendments to the Constitution may be proposed.
- With what historic events do you associate each of the following: Dewey, Seven Pines, Churubusco, Oglethorpe, Patrick Henry, Lundy's Lane, Major André, W. T. Sherman, Henry Clay?

#### MODERN HISTORY SINCE 1850 OF EUROPE, SOUTH AMERICA AND THE FAR EAST (RELATIVE WEIGHT 2)

- (a) Give an account of the Boer War, the causes that led up to it, name a prominent general on each side and two important battles, and its results in relation to South Africa.  
(b) Give an account of the trouble between the Christians and the Mohammedans in Crete and its results.
- (a) Give a brief account of the revolution in Brazil.  
(b) Give an account of the causes which led to the Panama Revolution and its results.
- Who were the following and with what important event do you associate each of them: Cipriano Castro, Marshal Bazaine, Von Moltke, Alfonso XIII, Humbert I, Marshal Oyama, Stoesel, Lord Cromer, Li Hung Chang, William E. Gladstone?
- (a) Give an account of the Crimean War, the causes which led up to it and its results.  
(b) Briefly describe the form of government of Great Britain.

In addition to the above there was an examination in languages (relative weight 2), in which the candidate was given a business letter in French, German or Spanish to translate into English, and one in English to put into one of the languages named. The paper on mathematics (relative weight 2) consisted of four problems in practical arithmetic of so involved a nature that they would have puzzled an expert accountant. So highly is accuracy regarded that the error of a thousandth part of a decimal invalidates the entire answer.

The average American vaguely associates the foreign service with young gentlemen in pith helmets and white drill riding-breeches, with missionaries and massacres and warships, with white houses with broad, low verandas, and on the verandas wicker chairs with broad arms and tall, thin, ice-filled glasses resting conveniently upon them. As a matter of fact, the consul is a hard-worked individual, who, if he cared to devote his time and talents to some form of business, would frequently be able to earn many times the salary he receives from a paternal government. Few men lead lonelier and more dreary lives than they of the foreign service who uphold our prestige and protect our interests in the mud-walled towns of Arabia, along the fever-stricken coasts of Africa, and on the lonely coral reefs of the South Seas.

The members of the Consular Corps have ever before them, however, the possibility of winning promotion and fame at a single bound. There was Gummeré, our consul at Tangier, who, in recognition of his astounding but successful demand on the Sultan of Morocco for "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," was rewarded with a commission as Minister Plenipotentiary; there was Magelssen, vice-consul at Beirut, who, by his coolness and bravery, in time of Turkish massacre, won a consulate of his own, and young Willard Straight, of Mukden, who refused to

for the audience the American, immaculate in top-hat and frock coat, drove up to the palace in a smartly-appointed victoria, the consular kavass, resplendent in scarlet and gold, seated on the box. The guard presented arms, the colors swept the ground, the band burst into the American anthem, and the master of ceremonies, bowing low, ushered the American to the entrance of the throne-room, where Abbas Hilmi, as was his custom, stood waiting on the threshold. The inevitable coffee and cigarettes having been served by Sudanese servants to the Khedive and his visitor, and the usual expressions of international amity having been exchanged, the American, crossing one leg over the other and emphasizing his argument by leaning forward and shaking his finger almost under the royal nose, began: "Say, Khedive, I've got the finest well-drilling proposition you ever heard of, and if you don't take it up quick I'll feel sorry for you—for it's the chance of your life to get some up-to-date machinery at a rock-bottom price." At first the Khedive was startled at this sudden departure from the methods of diplomacy; then his sense of humor overtook him and he laughed, and, before long, he was an interested listener to the American's graphic description of the wonders of American mechanical contrivances; and, before the horrified master of ceremonies could think of an excuse for suggesting his departure, this enterprising Yankee had actually sold enough machinery to irrigate all of the royal farms.

Here is another story to illustrate the resource and readiness of an American consul. For many years the United States has been represented at Tripoli, a seaport in Northern Syria, by Dr. Ira L. Harris, a medical missionary and a one-time reporter. On a morning in June, 1893, Doctor Harris, in company with a friend, stood on the roof of the American agency and peered out to sea, where the British Mediterranean squadron, sixteen ships in

column formation, was turning at right angles to enter the harbor of Tripoli. Suddenly some confusion was observed among the distant warships by the watchers on the roof, the column halted, and where sixteen ships had been counted before only fifteen were now visible. Thirty minutes later a launch filled with officers left the fleet for the shore, and Doctor Harris, who was wearing the tarboosh, or native headdress, sat unnoticed in a corner of the Turkish telegraph office and heard from the lips of the ship commanders themselves, within an hour after it had taken place, the awful story of the ramming of the British battleship Victoria by the Camperdown, in which disaster Admiral Sir George Tryon and four hundred officers and sailors lost their lives, the men standing rigidly at attention as the waters closed about them while the band played God Save the Queen.

The bare fact of the great tragedy became known in London, but the Admiralty persistently refused to give out what little news it possessed, and for three days the civilized world called in vain for the story. Tripoli is in communication with Beirut, the nearest

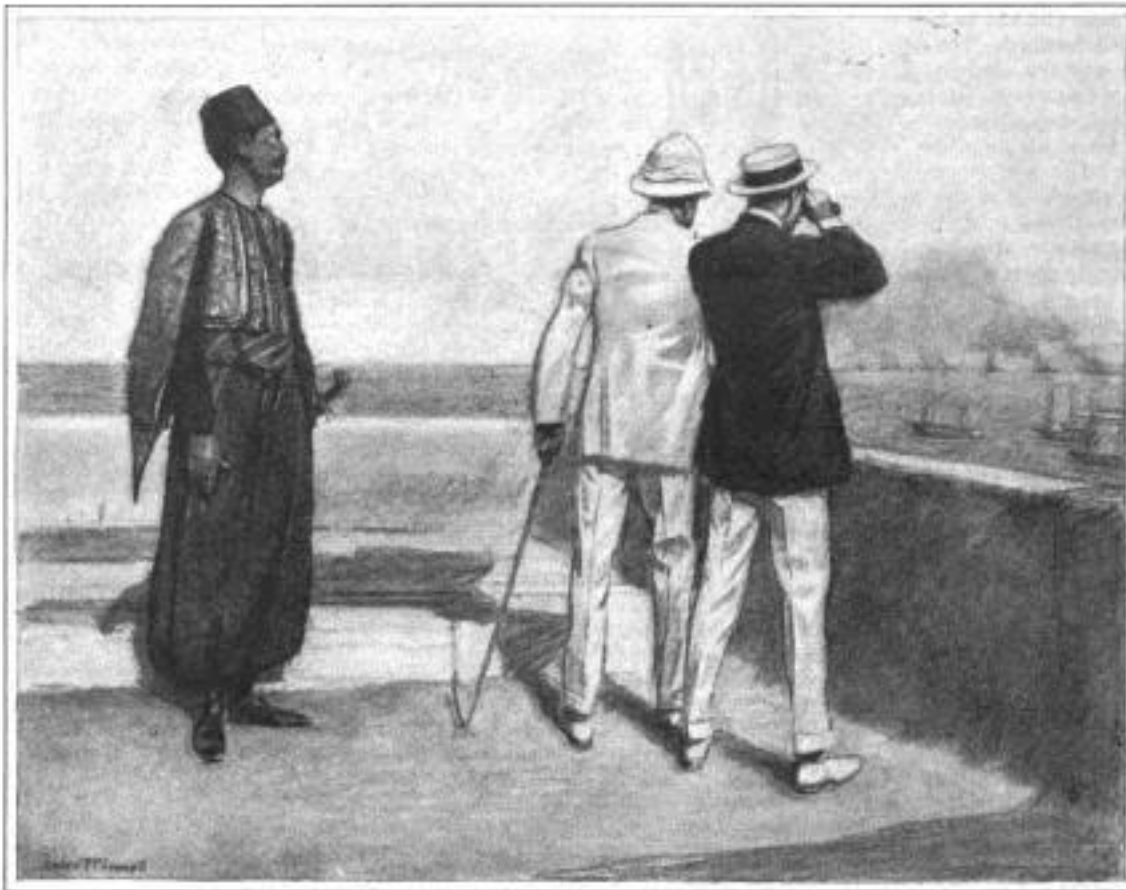
port, only by an irregular steamship service, the Turkish telegraph is unreliable and the operators are ignorant of any tongue but their own, so that the disaster might as well have happened in Greenland so far as the outer world was concerned. On the third day the Turkish telegraph operator at Tripoli received a telegram, signed by the London correspondent of a great New York daily, asking him to cable forthwith a full account of the disaster and offering to pay anything he asked. This telegram the operator handed for translation to Doctor Harris, who happened to be in the office at the time.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the doctor. "Nothing," answered the telegrapher. "I have no time to bother with glib newspaper, and how do I know that they would pay me if I did?"

"Then," said Harris, with a flash of inspiration, "I will answer it myself." The instinct of the one-time newspaper man for a "bent" had come back, and with it a patriotic longing to have an American paper the first to get the news.

Down he sat in that dingy telegraph office and wrote out an account of the great disaster, just as he had heard it from the fear-blinded lips of the survivors, an account

(Continued on Page 28)



Where Sixteen Ships Had Been Counted Before Only Fifteen Were Now Visible

lower the flag he had raised over his consulate, even under the threat of Japanese guns.

In the East our consuls have become the pioneers of Western civilization. From Smyrna to Shanghai they are introducing American machinery, American methods and American energy. There is scarcely a manufacturer or exporter in the United States who does not welcome the opportunity they afford him to keep his hand on the pulse of the commercial world by their daily consular reports. They are both feared and admired by the consuls of other nations, whose ironbound traditions keep them always in a well-worn rut. The American, moreover, stands in no fear of rank or title. A reporter who has gained access to and interviewed a Morgan or a Rockefeller is not inclined, when he becomes a consul, to stand in awe of a cabinet minister or even of a king.

This country was once temporarily represented in Egypt by a young gentleman who, in addition to his duties as consular agent, was the representative of a New York machinery house. Learning that the Khedive, whose hobby was agriculture, was in the market for some artesian well-drilling machinery for use on one of his desert farms, the American promptly wrote to the master of ceremonies requesting an audience with His Highness. At the hour set



# THE TRIVIAL INCIDENT

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON A MORNING of early April, Adolphus Wyatt was crossing the meadow lying between his residence and the one long street of the village. The air, warmed a little by the sun, was still crisp. The buds were showing. The fields were green. The robins hopped about. Everywhere were evidences of that joy in life which is the charm of springtime. A little path wound through the meadow to the street, over a brook crossed by a hewn log, and, now and then, under a sugar maple.

Wyatt walked with a comfortable stride, swinging his cane. Occasionally he stopped, planted his legs wide apart in the path, thrust the cane behind his back, held it there with both hands, drew his under lip into his mouth over his teeth and looked out across the meadow to the village. On this morning Wyatt was profoundly satisfied with life. The newspaper which he carried in his right hand with the cane had mentioned him as a leading citizen of the village of Clarksville. It seemed to Wyatt that this term placed a correct estimate on his life, that it constituted a sort of title which he had laboriously earned. He had been about the labor of earning this distinction for all that he could remember of sixty-five years. He had made in that time whatever sacrifices this ambition required. He had remained unmarried. He had lived a careful, sedate, exact life. He had even foregone those harmless recreations in which his neighbors indulged, that he might all the more be regarded as substantial.

Industry, frugality, patience had not failed of their result. Wyatt had accumulated a little more property than any other man in the village. He owned the local bank. He passed the hat in the village church, and occupied a certain fixed bench-end, well forward. The position which he held in the village was reflected in Wyatt's manner. His movements were deliberate. He seemed to weigh carefully what he said, and when he spoke he always contracted the muscles of his mouth, as if thereby to add a certain firmness. The newspaper which had named him as "a leading citizen" was the local one of the neighboring county, and, for that reason, he felt that this estimate of him was without bias, and could be taken to define the opinion of the community.

Beyond the brook, under the shade of a sugar maple, a little negro boy was squatting in the grass beside the path. He was, perhaps, three years old, round, plump and sturdy. There was about him all the softness, the filled-out lines of a well-nourished little animal. The grass near the child was crowded with wild, blue violets, and he was engrossed with a game familiar to country children. He would take up a violet in either hand, hook the heads together, and draw the stems slowly apart, until one of the flowers decapitated the other. It was a contest of strength between the flowers, which the child conducted with the greatest care and fairness. When one of the violets prevailed over the other he dropped the headless stem and selected a new flower out of the grass. He accompanied this act with a sentence, monotonously repeated:

"Heah comes anuder champeen up to be killed."

As Wyatt approached the child his face softened, as one's face unconsciously softens when he meets with a fluffy little animal at play. That impulse which moves one to put out his foot and turn over a puppy moved the man. The child squatted by the path, with his face toward the village and his short, chubby back toward Wyatt. The man paused, smiled and drew near, walking delicately. When he arrived on the path beside the child he put out his cane to tap him on the tightly-drawn seat of his breeches. At this moment the child turned sharply to select another violet, and the iron ferrule of the cane struck him on the cheekbone, below the eye. The constant hammering of the cane on the flagstone walks of the village had caused the soft iron to flatten around the end of the ferrule into a sharp edge. This edge, even under the slight tap of the cane, striking on the cheekbone, cut through the skin, and the blood began to flow. The child arose, crying, and set out running to his home, a shanty on the border of the meadow, some fifty yards away. As he ran he rubbed his face with his fists, and thereby daubed himself with tears and blood.

Wyatt, alarmed at the accident, followed to explain. The child's mother appeared in the door of the shanty as he approached. When she saw the blood she rushed out, demanding to know how he had been injured. Wyatt endeavored to explain. The mind of the excited negro seized on the one fact that the man had struck the child, and rejected everything else.

She turned angrily on Wyatt. "You, a growed-up man, hittin' a little chile!" she shouted.

The boy cried louder and the woman wiped his face with her apron. The blood appearing on the apron increased

the woman's fury. She refused to hear any explanation, caught up the boy and carried him into the house.

At the door she turned and shook her clenched hand at Wyatt. "Mine what I tell you!" she shouted; "I'll have the law on you fur this, you, a growed-up man, hittin' a little chile!"

Wyatt, greatly annoyed, resumed his walk to the village. The last words of the woman particularly disturbed him. Standing alone, those words charged him with an act conspicuously reprehensible. He felt that, unaccompanied by an explanation, they did him a glaring injustice. The child's father was a blacksmith. His shop, a mere shed, was on the outskirts of the village, some dozen paces from the point where the path through the meadow entered the street. Wyatt walked slowly across the meadow to the path; when he came to the street he turned down to the shop. The woman was already there, carrying the boy in her arms. The child's face was streaked and daubed where the woman had half wiped it with her apron.



"A Man That You Can't Believe About Nothin' is the Worst Man You Can Find, Ain't He?"

When Wyatt approached the man took the child from its mother and came out into the road. Wyatt began to explain how the thing occurred. "He turned around just as I went to tap him with my cane." The man, like the woman, cut through this explanation to the main fact:

"What did you want to hit him fur?"

Wyatt was perplexed for a reply to this question. The motive which had moved him was wholly innocent, but it was illusive. He labored to find some words which would make it intelligible to the man—some plain, ordinary terms that the man could understand.

Finally he said: "It was only for fun, just fun."

The man did not say anything, but the woman came to the door; her face was hard and sullen. "It's mighty cur'us kind of fun," she said; "a growed-up man hittin' a little chile."

Wyatt saw that he had failed to make them understand, and he turned to walk back to the village street. He began to realize that his explanation was not convincing. The ugly, naked fact, as repeatedly stated by the woman, seemed to demand some further justification—some justification of an equal proportion to it. Wyatt began to review the incident, and he was smitten with a sense of profound injustice. He had not been moved by the slightest unkind impulse; on the contrary, the impulse had been sympathetic and appreciative, yet the incident bore an aspect of malice. His efforts to remove that aspect from the incident had signally failed. He had not been able to justify what he had done, and yet he was wholly innocent of wrong, and he felt as if he ought to be able to make that

justification appear. He reflected carefully, and he was greatly perplexed. The exact truth, while sufficient in his own mind, seemed to lose its virtue when presented to another—to become a totally different thing, and, instead of justifying his act, to convict him of wanton cruelty.

It was Wyatt's custom to go in the morning to his bank, and, if the day were bright, to take a splint-bottom chair and sit on the street before the door. He held here a sort of court, conversed with his neighbors, and conferred with his cashier as to the solvency of persons who came in to borrow little sums of money. He knew every man in the county, and exactly how his financial affairs stood.

All the morning, in the sun before the bank, he continued to review the incident of the meadow. When he came to think of it, he was surprised that the slight blow of the cane should have caused such injury to the child. He began to practice with the cane, in an effort to reproduce the tap which he had given. There was a hitching-rack for horses before the bank, and Wyatt, sitting forward in his chair, struck the locust post of the rack over and over again, endeavoring to reproduce the exact blow. He was so engrossed with this labor that the cashier had to come to the door and call him whenever he required his advice.

The storekeeper opposite observed this and called his customer's attention to it.

"Ther's somethin' botherin' Dolph," he said.

As Wyatt was on his way home to dinner at twelve o'clock, the justice of the peace came out to the gate and called him. The justice was a shoemaker. He worked on the porch of his house, and also conducted there the duties of his office. He wore a patched "hickory" apron. His spectacles were tied around his head with a shoestring. The justice of the peace leaned over his gate, and moved the spectacles up into his gray hair.

"That woman," he said, "come in here to git a warrant ag'in' you, but I wouldn't give it to her." Then he added: "You didn't hit the little nigger, I reckon?"

"I didn't go to hit him," Wyatt replied; "it was accidental."

"Of course, of course," said the justice; "I knowed a man like you wouldn't hit a chile a purpose. It's fine spring weather we're havin'."

Wyatt remained a moment to comment on the probable fruit crop and went on. But his annoyance over this matter increased. The words "hit a chile a purpose" particularly disturbed him. It was the old, ugly, malicious fact turning up again. He was glad that he had thought to say "accidental"; it was, in a way, accidental; he had not meant to do the child an injury. But he was also glad that he had not been required to explain how the accident occurred.

Then he suddenly thought: "Suppose the warrant had been issued?"

He stopped in the street and the perspiration dampened the palms of his hands. He stood for some time without moving; then he went on to his house. But all the afternoon he considered this possibility, and passed the matter in review. He tried to recall each detail in the situation, and exactly how each event arose; and, unconsciously, he continued to practice with the cane. He struck at almost every object he passed: the dandelions, the trees, the hitching-posts along the street. In the afternoon, in his chair before the bank, he fell into the same perplexing effort to reproduce that exact tap of the cane.

Wyatt's preoccupation did not escape idle persons about the village. They discussed it with the storekeeper.

Finally one of them said: "I wonder if there's anything wrong with the bank."

The storekeeper's wife, who was weighing out sugar, heard the remark. After that she watched the man who sat before the bank, tapping the hitching-rack with his cane. About three o'clock she spoke to her husband, and he went over to the bank, when the cashier began to put up the shutters, and drew out his deposit.

That night Wyatt did not sleep very well. His mind did not seem able to put down the worry which it had taken up. He was accustomed to eight hours of profound slumber, and, for this reason, the one restless night affected him far more than it otherwise would have done. In the morning his face, and especially his eyes, bore that decided evidence of fatigue which marks the first interruption of long-established habits of life.

On his way to the bank he met the storekeeper's wife, who had set out to deliver a basket of groceries.

"You look kind a dauncey," she said. "Are you sick?"

Wyatt replied with some trivial excuse, that he had caught a cold, or the like.

"It ain't cold," said the woman; "it's your blood. You ought to take the three bitter barks." Then she began



to explain how this tonic was compounded out of dogwood, poplar and wild-cherry bark, steeped in whisky. "You cut off the rough outside bark with a drawin'-knife," she said, "and then you scrape the inside bark up." When she got back to the store she said to her husband:

"Mind what I tell you, things ain't goin' right with old Dolph."

Wyatt took up his accustomed place in his splint-bottom chair before the bank. He felt dull and listless, and he nodded in the sun. He rested his hands on the head of his cane, and occasionally, half asleep, his head went down on his hands. Not the slightest detail of the man's movements escaped the woman across the street. Every now and then a customer would come into the store and she would make some remark, directing his attention to Wyatt. These remarks were always suggestive.

"I've knowed him now goin' on forty years, an' I never seen him carry on like that."

About two o'clock in the afternoon the deputy sheriff came up the street to where Wyatt sat, stopped, spoke to him, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the inside of the bank. The two men went through the bank to a little back room. There the deputy sheriff took a folded paper out of his pocket and handed it to Wyatt.

"I've got a suppeny fur you," he said.

Wyatt opened the paper and read it. It was a summons in an action at law for damages, brought by the blacksmith. The grave aspect of the paper affected Wyatt. The legal terms appeared formidable. "State of West Virginia, County of Madison, to-wit. . . . Trespass on the case. . . . Damages ten thousand dollars."

Wyatt carried the paper to the window, as though he needed a better light in which to read it.

"What lawyer has he got?" he said.

"Asbury Sheets," replied the deputy sheriff.

Wyatt folded the summons and creased it along the fold with his fingers. Then he opened it and read it through. Again he folded and creased it, and again he opened it. Finally, he put it into his pocket. Even the name of the notorious pettifogger whom the deputy sheriff had mentioned did not reassure him.

"If you are walking back to the courthouse," he said, "I will step along with you."

The two men went out of the bank together. Wyatt was excited, and he walked a little in advance of the deputy sheriff.

This incident had not escaped the storekeeper's wife. She now came out from behind the counter, and began to wipe her hands on her apron.

"I'm goin' to run around to the mill," she said.

About half an hour later, the miller, who was the woman's brother, slipped into the bank, made some excuse to the cashier, and drew out his deposit.

The office of the clerk of the circuit court was on the right of the door as one entered the courthouse, between the battered plaster pillars. The clerk was sitting at a long table in the middle of the room. Before him, on this table, was a pile of legal papers, done up in blue and red wrappers. He was writing the rule orders on the backs of these wrappers. The papers in blue wrappers were suits in chancery; those in red, actions at law. The clerk looked up when Wyatt and the deputy sheriff entered.

He nodded to Wyatt. "Have a chair," he said.

Wyatt picked up a chair, the splint bottom of which had been replaced by a board nailed across the rounds, carried it to the table and sat down beside the clerk. He leaned over, rested his arm on the table and spoke.

"Andy," he said, "I've been sued."

There was a certain overdone intimacy in Wyatt's manner, as though, in the lawsuit, he hoped to attach the clerk to his side. The clerk put out his hand, searched through the pile of papers, finally took up a very thin one in a red wrapper, ripped off the rubber band and opened it. He leaned back in his chair, and held the unfolded wrapper between the thumb and forefinger of his hand.

"An action in case," he said; "summons issued returnable to these rules." Then he began to explain. "You don't have to appear now," he said. "When the docket's called at the next term your lawyer'll demur to the declaration, then the judge will pass on the demurrer, an' if he overrules it he'll set the case for trial."

"Yes," said Wyatt. His voice was husky. The legal terms, and especially the word "trial," alarmed him.

The clerk continued: "You'll want to git up your defense. Where was the little nigger?"

Wyatt moistened his lips with his tongue. "He was in my meadow."

"Um!" said the clerk, "trespassin'?"

"Yes," said Wyatt.

"Was there any cattle or horses in there that might have hurt him?"

Wyatt reflected. "There is a run," he said; "he might have fallen in that."

"Trespassin', an' in a dangerous place," said the clerk. "There's your defense."

Then he laid down the paper and put the tips of his fingers together. He spoke with deliberation.

"The infant plaintiff was trespassin' on your land, an' in a locality where he was likely to come to harm, an' you chastised him in order to make him go home. That's a good defense."

Wyatt was profoundly relieved. To him the clerk was a great expert on such matters. His opinion ought to be conclusive. And here, available to him, was a complete defense that carried conviction.

He began to repeat it:

"I was comin' along the path, I saw the little nigger playin' by the run in my meadow, where he had no right to be, I thought he might fall in and be drowned, so I tapped him with my cane to make him go home out of danger."

"Exactly!" said the clerk. Then he snapped the band over the red wrapper and tossed the papers on to the pile before him. "No jury will ever find against you on that defense."

Wyatt was now wholly relieved. He felt that the clerk had done him a great kindness, and he wished to say something to please him. He remembered that the clerk had been elected by a rather unusual majority. He began to smile and nod his head.

"You'll be runnin' for the legislature next, I reckon," he said; "a man that carries the county in his pocket like you."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the clerk, as though the arriving of a political distinction were to him merely a matter of selecting it.

Wyatt went out to the courthouse door; there he stopped to read the notices of judicial sales, cut out of the local newspaper and pasted against the wall. He continued to smile. He even began to whistle softly under his breath. He tapped on the wall with his fingers while he scanned the notices. He experienced that sense of exalted confidence which one takes from the favorable opinion of an expert.

Presently, he heard the deputy sheriff speak to the clerk.

"I don't believe that was the reason old Dolph hit the little nigger."

"Why don't you?" said the clerk.

"Because there ain't water enough in that run to drown a cat."

Wyatt remained for a moment motionless. He had not foreseen this possible contingency. He endeavored to



It was a Two-Gallon Stone Jug in a Grist-Mill Sack.

sack. She spoke to her husband, who was at the door putting out a box of timothy seed:

"What's he carryin', you reckon?"

"I don't know," replied the storekeeper; "it looks heavy."

"'Tis heavy," replied the woman. And she continued to watch Wyatt, changing the sack from one hand to the other, until he reached the end of the village street.

Wyatt hurried along the meadow path to the sugar maple, put down his sack and advanced to the brook. There was not a great deal of water running, but at this point there was a little pool, with perhaps twelve inches of water. At one time this pool had been two or three feet deep, but it was now partly filled up with soft clay from the bank.

Wyatt stood for some time regarding this pool, then he picked up the sack and went on to the house. That evening he turned his horse into the meadow. After supper he went out into the garden, got a hoe and started down toward the meadow with the hoe in his hand, but he stopped at the gate and set the hoe against the fence. Then he sat down on the steps. When it began to get dark he got up, went to the gate, picked up the hoe and crossed the meadow to the brook. There he carefully cleaned out the little pool, dragging out the soft clay and piling it up in a sort of dam below. He worked for some time and it was quite dark when he had finished. As he knocked the mud off the hoe he said:

"There, now, there'll be plenty of water for Barney."

The next morning the negro boy who swept out the store, and who lived in one of the shanties on the border of Wyatt's meadow, said to the storekeeper's wife:

"Pap saw ole Dolph diggin' in his medder las' night."

The woman sat down in a chair, smoothed out her apron and put her fat hands on her knees. She sat perfectly motionless for twenty minutes; then she went out.

A little later word passed rapidly from one house to another in the village that Wyatt had been sued for "thousands an' thousands" and had taken all of his own money out of his bank and buried it.

There is no place in the world that a secret rumor can be so swiftly spread, and, at the same time, so carefully guarded, as in a country village. The community becomes at once a close society, including every one but the person maligned. By twelve o'clock this rumor was known to every individual in the village but Wyatt and his cashier.

(Continued on Page 24)



Riding His Old Gray Horse, Barney, With a Few of His Notes in His Pocket



# PLAYWRITERS AND PROFITS

## What They Make and How They Make It

By JOHN R. HALE



J. M. Barrie

test who designs unsold houses—all the incompetents in fifty trades and occupations write plays.

You don't have to study, you don't have to have a college degree, you needn't belong to the union, you don't require a bank balance; all you do is just write a play and then some more plays. It's so easy!

The Sunday newspaper's "Clyde Fitch makes one hundred thousand dollars a year," "Henry Arthur Jones a millionaire," "Slept in Bryant Park last year, to earn one thousand dollars weekly now," have done more to support the worthy trade of typewriting than all the poets and story-writers in the country. You can pick out a poem or a story with one finger on the typewriter, but you must have a professional theatrical typist to do a play. The millions in playwriting, journalistically speaking, lure on as many men and women to grind out plays as are attracted by the golden glitter of mythical mines. It would be pathetic, this drag of the drama, if it weren't appalling.

As a matter of fact, those men here and abroad who earn big money are comparatively few, for the field and opportunities for the placing of plays are far more limited than in any other profession. Besides the laws of technique, intelligence, ability, and the survival of the fittest, that rule in any brain-work, the play has the physical limitation of finding a theatre in which not only to be born but, as it were, to grow up to the maturity of success.

### The Test of a Good Play

THERE are plenty of theatres in the United States, but there are only a certain number in New York and Chicago, and it is a safe generalization that a play is without honor, profit or long life in its own country unless it has the kudos of success in New York or Chicago. A road success, broadly speaking, is an episode, and episodic success is always written on the debit side of the managerial ledger, though it may show as much credit balance to the author as if he were a motorman or a clerk, instead of a "literary light." New York is hard to please; it is at once the despair and hope of managers and playwrights. Success in Boston may mean success in New England, but that limited territory contributes to a success of art rather than of finance. And, after all, when you eliminate the edict of critics who look upon the theatre as a kind of national university for the education of the young and the mental uplift of the people, managers, playwrights, actors and so on, down to the ushers, are associated with the theatre principally for the same reason that men build bridges, or edit magazines, or stoke engines—to make money. People go to the theatre to be amused and entertained, not for art. The play that is "too good for the public" is a failure, excuse it as you will; a play is written to be seen by audiences, and if there are no audiences it has failed in the very purpose for which it is produced, even though the mentally long-haired acclaim it loudly. The highbrows usually have low purses.

Any successful dramatist, if he is honest with himself, will admit that he writes to make money, perhaps not primarily, but certainly not incidentally, and that, though he puts into his work all that is best of himself and his

ability, there is none the less in his mind's eye the weekly royalty check.

An engineer who built a bridge that was charming and artistic in its lines and design—a mechanical poem—but one which would break under the weight it was designed to bear, would have failed practically if not artistically. And the play that will not bear the burden of an audience's judgment is a failure, and is, unfortunately, the kind of piece amateurs and incompetents invariably write, because they write with the money and not with the audience in mind.

The man who makes money in playwriting deserves it, but sometimes he doesn't get it; because a playwright, to earn well into the thousands, must not only be a dramatist but also be a business man. The profits of playwriting are almost as various as the rents of office buildings.

Authors are compensated on a royalty basis—that is, they receive a percentage of the gross weekly receipts derived from the production of the play. There was a time when dramatists sold their plays outright for a sum in cash, but nowadays competition for a producible play has become so keen that the most unsophisticated of authors will only part with his play on the royalty plan, which, in reality, is not a sale but a leasing on a basis of weekly rental. The amount of that rental depends on many things.

The dramatists who make the most money in America receive what is technically known as a "sliding scale"—that is, their percentages vary according to the amount of receipts the play draws. Of the first three thousand dollars three prominent authors receive five per cent., of the next two thousand, ten per cent., and of all over five thousand dollars gross weekly receipts, fifteen per cent., so that these men, to a certain extent, speculate with the manager; for if the play is not a success their higher percentages never become operative. If it does play to big business, managers have found that they can well afford to pay these fees.

The theatrical entrepreneurs have discovered, especially during the last few years, that in New York it is not names in electric lights, nor stars, nor expensive actors, nor scenery that make the weekly balance-sheets a thing to admire rather than curse, but it is the play.

But men such as Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch and George Ade did not always get these terms. It took years of success to enable them to command them, and not always now do managers pay these fees without at least a secret complaint, scarcely an open one, lest they take their plays elsewhere. The manager constitutionally abhors paying authors royalties—it is a queer, probably inexplicable trait; but if the manager is temporarily or permanently embarrassed financially it is the author who goes unpaid, and yet managers will freely admit that actors and theatres without plays are quite useless, not to say expensive.

At the same time it is not hard to understand why the managers object to paying to any author at any stage of the game fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and other cities the manager must pay to the theatre fifty per cent. of his weekly takings for the privilege of occupying it. Assume that the play's weekly receipts are eight thousand dollars; eliminating the theatre share the manager has four thousand dollars remaining. But from his proportion he must pay the author's percentage, not on his net share but on the gross, and if it be one of the foremost dramatists, this percentage of the eight thousand dollars is eight hundred dollars, all of which comes out of the managerial four thousand dollars. The manager thus has left thirty-two hundred dollars to defray the salaries of his actors, business staff, cost of production, current office expenses, one-half of the newspaper advertising and bill-posting, and possibly railroad transportation for the company and production. This sliding scale, as mentioned, of five per cent., ten per cent. and fifteen per cent. on receipts of eight thousand

dollars is the equivalent of ten per cent. of the gross receipts, or twenty per cent. of the manager's share, which leaves him but forty per cent. for all his expenses, apart from the author's royalty. At first glance this may seem an unfair division, but in reality it is not; for without a good play receipts never reach eight thousand dollars; and, if they fall far short of this figure with a bad play, the author, so far as practical values go, doesn't need the arithmetical knowledge required to estimate what ten per cent. or fifteen per cent. of certain thousands of dollars would aggregate. The manager, however, fares better on the road, for, outside of the big cities, he gets sixty per cent. and even sixty-five per cent., and even in some places seventy-five per cent. of the receipts. When this happens his proportion of profits is, *pro rata*, considerably larger than are those of the author.

But if an author has not reached the Fitch, Thomas or Ade standard of terms, fifteen per cent. and even ten per cent. may be as unknown and foreign to him as traveling through Tibet. The dramatist who has had some success may command with some managers five per cent. on five thousand dollars, and seven and one-half per cent. on all over this sum of weekly receipts;

with others he may receive five per cent. on four thousand dollars, seven and one-half per cent. on the next two thousand dollars, and ten per cent. on all above. His business ability and general Yankee knack of driving a bargain become potent factors, for your average manager in leasing a play assumes the attitude that he is doing a personal favor to the author in "giving the young man a start." And the point to which he can be driven is dependent on how vital is his belief in the play and how far he can bluff the author. The sliding scale of royalties, therefore, in cases like these is as variable as it can be. It may begin at five per cent. and go to seven per cent., or begin at

three per cent. and go to five per cent., or begin at five per cent. and go to fifteen per cent., and the point at which the percentage takes a step upward may be anywhere from three thousand to ten thousand dollars. Algebraically one can doubtless figure out the combinations.

### Successes That Wipe Out Failures

THEN for the beginners there is, in many quarters, a managerial conviction that five per cent. straight is the top notch of compensation, whether the piece plays to three thousand or thirteen thousand dollars. And most young men with their first play will do well to accept the best they can get, for production and entrance into the game are the hardest things to accomplish, as presumably they are in every form of endeavor. With one real success behind you, percentages and contracts will take care of themselves—and of you. There is nothing so puny and generally ignored as a playwright without a production, and few things more sought after than a successful dramatist. For, despite the noisy clamor of the unproduced, it is not easy for managers to get successful plays, and they flock after success and reputations as sea-gulls behind an ocean liner—only they stick longer. Once he is a real success a playwright can have several, perhaps three or four, smashing failures with all the bands playing, before the managerial memory forgets the success of three years ago. Clyde Fitch wrote *Her Own Way*, which made a very comfortable fortune for Maxine Elliott, and followed it with *The Coronet of the Duchess*, *Glad of It* and *Major André*, three absolutely, beyond argument, honest, straight-from-the-shoulder failures. Yet, after *Glad of It*, he had as many offers of contracts as after *Her Own Way*. George Broadhurst wrote *The Man of the Hour* and followed it with three failures, the last of which, *The Call of the North*, was produced only a few weeks ago. Yet to-day he can choose his own contracts. Charles Klein wrote *The Lion and the Mouse* and followed it with two plays of the other kind, *The Daughters of Men* and *The Stepsister*. Managers have long memories and cling with blind faith to those that have, rather than to them that may!

Apart from the question of getting started and the royalties at the start, there are other important factors in



Henry Arthur Jones



Augustus Thomas

of which comes out of the managerial four thousand dollars. The manager thus has left thirty-two hundred dollars to defray the salaries of his actors, business staff, cost of production, current office expenses, one-half of the newspaper advertising and bill-posting, and possibly railroad transportation for the company and production. This sliding scale, as mentioned, of five per cent., ten per cent. and fifteen per cent. on receipts of eight thousand



play contracts that often have a vital bearing on the author's finances as well. Dramatists such as Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, George Ade and Eugene Walter in this country demand and receive the right to choose their casts and to veto any selection by the manager which is against their judgment. But this privilege is a rare one, for it is a curious fact that the general run of authors who have not had material experience in the staging and casting of plays makes a poor staff to lean on for the selection of actors to create their characters. A competent stage-manager can usually make a happier choice, for the mind that conceives characters mentally often visualizes their living prototypes in an unhappy fashion. Clyde Fitch has written and produced some fifty plays and has, therefore, naturally acquired some material experience as a producer of plays. And it is in that capacity rather than as an author that he chooses his companies. This applies to Augustus Thomas as well.

Men like Thomas, Walter, Ade and Fitch in this country, Bernard Shaw, Pinero, Jones and Barrie in England, and Bernstein in France, have control of the casts and of the scenery and, in fact, of everything, as the phrase goes, behind the curtain line. Where they are on the ground at the time of rehearsals they act as stage-managers, drilling and instructing the actors to follow out their conceptions to the letter.

#### The Ideal Combination

**B**UT this unquestioned sway is rare. The average author is under the domain of the stage-manager, who often helps, but, in the opinion of the author, seldom does anything but mar. At the risk of a loud protest from unsuccessful playwrights, it is safe to say that few plays have been spoiled by their stage-managers. It would possibly be better, however, if the general author had more voice in the method of producing his play. The theatrical manager takes the position that the author contributes his time and his brains when he delivers the manuscript, but that the manager risks not only these, but his money as well, and therefore must have the major control in the venture that involves his cash. Most managers feel themselves extremely competent in all that pertains to a play in front of and behind the curtain, and in the knowledge of what will succeed. Yet with all their knowledge it is rather extraordinary that none of them is a playwright. If they were how pleasant it would be—in the event of failure—that there were no royalties to be paid, and there could never be any possible friction between the author and manager! Yet, perhaps, after all, it does require some special ability to write plays.

Your big author who, when he is competent, assumes all responsibility for the production of his play, is an enormous aid to the manager. If ever Fitch or Thomas determined to stop playwriting either of them could command, as a stage-manager, three times the salary of the highest-paid stage-manager in America to-day. But at present they manifest a selfish inclination to be concerned only with the production of their own work. And very interested they and all the vitally successful authors are—interested not only in the question of terms and the control of the cast, but also in the personalities of various managers and the special advantages each has to offer.

One big New York producer is a tremendous believer in names, and, if you've had a real success here or in England, a contract is yours for the asking—and his asking at that. Yet without a name you may offer him the manuscript of what may prove to be the best play of the year, and he will refuse it as much tissue-paper. Unproved plays by unproved men he doesn't believe in; past success is what he gambles on. The younger playwright should go elsewhere with his wares, to a firm of managers who will drive the best possible bargain with him and



E. Walter

freely admit that this is their policy. They will use every possible argument against reasonably fair terms, and no play is sufficiently valuable to them to pay more than they originally set as a limit. And sometimes they lose plays they really want. But they are busy young men with many ventures, and they seem to survive quite happily. It is rather amusing to note that sometimes, as against this thrifty policy in royalties, they will spend two thousand dollars with joyous profuseness on costumes for a musical comedy which are never used, because, perhaps, they are dresses for a certain song, and the song fails and goes to the rubbish heap the first night on the road. But all that is pleasant inconsistency, for these managers have one real virtue. They will fight to the finish for any play they believe in—and fight, too, against the critics, the public and their own staff; and very often this absolute conviction in following their own judgment, and backing it with all their brains and money, turns a play that is wobbling between failure and success into a money-making proposition. When one of their productions fails and closes up tight nobody can offer any explanation or defense; it must be a unanimous verdict before they give up. Some managers, however, unless success is immediately obvious, or if the reception is lukewarm and the future uncertain, quit at once. They prefer to lose what is at stake and try something new, rather than devote themselves to establishing their present production as a failure or the reverse. To interest them, success must come quickly and be large; they won't wait on possibilities. But if the manager of *The Chorus Lady* had been of this type the play would have had only a life of two weeks. The first week in New York it played to gross receipts of considerably less than two thousand dollars. The second week showed a slight but healthy increase; the next was better, and from then on receipts grew and grew. The piece was moved from one theatre to another, and then to another, and ran almost a year in New York.

Then there is another firm of managers who want only big things—big scenic production, soldiers, Indians, race scenes, shipwrecks—anything that is melodramatic and gives opportunity for thrilling or unusual scenic effects. There is the manager who usually produces nothing but plays by unknown authors, because established authors are not in the habit of accepting suggestions for which they are to give up one-half of their royalties. But even young authors profit little from a production with him; the royalties are small, sometimes not even percentages, but a flat sum of one hundred dollars weekly, irrespective of receipts, and the manager takes the credit of success entirely. "The author only wrote the play," he says.

Then, too, there are, so to speak, the physical and material advantages that a manager possesses, and these are important factors in the profits of playwriting. Some managers, most of them, are believers in the star system. They control the star, and all material that they purchase must fit the measure of their stars. The star cannot make a bad play go, but she—there are more women stars than men—can, with medium success in New York, fair press notices, an eight-weeks' run (that on the bills is stretched to six months), and press-agent puffs, go on the road and play to big houses. In one-night stands the public goes to see Ethel Barrymore, not the play she is in, and before they know whether they like the play or not they've both gone to the next town. But when the one-night stands consistently do not like a play the penalty of their disapprobation comes the next season, for then they say, "She wasn't much last year; don't let's go to-morrow night." Stars, with the vanity for which they are so justly famous, and with the desire to appear in New York each season, seldom can be prevailed on to appear in one play for more than a season, and that is damaging to the author's income.

Some managers prefer to play without a star, simply with an all-round good cast, for the reason that a star is an expensive luxury and as hard to handle as a runaway engine, and, further, without a star, with only the play "featured," one can have three or four companies of the same play, none of which bears the stigma of being a second

company, because no personalities are identified with the play. The country generally resents second companies. It wants the best, even though second companies often give better performances than the first.

So far as star and non-star organizations are concerned, there are, broadly speaking, two kinds of plays—those that appeal by virtue of their story, and those that gain their success by reason of charm and the personalities that invest them. Paid in Full is a success, for example, because of its dramatic story that interests and grips, and any ordinarily competent actors can play the parts with success—there are five paying companies now on tour. Cousin Kate, on the other hand, depends on charm and personality. The common or garden actor would not contribute these qualities, and, if the play lacks the attributes on which it is designed to make its appeal, obviously it must fail. A striking instance of this is *The Mollusc*, by Hubert Henry Davies, who wrote *Cousin Kate*. Two seasons this charming, satirical, little four-character comedy ran in London with Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore, yet in New York, with Joseph Coyne and Alexandra Carlisle, it is at once a moderate success and a moderate failure, although the play itself has been most enthusiastically acclaimed by the critics. For while Miss Carlisle gives a striking performance that is a perfect imitation of Mary Moore, Mr. Coyne, risen from, or, rather, still in the musical comedy ranks, lacks the exceptional qualities of dignity, repose, breeding and charm which Wyndham contributed to the character. And so he is inadequate—so much so that those who have seen Wyndham in the

part have been known to leave long before the end of the play, not only because of his utter unsuitability to the part, but because, musical comedy still strong upon him, he persists in injecting into this charming English comedy lines of his own devising, such as "Everybody works but father,"

"I'll get you some spinach," "Well, well, Uncle Tom and Little Eva," which are as foreign to piece and character as *No Wedding Bells for Me* would be as an interlude to Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. The moral of which is that Davies' play is, by its miscasting, missing the qualities necessary for success, and so Davies' profits suffer to a very marked extent. Miscasting, however, does not especially affect a dramatic play. William Gillette, a fine actor, who within his limitations gives an extraordinarily fine performance in the title rôle of *Samson*, Bernstein's new play, is woefully miscast, because he is so physically and vocally lacking in the demands of the part. None the less, the play is a success; though—and this is purely speculative—it would probably be financially better without him, for those who admire Gillette will say they preferred him in other plays, and those who do not know him must admit that some other actor would be better in this part than he. In this case the star hurts rather than helps the play itself.

#### Choosing Your Manager

**T**HEN, too, some managers control theatres in New York, which, of course, is an advantage to the author, for sometimes the manager will keep on with only a medium success, rather than have "the house dark," or, entrenched in his own theatre, he may force the run of a play in order to get it, if possible, a New York reputation for the influencing of the one-night stands. If, however, he is only a tenant from week to week the theatre manager may abruptly end his tenancy to make way for something else, and his plans for a forced run terminate suddenly.

The author who knows bears in mind all these conditions and selects his manager according to the particular wares he has to dispose of. (But selecting your manager is not much more than selecting a trout fly: you've still got to catch your fish!) If the play is one that only one or two actors in the country are fitted for, even the famous dramatist is less independent as regards terms and conditions. This is also true if he has set his mind on one particular star to create his pet character. If his play is easy to cast, the more independent his attitude, for he knows there are many strings to his bow. He takes into account



Clyde Fitch



Charles Klein



W. S. Maugham

(Concluded on Page 19)



# The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips  
ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



XXIV

NEXT morning she was up and in her dressing-room and had almost finished her toilette before he awakened. For the first time in years—perhaps the first time since the end of her happy girlhood and the beginning of her first season in Washington society—she felt like singing. Was there ever such a dawn? Did ever song of birds sound so like the voice of eternal youth? Whence had come this air like the fumes from the wine-presses of the gods? And the light! What colors, what tints, upon mountain and valley and stainless lake! And the man asleep in the next room—yes, there was a Joshua Craig whom she found extremely trying at times; but that Joshua Craig had somehow resigned the tenancy of the strong, straight form there, had resigned it to a man who was the living expression of all that bewitched her in these wilds.

She laughed softly at her own ecstasy of exaggeration. "The other Josh will come back," she reminded herself, "and I must not forget to be practical. This is episodic." These happy, superhuman episodes would come, would pass, would recur at intervals; but the routine of her life must be lived. And if these episodes were to recur the practical must not be neglected. "It's by neglecting the practical that so many wives come to grief," reflected she. And the first mandate of the practical was that he must be rescued from that vulgar political game, which meant poverty and low associations and tormenting uncertainties. He must be got where his talents would have their due, their reward. But subtly guiding him into the way that would be best for him was a far different matter from what she had been planning up to last night's moon-rise—was as abysmally separated from its selfish hypocrisy as love from hate. She would persist in her purpose, but how changed the motive!

She heard him stirring in her—no, *their* room. Her face lighted up, her eyes sparkled. She ran to her mirror for a final primp before he should see her. She was more than pleased with the image she saw reflected there. "I never looked better in my life—never so well. I'm glad I kept back this particular dress. He's sure to like it, and it certainly is becoming to me—the best-fitting skirt I ever had—what good lines it has about the hips." She startled at a knock upon the door. She rushed away from the mirror. He had small physical vanity himself—she had never known any one with so little. He had shown that he thought she had no vanity of that kind, either, and he would doubtless misunderstand her solicitude about her personal appearance. Anyhow, of all mornings this would be the worst for him to catch her at the glass. "Yes?" she called.

"Margaret," came in his voice. And, oh, the difference in it!—the note of tenderness—no, it was not imagination, it was really there! Her eyes filled and her bosom heaved.

"Are you joining me at breakfast?"

"Come in," cried she.

When the door did not open she went and opened it. There stood *he*! If he had greeted her with a triumphant, proprietorial expression she would have been—well, it would have given her a lowered opinion of his sensibility. But his look was just right—dazzled, shy, happy. Nor did he make one of his impetuous rushes. He almost timidly took her hand, kissed it; and it was she who sought his shoulder—gladly, eagerly, with a sudden, real shyness. "Margaret," he said. "Mine—aren't you?"

Here was the Joshua she was to know thenceforth, she felt. This Joshua would enable her to understand, or, rather, to disregard, so far as she personally was concerned, the Josh, tempestuous, abrupt, often absurd, whom the world knew. But—as soon as they went where the guides were the familiar Josh returned—boyish, boisterous, rather foolish in trying to be frivolous and light. Still—what did it matter? As soon as they should be alone again—

When they set out after breakfast her Joshua still did not return, as she had confidently expected. The obstreperous one remained, the one that was the shrewdly-developed cover for his everlastingly scheming mind: "What an unending ass I've been making of myself," he burst out, "with my silly notions." He drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to her. "And this infernal thing of Grant's has been encouraging me in idiocy."

She read the Arkwright gentleman's gazette and complete guide to dress and conduct in the society of a refined gentlewoman. Her impulse was to laugh, an impulse hard indeed to restrain when she came to the last line of the document and read in Grant's neat, careful, man's handwriting with heavy underlinings: "Above all, never forget that you are a mighty stiff dose for anybody, and could easily become an overdose for a refined, sensitive lady." But prudent foresight made her keep her countenance. "This is all very sensible," said she.

"Sensible enough," assented he. "I've learned a lot from it. . . . Did you read that last sentence?"

She turned her face away. "Yes," she said. "That, taken with everything else, all but got me down," said he sombrely. "What I've been through! It came near preventing us from discovering that you're not a grand lady, but a human being." His mood veered, and it was he that was gay and she glum; for he suddenly seized her and subjected her to one of those tumultuous ordeals so disastrous to toilette and to dignity and to her sense of personal rights. Not that she altogether disliked, she never had altogether disliked, but had found a certain thrill in his riotousness. Still, she preferred the other Joshua Craig, *her* Joshua, who wished to receive as well as to give. And she wished that Joshua, *her* Joshua, would return. She herself had thought that, so far as she was concerned, those periods of tender and gentle sentiment

would be episodic; but it was another thing for him to think so—and to show it frankly. "I feel as if I'd had an adventure with a bear," said she, half-laughing, half-resentful.

"So you did," declared he; "I'm a bear—and every other sort of animal—except rabbit. There's no rabbit in me. Now, your men—the Grant Arkwrights—are all rabbit."

"At least," said she, "do refrain from tearing my hair down. A woman who does her hair well hates to have it mussed."

"I'll try to remember," was his careless answer. "As I was about to say, our discovery that you are not a lady out of a story-book, but a human being and a very sweet one—it came just in the nick of time. We're leaving here to-night."

Now she saw the reason for the persistence of the Craig of noise and bluster—and craft. "To-night?" she exclaimed. "It's impossible."

"Yes—we go at five o'clock. Tickets are bought— sleeper section engaged—everything arranged."

"But Uncle Dan doesn't expect us for four days yet."

"I've sent him a telegram."

"But I can't pack."

"Selina can."

"Impossible in such a little time."

"Then I'll do it," said Craig jovially. "I can pack a trunk twice as quick as any man you ever saw. I pack with my feet as well as with my hands."

"It's impossible," repeated she angrily. "I detest being hurried."

"Hurried? Why, you've got nine hours to get used to the idea. Nine hours' warning for anything isn't haste."

"Why didn't you tell me this yesterday?" demanded she, coming to a full stop and expecting thus to compel him to face her. But he marched on.

"It has been my lifelong habit," declared he over his shoulder, "to arrange everything before disclosing my plans. You'll find, as we get on, that it will save you a lot of fretting and debating."

Reluctantly and with the humiliating sense of helpless second fiddle she followed him along the rough path. "I loathe surprises," she said.

"Then adjust your mind to not being surprised at anything from me."

He laughed noisily at his own humor. She was almost hating him again. He seemed to have eyes in the back of his head; for as she shot a fiery glance at him he whirled round, shook his forefinger maddeningly at her: "Listen to me, my dear," said he, in his worst manner, most aggressive, most dictatorial: "if you had wanted an ordinary sort of man you should have married one and not me."

"Don't you think common courtesy required you at least to consult me about such a matter?"



"I do not. If I had I should have done so. I found it was necessary that we go. I went ahead and arranged it. If you saw the house on fire would you wait till you had consulted me before putting it out?"

"But this is entirely different."

"Not at all. Entirely the same, on the contrary. The talk we had day before yesterday convinced me that our house is afire. I'm going to put it out." He shut his teeth together with a snap, compressed his lips, gave her one of those quick, positive nods of his Viking head. Then he caught her by the arm. "Now," said he jocosely, "let's go back to camp. You want to do your packing. I've got to go over to town and telegraph some more."

She wrenched her arm away pettishly and, with sullen face, accompanied him to the camp. It was all she could do to hide her anger when, in full sight of the guides, he swept her up into his arms and kissed her several times. Possibly she would have been really angered, deeply angered, had she realized that these cyclones were due, as a rule, not so much to appreciation of her as to the necessity of a strong counter-irritant to a sudden attack of awe of her as a fine lady and doubt of his own ability to cope with her. "Good-by, Rita," cried he, releasing her as suddenly as he had seized her and rushing toward the landing. "If I don't get back till the last minute be sure you're ready. Anything that isn't ready will be left behind—anything or anybody!"

The idea of revolt, of refusing to go, appealed to her first anger strongly. But, on consideration, she saw that merely asserting her rights would not be enough—that she must train him to respect them. If she refused to go he would simply leave her; yes, he was just the man, the wild man, to do precisely that disgraceful thing. And she would be horribly afraid to spend the night alone in those woods with only the guides and Selina, not to speak of facing the morrow—for he might refuse to take her back! Where would she turn in that case? What would her grandmother say? Who would support her in making such a scandal and giving up a husband for reasons that could not be made impressive in words, though they were the best of all reasons in terms of feeling? No, if she gave him up she would be absolutely alone, condemned on every hand, in the worst possible position. Then, too, the break was unattractive for another reason. Though she despised herself for her weakness, she did not wish to give up the man who had given her that brief glimpse of supreme happiness she had dreamed as one dreams an impossibility.

Did not wish? Could not—would not—give him up. "I belong to him!" she said to herself with a thrill of ecstasy and of despair.

"But he'd better be careful!" she grumbled. "If I should begin to dislike him there'd be no going back." And then it recurred to her that that would be as great a calamity of loss for her as for him—and she went at her packing in a better humor. "I'll explain to him that I yield this once, but—" There she stopped herself with a laugh. Of what use to explain to him?—him who never listened to explanations, who did not care a fig why people did as he wished, but was content that they did. As for

warning him about "next time"—how ridiculous! She could hear his penetrating, rousing voice saying: "We'll deal with 'next time' when it comes."

## XXV

"WE CHANGE at Albany," said he when they were on the train, after a last hour of mad scramble, due in part to her tardiness, in the main to the atmosphere of hysteric hustle and bustle he created as a precaution. "At Albany!" she exclaimed. "Why, when do we get there?"

"At midnight."

"At midnight!" It was the last drop in the cup of gall, she thought. "Why, we'd get to Lenox, or to some place where we'd have to change again, long before morning! Josh, you must be out of your senses. It's a perfect outrage!"

"Best I could do," said he, laughing uproariously and patting her on the back. "Cheer up. You can sleep on my shoulder until we get to Albany."

"We will go on to New York," said she stiffly, "and leave from there in the morning."

"Can't do it," said he. "Must change at Albany. You ought to learn to control your temper over these little inconveniences of life. I've brought a volume of Emerson's essays along and I'll read to you if you don't want to sleep."

"I hate to be read aloud to. Joshua, let's go on to New York. Such a night of horror will wear me out."

"I tell you it's impossible. I've done the best thing in the circumstances. You'll see."

Suddenly she sprang up, looked wildly round. "Where's Selina?" she gasped.

"Coming to-morrow or next day," replied he. "I sent her to the camp for some things I forgot."

She sank back and said no more. Again she was tempted to revolt against such imbecile tyranny; and again, as she debated the situation, the wisdom, the necessity of submitting became apparent. How would it sound to have to explain to her grandmother that she had left him because he took an inconvenient train? "I'd like to see him try this sort of thing if we'd been married six months instead of six weeks," she muttered.

She refused to talk with him, answered him in cold monosyllables. And after dinner, when he produced the volume of Emerson and began to read aloud to her, she curtly asked him to be quiet. "I wish to sleep!" snapped she.

"Do, dear," urged he. And he put his arm round her.

"That's very uncomfortable," said she, trying to draw away.

He drew her back, held her—and she knew she must either submit or make a scene. There was small attraction to scene-making with such a master of disgraceful and humiliating scenes as he. "He wouldn't care a rap," she muttered. "He simply revels in scenes, knowing he's sure to win out at them as a mongrel in a fight with a"—even in that trying moment her sense of humor did not leave her—"with a lapdog."

She found herself comfortable and amazingly content, leaning against his shoulder; and presently she went to sleep, he holding the book in his free hand and reading calmly. The next thing she knew he was shaking her gently. "Albany," he said. "We've got to change here."

She rose sleepily and followed him from the car, adjusting her hat as she went. She had thought she would be wretched; instead she felt fine, as the sharp, night air roused her nerves and freshened her skin. He led the way into the empty waiting-room; the porter piled the bags on the bench; she seated herself. "I must send a telegram," said he, and he went over to the window marked "Telegraph Office." It was closed. He knocked and rattled, and finally pounded on the glass with his umbrella handle.

Her nerves went all to pieces. "Can't you see," she called, "that there's no one there?"

"There will be some one!" he shouted in reply, and fell to pounding so vigorously that she thought the glass would surely break; but it did not. After a while the window flew up and an angry face just escaped a blow from the vibrating umbrella handle. A violent altercation followed, the operator raging, but Craig more uproarious than he and having the further advantage of a more extensive and more picturesque vocabulary. Finally the operator said: "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Don't you see there's a lady present?"

"It's my wife," said Craig. "Now take this message and get it off at once. You should thank me for not having you dismissed."

(Continued on Page 31)



"He Has Me at His Mercy," She Said to Herself Between Anger and Despair



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 19, 1908

## As to Taxing the Rich

"I ATTACH supreme importance," writes Mr. Carnegie, "to the maintenance of present duties on luxuries used chiefly by the rich."

That is a nice sentiment—only, relatively speaking, there are no such duties. Silk and the finer manufactures of cotton, such as lace, are the largest duty-yielding items which are commonly classed as luxuries. But they are not used chiefly by the rich. Any middle-class man can find that out by looking at his own bills. Neither are woollens of the better grade monopolized by millionaires. Chemicals, cotton goods, manufactures of fibres and textile grasses, hides and leather, sugar, tobacco and wool yield nearly two-thirds of the total customs revenue. They are not articles of which the rich are the chief consumers. The duty on jewelry is about half that on rice. The duty on precious stones is little more than that on paper. The duty on marbles and onyx is only sixty per cent. of that on matting. The duty on automobiles about equals that on fish, on furs is little more than that on oilcloth.

We don't know who first said that the tariff taxed mainly the rich; but we trust he has been forgiven by this time. Manufacturers, who were not themselves exactly paupers, have controlled tariff legislation for forty years. They would have been very dull if, with the shaping of the bills in their own hands, they had put up with so poor a game as merely taxing the luxuries of the rich.

## Scholastic Stumbling-Blocks

TO CRITICISE public-school instruction is easy. The German tongue, for example, is akin to English and rather easily acquired. Probably under no circumstances except in an educational institution could bright boys and girls of high-school age be regularly exercised in German during four years without acquiring a fair working command of the language. But if a high-school graduate, after four years' study, can ask his way to the post-office in correct German and understand the reply, the presumption will be that he came of a German family. The same graduate has received his allotted drilling in English literature; but the fact that his interest in that subject is about equal to his interest in Old Testament exegesis furnishes the text for numberless pedagogic wails.

In the public schools, taking the country over, there are nearly three times as many pupils to a teacher as in the colleges. But that explains little. College instruction also achieves a high inefficiency. There is the classic story of the German who heard university undergraduates give an act of Faust in the original, and innocently inquired what Greek drama they were presenting.

The public-school system is faulty in that it is built too much to feed a faulty college system. Every one sees that the system of instruction is faulty. To see the better system which should supplant it has hardly as yet been vouchsafed to any one. But certainly the better system will not be reached by curtailment and retrenchment.

## The Sacred Three R's

MUCH of the criticism of the public schools is aimed at the top. In New York only four and in Chicago only five per cent. of public-school pupils are in the four upper grades, and of those who do enter the high school

nearly half drop out the first year. Instruction in the upper grades, of course, is more costly than in the lower. Hence a facile conclusion, acceptable to some thrifty taxpayers, that high schools should be abolished and public instruction confined to the sacred Three R's.

But the real fault with the public schools does not lie on that side. The system is not too big, but too little; not too ambitious, but too limited. Of all the children of school age, five to eighteen, in the United States only half attend public schools, and those for only about half the year—one hundred and fifty-one days is the average the country over. The great majority of pupils do not go beyond the sixth grade, or half the full public-school course.

The public schools cost, roughly, three hundred millions a year, of which three-quarters is spent in the North Atlantic and North Central States. This just about equals the internal and customs revenue tax alone on liquor and tobacco. The sum is really niggardly.

Any proposal for dealing with the public schools which involves curtailment, even in those communities where they are most intelligently supported, must be dismissed with contempt. The object of the public-school system is not just to supply cash-girls and office-boys who can write a fair hand and do simple sums in arithmetic.

## Publishers and Publicity

FROM some authors, who say they have irrefutable, documentary proof in the form of statements from their publishers, we hear that the public will not buy good novels. The premise is specious, but the conclusion is really unsound. The fact is that the public doesn't know about them. The author falls into the etymological error, so to speak, of regarding the printing, binding and cataloguing of a book as a "publication" of it. Of course, it is nothing of the sort. Up to that point the transaction is merely a kind of open secret between the author and the person who does the printing, binding and cataloguing and calls himself the publisher. Outsiders may, it is true, pry into the secret, and thus a real "publication" may be effected; but the chances are otherwise, in a distracted world.

The publisher, it is urged, spends so much money on the printing and binding of the book that he really can't afford to spend much to publish it. That is convincing, so far as it goes; but it doesn't go very far, when publication is the only thing the author is really interested in.

"Go, little book!" said a great poet to his volume, and that is what all authors say—or even, "Go like thunder!" They might, perhaps, consider it indelicate to suggest to the publisher that a half-page "ad" with pictures would be appropriate, or that an Associated Press dispatch that the author had shot Niagara in a barrel would be timely. But publication—not mere printing, binding and cataloguing—is what they need.

## A Human Supreme Bench

SOME legal gentlemen will breathe easier on March 4 next—if nothing dreadful happens meanwhile. Three justices of the Supreme Court are past seventy and another is near that age. In the most conservative circles there has been a dire foreboding that impulsive President Roosevelt might have the opportunity and yield to a temptation to "pack" the bench—that is, appoint justices who were decidedly in sympathy with his modern, progressive ideals, instead of being in sympathy with those ancient common-law ideals which modern corporations find so useful.

It may be recalled that in 1869 the Supreme Court, then composed of eight members, held, by a vote of five to three, that the legal tender act of 1862 was unconstitutional—which was exceedingly embarrassing to the Government. One of the assenting justices resigned, and President Grant appointed two new members, bringing the bench up to its full complement of nine. Whereupon the court again took up the legal tender act and declared it constitutional, reversing the decision of the year before. The three old members who had previously held the act to be constitutional and the two new members, making a majority, assented. It is generally assumed that President Grant knew the views of the two new members before he appointed them, and so "packed" the bench. But nothing calamitous resulted therefrom.

A Supreme Court justice, being human, must sympathize with some things more than with others. If he does happen to sympathize most with the needs of the nation we don't see that any public harm will follow.

## Sugar-Coated Charity

MUCH can be done nowadays in the name of sweet charity—the more it is sweetened, the better. But in the name of a community's plain duty to care for its helpless and delinquent members, comparatively little can be done.

"If I were a paralytic pauper," said an observant citizen the other day, "I would try to attract the notice of some nice, well-to-do woman. She would stir up her sympathetic

women friends and give a Providential Pink Tea, to which men might come by contributing five dollars apiece. Probably the proceeds would fix me up comfortably for life. Of course, if I were a paralytic pauper, it would be the bounden duty of the community to take care of me, which duty it would discharge by putting me in a public institution where I should be badly fed, badly lodged, and occasionally an attendant would kick me in the ribs for exercise."

In the observant citizen's town a school report had disclosed that there were several thousand destitute, hungry children, and a body of nice women consequently had taken it up.

To let the children themselves beg would have been intolerable—for what full-fed man could look into a small, gaunt face without pain and shame? So the women themselves, becomingly gowned, did the begging. It was truly sweet charity, sugar-coated; and the town was in quite a flutter of self-approbation over it.

Simultaneously the newspapers were reporting an investigation of the hospital for the insane, showing that patients slept on bare floors in overcrowded rooms and received scant attention; sometimes died of pneumonia from exposure; sometimes received mysterious, inexplicable wounds.

There was no particular flutter over the investigation. Insane paupers are unpleasant objects—no chocolate creams go with them; a town cannot felicitate itself upon merely doing its plain duty.

## Paying the Old Irish Debt

NINE hundred million dollars is the amount which the British Government must raise, first and last, in order to carry out the plan of restoring the soil of Ireland to the Irish people.

This sum, much exceeding the original estimates, looks very large. More than one conservative head shakes dubiously over it. The obligations which the Government has issued in furtherance of the plan haven't been taken in the market of late as readily as was expected.

More than two centuries have passed since England practically completed the process of taking Irish land away from the people. When William III got through less than a seventh of the soil remained in Catholic (or native) hands. The melancholy results of over two hundred years of alien ownership of the land are well known. Yet it could hardly be expected that paying a just debt two or three hundred years old, with interest, would be performed with much enthusiasm.

The Government's contribution is largely by way of a loan. No doubt the increased material prosperity alone of an important division of the empire would make the outlay a good investment, to say nothing of increased happiness to some millions of the empire's subjects. One cannot help noticing, just the same, how soberly—and, sometimes, even dubiously—the outlay is regarded in England; with how slack a spirit, so to speak, as compared with the abounding enthusiasm that would be shown if the Government wanted nine hundred million dollars to go half-way around the globe and shoot up a lot of industrious Boer farmers.

## The German Grab-Bag Game

GERMANY requires more revenue. So the new budget proposes to tax users of gas and electric light, a tax on beer, heavier death duties and inheritance taxes, and—most astonishing of all to Americans—a tax on all advertisements. Imagine the roars of protest with which a united and outraged press would meet that proposal over here!

Every finance minister in the world is a sort of bedeviled guerrilla, looking desperately around for something that he can pounce upon and wring tribute out of. The only principle that he acknowledges is to take whatever will yield most revenue and least trouble. It is a big grab-bag game, the rule being to seize the largest object that doesn't wriggle violently. With us the problem is simpler than almost anywhere else, and yet, to raise municipal revenue, we put a tag on a dog and proceed to charge two dollars.

A census report contains a funny diagram. Horizontal bars show the estimated true value of property in the several States, and the shaded portion of the bar shows the assessed valuation of taxed property. In some States the shaded part of the bar goes half-way across, in others a sixth or a seventh of the way. The patchwork results partly from a pious fear of offending propertied interests, as though the State were a sort of poor relation to be supported grudgingly, just for the sake of avoiding scandal. If there were another diagram with bars showing total incomes, and shaded portions representing that part of each income which was contributed to the support of the State, the longest bars would be relatively least shaded.

Perhaps the State is a poor relation. At any rate, comparatively poor people contribute relatively the most to its support.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## An Artist in Articulation

HE HAD been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers," says Dear Old Dean Swift. That's a way we regular authors have—Dear Old Dean Swift—denotes a familiarity, an acquaintance, so to speak—fixes it with the reader that we are intimate with the Dean—know him perfectly—friend of his—always makes a bit—for it is only our cagest readers who say anything about the Dear Old Dean—that is a perquisite of authoring. Dear Old Dean Swift—Beloved William Morris—Alfred, the Master—you know—sounds bully.

But, as the Dear Old Dean said: "He had been eight years on a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers," the plot being to can the sunbeams and let them out on gloomy days. Of course, that was satire or sarcasm, or something. There aren't any sunbeams in cucumbers, you know, positively not. There isn't even a moonbeam in them. Nothing but stomachaches. It was this way: the Dear Old Dean was looking around to find something that was as sunbeamless as a kippered herring, and he struck on cucumbers. Good idea, too.

Still, there is cause for a few fleeting regrets that the Dear Old Dean didn't live nowadays, for, if he did, he would have written it thus: "He had been eight years on a project for extracting sunbeams out of McCumbers," which—the McCumber—has any cucumber that was ever picked or pickled beaten to a whisper when it comes to lack of sunbeams, or any other kind of beams, including those we have eminent authority for stating sometimes get in your own eye.

A McCumber, as you will readily appreciate, is different from a cucumber, radically different. And why, Brother Bones, is a McCumber radishly—no—radically—different from a cucumber? Because the most elaborate practice of the arts and sciences of transmutation will make nothing but a dill pickle out of a cucumber, while they did once make a United States Senator out of a McCumber. (Lawyer.)

Now, that's a fact. Out there in North Dakota, with the fewest and most trivial formalities, they made a Senator out of a McCumber—Porter James McCumber, and he's a Senator yet, by heck, and who will say him nay? Not a single, solitary soul if Porter J. gets to it first. The person does not live who can say him nay—nor anything else—for Porter James will say it himself, say that and anything else that is handy to say, he being one of our most ready little sayers.

It is really a treat to hear Porter James say things. He says them so accurately. Every morning, before the Senate convenes, he takes all the words he intends to use that day and carefully divides them into the proper number of syllables and sections with his trusty try-square. Then he smooths and planes off each syllable and section until it glistens like a many-faceted jewel, and, after that, he is ready for business. You never hear him getting up and slurring: "Mist'pres'd'nt." Not McCumber! What he says is: "Mis-ter Pres-i-dent—"

And so it goes: "I de-sire to re-call to the mem-ory of the Sen-a-tor from Penn-syl-van-ia a cir-cum-stance which his per-spi-cac-ity may have ov-er-look-ed, com-ing as it does in the mid-st of this ex-cit-ing col-lo-quy and be-ing par-ti-cu-lar-ly ap-pro-pri-ate to the sub-ject un-der dis-cus-sion." You can hark back to the schooldays of Porter J., out there in Rochester, Minnesota, when the teacher in elocution said: "Now, Porter, remember what I told you about Demosthenes. He used to go down to the seashore every morning and talk against the waves with pebbles in his mouth. He did this to get articulation, Porter—ar-tic-u-lation—and remember that that is what is necessary in public speaking."

### Senator McCumber's Educated Larynx

THUS, Porter got ar-tic-u-lation, got it with a stranglehold, and has constantly held its head to the mat since that time. When it comes to articulation McCumber has the rest of the Senate talking like a hired man on a frosty morning with his mouth full of buckwheat cakes. He can articulate around them in rings. When he is in particularly good form he can make three separate and distinct syllables of a vote "Aye" on a proposition, and can divide a "Nay" into infinitesimal bits and pronounce each bit as clearly as a bell—if there are any clear bells, which is a subject that may be open to argument, most bells being throaty and all that.

Like many another good man McCumber overplayed his hand. He took too much out in learning to ar-tic-u-late, neglecting, so people affirm, the somewhat important detail of getting enough to ar-tic-u-late about. Thus,



The Articulator From Wahpeton

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

when he rises to any ponderous subject you can hear very plainly and perfectly every word he is saying, but sometimes you do not know what he is talking about. Not that that makes any especial difference to McCumber, for he will talk on anything that comes his way, and he has all medals and ribbons and diplomas for being able to clear the Senate galleries in less time than any other man, now that Senator Stewart is no longer in our blessed midst to tell about the Crime of '73, when the appropriations for 1910 are under discussion.

The public, the great, heedless public, does not appreciate art. That is certain enough. It has been proved many times. Of course, it is nothing—distinctly nothing—for the Senators to get up and walk out when another Senator is speaking. Most Senators are jealous things, anyhow, strange as it may seem. There isn't a Senator in the bunch who does not think he can make a better speech than any other Senator, or all of them put together. Consequently, when another Senator rises for a big talk, the remainder of the Senators say, "Oh, piffle!" and go out to the cloakrooms, where they exercise their well-known talents for story-telling, as ascribed to them by the Washington correspondents, proving said correspondents to be a highly-imaginative class. But it is different with the public. The public isn't jealous, and it doesn't know any better, anyhow.

However, it is crushing, really crushing and most discouraging, to note the public drift out in twos and threes and dozens when McCumber is interpreting the statutes or the Constitution from the Wahpeton (which is where he lives) viewpoint. It is art, I tell you, and it isn't appreciated. There isn't another man in all that ninety-two who wear togas in company with Porter J. who can pronounce words the way he can. It is positively marvelous. He never makes a slip. He went over every hurdle and took the water jump while he was discussing a feature of the Agricultural Bill one day on meta-oxytetraethylidiamidotriphenylcarbidrids and never turned a hair. Split it up into beautifully-accentuated component parts, and rolled it out without an error or a pause.

But the great, heedless, ignorant public doesn't care. It pays no honor to that perfect pronunciation. It listens for a few moments and then it says: "Let's go and get some steamed oysters." And that creates a very fine situation, doesn't it? McCumber there, pronouncing flawlessly, with nobody giving a hoot about it but the Vice-President, who is nodding in his chair and who, if it comes down to that, doesn't give two hoots. It does seem as if

art is always getting the raw end of it, for there is art in pronunciation as in everything else. The only explanation is that perhaps—it may be—it is barely possible—the public who go to the Senate galleries desire something in a speech besides pronunciation. Can that be it?

There is this much to be said about it: McCumber's manner of speaking is so well differentiated from the manner of all others in the Senate that he is in a class by himself. You can always tell what he is saying, even if you do not know what he says. They hammered that articulation idea into him back there in his schooldays, and he never slips a syllable. During his nine years in the Senate he has never elided a letter or dropped a "g." All of his language is always there. And, appreciating this priceless talent on his part, his colleagues, wishing to show their esteem, have made him chairman of the Pensions Committee, where there is ten times more work than there is anywhere else—a simple little tribute to Porter and his parts of speech.

You may not know it, but toiling with a few million pension claims every session is an excellent antidote for oversyllabication.

N. B. Porter J. may not know it, either, but the Committee on Committees does, and they fixed it. Wise old owls!

## Music From Across the Seas

WHEN they try out the voices of girls in New York who are applicants for positions in the chorus, they have a code that tells the man who records the names and addresses of the girls what the professor at the piano thinks of them.

The girls are summoned to the theatre in the morning, and the professor sits at the piano. They sing something in turn, bringing their own music. After they have been tested as to vocal abilities they are sent across the stage to a man at a table who takes their names and tells them they will be sent for if they are wanted. The man at the table is not a musician, and he must know the professor's judgment on the voice. So a code has been arranged.

After a girl has finished the professor at the piano and the man at the table engage in an animated conversation, using names of cities as the code words. If the man at the table says, "Where are you living now, Charley?" to the professor, and the professor answers, "In New York," that means the girl has a fine voice and can sing. If he says "Brooklyn" that means she has a fair voice, and the farther from New York they go the worse it is for the girl.

One day a tall, thin blonde came into a theatre where girls were being engaged for an Ade piece. She sang off the key, yowled and screeched and made a fearful mess of it. As she walked over to the table the man there asked: "Where is your cousin now, Charley?"

Everybody who knew the code expected to hear the professor say "Chicago" or "St. Louis," but he turned around and shouted fiercely: "In Australia!"

## Ahead of the Funeral

THE general superintendent of a railroad in Oklahoma received a telegram from a small station on his road asking him to stop one of his fast trains there on a certain day to take on a corpse and a party of mourners.

Anxious to oblige, the superintendent gave the necessary orders. The train stopped, but there was nobody on the station platform but a small boy.

"Hey, Sonny," shouted the conductor, "where's that corpse and them mourners?"

"Please, sir," stammered the boy, "I came down to ask you to stop to-morrow if you will. You see, the corpse ain't dead yet."

## The Hall of Fame

John Fox, Junior, who writes the Kentucky stories, is a naturalist and a geologist in an amateur way.

Colonel Jim Ham Lewis, of Chicago, is the only living American who has his clothes made by a haberdasher.

John P. Hopkins, former mayor of Chicago and now a big contractor, gets his diversion by traveling in Spain.

Since he became a playwright, Richard Harding Davis is trying to wrest away Augustus Thomas' laurels as an after-dinner speaker.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, the boss of the Senate, spends twenty minutes every morning at a series of gymnastics he invented himself.



# YOUR SAVINGS

THE American traveler in Europe is usually

impressed by the thriftiness of the people, especially those of France and Germany. This is not surprising, for here is the very stronghold of world savings. Closely allied with it is a somewhat remarkable machinery which not only safeguards savings, but aids in a safe and profitable employment of them. There are facts about the investment of European savings that are well worth knowing and which may be heeded with profit by the American, no matter how small his funds may be.

To begin with, the average European is less speculative than the average American, and this is one reason why he keeps what money he saves. Of course there have been periods of wild speculation abroad, from the mad days of the South Sea Company in England, the John Law Mississippi Bubble scheme in France, the tulip craze in Holland, down to our own time. It is part of human nature to want to speculate. But the European is quick to readjust himself to orderly and conservative financial methods, for these are usually part of the traditions of whatever country he may happen to live in.

Most people do not stop to realize, perhaps, that the real investing power of any nation is the sum of its small savings which comprise the huge reservoirs of its public wealth. A few great millionaires do not permanently make markets. All they can do is to manipulate them for a time. It is the average man with his savings, hoard, or other money who helps to make up the financial bone and sinew of a people. The foreign banker long ago learned what the American investment banker is just beginning to learn, that one of the surest ways to build up his business legitimately is to get hold of the savers.

Let us first take the case of the French, who are the most systematic savers of Europe. The percentage of people owning securities of some kind is greater in France than in any other country. The humblest workman or artisan that you meet in the city street, or the most obscure peasant in the provinces, owns at least one Government *rente* or a mortgage bond. Children are taught to save with their first centime.

## A Nation of Depositors

French savings-banks were organized with the idea of aiding thrift in every way. They accept deposits as small as one franc (twenty cents).

The results achieved by French savings-banks have been extraordinary. In ten years the deposits increased four hundred and sixty per cent. Despite the fact that its resources are much less than ours the investment power of France is greater than that of the United States. The people not only save steadily, but also put their money out to work as soon as they have enough to buy a small bond.

A comparison between French and American savings-bank statistics is interesting. In the United States there are approximately 8,588,000 depositors in the savings-banks. Their total deposits are \$3,690,000,000. France, on the other hand, has 12,500,000 savings-bank depositors. Their deposits only amount to \$954,000,000, however. The striking fact is that France, where the average wage is lower than the United States, has a great many more savings-bank depositors.

The great bulk of French savings is invested in home securities. The Frenchman wants a bond that is guaranteed or supervised by his own Government. Some idea of the scope of French investment may be gained from the statement that the par value of French securities at the end of 1907 was \$12,000,000,000. Ninety per cent. of all French securities are listed on the Paris Bourse.

The average French investor suffers less loss, perhaps, than any other investor. Why is this? He is not better qualified to judge of the merits of an investment. On the contrary, many French investors are peasants and workmen, and lack the educational opportunities afforded Americans. The reason is simply that there is a close and confidential relation between the

bankers and the people. The investments of the great mass of the French are controlled by the Paris bankers and their local agents scattered throughout the Republic. These banks take the responsibility of putting their small customers into a great many investments. While they do not guarantee the investment, they do all in their power to safeguard it. The result is that when the French banker says to his client, "You buy this," the man usually buys without hesitation. A well-developed relation of this kind in the United States would go a long way toward encouraging safe investment and eliminating the unscrupulous financial promoter, who often masquerades under the title of "banker."

The French investor buys, in the main, two kinds of securities: *rentes*, which are the Government bonds, and the mortgage bonds of the *Crédit Foncier*. The word *rente* means income. These bonds may be bought in denominations as low as one hundred francs (\$20). The usual interest-rate is three per cent.

## French Lottery Bonds

The *Crédit Foncier* is a huge mortgage bank and is the largest mortgage company in the world. Its outstanding bonds today amount to three billions of francs. It enjoys many special privileges from the French Government, and is a sort of national institution. The company is a vast lender of money on real-estate mortgages. These mortgages are pooled and bonds are issued against them.

Two-thirds of the company's loans are on city property and the rest on rural land. The plan of issuing bonds against consolidated real-estate mortgages is being taken up in the United States by mortgage and title companies who use mortgages on city property.

The bonds of the *Crédit Foncier* run for seventy-five years and thus afford a lifetime investment for the holder. They may be had in denominations of one hundred francs and upward. The usual interest-rate is three per cent. In France they are regarded as safe as Government bonds and, in many quarters, they are preferred to *rentes*, for the reason that they do not fluctuate in value. A war scare will send *rentes* down. During the Franco-Prussian War there was little change in the price of the *Crédit Foncier* securities. One reason is that the security behind them is land, which usually retains its value.

A picturesque feature of the *Crédit Foncier* is the annual lottery. Every bondholder is entitled to a chance at a grand prize of one hundred thousand francs. An American artist who wanted to spend a year in France was advised by his French banker to buy *Crédit Foncier* bonds. He did so and got a chance in the lottery. His ticket won first prize. Thus he got twenty thousand dollars as a by-product of a safe investment.

The issue of real-estate mortgage bonds both in France and Germany is rigidly safeguarded by laws which prevent over-issues, restrict the amount to be loaned, and in many cases specify the kind of property acceptable. The *Crédit Foncier*, for example, will not lend money on theatres, mills, factories, mines or quarries. These mortgage companies, by the way, have rendered a great service to the borrower, because, by reason of their vast resources, they can lend money at lower rates than the ordinary lender. Before the *Crédit Foncier* was started the French peasant had to pay from seven to twelve per cent. for money; now he gets it for from three and one-half to five per cent. from the company.

The mortgage bonds of the *Crédit Foncier* are quoted and dealt in on all the principal bourses of Europe. Thus they add marketability to their security. The greatest markets for them are Paris and Berlin, with Hamburg and Amsterdam next.

The *Crédit Foncier* also pools municipal bonds and issues its own bonds against them. If a small town in Brittany wants a

school, instead of hawking its securities and being compelled to pay high interest, it sells its bonds to the *Crédit Foncier*. The company adds one-half of one per cent. to the interest as its profit.

Germany follows closely after France in the safeguarding and the employment of her savings. In the main, the people's money is invested in three ways: in savings-banks, in real-estate mortgage bonds, and in Government and municipal bonds. Over each of these the Imperial Government has some sort of guardianship.

As in France, the savings-banks have developed at a remarkable rate. Germany has more different kinds of savings institutions than France and this accounts for the fact that to-day there are nineteen million savings pass-books in the empire. They represent savings aggregating thirteen billion five hundred million marks, or about three billion two hundred and thirteen million dollars.

A feature of German savings-banks is that they are guaranteed by the municipalities. This guarantee is a sort of bulwark against the depressions of panic, hard times or war. These banks pay from three and one-half to four per cent. interest. In all the history of German municipal savings-banks there has only been one failure, and that was when the officers looted the institution. The city authorities promptly levied a special tax on all the citizens and paid the depositors. In all these banks there is a provision stating that, after a reserve fund of ten per cent. of the deposits has been created, the remainder of the profits are used to beautify the city parks and streets.

Both Government and municipal bonds in Germany may be obtained in denominations as low as one hundred marks (twenty-five dollars) and are widely held by the great mass of the people. The average interest-rate is from three to three and one-half per cent. In Germany, as in France, there are great land-mortgage companies which issue bonds against mortgages. The German equivalent of the *Crédit Foncier* is the Prussian Central Boden Credit Company. The amount of its mortgage bonds outstanding is about eight billions of marks.

## Where English Savings Go

Although England's investing power has declined since the Boer War, which sapped her financial strength, there is considerable employment of money among the great mass of the people. Great Britain offers a strong incentive to savings in her postal savings-banks. These banks pay two and one-half per cent. interest. When the limit of a deposit, two hundred pounds (one thousand dollars), is reached, the bank is authorized by law to buy British consols for the depositor. The bank also collects the interest on these bonds.

English savings are also largely directed to the purchase of annuities, which may be immediate or deferred.

Many English clerks and shopkeepers invest their savings in consols, which pay two and one-half per cent. They may be had in denominations of twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) and upward. The wealthier Briton goes in for ground rents and American securities, mostly the stocks and bonds of our great railroads. Many English companies lend money on land located in other countries and then sell the mortgages at home. Thus you will find Englishmen owning mortgages on land in Texas or plantations in Cuba.

Holland is one of the thriftiest of the European countries and her people are constant investors. A favorite investment is the annuity. Holland is also a heavy buyer of American securities, and many French and Swiss investments are held in Holland on account of the security tax in the first-named country.

In practically all the rest of the European countries the people are extensive buyers of real-estate mortgage bonds of the *Crédit Foncier* type. Employment of money in savings-banks is very much encouraged. In Norway and Sweden the bulk of the people's savings remains in the savings-banks, which pay four per cent. interest.

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## PLAYWRITERS AND PROFITS

(Concluded from Page 13)

the manager's tendency to provide good casts, his power, influence—or lease—that enables him to secure a theatre in New York, and his thoroughbred or quitting qualities. If it is a play in which he thinks one factor or another may militate against its success, he will want a manager who will fight, and so it goes, with the big author thinking of all the little things the public never realizes. And he weighs and considers all these things not because of vanity or the "I must have this just so" attitude, but because he knows all these factors, small and great, affect receipts, and receipts, or his share of them, are what he writes for. Dilettantes and amateurs don't make good playwrights.

And under all these circumstances what does the successful author really earn? Clyde Fitch has written and adapted, in all, fifty plays, but, eliminating some one-act plays and earlier collaborative adaptations, there remain to his credit, at the age of forty-three, some forty-five plays. No one really knows—probably not even he—just what these have earned, but it is erring on the conservative side to say at least seven hundred thousand dollars. Whew! No wonder every one writes plays. But when you stop to consider that few receive his terms, that no living author at his age has equaled his quantity of output, and that this huge sum divided by forty-five brings the average of each play to a little over fifteen thousand dollars, you are not so much astounded. Fitch some seasons has made one hundred thousand dollars, some ten thousand dollars, and some weeks five thousand dollars. Probably fifty thousand dollars is the largest he has ever made from one play.

Augustus Thomas is a wealthy man from his plays, and will be much wealthier through his latest play, *The Witching Hour*. Not only does he receive handsome royalties from it, but before it was produced he took a fifty per cent. interest in the managerial end of the game, standing half the losses and half the profits. There have been no losses. Probably he has made already fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars from the play, and it is a safe bet that he could sell his half-interest to-day for one hundred thousand dollars; and it is an equally sure gamble that he wouldn't. A quarter of a million ought to represent Mr. Thomas' compensation for *The Witching Hour*, and a quarter of a thousand dollars is not much less than he received from his preceding play, *The Ranger*, produced only a few weeks before *The Witching Hour*. And it is to be remembered that few authors do, or would, risk taking a fifty per cent. interest in the production of their plays. In Thomas' case it was a good, self-confident speculation, and it won.

### The Takings of the Big Fellows

A young man, and the newest London playwright—who is probably earning more money at the present moment than any other living playwright—is W. Somerset Maugham, whose three plays, *Lady Frederic*, *Jack Straw* and *Mrs. Dot*, with three well-known stars, are, after a whole season, still huge successes in London, and the first two are being played in this country by Ethel Barrymore and John Drew. If Mr. Maugham's weekly royalties do not, with the second companies on tour in the English provinces, amount to thirty-five hundred dollars weekly, he is being underpaid—only he isn't! And Mrs. Dot and *The Explorer* have yet to be produced in America.

Another young playwright, Eugene Walter, is upholding native standards, however, fairly well. While only two of his plays are running, *Paid in Full* and *The Wolf*, there are five companies of the former and four of the latter, and when Mr. Walter doesn't receive two thousand dollars in his weekly envelope he may be astonished. On the other hand, when he remembers that a year ago fifty dollars a week was delighting him, he can hardly be disappointed.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has made a fortune out of *The Little Minister* and *Peter Pan*. For the latter play, with Miss Maude Adams, he has received as much as three thousand dollars for one weekly royalty. And Miss Adams has just produced on tour his latest play, *What Every Woman Knows*,

and those who have seen it predict quite as much success for it as for *Peter Pan*. So Mr. Barrie needn't worry about his immediate finances.

Bernard Shaw, like Barrie, has found more profit outside of his own country than in it. *Man and Superman* earned fifty thousand dollars for him, and *Candida*, *Arms and the Man*, and *You Never Can Tell* probably as much more. Pinero made thirty thousand dollars out of one season's tour of *His House in Order*. George Ade made so much more out of plays than from books that he acquired indigestion. Between two and three hundred thousand dollars is conservative for a statement of his dramatic earnings. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, the authors of *The Man From Home*, divided thirty-five thousand dollars between them on last season's run of this piece in Chicago, and this year will bring them as much more. Henry Arthur Jones last year, out of his old plays, with no new successes, made twenty thousand dollars.

Henri Bernstein, the author of *The Thief*, added to the gaiety of Paris with his season's income of thirty thousand dollars, and four companies play this drama this season, as against one last year.

As a general proposition, managers, who always begrudge the author his profits when he receives such sums as mentioned, are making twenty per cent. to forty per cent. more than the author. Yet not every one is striving to be a manager; for, after all, that does take capital. It is, perhaps, but fair that the manager takes the larger share of the profits in a success, for his is the greater risk. And not so very many authors are such successes.

### The Twenty and the Twenty Thousand

The foregoing are the high lights. And then there are so many lesser lights. The dramatist with his first production who receives nine thousand dollars during the first season, with five or six thousand more divided up among the next two or three years, has a real success. Probably the average total income from plays which don't immediately close would be ten thousand dollars. That is big wages for an incompetent, but, fortunately, that type doesn't write successes, and there are no trifling profits in playwriting. If a play only plays to between two and three thousand weekly, at the average starting royalty of five per cent., it is true that means from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars weekly to the author; but the two and three thousand dollar plays don't run. They are stopped by the manager as quickly as possible. The smallest sort of a play with a small cast, and a scenic production that can be carried in a trunk, with a small manager who doesn't ask for much, must play to four thousand or five thousand dollars to justify itself. And an ordinary dramatic success is a disappointment if it doesn't average six thousand or seven thousand dollars. Eight thousand is a real success, and with average receipts beyond that the goose hangs high. Ten thousand dollars weekly for a season is—well, it's the limit of managerial aspiration for a play. Sometimes stars do twelve thousand or even seventeen thousand dollars, but next week they do only five thousand dollars, so you see —

There are not over twenty men in the United States, notwithstanding all the competition and the big profits awarded to success, who average ten thousand dollars a year in playwriting, year in and year out. Thomas, Fitch, Ade, Walter—there are four, and you will have to do considerable original research to discover the other sixteen!

And, after all, how many, many lawyers, brokers, physicians, engineers, ministers, architects there are who earn vastly in excess of ten thousand dollars a year: yet in other professions there is not this vast horde of aspirants—there are at least twenty thousand writers of plays in America, who without ability or even intelligence strive to enter a profession of which they know nothing save the profits of the few. But occasionally, from out the throng at the managerial gates, comes a Walter, a Maugham, a real playwright, and he acts as the stimulus, the lure, that urges on the mob to write and write and write! Poor, foolish, unpaid mob!

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## SYBILLA

(Concluded from Page 7)

situation too hopeless to admit of discussion."

"What situation?"

"Ours."

"I can't see any situation—except your being glued—I beg your pardon!—but I must speak truthfully."

"So must I. Our case is too desperate for anything but plain and terrible truths. And the truths are these: I touched the forbidden machine and got a spark; your name is George; I'm glued here, unable to escape; you are not rude enough to go when I ask you not to. . . . And now—here—in this room, you and I must face these facts and make up our minds. . . . For I simply must know what I am to expect; I can't endure—I couldn't live with this hanging over me—"

"What hanging over you?"

He sprang to his feet, waving his dinner-pail around in frantic circles:

"What is it, in Heaven's name, that is hanging over you?"

"Over you, too!"

"Over me?"

"Certainly. Over us both. We are headed straight for m-m-marriage."

"T-to each other?"

"Of course," she said faintly. "Do you think I'd care whom you are going to marry if it wasn't I? Do you think I'd discuss my own marital intentions with you if you did not happen to be vitally concerned?"

"Do you expect to—to—marry—me?"

he gasped.

"I—I don't want to: but I've got to."

He stood petrified for an instant, then with a wild look began to gather up his tools.

She watched him with the sickening certainty that if he got away she could never survive the years of suspense until his inevitable return. A mad longing to get the worst over seized her. She knew the worst, knew what Fate held for her. And she desired to get it over—have the worst happen—and be left to live out the shattered remains of her life in solitude and peace.

"If—if we've got to marry," she began unsteadily, "why not g-get it over quickly—and then I don't mind if you go away."

She was quite mad: that was certain. He hastily flung some brushes into his toolkit, then straightened up and gazed at her with deep compassion.

"Would you mind," she asked timidly, "getting somebody to come in and marry us, and then the worst will be over, you see, and we need never, never see each other again."

He muttered something soothing and began tying up some rolls of wall-paper.

"Won't you do what I ask?" she said pitifully. "I—I am almost afraid that—if you go away without marrying me I could not live and endure the—the certainty of your return."

He raised his head and surveyed her with deepest pity. Mad—quite mad! And so young—so exquisite . . . so perfectly charming in body! And the mind darkened forever. . . . How terrible! How strange, too; for in the pure-lidded eyes he seemed to see the soft light of reason not entirely quenched.

Their eyes encountered, lingered; and the beauty of her gaze seemed to stir him to the very wellspring of compassion.

"Would it make you any happier to believe—to know," he added hastily, "that you and I were married?"

"Y-yes, I think so."

"Would you be quite happy to believe it?"

"Yes—if you call that happiness."

"And you would not be unhappy if I never returned?"

"Oh, no, no! I—that would make me—comparatively—happy!"

"To be married to me, and to know you would never again see me?"

"Yes. Will you?"

"Yes," he said soothingly. And yet a curious little throb of pain flickered in his heart for a moment, that, mad as she undoubtedly was, she should be so happy to be rid of him forever.

He came slowly across the room to the table on which she was sitting. She drew back instinctively, but an ominous ripping held her.

"Are you going for a license and a—a clergyman?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he said gently, "that is not necessary. All we have to do is to take each other's hands—so—"

She shrank back.

"You will have to let me take your hand," he explained.

She hesitated, looked at him fearfully, then, crimson, laid her slim fingers in his.

The contact sent a quiver straight through him; he squared his shoulders and looked at her. . . . Very, very far away it seemed as though he heard his heart awaking heavily.

What an uncanny situation! Strange—strange—his standing here to humor the mad whim of this stricken maid—this wonderfully sweet young stranger, looking out of eyes so lovely that he almost believed the dead intelligence behind them was quickening into life again.

"What must we do to be married?" she whispered.

"Say so; that is all," he answered gently. "Do you take me for your husband?"

"Yes. . . . Do you t-take me for your—wife?"

"Yes, dear—"

"Don't say that! . . . Is it—over?"

"All over," he said, forcing a gaiety that rang hollow in the pathos of the mockery and farce. . . . But he smiled to be kind to her; and, to make the poor, clouded mind a little happier still, he took her hand again and said very gently:

"Will it surprise you to know that you are now a princess?"

"A—what?" she asked sharply.

"A princess." He smiled benignly on her, and, still beaming, struck a not ungraceful attitude.

"I," he said, "am the Crown Prince of Runtifoo."

She stared at him without a word; gradually he lost countenance; a vague misgiving stirred within him that he had rather overdone the thing.

"Of course," he began cheerfully, "I am an exile in disguise—er—disinherited and all that, you know."

She continued to stare at him.

"Matters of state—er—revolution—and that sort of thing," he mumbled, eying her; "but I thought it might gratify you to know that I am Prince George of Runtifoo—"

"What!"

The silence was deadly.

"Do you know," she said deliberately, "that I believe you think I am mentally weak. Do you?"

"I—you—" he began to stutter fearfully.

"Do you?"

"W-well, either you or I—"

"Nonsense! I thought that marriage ceremony was a miserably inadequate affair! . . . And I am hurt—grieved—amazed that you should do such a—a cowardly—"

"What!" he exclaimed, stung to the quick.

"Yes, it is cowardly to deceive a woman."

"I meant it kindly—supposing—"

"That I am mentally unsound? Why do you suppose that?"

"Because—Good Heavens—because in this century, and in this city, people who never before saw one another don't begin to talk of marrying—"

"I explained to you"—she was half crying now, and her voice broke deliciously—

"I told you what I'd done, didn't I?"

"You said you had got a spark," he admitted, utterly bewildered by her tears. "Don't cry—please don't. Something is all wrong here—there is some terrible misunderstanding. If you will only explain it to me—"

She dried her eyes mechanically: "Come here," she said. "I don't believe I did explain it clearly."

And, very carefully, very minutely, she began to tell him about the psychic waves, and the instrument, and the new company formed to exploit it on a commercial basis.

She told him what had happened that morning to her; how her disobedience had cost her so much misery. She informed him about her father, and that florid and rotund gentleman's choleric character.

"If you are here when I tell him I'm married," she said, "he will probably frighten you to death; and that's one of the reasons why I wish to get it over and get

you safely away before he returns. As for me, now that I know the worst, I want to get the worst over and—live out my life quietly somewhere. . . . So now you see why I am in such a hurry, don't you?"

He nodded as though stunned, leaning there on the table, hands folded, head bent.

"I am so very sorry—for you," she said. "I know how you must feel about it. But if we are obliged to marry some time had we not better get it over and then—never—see—one another—"

He lifted his head, then stood upright.

Her soft lips were mute, but the question still remained in her eyes.

So, for a long while, they looked at each other; and the color under his cheekbones deepened, and the pink in her cheeks slowly became pinker.

"Suppose," he said, under his breath, "that I—wish—to return—to you?"

"I do not wish it—"

"Try."

"Try to—to wish for—"

"For my return. Try to wish that you also desire it. Will you?"

"If you are going to—to talk that way—"

"Yes, I am."

"Then—then—"

"Is there any reason why I should not, if we are engaged?" he asked. "We are—engaged, are we not?"

"Engaged?"

"Yes. Are we?"

"I—yes—if you call it—"

"I do. . . . And we are to be—married?" He could scarcely now speak the word which but a few moments since he pronounced so easily; for a totally new significance attached itself to every word he uttered.

"Are we?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Then—if I—if I find that I—"

"Don't say it," she whispered. She had turned quite white.

"Will you listen—"

"No. It—it isn't true—it cannot be."

"It is coming truer every moment. . . . It is very, very true—even now. . . . It is almost true."

And now it has come true. Sybilla!"

White, dismayed, she gazed at him, her hands instinctively closing her ears. But she dropped them as he stepped forward.

"I love you, Sybilla. I wish to marry you. . . . Will you try to care for me—a little—"

"I couldn't—I can't even try—"

"Dear—"

He had her hands now; she twisted them free; he caught them again. Over their interlocked hands she bowed her head, breathless, cheeks aflame, seeking to cover her eyes.

"Will you love me, Sybilla?"

She struggled silently, desperately.

"Will you?"

"No. . . . Let me go—"

"Don't cry—please, dear—"

His head, bowed beside hers over their clasped hands, was more than she could endure; but her upflung face, seeking escape, encountered his. There was a deep, indrawn breath, a sob, and she lay, crying her heart out, in his arms.

"Darling!"

"W-what?" It is curious how quickly one recognizes unfamiliar forms of address.

"You won't cry any more, will you?"

he whispered.

"N-n-o," sighed Sybilla.

"Because we do love each other, don't we?"

"Y-yes, George."

Then, radiant, yet sweetly shamed, confident, yet fearful, she lifted her adorable head from his shoulder.

"George," she said, "I am beginning to think that I'd like to get off of this table."

"You poor darling!"

"And," she continued, "if you will go home and change your overalls for something more conventional, you shall come and dine with us this evening, and I will be waiting for you in the drawing-room."

. . . . And, George, although some of your troubles are now over—"

"All of them, dearest!" he cried with enthusiasm.

"No," she said tenderly, "you are yet to meet Pa-pah."

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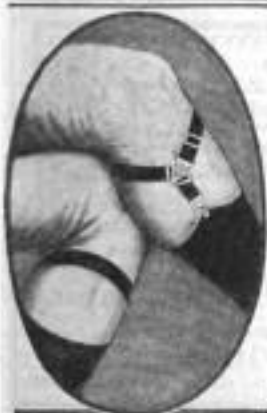
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# THE KING OF DIAMONDS

(Continued from Page 5)

appearance—a fair type of the brisk, courteous young business man of New York. He wore a tweed suit, and in his left hand carried a small sole-leather grip. For an instant he stood, framed by the doorway, meeting the sharp scrutiny of the assembled jewelers with a frank smile. For a little time no one spoke—merely gazed—and finally:

"Mr. Latham?" queried Mr. Wynne.

Mr. Latham came to his feet with a sudden realization of his responsibilities as a temporary host, and introductions followed. Mr. Wynne passed along one side of the table, shaking hands with each man in turn until he came to Mr. Czenki. Mr. Latham introduced them.

"Mr. Czenki," repeated Mr. Wynne, and he allowed his eyes to rest frankly upon the expert for a moment. "Your name has been repeated to me so often that I almost feel as if I knew you."

Mr. Czenki bowed without speaking.

"I am assuming that this is the Mr. Czenki who was associated with Mr. Barnato and Mr. Zeidt?" the young man went on.

"That is correct, yes," replied the expert.

"And I believe, too, that you once did some special work for Professor Henri Moissan in Paris?"

Mr. Czenki's black eyes seemed to be searching the other's face for an instant, and then he nodded affirmatively.

"I made some tests for him, yes," he volunteered.

Mr. Wynne passed on along the other side of the long table, and stopped at the end. Mr. Latham was to his right, Mr. Schultz to his left, and Mr. Czenki sat at the far end, facing him. The small sole-leather grip was on the floor at Mr. Wynne's feet. For a moment he permitted himself to enjoy the varying expressions of interest on the faces along the table.

"Gentlemen," he began, then, "you all, probably, have seen my letter to Mr. Latham, or at least you are aware of its contents, so you understand that the diamonds which were mailed to you are your property. I am not an eleemosynary institution for the relief of diamond merchants," and he smiled a little, "for the gifts are preliminary to a plain business proposition—a method of concentrating your attention, and, in themselves, part payment, if I may say it, for any worry or inconvenience which followed upon their appearance. There are only five of them in the world, they are precisely alike, and they are yours. I beg of you to accept them with my compliments."

Mr. Schultz tilted his chair back a little, the better to study the young man's countenance.

"I am going to make some remarkable statements now," the young man continued, "but each of those statements is capable of demonstration here and now. Don't hesitate to interrupt if there is a question in your mind, because everything I shall say is vital to each of you as bearing on the utter destruction of the world's traffic in diamonds. It is coming, gentlemen, it is coming, just as inevitably as that night follows day, unless you stop it. You can stop it by concerted action, in a manner which I will explain later."

He paused and glanced along the table. Only the face of Mr. Czenki was impassive.

"Since the opening of the fields in South Africa," Mr. Wynne resumed quietly, "something like five hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds has been found there; and we'll say arbitrarily that all the other diamond fields of the world, including Brazil and Australia, have produced another five hundred million dollars' worth—in other words, since about 1868 a billion dollars' worth of diamonds has been placed upon the market. Gentlemen, that represents millions and millions of carats—forty, fifty, sixty million carats in the rough, say. Please bear those figures in mind a moment."

"Now, suddenly, and as yet secretly, the diamond output of the world has been increased fiftyfold—that is, gentlemen, within the year I can place another billion dollars' worth of diamonds, at the prices that hold now, in the open market; and within still another year I can place still another billion in the market; and on and on indefinitely. To put it differently, I have found the unlimited supply."

"Mein Gott, vere iss id?" demanded the German breathlessly.

Heedless of the question Mr. Wynne leaned forward on the table, and gazed with half-closed eyes into the faces before him. Incredulity was the predominant expression, and coupled with that was amazement. Mr. Harris, with yet another emotion on his face, pushed back his chair as if to rise; a slight wrinkle in his brow was all the evidence of interest displayed by Mr. Czenki.

"I am not crazy, gentlemen," Mr. Wynne went on after a moment, and the perfectly normal voice seemed to reassure Mr. Harris, for he sat still. "The diamonds are now in existence, untold millions of dollars' worth of them—but there is the tedious work of cutting. They're in existence, packed away as you pack potatoes—I thrust my two hands into a bag and bring them out full of stones as perfect as the ones I sent you."

He straightened up again and the deep earnestness of his face relaxed a little.

"I believe you said, Mr. Wynne, that you could prove any assertion you might make, here and now?" suggested Mr. Latham coldly. "It occurs to me that such extraordinary statements as these demand immediate proof."

Mr. Wynne turned and smiled at him.

"You are quite right," he agreed; and then, to all of them: "It's hardly necessary to dwell upon the value of colored diamonds—the rarest and most precious of all—the perfect rose-color, the perfect blue and the perfect green." He drew a small, glazed white box from his pocket, and opened it. "Please be good enough to look at this, Mr. Czenki."

He spun a rosily glittering object, some three-quarters of an inch in diameter, along the table toward Mr. Czenki. It flamed and flashed as it rolled, with that deep, iridescent blaze which left no doubt of what it was. Every man at the table arose and crowded about Mr. Czenki, who held a flame-like sphere in his outstretched palm for their inspection. There was a tense, breathless instant.

"It's a diamond!" remarked Mr. Czenki, as if he himself had doubted it. "A deep rose-color, cut as a perfect sphere."

"It's worth half a million dollars if it's worth a cent!" exclaimed Mr. Solomon almost fiercely.

"And this, please."

Mr. Wynne, from the other end of the table, spun another glittering sphere toward them—this as brilliantly, softly green as the verdure of early spring, prismatic, gleaming, radiant. Mr. Czenki's beady eyes snapped as he caught it and held it out for the others to see, and some strange emotion within caused him to close his teeth savagely.

"And this!" said Mr. Wynne again.

And a third sphere rolled along the table. This was blue—elusive blue as a moonlit sky. Its rounded sides caught the light from the windows and sparkled it back.

And now the three jewels lay side by side in Mr. Czenki's open hand, the while the five greatest diamond merchants of the United States glugged their eyes upon them. Mr. Latham's face went deathly white from sheer excitement, the German's violently red from the same emotion, and the others—there was amazement, admiration, awe in them. Mr. Czenki's countenance was again impassive.

"If you will all be seated again, please?" requested Mr. Wynne, who still stood, cool and self-certain, at the end of the table.

The sound of his voice brought a returning calm to the others, and they resumed their seats—all save Mr. Cawthorne, who walked over to a window with the three spheres in his hand and stood there examining them under his glass.

"You gentlemen know, of course, the natural shape of the diamond in the rough?" Mr. Wynne resumed questioningly. "Here are a dozen specimens which may interest you—the octahedron, the rhombic dodecahedron, the triakisoctahedron and the hexakisoctahedron." He spread them along the table with a sweeping gesture of his hand, colorless, inert pebbles, ranging in size from a pea to a peanut. "And now, you ask, where do they come from?"

The others nodded unanimously.

"I'll have to state a fact that you all know, as part answer to that question,"

replied Mr. Wynne. "A perfect diamond is a perfect diamond, no matter where it comes from—Africa, Brazil, India or New Jersey. There is not the slightest variation in value if the stone is perfect. That being true, it is a matter of no concern to you, as dealers, where these come from—sufficient it is that they are here, and, being here, they bring home to you the necessity of concerted action to uphold the diamond as a thing of value."

"You said der world's oudpud had been increased fiftyfold?" suggested Mr. Schultz. "Do ve understand you prove him by dese?"

The young man smiled slightly and drew a leather packet from an inner pocket. He stripped it of several rubber bands, and then turned to Mr. Czenki again.

"Mr. Czenki," he queried, "I have been informed that a few years ago you had an opportunity of closely examining the Kohinoor. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"I believe the Kohinoor was temporarily removed from its setting, and that you were one of three experts to whom was intrusted the task of selecting four stones of the identical coloring to be set alongside it?"

"That is correct," Mr. Czenki agreed.

"You held the Kohinoor in your hand, and you would be able to identify it?"

"I would be able to identify it," said Mr. Cawthorne positively.

He had turned at the window quickly; it was the first time he had spoken. Mr. Wynne walked around the table to Mr. Czenki, and Mr. Cawthorne approached them.

"Suppose, then, you gentlemen examine this together," suggested Mr. Wynne.

He lifted a great, glittering jewel from the leather packet and held it aloft that all might see. Then he carefully placed it on the table in front of the experts; the others came to their feet and stood gazing as if fascinated.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Cawthorne.

For a minute or more the two experts studied the huge diamond—one hundred and six carats and a fraction—beneath their glasses, and finally Mr. Cawthorne picked it up and led the way toward the window. Mr. Czenki and the German followed him.

"Gentlemen," and Mr. Cawthorne now turned sharply to face the others, "this is the Kohinoor! Mr. Czenki didn't mention it, but I was one of the three experts who had opportunity to examine the Kohinoor. This is the Kohinoor!"

Startled, questioning eyes were turned upon Mr. Wynne; he was smiling. There was a question in his face as he regarded Mr. Czenki.

"It is either the Kohinoor or an exact duplicate," said Mr. Czenki.

"It is the Kohinoor," repeated Mr. Cawthorne doggedly.

"Id seems to me," interposed Mr. Schultz, "dat if der Kohinoor vas missing somebody would haf heard, ain'd id? I haf nod heard. Mr. Czenki made a mistake der oder day—maybe you make id to-day?"

"You have made a mistake, I assure you, Mr. Cawthorne," remarked Mr. Wynne quietly. "You identify that as the Kohinoor, of course, by a slight inaccuracy in one of the facets adjoining the collet. That inaccuracy is known to every diamond expert—the mistake you make is a compliment to that as a replica."

He resumed his position at the end of the table, and Mr. Schultz sat beside him. Amazement was a thing of the past, so far as he was concerned. Mr. Czenki dropped into his chair again.

"And now, Mr. Czenki, speaking as an expert, what would you say was the most perfect diamond in the world?" asked Mr. Wynne.

"The five blue-white stones you mailed to these gentlemen," replied the expert without hesitation.

"Perhaps I should have specified the most perfect diamond known to the world at large?" Mr. Wynne added smilingly.

"The Regent."

Again Mr. Cawthorne looked around, with bewilderment in his eyes. The other gentlemen nodded their approval of Mr. Czenki's opinion.

"The Regent, yes," Mr. Wynne agreed; "one hundred and thirty-six and three-quarter carats, cut as a brilliant, worn by

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Napoleon in his sword hilt, now in the Louvre at Paris, the property of the French Government—valued at two and a half million dollars." His hand disappeared into the leather packet again; poised on his finger-tips, when he withdrew them, was another huge jewel. He dropped it into Mr. Schultze's hand. "There is further proof that the diamond output has increased fiftyfold."

Mr. Schultze seemed dazed as he turned and twisted the diamond in his hand. After a moment he passed it on down the table without a word.

"A duplicate also," and Mr. Wynne glanced at Mr. Cawthorne. "It is reasonably certain that you would have heard of that if it had disappeared from the Louvre." He turned to Mr. Schultze again. "I may add that this fiftyfold increase in output is not confined to small stones," he went on tauntingly. "They are of all sizes and values. For instance?"

He lifted still another jewel from the packet and held it aloft for an instant.

"The Orloff!" gasped Mr. Solomon.

"No," the young man corrected; "this, too, is a duplicate. The original is in the Russian sceptre. This is a replica—color, weight and cutting being identical—one hundred and ninety-three carats, nearly as large as a pigeon's egg."

Again Mr. Wynne glanced along the table. Suddenly the frank amazement had vanished from the faces of these men, and he found only the tense interest of an audience watching a clever juggler. For a time Mr. Schultze studied the Orloff duplicate, then passed it along to the experts.

"Der great Cullinan diamond weighs only two or three pounds," he questioned in a tone of deep resignation. "Maybe you haf him in der backage, already?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Wynne, "but I may get that on my next trip out. Who knows?"

There was a long, tense silence. Mechanically Mr. Czenki placed the three spheres and the replicas in an orderly little row on the table in front of him and the uncut stones beside them—six, seven, eight million dollars' worth of diamonds.

"Gentlemen, are you convinced?" demanded Mr. Wynne suddenly. "Is there one lingering doubt in any mind here as to the tremendous find which makes the production of all those possible?"

"Id iss der miracle, Mr. Wynne," admitted the German gravely, after a little pause. "Dere iss something before us as nefer vas in der world. I am convinced!"

"Up to this moment, gentlemen, the De Beers Syndicate has controlled the diamond market," Mr. Wynne announced, "but now, from this moment, I control it. I hold it there, in the palm of my hand, with the unlimited supply back of me. I am offering you an opportunity to prevent the annihilation of the market. It rests with you. If I turn loose a billion dollars' worth of diamonds within the year you are ruined—all of you. You know that—it's hardly necessary to tell you. And, gentlemen, I don't care to do it."

"What is your proposition?" queried Mr. Latham quietly. His face was ghastly white; haggard lines, limned by amazement and realization, were marked clearly on it. "What is your proposition?" he repeated.

"Wait a minute," interposed Mr. Solomon protestingly, and he turned to the young man. "The Syndicate controls the market by force of a reserve stock of ten or fifteen million dollars. Do we understand that you have more than these ready for market now?"

Mr. Wynne stooped and lifted the small sole-leather grip which had been unheeded on the floor. He unfastened the catch and turned the bag upside down upon the table. When he raised it again the assembled jewelers gazed upon a spectacle unknown and undreamed of in the history of the world—a great, glittering heap of diamonds, flashing, colorful, prismatic, radiant, bedazzling. They rattled like pebbles upon the mahogany table as they slipped and slid one against another, and then, at rest, resolved themselves into a steady, multi-colored blaze which was almost blinding.

"Now, gentlemen, on the table before you there are about thirty million dollars' worth of diamonds," Mr. Wynne announced calmly. "They are all perfect, every one of them; and they're mine. I know where they come from; you can't find out. It's none of your business. Are you satisfied now?"

Mr. Latham looked, looked until his eyes seemed bursting from his head, and then, with an inarticulate little cry, fell forward on the table with his face on his arms. The German importer came to his feet with one vast Teutonic oath, then sat down again; Mr. Solomon plunged his hand into the blazing heap and laughed senselessly. The others were silent, stunned, overcome. Mr. Wynne walked around the table and replaced the spheres and replicas in his pocket, after which he resumed his former position.

"I have stated my case, gentlemen," he continued quietly, very quietly. "Now for my proposition. Briefly it is this: For a consideration I will destroy the unlimited supply, I will bind myself to secrecy, as you must; I will guarantee that no stone from the same source is ever offered in the market or privately, when you gentlemen," and his manner was emphatically deliberate, "purchase from me at one-half the carat price you now pay one hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds!"

He paused. There was not a sound.

"You may put them on the market as you may agree, slowly, thus preventing any material fluctuation in value," he went on. "How to hold this tremendous reserve secretly and still permit the operation of the other diamond mines of the world is the great problem you will have to face."

He leaned over, picked up a handful from the heap and replaced them in the leather bag. The others he swept off into it, then snapped the lock.

"I will give you one week to decide what you will do," he said in conclusion. "If you accept the proposition then six weeks from next Thursday at three o'clock I shall expect a cash payment of ten million dollars for a portion of the stones now cut and ready; within a year all the diamonds will have been delivered and the transaction must be closed." He hesitated an instant. "I'm sorry, gentlemen, if the terms seem hard, but I think, after consideration, you will agree that I have done you a favor by coming to you instead of going into the market and destroying it. I will call next Thursday at three for your answer. That is all. Good day!"

The door opened and closed behind him. A minute, two minutes, three minutes passed and no one spoke. At last the German came to his feet slowly with a sigh.

"Anyhow, gentlemen," he remarked, "dat young man has a hell of a lod of diamonds, ain't id?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Circulation in China

TWO rival native weekly newspapers were carrying on a hot and bitter contest to secure the advertising of a French "hong." The one journal claimed a circulation of four hundred thousand, and the other, not intending to let a little thing like circulation stand in the way, went his competitor one or two better by claiming six hundred thousand. "Voilà, monsieur le comprador," exclaimed the Frenchman, after puzzling his wits over the returns, "one of these two editors is a liar. It is impossible that there should be a difference of two hundred thousand between the two sheets."

The comprador bowed, disappeared, and returned the next day to report to his French "tipan." "May it please you, neither man is a liar. Both speak the truth. The one has, as he claims, a circulation of four hundred thousand, the other a circulation of six hundred thousand, and yet both, speaking exactly, have only a circulation of four hundred thousand each."

"Explain yourself," commanded the Frenchman.

"Thus comes about the discrepancy," went on the comprador with impassive countenance. "He who estimates his circulation at six hundred thousand, prints only four hundred thousand copies, but for six days after the morning his paper is issued he sends out a number of coolies to collect read and discarded copies from the ash-barrels, the streets and the house servants. If the coolies have been diligent they will have gathered in this manner two hundred thousand newspapers. These two hundred thousand, so collected, will be distributed, free of charge, on all outgoing boats and trains, which, you perceive, brings the circulation up to six hundred thousand. On whom does it please you to confer your advertising?"

"To the ash-barrel extra," laughed the Frenchman.

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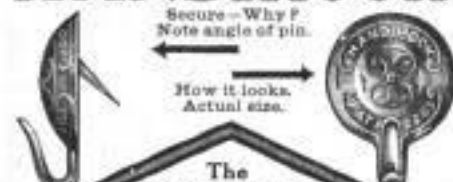
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## THE TRIVIAL INCIDENT

(Continued from Page 11)

They were excluded. The rumor moved everywhere about them, but it was as scrupulously guarded from their knowledge as though every man, woman and child had bound himself with an oath.

There began now what in cities is called a run on Wyatt's bank; but, unlike the manner of cities, it was conducted here with the greatest stealth, and attended with an infinite variety of ingenious subterfuges. A young man would drop into the bank with a catalogue of Cincinnati buggies, show it to the cashier, ask his opinion, discuss with him the various types of vehicles, finally decide upon a certain one, make a pencil-mark on the picture of it, and draw out his deposit. Or an old woman would come painfully into the bank, with a begging letter from some fictitious, destitute relative, which she had laboriously forged, get the cashier to write her a letter in reply, put her money into the envelope, address it to the pretended relative, and even put on a postage-stamp, then she would start out to the post-office, with the letter in her hand, complaining bitterly.

Every variety of business transaction, including the passing of money, was rehearsed before Wyatt and his cashier, and invariably concluded with a payment drawn out of the bank. The street before the bank became a market-place where all sorts of articles were bought and sold, but especially horses and mules. The trading in these was unprecedented. This trading was never "even"; "boot" was always given, and was in amount exactly the sum which one or the other trader had on deposit to his credit. The skill, the ingenuity, the minute attention to detail with which these subterfuges were presented would have deceived the elect.

However, the fact that deposits were being steadily withdrawn could not be obscured. Wyatt began now to visit, as by accident, those persons who used to be his largest depositors, in an effort to discover why they no longer put their money into the bank. He had never the slightest difficulty in bringing this topic into the conversation. Invariably, these persons mentioned the subject themselves, and presented so apt and convincing an excuse that their course seemed normal and unsuspecting. The efforts of his cashier to induce the several horse-dealers and the like to leave the "boot" on deposit, to their credit, were likewise ingeniously met. They owed a "little" store bill, or they had borrowed a "little" money last winter, or certain members of their family were "doctorin'," and so forth.

The slow, steady drain on the bank began to give Wyatt the greatest concern. To the anxiety of the lawsuit was now added this additional, nearer anxiety. He could not tell whether this run on the bank was a concerted, intentional thing, or merely incidental to a peculiar business inactivity.

He endeavored to surprise the secret out of the children on the street, but in this he never succeeded. They met his questions with instinctive cunning, repeating glibly the excuse which they had heard their parents rehearse: "Pap's goin' to buy Sis an organ," or "Ma's goin' in yander to Uncle Lige's fur Easter."

All plans contemplated an expenditure of money.

This exasperating riddle pursued Wyatt day and night. He no longer slept with any regularity. Sometimes he lay awake the whole night, summing up the evidence on one or the other side of this issue.

When, some days later, the local doctor was passing the bank, Wyatt called him, and took him into the back room.

"I ain't been sleepin' very well, Doctor," he said. "Could you give me somethin' for it?"

The doctor, who, like all country ones, depended on only those drugs from which he could get a pronounced result, gave Wyatt a box of little white pills, with the direction to take one at bedtime.

That night, after taking the pill, Wyatt slept profoundly, but the next day he felt stupid. He continued to take the pills at bedtime. It seemed to "cure" the sleeplessness, and he did not connect the increasing daily languor with the remedy. A week later he went again to the doctor.

"I feel generally no account," he said. "I s'pose I ought to have a little medicine."

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"How do you sleep now?"  
"I don't have any trouble to sleep," said Wyatt, "but I feel sort of wore out."

"You'd better take a little whisky," the doctor suggested.

"Why, Doctor," said Wyatt, "I never tasted whisky in my life. I wouldn't like to take whisky."

The doctor was familiar with this prejudice against whisky, and knew how to circumvent it.

"All right," he said, "I'll fix you up some bitters at the drug-store; drop in and get it on your way home."

The druggist told Wyatt to take a wine-glassful of the bitters before meals, and to bring the bottle back when it was empty, and he would refill it. The stimulant made Wyatt feel better. He continued to take it with regularity. When the bottle was empty he took it back to the druggist. He took also the pill-box, which was nearly empty.

The condition at the bank, presently, became critical. Wyatt did not keep a very large supply of currency. The steady withdrawals were rapidly reducing his reserve, and Wyatt found it necessary to look about for cash. His loans were almost wholly to the country farmers, who could meet their notes only at one season of the year, when their harvests were marketed. He took his commercial paper and began to visit the banks of the neighboring counties, but, as he had never been on very friendly terms with other banks, he found his mission particularly difficult. Wyatt's bank was a private one, and the regular banks were accustomed to refer to it as a "shavin' shop"—that is, a place where notes were "shaved" or discounted at an excessive rate. These banks regarded Wyatt as an outsider, and they refused his notes except at a ruinous discount. He went from one to another, but he met, everywhere, with the same reply:

"We couldn't handle your notes unless you cut 'em in two."

The pressure of extreme need forced Wyatt to negotiate one or two of these notes at this extortionate rate, and he would return with the money in the hope that he would not be required to make another sacrifice. The strain on the man began to tell. He looked much older and thinner. The withdrawals steadily continued, and Wyatt was again and again forced to borrow cash at this fifty per cent. discount. He borrowed each time the smallest sum that would prevent immediate suspension, and, consequently, he was seen to leave the village every few days, riding his old horse, Barney, with a few of his notes in his pocket, and his saddle-bags, filled with corn for the horse, across the seat of his McClellan saddle.

This mysterious activity of Wyatt moved the village to conjecture. When a man began thus to travel, one of two things were indicated: he was either courting a wife, or he was looking for new lands in which to settle. The village rejected the first explanation, but the second seemed consistent with its theory of Wyatt's affairs. It became generally known that Wyatt was "a-goin' to move away."

This addition to the current gossip added activity to the run on the bank, and Wyatt's trips became more frequent and his loans larger. He was coming to the opinion that the whole country had entered a condition of great financial depression, when one night, on his way to the drug-store, he overheard some conversation issuing from the porch of the justice of the peace.

"Ten thousand would buy Sheets a heap of good drinkin' liquor."

Somebody laughed. There was a moment's silence, and then a slow, deliberate voice, evidently that of the justice, replied: "An' it would break old Dolph."

This remark opened to Wyatt the closed door as with a key. It was this lawsuit that had affected his credit, and caused the withdrawals from the bank. Clearly, then, if he could win this suit, confidence in him would be restored, and the withdrawals would cease. His integrity was not impaired. He was known to be upright and reliable. With this suit out of the way he would rapidly regain what he had lost. If, then, he could keep the bank going until this suit was tried, all would come out right. When his negotiable paper was exhausted he gave deeds of trust on his property for short loans. Meanwhile the term of the circuit court arrived.

When the attorney for the blacksmith began his cross-examination of Wyatt almost the entire village was present in the

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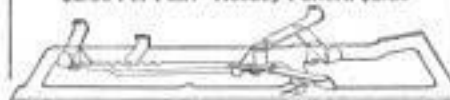
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**Hampton's Magazine, New York**

courthouse. This attorney was one of those pettifoggers to be found at every bar, who live one knows not how, whose office is a chair before the courthouse door, and whose plan of life is to draw some unwary person into a legal proceeding and then, by a series of imaginary expenses, extract from him petty sums: two dollars for "calling up" the case, fifty cents for "making up the issue," a dollar for "setting" the case for trial, and so forth. They are constant spectators in the courtroom, and so, in a way, are familiar with the routine of trials, and by copying the papers in a similar action they are able to get their cases into court. They have usually a certain fluency, and a certain skill in what is called "tanglin' the witness."

"Mr. Wyatt," said the attorney, "a man that you can't believe about nothin' is the worst man you can find, ain't he?" "He's a purty bad kind of man," said Wyatt.

"He's worse than a thief, ain't he? You can lock up ag'in' a thief, but you can't lock up ag'in' a liar."

The argument seemed sound and Wyatt replied in the affirmative.

"An' if he's worse than a thief he's about the meanest kind of man you could find, ain't he?"

"I reckon he is," said Wyatt.

"An' if there's such a man as that in this town he ought to be run out of it, oughtn't he?"

"But there's no such man in this town," said Wyatt.

"I ain't sayin' there is," replied the attorney. "I'm sayin' s'pose there was."

"Well," said Wyatt, "if there was a man in this town that you couldn't believe about nothin' I reckon the people would be justified in runnin' him out."

"All right," said the attorney.

"Now, Mr. Wyatt, a thing can happen only one way; ain't that so?"

"I reckon that's so," said Wyatt; "a thing can only happen one way."

"An' if a man's there an' sees it happen he knows the way it is, don't he?"

"I reckon he'd know," said Wyatt, "if he was on the ground and saw it happen."

"An' if a thing can only happen one way, an' a man was there on the ground an' saw it happen that way, he couldn't be mistaken about the way it happened, could he?"

Wyatt hesitated; the nature of these questions began to disturb him. He did not understand toward what end they moved, but he felt that they led up to some sinister dénouement. He endeavored to escape a direct answer.

"He wouldn't be apt to be mistaken."

"An' he wouldn't be mistaken, would he?"

"It ain't likely."

"Answer yes or no," said the attorney.

There seemed no escape, and Wyatt answered, "No."

"All right," said the attorney.

"Now, Mr. Wyatt, if a thing can only happen one way, an' a man was on the ground and saw it happen, an' he couldn't be mistaken about the way it happened, an' yet he went out an' told people that it happened two or three different ways, what would you call him?"

Wyatt hesitated. His attorney observed the hesitation and objected to the question. Before the judge could pass on the objection Sheets stepped out into the floor before the witness chair, drew himself up very straight on his heels, raised his right arm, extended the index finger and brought it down like a cocked pistol before Wyatt's face.

"If your lawyer's afraid for you to answer that question," he shouted, "I'll answer it for you. You'd call him a liar!"

The word seemed, in the silence of the courtroom, to explode like a projectile. The attorney waited for a moment with his finger pointed toward the witness, then he returned to his table, put his hands into his pockets, planted his feet wide apart, and resumed his ordinary tone.

"Now, Mr. Wyatt," he said, "if you catch a man lyin' about one thing you can't believe him about nothin', can you?"

Wyatt was now alarmed and afraid to reply. He began to tap on the floor with the toe of his boot. Finally, he resorted to a subterfuge.

"I don't just understand that question," he said.

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## PIONEERS OF COMMERCE

(Continued from Page 9)

so remarkable for its vividness, accuracy and detail that it stands as a classic in modern journalism, and was admitted as important evidence in the great court-martial which ensued. When the story was completed and ready for the wire it was found that the tolls would amount to more than two hundred Turkish liras (\$880), and to raise this sum Consul Harris pledged his personal credit at the local bank. A few hours later papers containing the remarkable account were being sold by thousands on the streets of New York. The story was immediately cabled to London, and then, thanks to the energy and resource of an American consul in an obscure Syrian town, Queen Victoria, her ministers and the English people first learned how Admiral Tryon and his battleship and crew were lost. To make a satisfactory ending I suppose I should say that Doctor Harris was liberally rewarded by the millionaire proprietor of the paper he had served so well, but the unpleasant truth remains that he received no compensation whatever for his work, and recovered the amount he had advanced for cable tolls only after considerable difficulty. "But," as he once remarked to me, "I didn't want the money for myself. I had intended to use it in enlarging the accommodation of our little hospital, that we might give treatment to more of these poor people."

In the semi-civilized countries the lives of consuls are frequently in grave peril, particularly in times of religious disorders or political discontent. This is especially true of Turkey, where the religious fanaticism of the Christian and Moslem elements of the population invariably runs high. Some years ago the American vice-consul-general at Beirut, Syria, was William C. Magelssen, now consul at Bagdad. At this time religious feeling was dangerously high in the city and vilayet of Beirut; murders were of daily occurrence, and the treatment accorded the Christians by a corrupt governor-general had inflamed their passions to such an extent that it was openly hinted that the surest way to effect his removal would be to assassinate one of the foreign consuls and thus bring about European or American intervention, which invariably favors the Christians, be they right or wrong. It was at such a period of unrest that Magelssen was returning from his club to the consulate one evening, well on toward midnight. As he stepped from his carriage at the consulate door a rifle cracked from a near-by wall and a bullet tore through his hat, but without wounding him. Although the consular kavasses scoured the neighborhood with drawn swords, no trace could be discovered of the would-be assassin.

In view of the circumstances it was deemed advisable to inform the Legation at Constantinople, and a telegram, written in the secret cipher of the foreign service, was immediately dispatched. The original telegram read something like this: "Vice-Consul-General Magelssen shot at. Assailant escaped. City in very disturbed state. Fear massacres are impending." In the secret code of the State Department each word or group of words is represented by a number of six figures, the first three denoting the number of the page and the last three the position on that page of the word.

Now it so happens that the word "assassinate" immediately precedes the word "at" in the code-book, the number 101,203 representing, let us say, the word "assassinated" and 101,204 standing for "at."

When the telegram reached the American Legation at Constantinople in the early hours of the morning, a young and sleepy secretary was set to work to decode it, and it is no great wonder, perhaps, that, excited by his translation of the first five words, he lost his head and read 101,203 instead of 101,204, thus making the telegram read: "Vice-Consul-General Magelssen shot assassinated."

Wild excitement immediately ensued. The news of Magelssen's death was hurriedly cabled to the State Department in Washington and was forwarded from there to the Secretary himself, who was visiting the President at Oyster Bay. The story of how the President, incensed at the cold-blooded murder of a consul, ordered the

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Mediterranean squadron, then coaling at Genoa, to steam at full speed for Beirut and exact instant reparation, needs no repetition here.

Three days later three great, white warships were sighted off Beirut. They came on at full speed, in column ahead, with the crews at quarters and every gun bearing on the town. Entering the harbor the guns crashed out in a salute that broke half the windows in the Governorat; the Governor-General, shaking with fear of the wrath to come, scrambled into his carriage, and did not draw rein until he was safe in the mountains, a dozen miles away. Boats filled with marines and blue-jackets, with the grim muzzles of machine-guns peering from their bows, were lowered almost before the ships had slackened speed. And as officers and men, armed to the teeth, scrambled ashore, with visions of a murdered consul and the charred embers of a consulate in their minds, they found awaiting them on the wharf a broad-shouldered and much-embarrassed young man in white clothes and a pith helmet, who introduced himself to the commander of the landing-party as "Vice-Consul-General Magelssen, not yet deceased."

There was once a consul stationed in Asiatic Turkey, who had occasion to try a naturalized American—a peasant from the mountains—on a charge of house-breaking. The man was found guilty and sentenced to four months' confinement in the consular prison at Smyrna. Some weeks after the expiration of his sentence the culprit called on the consul who had sentenced him, bringing with him a dozen brace of fat mountain-quail. "These are for your Excellency," he said in answer to the consul's look of surprise. "For why? Because you send me to prison where I have, oh, so comfortable time. In my mountains I have to work ver' hard all day. Have meat only one time in year. But prison ver' different. Have nothing at all to do but lie on back in sun and smoke cigarette. Have meat ever' day. An' man paid by America's Governorment just to stay an' talk to me. So I ver' grateful, Sir Consul, an' I bringa you birds for thanks."

The fact that the consul did not accept the thank-offering does not injure the flavor of the story, of which I was an auditor.

Nor are the duties of a consul in the Orient confined merely to the furtherance of American commercial interests and the punishment of criminals. He is called upon to settle the most trivial disputes and to give his judgment on every matter under the sun, for he is, to all intents and purposes, the governor of his colony, and is treated by his people with patriarchal respect. He stands godfather to half the children in his district; if there is a marriage he must be present to make it legal, and hands the groom after the ceremony an engraved certificate with a big gilt seal. In cases of death he frequently reads the burial service and, as often as not, engages the undertaker, selects the casket and buys the lot. If the remains are to be shipped home for burial the casket must bear his official seal. After the funeral it is the consul, too, who comforts the widow, reads the will, collects the life insurance if there is any, and administers the estate. If the deceased is a citizen of importance, such as a missionary, the consul walks behind the flag-draped casket to the grave, preceded by his kavasses with drawn swords. On Sundays he occupies a front pew in the American church, at Thanksgiving he reads the President's proclamation from the platform of the local mission school, and at Christmas he distributes presents from the same platform to a multitude of expectant youngsters. He must keep a watchful eye, moreover, on the morals of his little community and maintain a supervision over those cafés and music-halls conducted by Americans.

If destitute American seamen come upon him—and they are the bane of his existence—it is the consul's duty to clothe, feed and lodge them at Government expense until such time as an opportunity presents itself to ship them back to the land of the free. There is, on the other hand, no allowance whatsoever to provide for sick or destitute Americans who are not seamen.

The consul is made a target for the importunities of the needy, the unfortunate and the dishonest. He is asked to lend money on every plea under the sun, to indorse notes, to cash checks and to bestow alms. If he refuses he is threatened with immediate recall, for the importunate one is invariably in close touch with the State

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Department, or the protégé of a Senator, or a friend of the President. A German from Paterson, New Jersey, once burst into the consulate at Alexandria with a tale of having been robbed while crossing from the Piræus on a Greek steamer. "Und now, Herr Konsul," he concluded, "vat vill you about it do?" Upon being informed that the American representative possessed no authority over Hellenic subjects, and hence could do nothing more than report the matter to his Greek colleague, the German exploded, "Vell, dis is a priddy how-d'you-do! Do you know mit whom you vas talking? No? I am der brudder-in-law uf a supervisor und I vill haf you removed. Dis is a priddy state of tings! An American ofer here to dese outlandish parts comes, und is ropped, und his konsul vill not gif him back der money. Vat is a konsul for, anyhow?"

The average American's conception of the duties of a consul is a quaint one. There is nothing which he hesitates in asking him to perform. He is looked upon, in many cases, as a sort of amateur detective, and the walls of his office, especially at ports in China and the Levant, are plastered with the descriptions of fugitive criminals and missing individuals, whom he is expected to apprehend. Merchants regard him as a bill collector—which, by the way, is not one of his official duties—and forward great sheaves of overdue and utterly hopeless accounts with curt instructions to "Collect immediately and remit." He is requested by amateur philatelists to forward "complete sets of the unused postage-stamps of your country," but money to cover the cost of the same is invariably omitted. The post-card fiend finds in him a ready victim, and I know of consuls who keep stacks of picture post-cards ready stamped upon their desks to answer the importunities of collectors. Ladies write for souvenir spoons, for pieces of embroidery and sometimes even write for Persian cats.

And this reminds me of an impecunious consul of my acquaintance who was once stationed at a port in Western Asia. He read in a New York paper an advertisement offering a bargain in Persian and Angora cats at fifty dollars apiece. He was then preparing to return to the United States on leave of absence, so he telegraphed to a friend in one of the inland towns in Asia Minor to purchase all the long-haired cats on which he could lay his hands, and forward them to the coast by special messenger. In due time they arrived—thirty silky-coated felines which cost him on an average a medjidie (eighty cents) apiece. He crated them with care and himself looked after them during the long, homeward voyage. But he was repaid for his trouble, for within forty-eight hours after landing at New York he had disposed of his thirty cats at twenty-five dollars a head, netting him enough to pay for his entire vacation.

It has long been a matter of complaint that the consular representatives of the United States have no distinctive uniform; for, while this omission may appear to be a matter of small consequence in this democratic land of ours, it looms larger at a glittering foreign court, where the importance of the nation one represents is often gauged—in the popular mind, at least—by the amount of gold braid its representative carries on his uniform. Particularly in the Orient the official functions which a consul must attend are almost without number. In addition to the several national holidays of the country to which he is accredited, on which occasions he must call at the palace if residing at a capital, or pay his respects to the Governor-General if stationed in the provinces, he is expected to pay calls of ceremony on his various colleagues on the birthdays of their respective sovereigns, and must himself keep open house on the Fourth of July and New Year's. At official affairs abroad the representative of the great American republic, in his waiter's garb and top-hat, presents, indeed, a funeral figure, in sharp contrast to the gold-braided figures, blazing with decorations, which surround him. Such a dress, as every American who goes abroad and sees the contrast for himself is ready to admit, is, to say the least, unbecoming. I have myself had the not unmixed pleasure of attending a review of French troops, at seven o'clock of a July morning, in full evening dress, and it was while attending the funeral obsequies of a monarch in the same costume that I was mistaken,

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naturally enough, for one of the undertaker's assistants.

The consular officers who uphold American commercial and political interests in the far corners of the earth are, on the whole, miserably underpaid. This is especially true when one takes into consideration the wide knowledge they must possess, the varied kinds of work they are called upon to perform, and the climatic conditions amid which they live. At Gorée Dakar, for example, a fever-ridden French settlement on the west coast of Africa, the consul receives the munificent remuneration of two thousand dollars per annum for existing in a climate where no insurance company will grant a policy at any premium whatsoever. At Maskat, in the Sultanate of Oman, the American representative is paid a like salary for living in the hottest town on earth. At Bagdad, in Babylonia, the consul, at two thousand dollars per annum, spends six months of every year in the cellar of the consulate, that he may not die from the heat, and the other six months he spends on the roof, trying to get a little sun. At the newly-established consulate at Aleppo, in Northern Syria, the salary has been placed at twenty-five hundred dollars, in view of the fact that the consul will probably contract the "Aleppo button," a ghastly disease of the blood which appears on the face in the form of black spots or "buttons," and which eat their way across the countenance, frequently destroying the eyesight. At Tripoli, a newly-opened consulate in the Barbary States, the streets are used for sewers—and there is no European doctor within five hundred miles. But the Government of these United States is a paternal one and, though its representatives in distant lands may not look forward to a pension in their old age, their remains will be transported to their homes, at Government expense, when they die, and their widows, if they leave any, will be comforted with a month's salary.

And more than one intrepid man has died in the service of his country in these distant lands. In the little Protestant cemetery which lies without Beirut, on the mountain road to Lebanon, are three grass-grown graves which mark the last resting-places of three consuls who died at their posts of duty. Above them stands a marble shaft, and on its base, carved by the dragoman who has seen a score of consuls come and go, one can read these lines:

Far hence he lies,  
Near some lone, Eastern town;  
And on his grave, with shining eyes,  
The Syrian stars look down.

## The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 15)

The operator read the message. His face changed and he said in a surlily apologetic manner: "I'll send it off right away, Mr. Craig. Anything else?"

"That's all, my friend," said Josh. He returned to his wife's side. She was all confusion and doubt again. Here they were back in civilization, and her man of the woods was straightway running amuck. What should she do? What could she do? What had she got herself into by marrying?

But he was speaking. "My dear," he was saying in his sharp, insistent voice, that at once aroused and enfeebled the nerves, "I must talk fast, as the train comes in fifteen or twenty minutes—the train for Chicago—for Minneapolis—for Wayne—for home—our home."

She started up from the seat, pale, quivering, her hands clenched against her bosom.

"For home," he repeated, fixing her with his resolute, green-blue eyes. "Please sit down."

She sank to the seat. "Do you mean—" she began, but her faltering voice could not go on.

"I've resigned from office," said he, swift and calm. "I've told the President I'll not take the Attorney-Generalship. I've telegraphed your people at Lenox that we're not coming. And I'm going home to run for Governor. My telegrams assure me the nomination, and, with the hold I've got on the people, that means election, sure pop. I make my first speech day after



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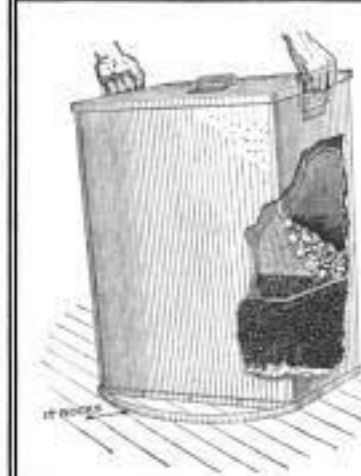
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to-morrow afternoon—with you on the platform beside me."

"You are mistaken," she said in a cold, hard voice. "You —"

"Now, don't speak till you've thought, and don't think till I finish. As you yourself said, Washington's no place for us—at present. Anyhow, the way to get there right is to be sent there from the people—by the people. You are the wife of a public man, but you've had no training."

"I —" she began.

"Hear me first," he said, between entreaty and command. "You think I'm the one that's got it all to learn. Think again. The little tiddleywinks business that I've got to learn—all the value there is in the mass of balderdash about manners and dress—I can learn it in a few lessons. You can teach it to me in no time. But what you've got to learn—how to be a wife, how to live on a modest income, how to take care of me and help me in my career, how to be a woman instead of, largely, a dress-maker's or a dancing-master's expression for ladylikeness—to learn all that is going to take time. And we must begin at once; for, as I told you, the house is afire."

She opened her lips to speak.

"No—not yet," said he. "One thing more. You've been thinking things about me. Well, do you imagine this busy brain of mine hasn't been thinking a few things about you? Why, Margaret, you need me even more than I need you, though I need you more than I'd dare try to tell you. You need just such a man as me to give you direction and purpose—real backbone. Primping and preening in carriages and parlors—that isn't life. It's the frosting on the cake. Now, you and I, we're going to have the cake itself. Maybe with, maybe without, the frosting. But not the frosting without the cake, Margaret!"

"So!" she exclaimed, drawing a long breath when he had ended. "So! This is why you chose that five-o'clock train and sent Selina back. You thought to —"

He laughed as if echoing delight from her; he patted her enthusiastically on the knee. "You've guessed it! Go up head! I didn't want you to have time to say and do foolish things."

She bit her lip till the blood came. Ringing in her ears and defying her efforts to silence them were those words of his about the cake and the frosting—"the cake, maybe with, maybe without, frosting; but not the frosting without the cake!" She started to speak; but it was no interruption from him that checked her, for he sat silent, looking at her with all his fiery strength of soul in his magnetic eyes. Again she started to speak; and a third time; and each time checked herself. This impossible man, this creator of impossible situations! She did not know how to begin, or how to go on after she should have begun. She felt that even if she had known what to say she would probably lack the courage to say it—that final-test courage which only the trained in self-reliance have. The door opened. A station attendant came in out of the frosty night and shouted:

"Chicago Express! Express for—Buffalo! Chicago! Minneapolis! St. Paul!—the Northwest!—the Far West! All—aboard!"

Craig seized the handbags. "Come on, my dear!" he cried, getting into rapid motion.

She sat still.

He was at the door. "Come on," he said. She looked appealingly, helplessly round that empty, lonely, strange station, its lights dim, its suggestions all inhospitable. "He has me at his mercy," she said to herself, between anger and despair. "How can I refuse to go without becoming the laughing-stock of the whole world?"

"Come on—Rita!" he cried. The voice was aggressive, but his face was deathly pale and the look out of his eyes was the call of a great loneliness. And she saw it and felt it. She braced herself against it; but a sob surged up in her throat—the answer of her heart to his heart's cry of loneliness and love.

"Chicago Express!" came in a warning roar from behind her, as if the room were crowded instead of tenanted by those two only. "All aboard! . . . Hurry up, lady, or you'll get left!"

Get left! . . . Left!—the explosion of that hoarse, ominous voice seemed to blow Mrs. Joshua Craig from the seat, to sweep her out through the door her husband was holding open, and into the train for their home.

(THE END)

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FIG. 1  
Shows position of hammer, patent safety lever and firing pin when not in use. Note the firing pin and hammer do not touch, but—

FIG. 2  
When the trigger is pulled, the hammer moves back and the patent safety lever moves up and in line with the firing pin, so that—

FIG. 3  
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**F**OR ten years The Curtis Publishing Company has been gradually acquiring properties in the vicinity of Walnut and Sixth Streets, Philadelphia, until it now owns the entire city square bounded by Walnut, Sixth, Sansom and Seventh Streets, a superb building site comprising thirty-six small estates. In all America there is no region more hallowed by historical associations. To the south, across Walnut Street, lies Washington Square, a pleasant, shaded park that is the last resting-place of two thousand Continental patriots who fell in the Revolution. East of Sixth Street is Independence Square, flanked by Independence Hall, the beautiful Georgian edifice in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, and which is still the home of the old Liberty Bell. Near by lived Benjamin Franklin, and within a stone's throw sat the first Supreme Court of the United States.

The problem of housing under one roof a large modern publication building and a vast printing plant and, at the same time, of building a structure which should harmonize with the severe Georgian lines of Independence Hall, and its other Eighteenth Century neighbors, was no easy problem. Countless obstacles presented themselves, and it has required many months of study to surmount them and to produce drawings of a building which meets every exaction of architectural beauty and utility.

Nine stories in height, the new structure will be pure Colonial, of the Georgian period. Simplicity of line and color are the keynote. The principal façade, overlooking Independence Square, will be of dark red brick and white marble. The main entrance, with its noble portico of Composite columns, in pairs, was suggested by the colonnade to the Kings Entrance to Hampton Court Palace, one of the stately masterpieces of Sir Christopher Wren.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the building is its tangible exemplification of The Curtis Publishing Company's continual care for the health and comfort of its employees. Heating, lighting and ventilating arrangements summarize the most recent advances in these respective fields. A series of dining-rooms on the ninth floor will be provided with modern sanitary kitchen service. The largest of these dining-rooms, which are to be for the sole use of employees of the Company, will accommodate 600 persons. On the roof will be a large glass-enclosed recreation-room with an out-of-door promenade along the parapet of the south wall. Rest rooms, a Boys' Club room, two emergency hospitals, locker-rooms, distilled drinking water and shower baths will also contribute greatly to the comfort of the occupants of the building.

As the operations of the Company naturally fall into the two great divisions of manufacturing and publishing, the two departments will occupy the equivalent of two independent fireproof structures. Though the exterior shows no break, a novel feature of the construction—a fireproof zone, aptly termed "the convenience belt"—will separate the two buildings. Within this narrow "convenience belt" will be grouped the fire-escapes, elevators, toilet rooms, stairways, airshafts, water-pipes and electric conduits. The advantages of this arrangement, in leaving the working spaces free for adaptation to all future needs, are obvious. In the power house, of capacity to contain boilers, engines and dynamos of 5000 horse-power, the plant will generate its own heat, light and power. In the printing plant each piece of machinery will have its own direct-connected motor, thus doing away with all shafting and other antiquated means of power transmission.

Though Philadelphia is the birthplace of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, one of the most celebrated of living mural painters, it has remained for The Curtis Publishing Company to secure to the city its first example of Mr. Abbey's work. As soon as one enters the new building his gaze will fall on Mr. Abbey's great wall painting, "The Grove of Academe." This noble allegorical composition will fill a great panel thirteen by forty-eight feet, opposite the main entrance. The central figure is that of Plato, the Philosopher. About him will be grouped his disciples and followers, and, in the background, the children and their attendants, who frequented the shaded depths of the ancient wood. In treatment, the painting is flat and decorative and less full-toned than some of the artist's other works. This panel will be without a parallel except for the one in the Sorbonne, in Paris, painted by Puvis de Chavannes.

Turning from the great Abbey painting and looking about, one will find himself in a splendid lobby about fifty feet square, dignified and quiet in design, conceived to enhance in every detail the treasure it houses. The white ceiling will be coved. The walls and columns will be of exquisite white marble from the ancient Attic quarries of Mount Pentelicus, the self-same quarries that yielded the stones of the Parthenon and the other temples of the Acropolis.

Messrs. Frank C. Roberts & Co. and Edgar V. Seeler, of Philadelphia, have been retained as the engineers and architects for the buildings.

The notable success achieved by these gentlemen in their joint work in the design of office and newspaper buildings is an assurance that the new home of the magazine will be the most complete structure of its kind in the world.



The Saturday Evening Post's New Home, Overlooking Independence Square, Philadelphia, On Which Work Will be Commenced in a Few Weeks



# COMING FICTION

Following Jacques Futrelle's serial, *The King of Diamonds* (which will be concluded in a fortnight), we will begin the publication of a three-part mystery story, by Henry Milner Rideout, entitled *The Twisted Foot*. It is a story of murder and mystery and the pursuit of a girl.

## Richard Harding Davis

The sailor man explained that "the most important member of a ship's company on a submarine doesn't draw any pay at all and has no rating. He is a mouse—a white mouse with pink eyes." Whereupon Roddy Forrester (famous at Yale as a pitcher), Peter de Peyster (of one of our ancient "politron" families), the "Orchid Hunter" (he was not really an orchid hunter, but on his journeyings around the globe he had become so ashamed of telling people he had no other business than to spend his father's money that he had decided to say he was collecting orchids), and the sailor man organized the Society of the Order of White Mice.

And just to show how small the world is, the voices of The White Mice carried across the Pacific; and an old man in his cell, tossing and shivering with fever, smiled and sank to sleep; for in his dreams he had heard the scampering feet of The White Mice, and he had seen the gates of his prison-cell roll open.

The adventures of The White Mice will run through six numbers of this magazine, and they make one of the best stories that Richard Harding Davis has written in years.

## Owen Wister

Mr. Wister's short stories do not come along as frequently as his thousands of admirers would wish. But when one comes it is worth waiting for. *Extra Dry* is a case in point. The kind of a story worth waiting for. It narrates an early experience of Scipio Le Moyne (the same old Scipio of *The Virginian*); and it shows what an important part the elusive pea under the shell played in Scipio's real career. It will appear in an early number.

## Robert W. Chambers

It was Drusilla's father who stormed at young Mr. Yates and asked him "why the deuce you come and blush all over my lawn?" It was young Mr. Yates who was so self-sacrificing that he guided Drusilla's hand to show her how to sketch. And it was Drusilla's Pa-pah who rowed somebody's maid around the bay, singing: "I der-reamt that I dwelt in ma-arble h-a-l-l-s —" And all because of the Green Mouse Society, Limited, and a few wireless, psychical currents that went astray. *Drusilla and Pa-pah* will be published shortly, and it will be followed by another of Mr. Chambers' stories called *Soul and Body*.

## George Randolph Chester

Mr. Chester's story in this issue, *Spoiling the Egyptians*, leaves young Wallingford with sufficient coin to make him an object of tender regard to Short-Card Larry, Badger Bill and some others of the confidence gang. How they plucked young Wallingford to the last two-dollar bill, and how Wallingford invented and successfully operated his patent whipsaw, will be told in another of Mr. Chester's inimitable stories. It is called *Whipsawed*, and we will publish it early in January.

## Holman F. Day

It's going some to arrest every last mother's son of your neighbors and lodge them in the county jail, to be fed at the county's expense. And it happened through an innocent train conversation that dealt with railroads and lobbies, overheard by Pillsbury Nute, who found a way to keep the town from swallowing its tail any further. The story is entitled *The Town that Went Broke*, and it is different from any story you ever read before.

## Will Payne

Four million dollars in gold had been stolen from the vaults over night: seven tons of metal. The thieves had left such an open trail that the President of the bank had been able to locate the gold in a neighboring sub-cellar, and by the next night had all the bags, with seals intact, back in the bank vaults. Then the panic followed and the bank weathered the storm because its gold reserve was unimpaired. It turned out later, however, that the recovered bags were filled

with lead and iron washers—all of which has considerable bearing on our fiscal system and the thing we call confidence. It is a rattling good mystery story—a story of Wall Street and gold and detectives and political economists. *The Gold Conspiracy* it is titled, and it will appear soon in two parts.

## Charles Belmont Davis

*The Most Famous Woman in New York* is the story of the Shirtwaist Girl. Why she wished to be famous and how she acquired fame are disclosed in one of the most satisfying short stories that has come into this office for a long time.

## Myra Kelly

In "*Cherchez la Femme*" you will enjoy a breezy bit of pure comedy, in which figure a lost bride, a distracted groom and a rich, but suspicious uncle.

## Will Irwin

*The Confessions of a Con Man* read like fiction, but they are fact. The ex-confidence man has reformed, for reasons which are not ethical and which he explains frankly. He is living and is engaged in a legitimate commercial enterprise. The story of his life as a con man he has told Mr. Irwin, who has written it in five papers for this magazine. It is the most amazing document that has been published in many years.

## Elmore Elliott Peake

In the *Sacrifice at Potter's Fold* and *The Sage of Little Thunder* Mr. Peake has written two charming stories of the Great Smokies. Popsy Flint, aged ninety-one, a militant parson, is one of the most lovable characters you have met in many moons.

## H. B. Marriott Watson

*Romance at Random* is the serial title of a group of short stories that narrate the adventures of the young, rich and unconventional Lord de Lys, in search of a new sensation—which he invariably gets.

## Emerson Hough

In this whimsical story of a disappointed man and a penitent poet the poet stakes, at a turn of the card, his slender book of poems against the other man's mansion—and wins. *The Open Road* is quite a different bit of fiction from any you ever read. A fanciful story, pulsating with poetry and romance and philosophy.

## Henry M. Hyde

*The Serpent in Eden* satirizes modern business life and shows that a little politics is a dangerous thing, even in Eden, where the people are cultured, refined and well-to-do, respectable church-going folks. No saloons, little of the low-class, floating laboring vote; no corrupt, grasping bosses and machines of the old parties. Yet—but read John Rankin's troubles as an alderman in Eden.

*Kicked Into Millions* is another story by Mr. Hyde, showing how many fortunes have been made through blind chance.

## George Frederic Stratton

*The Net and the Quarry* is a series of four short stories that develop the curious career of a business man with brains and a conscience.

## George Pattullo

Mr. Pattullo's name is new to many of our readers. He is a new writer—a product of the out-of-doors West. Those who read his "Blackie: a Story of a Night Horse," which appeared in our columns last summer, will be glad to know that we shall shortly publish three stories of the plains written by Mr. Pattullo. *The Nester Parson*, *Frenchy* and *In the Shadows* fix Mr. Pattullo's place in contemporary fiction.



# What More Do You Want That You Don't Get in This Car—Price \$1500?

If you ever owned a car you can appreciate this Mitchell 30 at \$1500.

It's not hard to convince an "automobile-wise" man that in this car you get a greater value than in any other car at even a greater price.

And if you are now "investigating the automobile market" for the first time read this advertisement.

It will show you that \$1500 is all you need pay for a car that will fill every requirement you have for a five-passenger automobile and incidentally save you from \$500 to \$2000.

This Mitchell 30 is not a sensation.

Sensations cease to be sensations when they become practical everyday happenings.

The Mitchell is not the result of a new discovery that a "good" automobile can "probably" be made to sell at \$1500. The Mitchell is a development—not a discovery—of eight years automobile building.

It has always been a low price high-quality car.

Therefore the Mitchell 30 will not be found to be weak or constructionally wrong before the season is over, necessitating a change in either design or material.

There won't be any necessity to rebuild the Mitchell motor because of insufficient crank shaft bearings, too small valve openings, not sufficient cooling surface or for any other reason.

The Mitchell 30 motor has been in use on thousands of cars—all Mitchells—for four years.

There is no longer any need for experimenting.

Can you trust the theoretical, but undemonstrated idea of even the greatest gas engine builder?

Your money goes into the car. You are the one to be inconvenienced by a broken crank shaft because there were only two bearings instead of five as on the Mitchell.

Good designers must experiment before they arrive at perfection. We did that years ago. We began making low-price automobiles when we started. Eight years experimenting are back of the Mitchell. You won't have to experiment for us. It's impossible to say what might happen if you drove a theoretically-right car that has not shown its worth on the road.

No one knows what an automobile will do until it's tried.

We drove a car 10,000 miles before we discovered that the gas-pipe torsion rods used on most cars, regardless of price, should be replaced by solid steel.

We merely mention the experience with the torsion rod to show that no one knows what weakness will develop in road work. A broken torsion rod might be unpleasant—even dangerous, but unless the break happened while running fast it wouldn't be so bad.

But there are likely to be weaknesses in other parts of the unproven, untried car that the designer has not anticipated.

Suppose it's one of those two-bearing, crank shaft engines, the kind that works all right when the power is gradually applied.

Such an engine was never built with an idea of taking hills on "high."

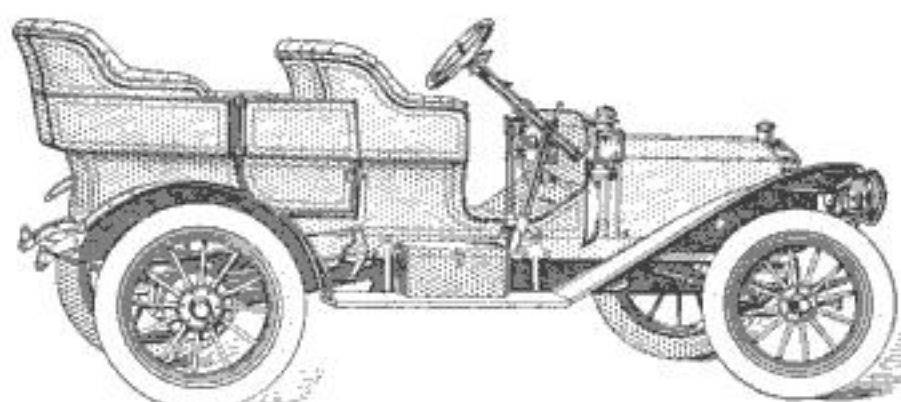
You might start the hill, but a two-bearing crank shaft might snap. It takes time and costs a lot to fix a crank shaft.

Other makers are experimenting upon nearly all parts of their cars for they are now in their first year of experience in the building of low-priced cars.

You probably know a Mitchell owner. There are 8000 of them.

They are our demonstrators. They know more about Mitchell cars than our agents. Ask an owner to tell you about the Mitchell. Then you'll know.

That's better than what any maker thinks about his car.



## Here Are a Few of the Details

Take one example of the difference between the proven Mitchell and any other car.

The best motor car theory is that the water pump should be driven at half the speed of the engine.

We made Mitchell water pumps that way at first—eight years ago.

But when the Mitchell got in common use on the deserts of Nevada, there was trouble with hot cylinders.

On those boiling desert sands, where the water heats while the car is standing still, it takes more to cool a car than it does on the boulevards of Chicago.

So we made a radical change from the "best motor car practice"—we forsook the kind of knowledge on which "paper" cars are built—and we doubled the speed of the water pump.

Since we geared the water pumps to go at full engine speed, there has been no more trouble with heated cylinders—even on the hottest days and in the deepest sands that the deserts of Nevada know.

And the result is that there are only two cars which today are in common, successful use on those desert sands—one a car that costs more than three times the Mitchell price—the other, of course, the Mitchell.

You may not want a car for desert riding. You may not want a car for mountain climbing. But you can be sure of a car when it stands such tests as these.

And as with the water pump and the crank shaft, so with the transmission, so with the clutch, so with the rear axle, so with the lubrication, so with the brakes, so with every part of the Mitchell car.

In the Mitchell you will find perfections, refinements, superiorities of the kind that come only with experience—perfections, refinements, superiorities that no "paper" car, no matter how skilled its maker, can possibly have.

But if the makers of other cars knew all these vital things which eight years of experience in building low-priced cars have taught us—they would not, even then, make so good a car as the Mitchell at \$1500.

The cost of making the special dies and tools, alone, would prohibit it.

If we had to begin at the beginning, as they do, this new Mitchell 30 would cost you \$3000 more.

It is only because our dies, special tools and initial expenses were paid for and charged off, years ago, that we can give so good a car for so small a price.

The \$1500 you pay for a Mitchell 30 goes not into dies and special tools—it goes into material, workmanship, testing—it goes into the car you get.

It is not enough for us to know that our design is right, that our material is perfect, that our workmanship is of the best.

It is not enough for us to know that the 8000 cars that we have made are right.

We must know that the particular car you buy is right.

So we test it as though we were making a car a year, instead of fifteen cars a day.

We test it on the roughest roads of eastern Wisconsin—we give it actual road punishment of from 100 to 250 miles—over hills—through sand—on straight stretches—the kind of a test you would give it if you were testing it yourself.

Compare this four-cylinder, five-passenger \$1500 Mitchell with any car, with the best American cars, no matter what their cost or pretensions.

You will not find in any of them more vanadium and nickel steel. You will not find more perfect engines. You will not find a proven superiority which this \$1500 Mitchell lacks.

This \$1500 Mitchell is an imposing looking car. It has a wheel base of 105 inches. The body is wholly of metal. The upholstery is luxurious. The wheels are big—32 inches—fitted with detachable rims and four-inch tires.

The engine is housed under a big, handsome hood. The four cylinders are cast separately, as the best engines always are. 30 horse-power.

Aluminum castings are employed wherever possible—only we go to the trouble and expense of strengthening them with bronze where there is wear and strain.

There are two complete ignition systems—the magneto, geared direct to the engine, and a regular battery system.

The lubricating system is the best that we have found in eight years of experience—certain in operation—economical in oil.

The transmission is of the selective sliding gear type—as in \$3000 to \$7000 cars.

The battery and tool boxes, made of baked enamel steel, are furnished without extra expense to you.

The tonneau is detachable—and you have your choice of either tonneau, surrey body, rumble seat roadster, or runabout deck at the \$1500 price.

Complete specifications and photographs of the working parts will be gladly sent.

Don't buy any car till you know all about this wonderful \$1500 Mitchell 30. Please use the coupon.

**Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.**  
Standard Manufacturers: A. M. C. M. A.

You may send me a detailed description of your new \$1500 Mitchell 30.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE GREAT TARIFF LIE

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



WHEN it comes to revising the tariff one fact especially should be kept in mind—namely, that the present tariff rests upon lies. The popular arguments in support of it simply are not true—however admirable otherwise.

We had a moderate tariff when we had infant industries. For twenty years before the Civil War the duty on dutiable imports averaged around 25 per cent. Since the Civil War we have never had anything but high protection. The lowest average duty on dutiable imports in any year was over 38 per cent. In only three years has the duty ever fallen below 40 per cent.; and it has been as high as 52 per cent.

During these forty-three years of high protection, with the duty never under 38 per cent., the country has usually been prosperous; so they say high protection makes prosperity—in short, that we have been taxing ourselves rich. But the country has also enjoyed three important panics and at least two prolonged periods of great industrial depression. The last panic, the effects of which have not yet passed away, happened when the duty was over 42 per cent.

But the great tariff falsehood, after all, is that high duties are for the benefit of workmen, who would otherwise be ruined by competition

with the pauper labor of Europe. It is doubtful if the political annals of mankind contain a bolder, bulkier, more altitudinous lie than this.

We have, it is true, high duties and high wages. But England has the highest wage scale in Europe, and free trade; therefore, free trade makes high wages. Or, Russia has very high duties—higher even than ours—and about the lowest wage scale in Europe; therefore, high duties make low wages. Either of those arguments is as sound as the protectionist argument that our tariff benefits labor. Men who have studied the subject scientifically, without prejudice, know that the tariff does not benefit labor, and have said so. Big protected manufacturers know it, too, but have mostly omitted to say so. And labor itself knows it.

High duties cannot protect American labor, for there is little doubt that it is already the cheapest labor in the world—not the lowest-priced, but the cheapest when measured against its output, giving, for a dollar in wages, a greater product than any other. This is in part due to the character of the workmen, but more to the fact that machinery is used in American production to a greater extent and to better advantage than elsewhere.

We all hear of some great labor-saving inventions—the cotton-gin, the reaper, the telephone, the linotype. But what we hear of is only a few drops in a bucket. There were issued at Washington last year thirty-six thousand patents, and over thirty thousand in each of the four preceding years. Numberless improvements in process and organization which cheapen labor by making it more productive are not patented at all. We lead the world in mechanical inventions, in the use of machinery and, probably, in organization, all of which mean more productive labor. The increased efficiency of the American workman is not a matter of a single great invention now and then. It goes on constantly. The labor constantly produces more per man. High tariff or low tariff, good times or bad times, the steady tendency of labor-cost is to fall. In a Massachusetts shoe factory the labor-cost of making first quality shoes fell from 34 per cent. of the price in 1855 to only 18 per cent. in 1880. In a New Jersey cigar shop, machines operated by children produced cigars at a labor-cost of two dollars and ten cents a thousand, against seven dollars for the best hand-work. The industrial world is dotted with items like that.

### Labor-Costs Falling as Wages Rise

FROM 1900 to 1905 wages, generally speaking, rose. The census report on all factory industries of the United States shows that total wages paid increased 29.9 per cent.; but the value of the product increased 29.7 per cent. Although the average wages of each industrial employee was about four dollars a month higher in 1905 than in 1900, the labor-cost to the manufacturer was practically the same. I may mention, incidentally, that in the latter year of good times and relatively high wages, the average wage of each of the 5,470,321

factory employees was about forty dollars a month, which isn't a great deal to shout over.

In the city, naturally, wages run higher than in the country. Employees in the "urban" factories—that is, those in towns of eight thousand inhabitants and upward—received on the average about 11 per cent. higher pay than the employees in the "rural" factories; but the labor-cost in the urban factories was lower than in rural establishments; machinery being more extensively used, the labor is more productive. English labor, using machinery a great deal, produces much, and England, with relatively high wages, has free trade. Russian labor produces less; with low wages has high protection.

Census reports covering all industries, "factory," "mechanical" and "neighborhood," show that in 1860 the number of wage-earners employed in such industries was 1,311,246 and the value of the product was \$1,885,861,676. In 1905 the number of employees was 6,157,751 and the value of the product \$16,866,706,985. In 1860 each industrial employee produced \$1438; in 1905, \$2739. In 1860 wages amounted to 20 per cent. of the product; in 1905 to only 18 per cent.

The manufacturer therefore paid relatively less for his labor in 1905 than forty-five years before—because the efficiency of labor had greatly increased. There is only one census period in the forty-five years during which the value of the product failed to increase faster than the number of employees. This was from 1870 to 1880, when the number of employees increased 33 per cent. and the value of the product only 27 per cent. From 1880 to 1890 number of employees increased 56 per cent., value of product 74 per cent. From 1890 to 1900 number of employees rose 25 per cent., value of product 39 per cent. From 1900 to 1905 number of employees increased 16 per cent., value of product 30 per cent. This last period was marked by a rapid advance in wages; but as production per man increased, the labor-cost did not.

### Protection for Pittsburg's Poor Millionaires

AT THE last report—covering 1905—the labor-cost of our industrial output was under 18 per cent., and the tariff was over 42 per cent.

Steel is the classic example of a protected industry. As far back as 1886 and 1888 Jacob Schoenhof (later a tariff expert attached to the Treasury Department) reported to the State Department, after personal investigation of corresponding labor fields in Germany, England and the United States, that in steel-rail making in all branches, from coal and ore to the finished product, our expenditures for labor were not higher than in either of the other countries. That, for at least a dozen years, it has cost the American manufacturer, to produce a finished article in steel and iron, rather less than either the English or German manufacturer, has never, I believe, been seriously doubted by anybody competent to judge. In 1899, Mr. Schwab, president of the Carnegie Steel Company, wrote to Mr. Frick: "I know positively that England cannot produce pig iron at actual cost for less than \$11.50 a ton, and cannot put pig iron into a rail, with their most efficient works, for less than \$7.50 a ton. This would make rails at net cost to them of \$19 a ton. You know we can make rails for less than \$12 per ton."

Iron ore is, of course, the basis of the steel industry. In the Steel Corporation's rich Lake Superior mines machinery is most effectively employed. The ore is scooped up by huge steam shovels. Writing to Mr. Frick about these mines in 1897, Henry W. Oliver, who secured the best of the ore deposits for the Carnegie concern, observed: "Although we are mining at present for less than five cents a ton for labor, we must look to the future, when we will have to go deeper." He meant that in the future the labor-cost would increase—perhaps double or treble or quadruple. As it happened, three days before Mr. Oliver penned this letter, Congress passed the Dingley law, which thoughtfully placed a duty of 40 cents a ton on iron ore—in order to protect American labor (getting, according to Mr. Oliver, less than five cents a ton) from the pauper labor of Canada.

The ore goes first to the blast furnace to be converted into pig iron. The first Carnegie furnace, Lucy No. 1, was put in blast in 1872.



She Demands a Dollar More a Week



The inventive genius, not of one man, but of scores—some of them mere workmen—operated upon it. Improvements were continually introduced. Year by year its efficiency increased. The output of this one furnace rose from 21,000 tons in 1873 to 113,000 tons in 1897—the year in which Congress put a duty of four dollars a ton on pig iron to protect American workmen whose output per man was the wonder of the foreign steel world.

Perhaps you never heard of William R. Jones, A. L. Holley, Julian Kennedy, or of any other among the men whose names would half fill this column, whose brains devised and whose hands shaped the numberless improvements in steel-making that have put the United States far ahead of the rest of the world in that industry. You have, of course, heard of Mr. Carnegie, who bagged so much of the profits. Nearly all of these men, to whom our supremacy in steel is really due, came up from the ranks. It was the suggestion of a German workman, imported to help break a strike, that evolved into the modern slabbing mill which turns out a thousand tons a day. "This little idea of the German workman," says Mr. Bridge, historian of the Carnegie Steel Company, "has been worth millions of dollars to the firm that imported him to take the place of a striker." In only two years, by various inventions and improvements, the output of a Bessemer unit (two converters) was raised from fifteen hundred to eight thousand tons a month. Five years later its output was fourteen thousand tons a month.

Guess what that meant in the matter of reducing labor-cost. One of Jones' ideas reduced the number of men required to operate a train of rolls from fifteen to five and doubled the output. Again, by putting in two bent pieces of old rail so as to throw a bloom, at a certain stage, upon a moving bed, he saved the labor of a dozen men. When the new Duquesne furnaces were put in blast in 1896-97 the improvements embodied in them reduced the labor-cost by 50 per cent. Mr. Bridge's tables show that between January, 1876, and the close of 1879 the cost of producing a ton of rails at the Carnegie mills dropped from \$53.19 to \$35.84. Twenty years later it was down to \$12.

This shop-cost, of course, is the only thing that concerns labor. After the product is finished labor can get no more out of it. And while the manufacturing cost, including the labor-cost, was thus rapidly declining, the manufacturer insisted that he must have a high duty to protect his workmen. He got \$7.84 a ton in the Dingley law.

#### What Steel Workers Get From Protection

TO THE United States Steel Corporation must be given credit for publishing annual reports that disclose its operations in considerable detail. The credit should be all the greater because it is the only trust to adopt this practice. Taking the report for 1902, we find that the average number of employees in the ore-mining department was 13,465 and the output 16,063,179 tons, or about 1193 tons per man. In 1906 the average number of employees was 14,393 and the output 20,645,148 tons, or about 1434 tons per man. In 1907—a trade reaction occurring in the last quarter—it was down to 1361 tons per man.

The total number of employees in 1907 was 210,180 and total salaries and wages \$160,825,822, or an average of more than \$765 a man—including all the high-priced executives. The average number of employees in the manufacturing department was 151,670 and 13,099,548 tons of steel ingots were produced. The duty on ingots is \$6.70 a ton, which, multiplied by last year's output, would give \$580 for each employee in that department. This, according to the protectionist theory, is the difference between wages paid to American and foreign workmen. Would the Steel Corporation, then, be paying only \$185 a year, or \$15 a month, to its workmen if it weren't for the tariff? And in 1906, with its larger output, the duty on the ingots made amounted to \$615 for each employee in the manufacturing department, with the average pay of all employees only \$729.

It has been the policy of the corporation to hold prices steady—after having taken care to fix them high enough. The average wholesale price of the big products—pig iron, steel billets and rails—was, in fact, in 1906, fractionally lower than in 1902, and no higher in 1907. Also, it operates some railroads and the price of transportation has not increased. Meanwhile, between 1902 and 1907, the corporation raised wages. It furnishes an instructive example, then, of a very big concern which

has raised wages but has not raised the price of its products. In 1902, total salaries and wages amounted to 21.5 per cent. of gross sales of plants and earnings of railroads, while in the last two years total salaries and wages averaged 21.2 per cent. of that gross. In a word, in spite of the conditions mentioned above, the Steel Corporation's labor-cost has not increased. And the labor-cost five years ago was undoubtedly the lowest in the world. Of what possible benefit to labor, then, is a tariff averaging about 50 per cent. on steel products?

An answer to that conundrum may be found in the report for 1906 of the Secretary of Internal Affairs of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, where the corporation's biggest plants are. Reporting on pig-iron production the Secretary says there were 18,612 adult male employees, whose average daily wage in that prosperous year was \$1.93, and whose average output was 1.8 tons a man a day. The labor-cost of a ton of pig iron was \$1.07. The duty on a ton of pig iron is four dollars, or nearly four times the labor-cost. In iron and steel mills there were 126,739 adult male employees whose average daily wage was \$2.15, while the cost of labor per ton of output was \$6.33. The duty averages about ten dollars a ton. "Returns," says the report, "from fifty-one pig-iron companies show that 672 wage-earners [out of over eighteen thousand, I infer] own their homes. Returns from 131 iron and steel companies show that 5540 wage-earners [out of 126,739?] own their homes." Yet Pennsylvania, you remember, is strongly Republican, and her leading statesmen are distinguished by enthusiasm for high protection.

Of all the people engaged in gainful occupations in the United States over one-third come under the head of agriculture. Excepting sugar, tobacco and wool, which amount to a small fraction of the total, agriculture gets no protection from the tariff. In a spirit of solemn ribaldry framers of the Dingley law inserted this line: "Wheat, twenty-five cents per bushel." They might as well have put the line in the Koran for all the good it does the American farmer. About a third of our wheat crop comes to the big "primary" markets—Chicago, Duluth and others. The price of the whole crop is fixed at those markets. Again, 40 per cent. of the wheat that comes to the primary markets is exported, and the price at those markets is fixed by the export price. In short, the price not only of the farmer's exportable surplus, but of his whole crop, is fixed, or very largely influenced, by free, direct competition in the markets of Europe with the wheat of Russia, India and Argentina. Meeting those growers in free competition and selling his wheat for the same price they receive, the American farmer waxes prosperous while the Russian and Indian producers hang on the verge of famine. And one great reason for it is that the American farmer's labor, using machinery very largely, is vastly more efficient than theirs, plowing with a crooked stick and threshing with a flail.

The Canadian farmer cannot send his wheat here to pauperize Dakota and Minnesota agriculturists. But he sends it to Liverpool side by side with our protected wheat, and both, of course, sell for the same price.



Why Didn't the Tariff Protect That Sweatshop Labor?



Does a Duty on Bay Rum Bulwark Our Barbers From the Pauper Labor of Europe?

fresh meats two cents a pound. As we are almost the only country that exports those articles largely, the value of this "protection" is of a purely sentimental nature. Of cattle, hogs and their products, we sell abroad over two billion pounds yearly. Possibly the cattle and hog grower would cheerfully dispense with the Dingley law's protection if he could rid himself of European hostility to our exports in general provoked by that same law.

One might multiply illustrations; but I hope it is already quite clear that ten million persons engaged in agriculture get no protective benefit from high tariff. The census shows 5,580,657 persons engaged in "domestic and personal service." How can high tariff protect them? Does a duty of 185 per cent. on bay rum mysteriously bulwark our barbers from the pauper labor of Europe? Vanillin, the active principle of vanilla, pays a duty of 252 per cent. Can it be that when Hilda flavors the pudding her system absorbs the aroma of this 252 per cent., so that, thus pervaded by the "American principle," she demands a dollar more a week and two afternoons out?

#### Workers That the Tariff Hurts

ANOTHER grand division of workers comprises a total of 4,766,964 engaged in trade and transportation—mainly country merchants, clerks, agents, railroad and steamship employees. There is no duty on freight rates. How can high tariff protect the labor of this army?

There are, roughly, a million carpenters, masons and painters. They are among the most highly-paid artisans in the country. How can a duty of two dollars a thousand on lumber protect the labor of the carpenter? It is to his interest to have lumber cheap and liberally used, instead of dear and used as sparingly as possible. There are 346,884 dressmakers and 229,649 tailors. The duty on dress goods runs as high as 165 per cent., on woolen cloth as high as 152 per cent. These duties injure the tailor and dressmaker. They make the cost of the material so great that people save as much as possible on the making of the garment.

Edward Atkinson, some years ago, made an analysis of the thirty million workers in the United States as reported by the 1900 census, and declared that it was impossible to pick out as many as one million whose work would be injuriously affected if absolute free trade were suddenly adopted—which nobody thinks of doing. All the protected industries employ only a small part of the labor of the country. Suppose it were true—which it isn't—that protection affects wages. Could the pyramid stand on its head? Could the wages of the protected few fix the wages of the unprotected many?

Bricklayers are among the highest paid workmen in the country. Their average wage in cities is 62 cents an hour. If you entered a union and proposed that they should give up their very efficient labor organization in consideration of a 20 per cent. horizontal advance in duties you might go out through the window.

(Concluded on Page 32)



# SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS

## Young Wallingford Enriches New Jersey With a New Business

MR. SILAS FOX, who had been dining since seven-thirty, rolled up to his hotel near midnight, and, without waiting for the door of his cab to be opened for him, jumped out and offered to bet his driver the price of the fare that the horse would eat bananas. He was a small, clean, elderly gentleman, of silvery-white hair and mustache, who must have been near sixty, but who possessed, temporarily at least, the youth and spirits of thirty; and he was one of that sort of looking men to whom one instinctively gives a title.

"Can't take a chance, Colonel," said the driver, grinning. "I might as well go jump off the dock as go back to the stand without them four dollars. I'm in bad, anyhow."

"I'll bet you the tip, then," offered the very-much-alive elderly gentleman, flourishing a five-dollar bill.

"All right," agreed the driver, eying the money. "Nothing or two dollars."

"No, you don't!" promptly disputed Mr. Fox. "First comes out of the dollar change two bits for bananas, and then the bet is nothing or a dollar and a half that your horse'll eat 'em. Why, any horse'll eat bananas," he added, turning suddenly to a large young man who had been standing, vaguely dissatisfied, at the curb.

The young man was big in every dimension, tall and broad of shoulder, and wide of chest and large of face, and his countenance, of the pinkness that comes from vast table-comfort, was now a most jovial one. Upon his huge bulk there fitted clothing that shrieked of quality and good tailoring, and the Colonel, after pausing for thorough inspection, suddenly made up his mind that the young man could safely be counted as one of the pleasures of existence.

"I'll bet you this horse'll eat bananas," he offered.

"I'm not acquainted with the horse," objected young Mr. Wallingford, with no more than reasonable caution. "What do you want to bet?"

"Anything from a drink to a hundred dollars."

The young man threw back his head and chuckled in a most infectious manner, his broad shoulders shaking and his big chest heaving.

"I'll take you for the drink," he agreed.

Two strapping big fellows in regulation khaki came striding past the hotel, and Mr. Fox immediately hailed them.

"Here, you boys," he commanded, with a friendly assurance born of the feeling that to-night all men were brothers; "you fellows walk across the street there and get me a quarter's worth of real ripe bananas."

The soldiers stopped perplexed, but only for an instant. The driver of the cab was grinning, the door-man of the hotel was grinning, the prosperous young man by the curb was grinning, and the elderly gentleman quite evidently expected nothing in this world but friendly complaisance.

"All right, Colonel," acquiesced the boys in khaki, themselves catching the grinning contagion; and quite cheerfully they accepted a quarter, wheeled abreast, marched over to the fruit-stand, bought the ripest bananas on sale, wheeled, and marched back.

Selecting the choicest one with great gravity and care, the Colonel peeled it and prepared for the great test. The driver leaned forward interestedly; the two in khaki gathered close behind; the large young man chuckled as he watched; the horse poked forward his nose, gingerly, then sniffed—then turned slowly away!

The Colonel was shocked. He caught that horse gently by the opposite jaw, and drew the head toward him. This time the horse did not even sniff. It shook its head, and, being further urged, jerked away so decidedly that it drew the Colonel off the curb, and he would have fallen had not Wallingford caught him by the arm.

"I win," declared the driver with relief, gathering up his lines.

"Not yet," denied the Colonel, and stepping forward he put his arm around the horse's neck and tried to force the banana into its mouth.

This time the horse was so vigorous in its objection that the Colonel came near being trampled underfoot, and it was only on the unanimous vote of the big man and the two in khaki that he profanely gave up the attempt.

"Not that I mind losing the bet," announced the Colonel in apology, "but I'm disappointed in the horse. That horse loves bananas and I know it, but he's



"I'll Bet You the Tip, Then"

### By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

just stubborn. Here's your money," and he gave the driver his five-fifty; "and here's the rest of the bananas. When you get back to the barn you try that horse and see if he won't eat 'em, after he's cooled down and in his stall."

"All right," laughed the driver, and started away.

As he turned the corner he was peeling one of the bananas. The Colonel looked after the horse reluctantly, and sighed in finality.

"Come on, young man; let's go get that drink," he said.

Delighted to have found such a crony, the big young man, who had been lonesome, turned with the Colonel into the hotel bar.

"Can you beat it?" asked one big soldier of the other as both looked after the departing couple in pleased wonder.

#### II

"YOU can't do anything without you have a pull," was the Colonel's fallacious theory of life, as summed up in the intimate friendship of the second bottle. "That's why I left New Jersey. I had a National Building and Loan Association organized down there that would have been a public benefactor and a private joy; in business less than six months, and already nine hundred honest working-men paying in their dollar and a quarter a week; eleven hundred and fifty a week for us to handle, and the amount growing every month."

"That's a pretty good start," commented young J. Rufus, considering the matter carefully as he eyed the stream of ascending bubbles in his hollow-stemmed glass. "No matter what business you're in, if you have a package of clean, new, fresh dollars every week to handle, some of it is bound to settle to the bottom; but there mustn't be too many to swallow the settlements."

"Six of us on the inside," mused the Colonel: "Doc Turner, who sells real estate only to people that can't pay for it; Ebenezer Squinch, a lawyer that makes a specialty of widows and orphans and damage claims; Tom Fester, who runs the nicest little chattel-mortgage company that ever collected a life income from a five-dollar bill; Andy Grout, who has been conducting a prosperous installment business for ten years on the same old stock of furniture; and Jim Christmas, who came in from the farm ten years ago to become a barber, shaving nothing but noses."

Young Wallingford sat lost in admiration.

"What a lovely bunch of citizens to train a growing young dollar, to teach it to jump through hoops and lay down and roll over," he declared. "And I suppose you were in a similar line, Colonel?" he ventured.

"Nothing like it," denied the Colonel emphatically. "I was in a decent, respectable loan business. Collateral loans were my specialty."

"I see," said J. Rufus, chuckling. "All mankind were not your brothers, exactly, but your brothers' children."

"Making me the universal uncle, yes," admitted the Colonel, then he suddenly puffed up with pride in his achievements. "And I do say," he boasted, "that I could give any Jew cards and spades at the game and still beat him out on points. I reckon I invented big casino, little casino and the four aces in the pawnbrokerage business. Let alone my gauge of the least a man would take, I had it fixed so that they could slip into my place by the front door, from the drug-store on one side, from the junk-yard on the other, from the saloon across the alley in the rear, and downstairs, from the hall leading to Doc Turner's office."

Lost in twinkling-eyed admiration of his own cleverness the Colonel lapsed into silence, but J. Rufus, eager for information, aroused him.

"But why did you blow the easy little new company?" he wanted to know. "I could understand it if you had been running a local building-loan company, for in that the only salaried officer is the secretary, who gets fifty cents a year, and the happy home-builders pile up double compound interest for the wise members that rent; but with a national company it's different. A national building-loan company's business is to collect money to juggle with, for the exclusive benefit of the officers."

"You're a bright young man," said the Colonel admiringly. "But the business was such a cinch it began to get crowded, and so the lawmakers, who

were mostly stockholders in the three biggest companies, had a spasm of virtue, and passed such stringent laws for the protection of poor investors that no new company could do any business. We tried to buy a pull but it

was no use; there wasn't pull enough to go round; so I'm going to retire and enjoy myself. This country's getting too corrupt to do business in," and the Colonel relapsed into sorrowful silence over the degeneracy of the times.

When the Colonel's sorrow had become grief—midway of another bottle—a house detective prevailed upon him to go to bed, leaving young Wallingford to loneliness and to thought—also to settle the bill. This, however, he did quite willingly. The evening had been worth much in an educational way, and, moreover, it had suggested vast, immediate possibilities. These possibilities might have remained vague and formless—mere food for idle musing—had it not been for one important circumstance: while the waiter was making change he picked some folded papers from the floor and laid them at Wallingford's hand. Opened, this packet of loose leaves proved to be a list of several hundred names and addresses. There could be no riddle whatever about this document; it was quite obviously a membership roster of the defunct building-loan association.

"The Colonel ought to have a duplicate of this list; a single copy's so easy to lose," mused Wallingford with a grin; so, out of the goodness of his heart, he sat up in his room until very late indeed, copying those pages with great care. When he sent the original to the Colonel's room in the morning, however, he very carelessly omitted to send the duplicate, and, indeed, omitted to think of remedying the omission until after the Colonel had left the hotel for good.

Oh, well, a list of that sort was a handy thing for anybody to have around. The names and addresses of nine hundred people naïve enough to pay a dollar and a quarter a week to a concern of whose standing they knew absolutely nothing was a really valuable curiosity indeed. It was pleasant to think upon, in a speculative way.

Another inspiring thought was the vision of Doc Turner and Ebenezer Squinch and Tom Fester and Andy Grout and Jim Christmas, with plenty of money to invest in a dubious enterprise. It seemed to be a call to arms. It would be a noble and a commendable thing to spoil those Egyptians; to smite them hip and thigh!

#### III

DOC TURNER and Ebenezer Squinch and Tom Fester, all doing business on the second floor of the old Turner Building, were thrown into a fever of curiosity by the new arrival who had rented the front suite of offices on their floor. He was a tall, healthy, jovial young man with a great breadth of white-waistcoated chest, who gave the name of J. Rufus Wallingford, and who met them all with a cheerful smile and a nod after the first two or three days



of passing through the hall. His rooms he fitted up regardless of expense, and he immediately hired an office-boy, a secretary and two stenographers, all of whom were conspicuously idle. Doc Turner, who had a long, thin nose with a bluish tip, as if it had been case-tempered for boring purposes, was the first to scrape acquaintance with the jovial young gentleman, but was chagrined to find that, though Mr. Wallingford was most democratic and easily approachable, still he was most evasive about his business. Nor could any of his office force be "pumped."

"The People's Mutual Bond and Loan Company" was the name that a sign painter, after a few days, blocked out upon the glass doors, but the mere name was only a whet to the aggravated appetites of the other tenants. Turner and Fester and Squinch were in the latter's office, discussing the mystery with some trace of irritation, when the source of it walked in upon them.

"I'm glad to find you all together," said young Wallingford breezily, coming at once to the point of his visit. "I understand that you gentlemen were once a part of the directorate of a national building and loan company which suspended business."

Ebenezer Squinch, taking the chair, by virtue of his being already seated with his long legs elevated upon his own desk, craned forward his head upon an absurdly slender neck, which much resembled that of a warty squash, placed the tips of his wrinkled fingers together and gazed across them at Wallingford quite judicially.

"Suppose we were to admit that fact?" he queried, in non-committal habit.

"I am informed that you had a membership of some nine hundred when you suspended business," Wallingford went on, "and among your effects you have doubtless retained a list of that membership."

"Doubtless," assented lawyer Squinch after a thoughtful pause, deciding that he might, at least partially, admit that much.

"What will you take for that list, or a copy of it?" went on Mr. Wallingford.

Mr. Turner, Mr. Squinch and Mr. Fester looked at each other in turn. In the mind of each gentleman there instantly sprang a conjecture, not as to the actual value of that list, but as to how much money young Wallingford had at his command. Both Mr. Fester and Mr. Turner, sealing their mouths tightly, Mr. Fester straightly and Mr. Turner pursily, looked to Mr. Squinch for an adequate reply, knowing quite well that their former partner would do nothing rash, nothing ill-considered.

"M-m-m-m-m-m-m," nasally hesitated Mr. Squinch after long cogitation; "this list, Mr. Wallingford, is very valuable indeed, and I am quite sure that none of us here would think of setting a price on it until we had called into consultation our other former directors, Mr. Grout and Mr. Christmas."

"Let me know as soon as you can, gentlemen," said Mr. Wallingford. "I would like a price by to-morrow, at least."

Another long pause.

"I think," stated Mr. Squinch, as deliberately and as carefully as if he were announcing a supreme court decision—"I think that we may promise an answer by to-morrow."

They were all very silent as Mr. Wallingford walked out, but the moment they heard his own door close behind him conjecture began.

"I wonder how much money he's got," speculated fish-white Doc Turner, rubbing his clawlike hands softly together.

"He's stopping at the Telford Hotel and occupies two of the best rooms in the house," said blocky Mr. Fester, he of the bone-hard countenance and the straight gash where his lips ought to be.

"He handed me a hundred-dollar bill to take the change out of for the first month's rent in advance," supplemented Doc Turner, who was manager of the Turner Block.

"He wears very large diamonds, I notice," observed Squinch. "I imagine, gentlemen, that he might be willing to pay quite two thousand dollars."

"He's young," assented Mr. Turner, warming his hands over the thought.

"And reckless," added Mr. Fester, with a wooden appreciation that was his nearest approach to a smile.

Their estimate of the youth and recklessness of the lamb-like Mr. Wallingford was such that they mutually paused to muse upon it, though not at all unpleasantly.

"Suppose that we say twenty-five hundred," resumed Mr. Squinch. "That will give each of the five of us five hundred dollars apiece. At that rate I'd venture to speak for both Grout and Christmas."

"We three have a majority vote," suggested Doc Turner. "However, it's easy enough to see them."

"Need we do so?" inquired Mr. Squinch, in slow thought. "We might —" and then he paused, struck by a sudden idea, and added hastily: "Oh, of course, we'll have to give them a voice in the matter. I'll see them to-night."

"All right," assented Doc Turner, rising with alacrity and looking at his watch. "By the way, I have to see a man. I pretty near overlooked it."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Fester, heaving himself up ponderously and putting on the hat which should have been square, "I have to foreclose a mortgage this afternoon."

Mr. Squinch also rose. It had occurred to all three of them simultaneously to go privately to the two remaining



"I Wonder How Much Money He's Got," Speculated Fish-White Doc Turner

members and buy out their interest in the list for the least possible money.

J. Rufus found the full board in session, however, when he walked into Mr. Squinch's office on the following afternoon. Mr. Grout was a loose-skinned man of endless drooping lines, the corners of his eyelids running down past his cheek-bones, the corners of his nose running down past his mouth, the corners of his mouth running down past his chin. Mr. Christmas had overlong, rusty-gray hair, bulbous, red ears, and an appalling outburst of scarlet veins nettled upon his copper-red countenance. Notwithstanding their vast physical differences, however, Wallingford reflected that he had never seen five men who, after all, looked more alike—and why not?—since they were all of one mind.

By way of illustrating the point, Mr. Grout and Mr. Christmas, finding that the list in question had some value, and knowing well their former partners, had steadfastly refused to sell, and the five of them, meeting upon the common ground of self-interest, had agreed to one thing—that they would ask five thousand dollars for the list, and take what they could get.

When that price was named to him, Mr. Wallingford merely chuckled, and observed, as he turned toward the door:

"You are mistaken, gentlemen. I did not want to buy out your individual businesses. I am willing to give you one thousand dollars in stock of my company, which would be two shares each."

The gentlemen could not think of that. It was preposterous. They would not consider any other than a cash offer to begin with, nor less than twenty-five hundred to end with.

"Very well, then," said J. Rufus; "I can do without your list," which was no matter for wonder, since he had one of his own in his desk at that very moment.

#### IV

HENRY SMALZER was the first man on the defunct building and loan company list, and him Wallingford went to see. He found Mr. Smalzer in a little shoe-repair shop, with a shoe upturned on his knee and held firmly in place by a strap passing under his foot. Mr. Smalzer had centrifugal whiskers, and long habit of looking upward without rising from his work had given his eyes a coldly-suspicious look. Moreover, socialistic argument, in red type, was hung violently upon the walls, and Mr. Wallingford, being a close student of the psychological moment and man, merely had a loose shoe-button tightened.

The next man on the list was a barber with his hair parted in the middle and hand-curved in front. In the shop was no literature but the Police Gazette, and in the showcase were six brands of stogies and one brand of five-cent cigars. Here Mr. Wallingford merely purchased a

shave, reflecting that he could put a good germicide on his face when he got back to the hotel.

Wallingford began to grow impatient when he found that his third man kept a haberdashery, but, nevertheless, he went in. A clerk of the pale-eyed, lavender-tie type was gracing the front counter, but in the rear, at a little standing desk behind a neat railing, stood one who was unmistakably the proprietor, though he wore a derby hat cocked to one side of his head and a big cigar cocked in the opposite corner of his mouth. Tossed on the back part of the desk was a race-track badge, and the man was studying a form sheet!

"Mr. Merrill, I believe," said Wallingford confidently, approaching that gentleman and laying his left hand—the one with the three-carat diamond upon the third finger—negligently upon the rail.

Mr. Merrill's keen, dark-gray eyes rested first upon that three-carat ring, then upon the three-carat stone in Mr. Wallingford's carmine cravat, then upon Mr. Wallingford's jovial countenance with the multiplicity of smile wrinkles about the eyes, and Mr. Merrill himself smiled involuntarily.

"The same," he admitted.

"Mr. Merrill," propounded Wallingford, "how would you like to borrow from ten dollars to five thousand, for four years, without interest and without security?"

Mr. Merrill's eyes narrowed, and the flesh upon his face became quite firm.

"Not if I have to pay money for it," he announced, and the conversation would have ended right there had it not been for Wallingford's engaging personality, a personality so large and comprehensive that it made Mr. Merrill reflect that,

though this jovial stranger was undoubtedly engineering a "skin game," he was quite evidently "no piker," and was, therefore, entitled to courteous consideration.

"What you have to pay won't break you," said Wallingford, laughing, and presented a neatly-engraved card conveying merely the name of The People's Mutual Bond and Loan Company, the fact that it was incorporated for a hundred thousand dollars, and that the capital was all paid in. "A loan bond," added Mr. Wallingford, "costs you one dollar, and the payments thereafter are a dollar and a quarter a week."

Mr. Merrill nodded as he looked at the card.

"I see," said he. "It's one of those pleasant little games, I suppose, where the first man in gets the money of the next dozen, and the last five thousand hold the bag."

"I knew you'd guess wrong," said Wallingford cheerfully. "The plan's entirely different. Everybody gets a chance. With every payment you sign a loan application and your receipt is numbered, giving you four numbered receipts in the month. Every month one-fourth of the loan fund is taken out for a grand annual distribution, and the balance is distributed in monthly loans."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Merrill, the firmness of his facial muscles relaxing and the cold look in his eyes softening. "A lottery? Now I'm listening."

"Well," replied Wallingford, smiling, "we can't call it that, you know."

"I'll take a chance," said Mr. Merrill.

Mr. Wallingford, with rare wisdom, promptly stopped argument and produced a beautifully-printed "bond" from his pocket, which he made out in Mr. Merrill's name.

"I might add," said J. Rufus, after having taken another careful inspection of Mr. Merrill, "that you win the first prize, payable in the shape of food and drink. I'd like to have you take dinner with me at the hotel this evening."

Mr. Merrill, from force of habit, looked at his watch, then looked at Mr. Wallingford speculatively.

"Don't mind if I do," said he, quite well satisfied that the dinner would be pleasant.

In his own carpenter-shop Wallingford found Mr. Albert Wright at a foot-power circular-saw, with his hair and his eyebrows and his mustache full of the same fine, white wood dust that covered his overalls and jumper; and up over the saw, against the wall, was tacked the time-yellowed placard of a long-since-eaten strawberry festival. With his eyes and his mind upon this placard, Mr. Wallingford explained his new boon to humanity: the great opportunity for a four-year loan, without interest or security, of from ten dollars to five thousand.

"But this is nothing more nor less than a 'lottery,' under another name," objected Mr. Wright, poisoning an accusing finger, his eyes, too, unconsciously straying to the strawberry festival placard.

"Not a bit of it," denied Wallingford, shocked beyond measure. "It is merely a mutual benefit association,



where a large number of people pool their small sums of money to make successive large ones. For instance, suppose that a hundred of you should band together to put in one dollar a week, the entire hundred dollars to go to a different member each week? Each one would be merely saving up a hundred dollars, but, in place of every one of the entire hundred of you having to wait a hundred weeks to save his hundred dollars, one of you would be saving it in one week, while the longest man in would only have to pay the hundred weeks. It is merely a device, Mr. Wright, for concentrating the savings of a large number of people."

Mr. Wright was forcibly impressed with Wallingford's illustration, but, being a very bright man, he put that waving, argumentative finger immediately upon a flaw.

"Half of that hundred people would not stay through to the end, and somebody would get left," he objected, well pleased with himself.

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Wallingford. "That is just what our company obviates. Every man that drops out helps the man who stays in, by not having any claim upon the redemption fund. The redemption fund saves us from being a lottery. When you have paid in two hundred and fifty dollars your bond matures and you get your money back."

"Out of —" hesitated Mr. Wright, perplexed.

"The redemption fund. It is supplied from returned loans."

Again the bright Mr. Wright saw a radical objection.

"Half of those people would not pay back their loans," said he.

"We figure that a certain number would not pay," admitted Wallingford, "but there would be a larger proportion than you think who would. For instance, you would pay back your loan at the end of four years, wouldn't you, Mr. Wright?"

Mr. Wright was hastily sure of it, though he became thoughtful immediately thereafter.

"So would a large majority of the others," Wallingford went on. "Honesty is more prevalent than you would imagine, sir. However, all our losses from this source will be made up by lapsation. Lapsation!"

Mr. Wallingford laid emphatic stress upon this vital principle and fixed Mr. Wright's mild, blue eyes with his own glittering ones.

"A man who drops payment on his bonds gets nothing back—that is a part of his contract—and the steady investor reaps the benefit, as he should. Suppose you hold bond number ten; suppose at the time of maturity bonds number three, five, six, eight and nine have lapsed, after having paid in from one-fourth to three-fourths of their money; that leaves only bonds one, two, four, seven and ten to be paid from the redemption fund. I don't suppose you understand how large a percentage of lapsation there is. Let me show you."

From his pocket Mr. Wallingford produced a little red book, showing how in industrial and fraternal insurance the percentage of lapsation amounted to a staggering percentage, thus reducing by forfeited capital the cost of insurance in those strange organizations.

"So you see, Mr. Wright," concluded Wallingford, snapping shut the book and putting it in his pocket, "this, in the end, is only a splendid device for saving money and for using it while you are saving it."

On this ground, after much persuasion, he sold a bond to the careful Mr. Wright, and quit work for the day, well satisfied with his two dollars' commission. At a fifteen-dollar dinner that evening Mr. Merrill found him a good fellow, and, being interested not only in Wallingford's "lottery" but in Wallingford himself, gave him the names of a dozen likely members. Later he even went so far as to see some of them himself on behalf of the company.

Two days after that Mr. Wallingford called again on his careful carpenter, and from that gentleman secured a personal recommendation to a few friends of Mr. Wright's particular kind.

ANDY GROUT came into Doc Turner's office in a troubled mood, every down-drooping line in his acid countenance absolutely vertical.

"We've made a mistake," he squeaked. "This young Wallingford is a hustler, and he's doing some canvassing himself. In the past week he's taken at least forty members for his loan company, and every man Jack of them are old members of ours."

Doc Turner began rubbing his frosted hands together at a furious rate.

"Squinch has sold us out!" he charged. "He's let Wallingford copy that list on the sly!"

"No, I don't think so," said Grout, more lugubrious than ever. "I made

some inquiries. You know, a lot of these fellows are customers of mine, and I find that he just happened to land on some of them in the first place. One recommends him to the others, just as we got them. If we don't sell him that list right away he won't need it."

Together they went to Squinch and explained the matter, very much to that gentleman's discomfiture and even agitation.

"What's his plan of operation, anyhow?" complained Squinch.

"I don't understand it," returned Andy. "I found out this much, though: the members all expect to get rich as soon as the company starts operating."

Mr. Squinch pounded his long finger-tips together for some time while he pondered the matter.

"It might be worth while to have a share or two of stock in his company, merely to find out his complete plan," he sagely concluded. "If he's getting members that easy it's quite evident there is some good money to be made on the inside."

This was the unanimous opinion of the entire five members of the board of directors, and as each member was in positive pain on the subject of "good money on the inside," they called a meeting that very afternoon in Mr. Squinch's office, inviting Mr. Wallingford to attend, which he did, with inward alacrity but outward indifference.

"Mr. Wallingford," said Mr. Squinch, "we have about decided to accept your offer for our list, but before doing so we will have to ask you to explain to us the organization of your company."

"Very simple," Wallingford told them cheerfully. "It's incorporated for a hundred thousand dollars; a thousand shares of a hundred dollars each."

"All paid in?" Mr. Squinch wanted to know.

"All paid in," replied Mr. Wallingford calmly.

"Indeed," commented Mr. Squinch. "Who owns the stock?"

"My four office assistants own one share each and I own the balance."

A smile pervaded the faces of all but one of the members of the board of directors of the defunct National Building and Loan Association. Even Tom Fester's immovable countenance presented a curiously strained appearance. Strange as it may seem, the dummy-director idea was no novelty in New Jersey.

"I take it, then, that the paid-in capitalization of the company is not represented in actual cash," said Mr. Squinch.

"No," admitted Wallingford cheerfully. "As a matter of fact, at our first meeting the directors paid me ninety-five thousand dollars for my plan of operation."

Again broad smiles illuminated the faces of the four, and this time Tom Fester actually accomplished a smile himself, though the graining might be eternally warped.

"Then you started in business," sagely deduced Mr. Squinch, with the joined finger-tip attitude of a triumphant cross-examiner, "having but a total cash capitalization of five thousand dollars."

"Exactly," admitted Wallingford, chuckling. There was no reservation whatever about Mr. Wallingford. He seemed to regard the matter as a very fair joke.

"You are a very bright young man," Mr. Squinch complimented him, and that opinion was reflected in the faces of the others. "And what is your plan of loans, Mr. Wallingford?"

"Also very simple," replied the bright young man. "The members are in loan groups, corresponding to the

lodges of secret societies, and, in fact, their meetings are secret meetings. Each member pays in a dollar and a quarter a week, and the quarter goes into the expense fund."

The five individually and collectively nodded their heads. "Expense fund," interpolated Doc Turner, his blue-tipped nose wrinkling with the enjoyment transmitted from his whetting palms, "meaning yourself."

"Exactly," agreed Wallingford. "The dollar per week goes into the loan fund, but at the start there will be no loans made until there is a thousand dollars in the fund. Ten per cent. of this will be taken out for loan investigations and the payment of loan officers."

"Meaning, again, yourself," squeaked Andy Grout, his vertical lines making obtuse bends.

"Exactly," again agreed Wallingford. "Twenty-five per cent. goes to the grand annual loan, and the balance will be distributed in loans as follows: One loan of two hundred and fifty dollars, one loan of one hundred, one fifty, four of twenty-five and fifteen of ten dollars each. These loans will be granted without other security than an undorsed note of hand, payable in four years, without interest, and the loans will be made at the discretion of the loan committee, meeting in secret session."

Mr. Squinch drew a long breath.

"A lottery!" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" said J. Rufus, chuckling. "Impossible. Every man gets his money back. Each member takes out a bond which matures in about four years, if he keeps up his steady payments of a dollar and a quarter a week without lapsation beyond four weeks, which four weeks may be made up on additional payment of a fine of twenty-five cents for each delinquent week, all fines, of course, going into the expense fund."

Doc Turner's palms were by this time quite red from the friction.

"And how, may I ask, are these bonds to be redeemed?" asked Mr. Squinch severely.

"In their numbered order," announced Mr. Wallingford calmly, "from returned loans. When bond number one, for instance, is fully paid up, its face value will be two hundred and fifty dollars. If there is two hundred and fifty dollars in the redemption fund at that time—which the company, upon the face of the bonds, definitely refuses to guarantee, not being responsible for the honesty of its bondholders—bond number one gets paid; if not, bond number one waits until sufficient money has been returned to the fund, and number two—or number five, say, if two, three and four have lapsed—waits its redemption until number one has been paid."

A long and simultaneous sigh from five breasts attested the appreciation of his auditors for Mr. Wallingford's beautiful plan of operation.

"No," announced Mr. Squinch, placing his finger-tips ecstatically together, "your plan is not a lottery."

"Not by any means," agreed Doc Turner, rubbing his palms.

Jim Christmas, who never committed himself orally if he could help it, now chuckled thickly in his throat, and the scarlet network upon his face turned crimson.

"I think, Mr. Wallingford," said Mr. Squinch—"I think that we will accept your offer of two shares of stock each for our list."

Mr. Wallingford, having succeeded in giving these gentlemen a grasping, personal interest in his profits, diplomatically withheld his smile for a private moment, and, turning over to each of the five gentlemen two shares of his own stock in the company, accepted the list. Afterward, in entering the item in his books, he purchased for the company, from himself, ten shares of stock for one thousand dollars, paying himself the cash, and charged the issue of stock to the expense fund. Then he sat back and waited for the next move.

## VI

IT COULD not but strike such closely-calculating gentlemen as the new members that here was a concern in which they ought to have more than a paltry two shares each of stock. Each gentleman, exercising his rights as a stockholder, had insisted on poring carefully over the constitution and by-laws, the charter, the "bonds," and all the other forms and papers. Each, again in his capacity of stockholder, had kept careful track of the progress of the business, of the agents that were presently put out, and of the long list of names rapidly piling up in the card-index; and each made hints to J. Rufus about the purchase of additional stock, becoming regretful, however, when they found that the shares were held strictly at par.

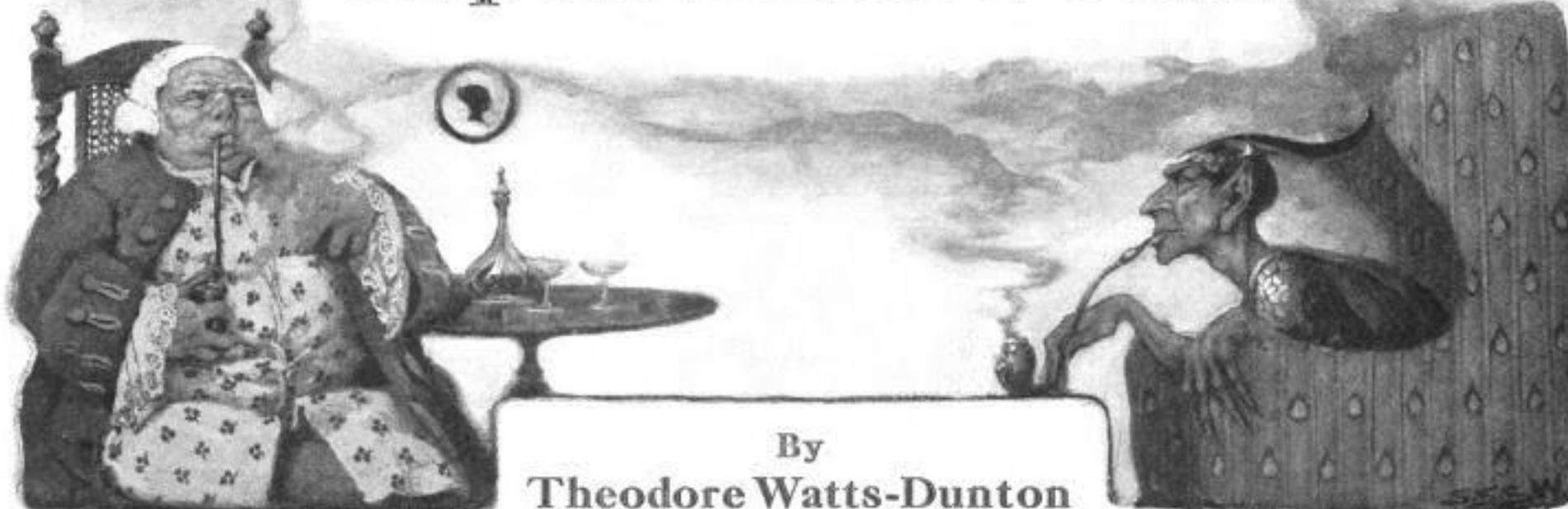
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"They Told Me About You at the State Department"



# Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Unpublished Poem



By  
Theodore Watts-Dunton

WITH DECORATIONS  
BY SARAH S. STILLWELL WEBER

THE original poem by D. G. Rossetti which follows is in my possession and was never before published.

Its appearance in print at this time of day demands a few words of explanation. Rossetti has been dead twenty-six years. The poem has been in my possession ever since it was finished, in 1882. Why has it been kept in abeyance so long? What can possibly account for such a laches as mine? What right had I to keep from the public a poem by Rossetti all this time? And, moreover,

*Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.*

In 1886, William Michael Rossetti published, in two volumes, the collected edition of his brother's works. In his preface he said:

There are two poems by my brother, unpublished as yet, which I am unable to include among his collected works. One of these is a grotesque ballad about a Dutchman, begun at a very early date and finished in his last illness. The other is a brace of sonnets, interesting in subject, and as being the very last thing that he wrote. These works were presented as a gift of love and gratitude to a friend, with whom it remains to publish them at his own discretion.

Now, it is well known that the friend alluded to is he to whom *Ballads and Sonnets* was thus inscribed:

To Theodore Watts, the Friend whom my verse won for me,  
these few more pages are affectionately inscribed.

And it is equally well known that Rossetti gave these poems to me on his deathbed to be included in a projected joint miscellany by him and me. Many causes have conspired to delay its publication. In mentioning them I shall have to enter into details of a somewhat personal kind, and this will make me seem open to the charge of egotism, but I cannot help it. In the first place, I had promised Rossetti that I would write his biography unless his brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, should undertake it. It was the special wish of the dear brother to whom Rossetti owed so much, and also of his sister Christina, that I should undertake the biography. Indeed, it was arranged that Mr. W. M. Rossetti and I should bring

out two volumes, one consisting of a Life of the Poet, to be written by me, and the other consisting of the family letters. But, as Mr. A. C. Benson, in his admirable monograph on Rossetti, says, "there is such a thing as knowing a man too well to be his biographer." I could not bring myself to the task. If I had done so I should have produced the longest biography in the world, so burdened was I with reminiscences of him. The biography had to be written by his brother instead of me, after all. My only consolation for having missed the opportunity of being Rossetti's biographer is that the work has been far better done by his brother. It is one of the sweetest, noblest things in our literature.

After I abandoned the biography another cause of delay presented itself. I still cherished the hope of giving reminiscences of my intercourse with Rossetti at Herne Bay, at Kelmscott Manor and at Bognor—places where Rossetti resided at various times and where Mr. W. M. Rossetti did not go. In such reminiscences a place could have been found for the introduction of the posthumous poems. Full as Mr. W. M. Rossetti's life is, I felt that without an account of Rossetti's life in the country in these three retreats the story would in a certain sense be imperfect.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his beautiful description of his brother's last moments, mentions the fact, of Rossetti's strange revival of interest in this poem when he was, as one might say, on his deathbed, and he makes the following suggestive comments upon it:

I have always considered that his taking up, on his deathbed, that extremely grim and uncanny, though partly bantering theme of *Jan Van Huns*—a fatal smoking duel with the devil, who trundles soul and body off to hell—furnished a strong attestation of the resolute spirit in which my brother contemplated his own end, rapidly

approaching, and (by himself still more than by any others) clearly foreseen; for a man who is in a panic as to his own prospects in any future world would be apt to drop any such subject like a hot coal.

In his latest hours, during which I was constantly with him, there was nothing that he loved to talk about so much as upon the projected miscellany of prose and verse by himself and me, before mentioned, upon which he had set his heart. The very form of the volume was the subject of pleasant discussion. It was to have a frontispiece, the design of the Sphinx, which is well known. A very few days after this he died.

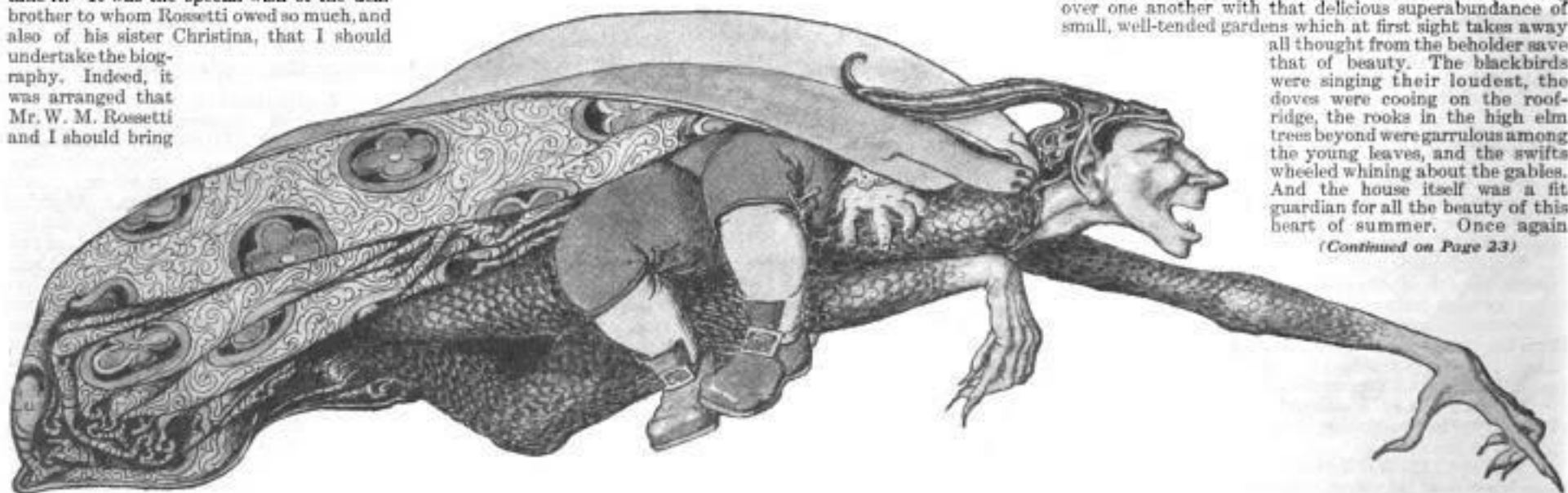
The whole group of incidents recorded by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in his account of his brother's last illness and death takes me back thirty-six years, when the miscellany was first projected.

On the evening when I was first introduced to Rossetti in his studio at Cheyne Walk, by Dr. Gordon Hake, he invited us both to spend a week or two at Kelmscott, whither he was returning on the following morning. We went to Kelmscott Manor, which he had taken jointly with William Morris. It was a delightful place. I will not presume to describe it, for it has been thus depicted by one of the joint occupants of the house—William Morris himself:

The raised way led us into a little field bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, new and old, and before us a gray stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few gray gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the aforesaid backwater. We crossed the road, and again almost without my will my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house to which Fate in the shape of Dick had so strangely brought me in this new world of men. My companion gave a sigh of pleased surprise and enjoyment; nor did I wonder, for the garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small, well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away

all thought from the beholder save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whining about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer. Once again

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# JAN VAN HUNKS

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

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**F**ULL of smoke was the quaint old room  
And of pleasant winter heat;  
Whence you might hear the  
hall-door slap,  
And the wary shuffling of feet  
Which from the carpeted floor stepped out  
Into the ice-paved street.

Van Hunks was laughing in his paunch;  
Ten golden pieces rare  
Lay in his hand; with neighbor Spratz  
He had smoked for a wager there.  
He laughed, and from his neighbor's pipe  
He looked to his neighbor's chair.

Even as he laughed, the evening shades  
Rose stealthily and spread,  
Till the smoky clouds walled up the sun  
And hid his shiny old head,  
As though he, too, had his evening pipe  
Before he tumbled to bed.

Van Hunks still chuckled as he sat:  
It caused him an inward grin,  
When he heard the blast shake shutter and  
blind  
With its teeth-chattering din,  
To fancy the many who froze without  
While he sat thawing within.

His bowl restuffed, again he puffed:  
No noise the stillness broke  
Save the tread of feet here and there in  
the street,  
And the church-bells' hourly stroke;  
While silver-white through the deepening  
dusk  
Up leaped the rapid smoke.

"For thirty years," the Dutchman said,  
"I have smoked both night and day;  
I've laid great wagers on my pipe  
But never had once to pay,  
For my vaporing foes long ere the close  
Have all sneaked sickly away.

"Ah! would that I could find but one  
Who knew me not too well  
To try his chance against me  
After the evening bell,  
Even though he came to challenge me  
From the smoking-crib of hell!"

His breath still lingered on the air  
And mingled with the smoke,  
When he was aware of a little old man  
In brodered hosen and toque,  
Who looked as though from a century's  
sleep  
That instant he had woke.

Small to scan was the little old man,  
Passing small and lean;  
Yet a something lurked about him,  
Felt strongly though unseen,  
Which made you fear the hidden soul  
Whose covering was so mean.

What thunder dwelt there, which had left  
On his brow that low'ring trace—  
What lightning, which could kindle so  
The fitful glare on his face—  
Though the sneering smile coursed over  
his lips,  
And the laughter rose apace?

With cap in hand the stranger bowed  
Till the feather swept his shoe:—  
"A gallant wish was yours," he said,  
"And I come to pleasure you;  
We're goodly gossips, you and I—  
Let us wager, and fall to."

The Dutchman stared. "How here you  
came  
Is nothing to me," he said;  
"A stranger I sought to smoke withal,  
And my wish is seconded;  
But tell me, what shall the wager be,  
By these our pipes assayed?"

"Nay now," the old man said, "what need  
Have we for a golden stake?  
What more do we ask but honor's spur  
To keep our hopes awake?  
And yet some bond 'twixt our goodwills  
Must stand for the wager's sake.

"This be our bond:—two midnights hence  
The term of our strife shall be;  
And whichever to the other then  
Shall yield the victory,  
At the victor's best must needs accept  
His hospitality."

"Done, done!" the Dutchman cried; "your  
home  
I'd reach be it far or near;  
But in my good pipe I set my trust,  
And 'tis you shall sojourn here;  
Here many a time we'll meet again  
For the smoker's welcome cheer."

With that they lit their pipes and smoked,  
And never a word they said;  
The dense cloud gathered about them there  
High over each smoke-crowned head,  
As if with the mesh of some secret thing  
They sat encompassed.

But now, when a great blast shook the house,  
The Dutchman paused, and spoke:  
"If aught this night could be devised  
To sweeten our glorious smoke,  
'Twere the thought of the outcast loons  
who freeze  
'Neath the winter's bitter yoke."

The stranger laughed: "I most have watched  
The dire extremes of heat.  
Ay, more than you, I have seen men quail,  
And found their sufferings sweet.  
Fit gossips, you and I! But hark!  
What sound comes from the street?"

To the street the chamber window stood,  
With shutters strongly barred.  
There came a timid knock without,  
And another afterward;  
But both so low and faint and weak  
That the casement never jarred.

And weak the voice that came with the  
knock:—  
"My father, lend your ear!  
'Twas store of gold that you bade me wed,  
But the wife I chose was dear;  
Now she and my babes crave only bread:  
O father, pity and hear!"

Van Hunks looked after the feathered  
smoke:—  
"What thing so slight and vain  
As pride whose plume is torn in the wind  
And joy's rash flight to pain?"  
Then loud: "Thou mindest when I bade  
thee hence—  
Poor fool, go hence again!"

There came a moan to the lighted room,  
A moan to the frosty sky:—  
"O father, my loves are dying now,  
Father, you too must die.  
Oh! on your soul, by God's good grace,  
Let not this dread hour lie!"

"Gossip, well done!" quoth the little old  
man;  
And in a silvery spire,  
Like a spider's web up leaped his smoke,  
A-twisting higher and higher;  
And still through the veil his watchful eye  
Burned with a fell desire.

A woman's voice came next to the wall:  
"Father, my mother's died:  
'Twas three months since that you drove  
her forth  
In the bitter Christmastide:  
How could I care for your proffered gold  
And quit my mother's side?"

"For two months now I have begged my bread;  
Father, I can no more:  
My mother's deaf and blind in her grave,  
But her soul is at Heaven's door;  
And though we're parted on this side death,  
We may meet on the further shore."

Van Hunks laughed up at the scudding  
smoke:—  
"Ay, go what way you will!  
Of folly and pride, in life or death,  
Let a woman take her fill!  
My girl, even choose this road or that,  
So we be asunder still!"

"Gossip, well done!" the old man shrieked,  
"And mark how her words come true!"  
The smoke soared wildly around his head  
In snakes of knotted blue;  
And eke at heart of the inmost coil,  
Two fiery eyes shone through.

Above the hearth was a carved frame  
Where seven small mirrors shone;  
There six bright moon-shapes circled round  
A centre rayed like a sun;  
And ever the reflex image dwelt  
Alike in every one.

No smokers' faces now appeared,  
But lo! by magic art,  
Seven times one squalid chamber showed  
A grave's dull counterpart;  
For there two starving parents lay  
With their starved babes heart to heart.

Then changed the scene. In the watery  
street,  
'Twixt houses dim and tall,  
Like shaggy dogs the pollards shake  
Above the dark canal;  
And a girl's thin form gleamed through the  
night,  
And sank; and that was all.

And then the smoker beheld once more  
Seven times his own hard face;  
Half-dazed it seemed with sudden sights,  
But showed no sign of grace;  
And seven times flashed two fiery eyes  
In the mirror's narrow space.

The hours wore on, and still they sat  
'Mid the vapor's stifling cloud;  
The one towards sudden stupor sank,  
While the other laughed aloud.  
Alas for the shrinking, blinking owl,  
With the vulture over him bowed!

'Twas the second night of the wager now,  
And the midnight hour was near,  
That glance like a kindled cresset blazed—  
"Ho! gossip of mine, what cheer?"  
But the smoke from the Dutchman's pipe  
arose  
No longer swift and clear.

The door-bell rang: "Peace to this  
house!"—

'Twas the pastor's voice that spoke.  
Above Van Hunks' head still curled  
A fitful, flickering smoke,  
As the last half-hour ere full midnight  
From the booming clock-tower broke.

The old man doffed his bonnet and cringed  
As he opened the chamber-door;  
The priest cast never a glance his way,  
But crossed the polished floor  
To where the Dutchman's head on his  
breast  
Lolled with a torpid snore.

"Mynheer, your servant sought me out;  
He says that day and night  
You have sat—" He shook the smoker's  
arm,  
But shrank in sudden fright;  
The arm dropped down like a weight of lead,  
The face was dull and white.

And now the stranger stood astride,  
And taller he seemed to grow,  
The pipe sat firm in his sneering lips,  
And with victorious glow  
Like dancing figures around its bowl  
Did the smoke-wreaths come and go.

"Nay, nay," he said, "our gossip sits  
On contemplation bent;  
On son and daughter afar, his mind  
Is doubtless all intent;  
Haply his silence breathes a prayer  
Ere the midnight hour be spent."

"And who art thou?" the pastor cried  
With quaking countenance.  
—"A smoke-dried crony of our good friend  
Here rapt in pious trance."  
And his chuckle shook the vaporous spirits  
To a madder, merrier dance.

"Hence, mocking Fiend, I do know thee  
now!"  
The pastor signed the cross.  
But the old man laughed and shrieked at  
once,  
As over turret and fosse  
The midnight hour in the sleeping town  
From bell to bell did toss.

"Too late, poor priest!" In the pastor's ear  
So rang the scornful croak.  
With that, a swoon fell over his sense;  
And when at length he woke,  
Two pipes lay shattered upon the floor,  
The room was black with smoke.

That hour a dreadful monster sped  
Home to his fiery place;  
A shrieking wretch hung over his back  
As he sank through nether space.  
Of such a rider on such a steed  
What tongue the flight shall trace?

The bearer shook his burden off  
As he reached his retinue:  
He has flung him into a knot of fends,  
Red, yellow, green and blue:  
"I have brought a pipe for my private use,  
Go trim it, some of you!"

They have sliced the very crown from his  
head,  
Worse tonsure than a monk's—  
Lopped arms and legs, stuck a red-hot  
tube  
In his wretchedest of trunks;  
And when the Devil wants his pipe,  
They bring him Jan Van Hunks.





# "DE WHIPPERWILL" AN ECHO OF OTHER DAYS

By Harry Snowden Stabler

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY ARTHURS

IT WAS a small house, tucked away in an unfashionable side street. It sat well back from the sidewalk, making room in front for a small garden which was literally packed with a riot of bloom and fragrance. It seemed as though every old-fashioned flower known and loved in my childhood was there: roses, petunias, pinks and geraniums, verbenas, bachelors' button, cockscomb, larkspur, sweet-Williams and bleeding-heart—they were all there. Even the porch was covered with moonflowers, just opening to the evening dew.

To complete the picture, in the midst of it all stood a big, raw-boned negro woman, quite six feet tall, a tin watering-pot in her hand. Black as soot, evidently of unmixed blood, she looked as strong as a horse, despite her age. "Doesn't it make you fairly homesick?" I asked of the girl beside me.

She nodded, her quick, brown eyes taking in every detail. "Isn't she big, jolly and comfortable? Good-evening, Aunt," she called.

Putting down the watering-pot the woman came up to us. "Good-evenin'. Kin I pull you-all er bokay?" she asked, with a wide, hospitable smile at my companion.

"Thank you—if the owner won't mind."

"Oh, Miss Sally! She won't keer, jes' so ez you loves flowers. Ef she heer you say you likes her gyardin', she jes' soon give you all uv 'em mos'. An' you jes' ez purty ez airy one in de bunch," she added, handing the blossoms over the fence.

"Oh, they are beautiful! Who lives here, Aunt?"

"Miss Sally Byrd, ter be sho'. How cum you-all didn't know dat? Might I ax yo' name?" she continued politely, regarding my companion with what, in another person, would have been a rude stare.

"My name is Mary Brent, and —"

"Dat's er mighty good name whar I cum f'm," the woman interrupted, with a nod of the turbaned head, "er mighty good name, an' I knows Miss Sally would—dar she cum now."

A door had shut and there appeared on the porch the small, slender figure of a woman in a well-worn black dress, with a touch of white ruching at the throat and wrists. She carried a basket and a pair of shears.

Coming toward us she pushed back a long sunbonnet, displaying the most winning countenance I ever saw. Beautiful, fluffy, gray hair, slightly parted in the middle, lent to the thin, aristocratic features a soft, serene strength fascinating to behold.

As she neared us Mary whispered, "Oh, Tom, what a picture; what shall we say?"



"De Watter Got in My Eyes an' I Feel Like Sump'n Done Grab Me by de Gullet"

But it was the negro woman who spoke first.

"Miss Sally," she said in the most matter-of-fact tone, "I done give dese frien's o' mine er bokay, an' I wanter ax 'em ter cum roun' ag'in an' git ernuther."

While the servant was speaking her mistress inventoried us with a pair of bright, brown eyes; then she smiled. "Judy is not always so discriminating in the choice of her friends—she rarely introduces me."

Her words seemed to be a simple statement of fact, a compliment and an inquiry—all in one; while her manner was irresistible in its unaffected charm.

Following Mary's introduction of herself and me, Miss Byrd turned eagerly. "You say your name is Brent? Unless I am dreaming, you are the living image of the Mary Brent with whom I went to school."

"Dar now! Whut I tol' you?" Judy exclaimed with a deep chuckle, as though she had been disputed. "I reck'n I knows folks when I see 'em."

Then followed a most wonderful evening. It was the first of many wonderful evenings; for it went far to alter and make brighter the life of the motherless girl, as well as that of our new-found friend. They became inseparable. Almost invariably I found her at Miss Byrd's in the evenings instead of at her uncle's.

It was all no less wonderful to me, for it gave me insight into the lives of two people—mistress and servant—whose relations to each other were impossible of adequate description, each of whom, in her own way, was a personage.

Miss Byrd was one of a class and generation to be likened only to certain women of the French Revolution and those of Greece in the days of Thermopylae. In addition to the wit, charm and a Luciferian pride of the one there was about her an impression of Spartan strength and will-power, no less forcible because vague and intangible.

By the time we began to wonder how we had ever done without her, to our utter dismay the little woman began to grow listless and absent-minded. Past mistress in the art of conversation, by reason of that subtle power of suggestion and sympathy, so rare and delightful, her increasing lack of animation frightened us. We could not interest her; it became pitiful to see her attempts to entertain us. She even lost interest in her flower garden and one night she would not see us. Then, in spite of her protests, Doctor Paxton came.

To Mary, waiting in the hall below, he said: "Physically she is as sound as a dollar; never a sick day in the twenty years I've known her. But something is worrying her. You must find out what it is; she needs no physic of mine." And with that we had to be content.

Apparently alive to the situation, Judy's attitude was a queer mixture of grief and impatience, hitherto wordless, until Mary gave her Doctor Paxton's verdict.

"I bin livin' wid white folks all my life, an' I 'clar ter gracious I don't know nuthin' 'bout 'em yit," the big woman muttered half angrily. "Shucks!" She turned and faced us. "I ain't nuthin' but er nigger; I ain't got no sense, but whut would you-all

think o' me ef I wuz ter go grievin' myself ter death 'bout somebody whar jes' like dey roun' de cornder waitin' fer me ter cruk my finger ter cum runnin'?"

"Tain't nachul —" She ceased abruptly, as if having said too much, and, putting a hand on Mary's arm, exclaimed with deep emphasis, "Whut in de name o' Gawd would dis nigger do widout you, chile? You is jes' like my white folks; you sho' is."

"How about Mr. Tom?"

With a quick change of emotion, so characteristic of her race, Judy grinned a sideways glance at me. "Ef you ax 'im dat I spee he'd say:

"'De grapevine hug de fence-rail fillin';  
I'll marry you ef you is willin'."

And she went into the kitchen, her sides shaking with laughter.

The following night Judy met me at the door, saying briefly:

"She done gone ter baid. Miss Mary up in her room now. She wouldn't lemme stay in de room wid her las' night, an' I lay up 'ginst de do'. Her light bin burnin' all night long."

The woman's voice had taken on that peculiar whimper so characteristic of negroes and young children when in distress. Nevertheless, she led me back into the kitchen and gave me a piece of fruitcake.

Presently, Mary came in, and, after wandering about the room in aimless fashion, said abruptly: "Aunt Judy, you knew a Mr. Taliaferro, didn't you—a long time ago?"

"Good Lawd, cum down!" she exclaimed, bringing her hands down on her knees with a resounding slap. "Whut you know 'bout 'im? Is you nudder seen 'im? Gret Day! Is Miss Sally —"

"Never you mind about Miss Sally; she's asleep—good for all night, I hope."

"Well, ef dat ain't de beutenes' thing!" said Judy solemnly. "How you done it I don't know, 'cep'n she done got ter love dat brown haid o' your'n mor'n anything in dis worl', I do b'lieve."

I looked at the girl in amazement, as Judy went thoughtfully out. "Who is Mr. Taliaferro, and what has he to do with it?"

"I don't know," she replied; "but there is a book Miss Sally has been reading, lying on a table by her bed. An old, unframed tintype fell out of it as I moved it—you just ought to see it—and you remember what Judy said about somebody being just around the corner ready to come —"

The big woman came quietly in. "Is dis de man you wuz talkin' 'bout?" she inquired.

The girl nodded swiftly to me. And we gazed on the much-faded, full-length picture of a young man of, say, twenty, clad in some sort of uniform, slouch hat, high boots and gauntlets. On the back, even more faded than the picture itself, was written: "Love and Faith. Samuel Taliaferro."

"Put it back, Aunt Judy," the girl whispered softly, and turned to me, her eyes brilliant with excitement. "She has been using that old picture as a bookmark. Now what do you think —"

"It seems to me," I replied, "that you have at last succeeded in fastening a romance on somebody; but —"

Judy came in and closed the door gently. Knuckles on her great hips, resolution stamped on her thick features, she turned swiftly and faced us. "De time done cum fer me ter speak out," she exclaimed in a deep, excited voice. "Ef I don't I'm gwine ter bus' wide open. An' you-all got ter stan' 'tween me an' her ef she raise er ruckshun wid me fer doin' it; you heer? Oh, yassuh, I knows you'd do whut you kin, but you ain't know'd her like I does. She done gimme de dev'l mor'n once fer pesterin' wid her feelin's; but I don't keer," with a quivering voice and defiant gesture upward; "she's all I got in dis worl' but three gravestones out in de buryin'-groun' ter stan' 'tween me an' 'Kingdom Come'."

"You done ax me 'bout Marse Sam," she said impressively, as though fixing the fact that we had begun it. "Now lemme tell you," she went on, overturning a big washtub and seating herself upon it, "dem two bin lovin' one 'nuther sence dey wuz chillun, mos'. How cum I know it? Gret Day! honey, wa'n't I right dar in de ol' Tranquility house when she wuz bawn? She ain't bin out o' my sight six mont' han'-runnin' sence. Yas'm, I's five year older'n she is"—pulling off the red and yellow head-handkerchief, without which we had never seen her.

She was as gray as a badger. Her hair seemed to fit her bullet-head like a skull cap. The low, receding forehead, flat nose and thick lips gave the appearance of extreme simplicity—to those unacquainted with her.



"An' Dat Same Night I Heer de 'Whipperwill' Makin' Our Call"



"How ol' is I? Umph! I dunno. I wuz er grown 'ooman when we-all live at 'Tranquility.' Yas, suh, down in Loudoun County. An' Marse Sam, he live 'bout two mile f'm us. In de ol' days he wuz over at our house jes' like 'twuz his home, too. But, shoof! he wuz jes' one 'mongst many till de war bruk out. Lawd! honey, I can't tell you nuthin' 'bout dem turr'ble times, 'cept'n whut dey done ter me an' mine."

"Jeems River! de good times I done seen at dat ol' place—hit jes' nachully bust'n open wid 'em. You orter seen dat 'ooman upsta'rs—her and Miss Jinny, which wuz her sister—stan' in de parlor in de silks an' de satins an' de white slippers, an' de cump'ny cumin' an' goin', an' me an' Sawney showin' 'em up an' down de steps. Umph, my Lawd! dem wuz good times all de time."

"An' den when de war bruk out I done seen dat place, many's de time, wid nairy huff ner feather in ten mile. I 'clar ter goodness, de fus' time dem Yanks cum dey run ev'rything off'n de place but de dawgs—jes' swep' it clean ez er puppy lick 'er plate."

"An' when Marse Tip—yas, suh, he wuz Miss Sally's an' Miss Jinny's pa—when he cum back f'm de Cote-House an' see whut dem Yankees done, de blood resh up in his haid an' he fell right off'n de hoss an' he wuz daid 'fo' we got 'im in de house."

"Nex' mawnin', 'bout sunup, I heerd hosses out in de big road; 'twere 'bout er hund'ud uv 'em an' dar wuz Marse Sam in front. He waved 'em on down de road an' jumped de hoss over de fence an' rid up in de yard, an' when I tol' 'im 'bout whut dem Yankees done he sho' did look like Satan hisse'f. He rid off down de road like de dev'l beatin' tan-bark; but he cum back nex' day wid de preacher whar dey had wid 'em an' dey put Marse Tip in de groun' 'bout sundown."

"But, Aunt Judy, about Mr. Taliaferro and Miss Sally; did —"

"I nuvver heerd o' no nigger whut could tell er straight tale, nohow, spesh'ly ef you ax 'em questions," Judy remonstrated, frowning. "All whut I done tol' you wuz jes' de fust uv it, an' dat wuz bad 'nuff. But things got wuss an' wuss, 'cause whut de chillun didn' give ter our men, de Yankees cum an' tuk—right down ter de clothes in de closets. Gret jimminy! Sometimes we-all wuz jes' scratchin' like er passel o' chickens."

"When dey had put Marse Tip in de groun', Marse Sam cum ter me an' he sez, 'Judy, dem chillun ain' got nobody ter take keer uv 'em but you an' Sawney an' me an' Jim Claytor—an' he in de big army wid Gin'l Jackson.' Yas'm, Marse Jim, he wuz Miss Jinny's beau; dey 'bout ter git married when de war bruk out—an' Marse Sam sez, 'I ain' gwine ter leave dis valley ef I kin help it, an' I ain' cumin' in twenty mile o' dis house widout seein' 'em, an' you tell 'em fer me dat my eyes ain' de onlies' ones whut gwine ter be on 'em.'"

"An' he sho' did keep his word, 'cause many an' many er mawnin' I fin' hams an' er sack er flour an' sech under de po'ch whut dey done tuk f'm de Yankees. An' one day Marse Sam snuck up in de yard an' he han' me er bun'le an' he sez ter me, 'Tell 'em dat didn' cum f'm de inimy,' an' off he went, jes' burnin' de win'. An' when de chillun open de bun'le, dar wuz two black dresses 'count o' Marse Tip. Dey bus' out cryin' when dey seed 'em, 'cause dey didn' have none an' couldn' git 'em, an' Miss Sally, she sez, 'Tain't no uther man in de worl' would ha' tho't 'bout it.'"

"An' dat wuz how cum I know'd he wuz sho' 'nuff in love wid her, 'cause Marse Sam nuvver wuz de man ter pay no 'tenshun ter wimmin's doin's an' fixin's. Ez fur ez uvver I seed he didn' keer nuthin' fer nobody—jes' nachully wil' ez er buck; de bigges' dev'l in Loudoun County. I lay you sump'n lively, in dem days he ain' nuvver walk ten mile in his life. An' 'twan't er fox run, much less'n er road in all dat valley, he couldn't foller wid his eyes shet."

"Dey tell me dat wuz how cum he got ter be Cun'l Mosby's right-han' man. Ef dem men wanter go anywhar, spesh'ly in de nighttime, Marse Sam wuz de man ter lead 'em, 'cause he know'd all de near cuts. Dey useter call 'im de 'Whippoorwill.'"

"What! He de 'Whippoorwill' of Mosby's —"

"Why, yas, suh, he sho' is de ve'y man. Is you uvver seen 'im? He livin' right hyar in dis town, now. Dey useter sing er song 'bout 'im, sump'n like dis:

"Ef you heer de dry leaves rus'le,  
Hit mout be nuthin' but er snake;  
But ef de whippoorwill am callin',  
Oh, Mr. Yankee, keep awake!"

Speechless, bewildered, I went out on the porch to get my scattered wits together. Could it be possible that the original of that old tintype was "Whippoorwill" Taliaferro? The tales of his cunning, reckless daring, and his peculiar mode of signals at night still had power to thrill me. His prowess as a horseman and swordsman was, even yet, a byword in the Valley of Virginia. That he was yet living had never occurred to me. He had simply been the most fascinating hero of my boyhood days, whose deeds were done long before I was born. The possibility of his being seen and spoken to daily seemed incredible. But was it? Mosby himself was yet living; and had not that little bundle of whipcord, Joe Wheeler, just fought another war, to come home covered with honors by the whole country?

Somewhat dazed and excited, I went back into the kitchen.

Judy was saying: "One time I heerd er Yankee Cap'n say he wuz gwine ter ketch dat bird an' slit his win'pipe. He mout ez well bin tryin' ter ketch de sho' 'nuff bird wid his han's. I jes' nachully had ter laff when I heerd Marse Sam say he done ketched de Cap'n, stid o' de Cap'n ketchin' Marse Sam. An' dat's de way it went on—fus' one side, den de uther on top—till de S'rinder cum. An' my Lawd! folks look like Judgment Day done cum fer sho'."

"Whew! wid de low-down, po' white trash on top an' de quality on de bottom, things wuz jes' nachully upside down. Ol' man Jim Dodson, whar stayed home len'in' money ter folks endurin' de war, he tried ter start de ol'

White as chalk, Mary had risen, her eyes wide with comprehension. "Aunt," she said, "go upstairs and see if Miss Sally is asleep," and turned to me as Judy got out of hearing. "Do you realize what has happened?" Her lips scarcely framed the question.

"I am not absolutely sure," I replied, "but it looks as though Miss Sally heard only the latter part of Sawney's news."

She nodded. "And—and all these years! Oh, Tom, it's horrible!"

"Better get her to repeat that part when she comes back," I suggested.

"No, let her finish and then do it; there may be something more."

"But," I insisted, "she ambles on so, with her mixed tenses; she never comes to a full stop, even."

Judy came in smiling. "She sleepin' like er baby—de fust time in —"

"You were telling us about Miss Jenny fainting," said I.

"'Twan't no faint," she replied, slowly picking up the thread of her story. "Me an' Sawney tuk her upsta'rs an' she lay on de baid wid her eyes wide open two days an' two nights."

"An' dat same night I heer de 'whippoorwill' makin' our call. I went out an' dar wuz Marse Sam in de shadder o' de gatepos, an' he sez, 'Ax Miss Sally kin I see her jes' er minnit, 'cause I got ter be er long way f'm byar by sunup.' An' when I go in an' tell her whut Marse Sam sez, she jes' fling herse'f down on de baid, 'longside o' Miss Jinny, an' she sez, 'Nuvver! Nuvver! Nuvver!'

Nuthin' but dat. An' when I tell Marse Sam she dat 'stracted she don' know whut she talkin' 'bout, he sez ter me, 'Judy, de sheriff is lookin' fer me, 'count o' whut happen ter-day. He is er dam' cyarpet-bagger an' he'd like ter hang me.' He jes' stood dar laffin' discontempshus-like, an' he sez, 'You tell Miss Sally I gwine ter write her whar I gwine. You an' Sawney take good keer o' her an' Miss Jinny, you heer?' An' 'fo' I could say, 'Yas, suh,' he done faded out o' sight in de dark."

"An' when I tol' Miss Sally whut Marse Sam say, she put her eye right in mine, an' she sez, 'Judy, I loves you mos' ez much ez I loves anybody in de worl', but lis'en ter me; if you uvver speak his name ter me or ter Jinny, or ef you uvver open yo' mouf 'bout whut happen ter-day, I'm gwine ter sen' you' way f'm me fer good an' all; you heer me? Now, don' you forgit dat, an' you tell Sawney de same thing.'"

"My Lawd! dat certn'y did 'stonish me, an' when I start ter ax her whut de motter wid Marse Sam, she whirl roun', wid her eyes 'jes' blazin', an' she sez, 'Yo' mouf open now!' Well, dat settle it wid me, 'cause I ain't nuvver heerd her spesserfy her words like dat. An' dat's de las' time I seen Marse Sam in Lawd knows how many year."

"An' Miss Jinny? She jes' sot dar in Marse Tip's big cheer an' look out'n de winder; day in an' day out, dar she sot. We all know'd who she lookin' fer, whar wa'n't nuvver gwine ter cum no mo'. An' she ain' nuvver open her mouf 'cep'n ter take whut we give her ter eat—jes' like er baby. De front o' de house wuz shet up an' Miss Sally wouldn't see her bes' frien's—nobody but de doctor. He tol' Miss Sally dat Miss Jinny got de mellinoculy an' she got ter go 'way ter—ter—I fergit de place—soun' ter me like de thing whar dey useter keep de gol'fish."

"Aqua — Oh! Sanitarium," suggested Mary softly. "Dat's it; dat's de place. An' Miss Sally sol' all de lan' 'cep'n de home farm, an' she cum up hyar an' rent dis house so she could go out ter see Miss Jinny. Hit mus' ha' eos' er pow'ful lot o' money out dar; 'cause when she died we didn' have 'nuff money ter take her back home, an' she lay out in de 'Piscopol buryin'-groun', I dunno how long."

"Oh, yas, suh; Marse Sam he writ her. At fus' he writ her eve'y week er so; den he writ her eve'y mont' an' den he writ her eve'y six mont'. And 'bout er year arter Miss Jinny died I met up wid 'im on de street."

"I heer somebody say, 'Dat you, Judy?' I turn roun' an' dar he wuz. He done got gray ez er rat, an' grow'd er mustash an' er go'tee. But I know'd 'im; his eyes jes' de same. I sot my basket down on de chu'ch steps an' he lean up 'g'inat de fence an' he sez, 'Judy, can't you tell me nuthin' 'bout her? Ain't she uvver got none o' my letters; ain't she uvver say nuthin' 'bout me?'

"Den I upped an' tol' 'im. I sez, 'Marse Sam, she done got all dem letters whar you writ her. In all de years you

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"An' Sawney, He Bellered, 'Yas'm, Dey Arter Me, Too, 'Cause I Seen It'"

'spute 'tween Marse Sam's folks an' Marse Jim Claytor's folks—de famblys nuvver spoke ter one 'nuther fer twenty year 'count uv it—an' Marse Jim cut de hide off'n de ol' man wid de hosswhip. An' soon arter dat de turr'bles thing happen."

"Me an' Miss Jinny wuz in de dinin'-room settin' de table, an' de fus' thing I know'd hyar cum Sawney—bust'n in de room, skeered ter death, mos'. You could ha' knocked de nigger's eyes off wid er stick. An' he bruk out cryin' an' stutlerin', 'Oh, Lawdy! Oh, Lawdy! Marse Jim Claytor done bin kilt daid. Ol' man Jim Dodson done it.' An' I sez, 'Whut you talkin' 'bout, nigger; is you crazy?' An' Sawney kep' on hollerin', 'Oh, Lawdy! Oh, Lawdy! 'fo' he put de pistol up Marse Sam run out'n de Cote-House an' shot 'im in de bres', too, fer doin' uv it. Dey arter me 'cause I seed Marse Sam do it.' I turn roun' an' dar wuz Miss Sally jes' poke her haid in de dinin'-room do'."

"An' she run over ter Miss Jinny, whar done fell like er daid 'ooman on de flo', an' she sez, 'Whut's dis? Whut's de motter wid her?' An' I sez, 'Hit's cause Marse Jim done bin kilt.' An' Miss Sally sez, 'Is dat right—whut I heer Sawney say—he seen it?' An' Sawney, he bellered, 'Yas'm, dey arter me, too, 'cause I seen it,' an' out he went thoo de back gate."

"I tho't Miss Sally gwine ter keel over like Miss Jinny, but she slip down on de flo' trimblin' like er shot rabbit an' her han's flutterin' like er bird's wings."

"An' ef you b'lieve me, Miss Sally ain' nuvver let nobody, white ner black, open dere mouf 'bout whut happen dat day, not even — Whut de motter wid you, chillun? You ain' lisen'in' ter whut I's tellin' you."



# THE KING OF DIAMONDS

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IT WAS a few minutes past four o'clock when Mr. Wynne strode through the immense retail sales department of the H. Latham Company, and a uniformed page held open the front door for him to pass out. Once on the sidewalk the self-styled diamond master of the world paused long enough to pull on his gloves, carelessly chucking the small sole-leather grip with its twenty-odd million dollars' worth of precious stones under one arm, meanwhile; then he turned up Fifth Avenue toward Thirty-fourth Street. A sneak thief brushed past him, appraised him with one furtive glance, then went his way, seeking quarry more promising.

Simultaneously with Mr. Wynne's appearance three men whose watchful eyes had been fastened upon the doorway of the H. Latham Company for something more than an hour stirred. One of them—Frank Claflin—was directly across the street, strolling along idly, the most purposeless of all in the hurrying, well-dressed throng; another—Steve Birnes, Chief of the Birnes Detective Agency—appeared from the hallway of a building adjoining the H. Latham Company, and moved along behind Mr. Wynne, some thirty feet in the rear; the third—Jerry Malone—was half a block away, up Fifth Avenue, coming slowly toward them.

Mr. Birnes adjusted his pace to that of Mr. Wynne, step for step, and then, seeming assured of his safety from any chance glance, ostentatiously mopped his face with a handkerchief, fidgeting it a little to the left as he replaced it in his pocket. Claflin, across the street, understood from that that he was to go on up Fifth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street, the next intersection, and turn west to board any crosstown car which Mr. Wynne might possibly take; and a cabby, who had been sitting motionless on his box down the street, understood from it that he was to move slowly along behind Mr. Birnes, and be prepared for an emergency.

Half-way between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets, Jerry Malone passed Mr. Wynne without so much as a glance at him, and went on toward his Chief.

"Drop in behind here," Mr. Birnes remarked crisply to Malone, without looking around. "I'll walk on ahead and turn east in Thirty-fourth Street to nail him if he swings a car. Claflin's got him going west."

Mr. Wynne was perhaps some twenty feet from the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue when Mr. Birnes passed him. His glance lingered on the broad back of the Chief reflectively as he swung by and turned into the cross street, after a quick, businesslike glance at an approaching car. Then Mr. Wynne smiled. He paused

on the edge of the curb long enough for an automobile to pass, then went on across Thirty-fourth Street to the uptown side and, turning flatly, looked Mr. Birnes over pensively, after which he leaned up against an electric-light pole and scribbled something on an envelope.

A closed cab came wriggling and squirming up Fifth Avenue. As it reached the middle of Thirty-fourth Street Mr. Wynne raised his hand, and the cab drew up beside him. He said something to the driver, opened the door and stepped in. Mr. Birnes smiled confidently. So that was it, eh? He, too, crossed Thirty-fourth Street and lifted his hand. The cab which had been drifting along behind him immediately came up.

"Now, Jimmy, get on the job," instructed Mr. Birnes, as he stepped in. "Keep that chap in sight and when he stops you stop."

Mr. Wynne's cab jogged along comfortably up the Avenue, twisting and winding a way between the other vehicles, the while Mr. Birnes regarded it with thoughtful gaze. Its number dangled on a white board in the rear; Mr. Birnes just happened to note it.

"Grand Central Station, I'll bet a hat," he mused.

But the closed cab didn't turn into Forty-second Street; it went past, then on past Delmonico's, past the Cathedral, past the Plaza, at Fifty-ninth Street, and still on uptown. It was not hurrying—it merely moved steadily; but once free of the snarl which culminates at the Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park, its speed was increased a little. Past Sixty-fourth Street, Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, and at Sixty-seventh it slowed up and halted at the sidewalk on the far side.

"Stop in front of a door, Jimmy," directed the detective hastily.

Jimmy obeyed gracefully, and Mr. Birnes stepped out, hardly half a block behind the closed cab. He went through an elaborate pretense of paying Jimmy, the while he regarded Mr. Wynne, who had also alighted and was paying the driver. The small sole-leather grip was on the ground between his feet as he ransacked his pocketbook. A settlement was reached, the cabby nodded, touched his horse with his whip and continued to jog on up Fifth Avenue.

"Now, he didn't order that chap to come back or he wouldn't have paid him," the detective reasoned. "Therefore he's close to where he is going."

But Mr. Wynne seemed in no hurry; instead he stood still for a minute gazing after the retreating vehicle, which fact made it necessary for Mr. Birnes to start a dispute with Jimmy as to just how much the fare should be. They played the scene admirably; had Mr. Wynne been listening he might even have heard a part of the vigorous argument. Whether he listened or not he turned and gazed straight at Mr. Birnes until, finally, the detective recognized the necessity of getting out of sight.

With a final explosion he handed a bill to Jimmy and turned to go up the steps of the house. He had no business there, but he must do something.

Jimmy turned the cab short and went rattling away down Fifth Avenue to wait orders in the lee of a corner a block or so away. And, meanwhile, as Mr. Wynne still stood on the corner, Mr. Birnes had to go on up the steps. As he placed his foot on the third step he knew—he hadn't looked, apparently, but he knew—that Mr. Wynne had raised his hand, and that in that hand was a white envelope. And further, he knew that Mr. Wynne was gazing directly at him. Now that was odd. Slowly it began to dawn upon the detective that Mr. Wynne was trying to attract his attention. If he heeded the signal—evidently it was intended as such—it would be a confession that he was following Mr. Wynne, and realizing this he took two more steps up. Mr. Wynne waved the envelope again, after which he folded it across twice and thrust it into a crevice of a water-plug beside him. Then he turned east along Sixty-seventh Street and disappeared.

The detective had seen it, every bit of it, and he was perplexed. It was wholly unprecedented. However, the first thing to do now was to keep Mr. Wynne in sight, so he came down the steps and walked rapidly on to Sixty-seventh Street,



Mr. Wynne was Trying to Attract His Attention

pausing to peer around the corner before he turned. Mr. Wynne was idling along, half a block away, without the slightest apparent interest in what was happening behind. Inevitably Mr. Birnes' eyes were drawn to the water-plug across the street. A tag end of white paper gleamed tantalizingly. Now, what the deuce did it mean?

Being only human, Mr. Birnes went across the street and got the paper. It was an envelope. As he unfolded it and gazed at the address, written in pencil, his mouth opened in undignified astonishment. It was addressed to him—Steven Birnes, Chief of the Birnes Detective Agency. Mr. Wynne had still not looked back, so the detective trailed along behind, opening the envelope as he walked. A note inside said briefly:

My address is No. ——— Thirty-seventh Street. If it is necessary for you to see me please call there about six o'clock this afternoon.

E. VAN CORTLANDT WYNNE.

Now here was, perhaps, as savory a kettle of fish

as Mr. Birnes had ever stumbled upon. It is difficult to imagine a more embarrassing situation for the professional sleuth than to find himself suddenly taken into the confidence of the person he is shadowing. But was he being taken into Mr. Wynne's confidence? Ah! That was the question! Admitting that Mr. Wynne knew who he was, and admitting that he knew he was being followed, was not this apparent frankness an attempt to throw him off the scent? He would see, would Mr. Birnes. He quickened his pace a little, then slowed up instantly, because Mr. Wynne had stopped on the corner of Madison Avenue, and as a downtown car came rushing along he stepped out to board it. Mr. Birnes scuttled across the street, and by a dexterous jump swung the car as it fled past. Mr. Wynne had gone forward and was taking a seat; Mr. Birnes remained on the back platform, sheltered by the accommodating bulk of a fat man, and flattered himself that Mr. Wynne had not seen him. By peering over a huge shoulder the detective was still able to watch Mr. Wynne.

He saw him pay his fare, and then he saw him place the small sole-leather grip on his knees and unfasten the catch. Not knowing what was in that grip Mr. Birnes was curious to see what came out of it. Nothing came out of it—it was empty! There was no question of this, for Mr. Wynne opened it wide and turned it upside down to shake it out. It didn't mean anything particular to Mr. Birnes, the fact that the grip was empty, so he didn't get excited about it.

Mr. Wynne left the car at Thirty-fourth Street, the south end of the Park Avenue tunnel, by the front door, and the detective stepped off the rear end. Mr. Wynne brushed past him as he went up the stairs, and as he did so he smiled a little—a very little. He walked on up Park Avenue to Thirty-seventh Street, turned in there and entered a house about the middle of the block, with a latchkey. The detective glanced at the number of the house, and felt aggrieved—it was the number that was written in the note! And Mr. Wynne had entered with a key! Which meant, in all probability, that he *did* live there, as he had said!

But why did he take that useless cab ride up Fifth Avenue? If he had no objection to any one knowing his address, why did he go so far out of his way? Mr. Birnes couldn't say. As he pondered these questions he saw a maid-servant come out of a house adjoining that which Mr. Wynne had entered, and he went up boldly to question her.

Did a Mr. Wynne live next door? Yes. How long had he lived there? Five or six months. Did he own the house? No. The people who owned the house had gone to Europe for a year and had rented it furnished. No,



"Say, is Them Real Diamonds?" He Demanded Thickly



Mr. Wynne didn't have a family. He lived there alone, except for two servants, a cook and a housemaid. She had never noticed anything unusual about Mr. Wynne, or the servants, or the house. Yes, he went out every day, downtown to business. No, she didn't know what his business was, but she had an idea that he was a broker. That was all.

From a near-by telephone booth the detective detailed Clafin and Malone, who had returned to the office, to keep a sharp watch on the house, after which he walked on to Fifth Avenue, and down Fifth Avenue to the establishment of the H. Latham Company. Mr. Latham would see him—yes. In fact, Mr. Latham, harried by the events of the past two hours, bewildered by a hundred-million-dollar diamond deal which had been thrust down his throat gracefully, but none the less certainly, and ridden by the keenest curiosity, was delighted to see Mr. Birnes.

"I've got his home address all right," Mr. Birnes boasted, in the beginning. Of course it was against the ethics of the profession to tell how he got it.

"Progress already," commented Mr. Latham with keen interest. "That's good."

Then the detective detailed the information he had received from the maid, adding thereto divers and sundry conclusions of his own.

Mr. Latham marveled exceedingly.

"He tried to shake us all right when he went out," Mr. Birnes went on to explain, "but the trap was set and there was no escape."

With certain minor omissions he told of the cab ride to Sixty-seventh Street, the trip across to a downtown car, and, as a matter of convincing circumstantial detail, added the incident of the empty gripsack.

"Empty?" repeated Mr. Latham, startled. "Empty, did you say?"

"Empty as a bass drum," the detective assured him complacently. "He turned it upside down and shook it."

"Then what became of them?" demanded Mr. Latham.

"Became of what?"

"The diamonds, man—what became of the diamonds?"

"You didn't mention any diamonds to me except those five the other day," the detective reminded him coldly. "Your instructions were to find out all about this man—who he is, what he does, where he goes, and the rest. This is my preliminary report. You didn't mention diamonds."

"I didn't know he would have them," Mr. Latham exploded irascibly. "That empty gripsack, man—when he left here he carried millions—I mean a great quantity of diamonds in it."

"A great quantity of —" the detective began; and then he sat up straight in his chair and stared at Mr. Latham in bewilderment.

"If the gripsack was empty when he was on the car," Mr. Latham rushed on excitedly, "then don't you see that he got rid of the diamonds somehow from the time he left here until you saw that the gripsack was empty? How did he get rid of them? Where does he keep them? And where does he get them?"

Mr. Birnes closed his teeth grimly and his eyes snapped. Now he knew why Mr. Wynne had taken that useless cab ride up Fifth Avenue. It was to enable him to get rid of the diamonds! There was an accomplice—in detective parlance the second person is always an accomplice—in that closed cab! It had all been prearranged; Mr. Wynne had deliberately made a monkey of him—Steven Birnes! Reluctantly the detective permitted himself to remember that he didn't know whether there was anybody in that cab or not when Mr. Wynne entered it, and—and —! Then he remembered that he did know one thing—the number of the cab!

He arose abruptly, with the light of a great determination in his face.

"Whose diamonds were they?" he demanded.

"They were his, as far as we know," replied Mr. Latham.

"How much were they worth?"

Mr. Latham looked him over thoughtfully.

"I am not at liberty to tell you that, Mr. Birnes," he said at last. "There is a great number of them, and they

are worth—they are worth a large sum of money. And they are all unset. That's enough for you to know, I think."

It seemed to be quite enough for Mr. Birnes to know.

"It may be that I will have something further to report this evening," he told Mr. Latham. "If not, I'll see you to-morrow, here."

He went out. Ten minutes later he was talking to a friend in police headquarters, over the telephone. The records there showed that the license for the particular cab he had followed had been issued to one William Johns. He was usually to be found around the cabstand in Madison Square, and lived in Charlton Street.

Mr. Birnes' busy heels fairly spurned the pavements of Fifth Avenue as he started toward Madison Square. Here was a long line of cabs drawn up beside the curb, some twenty or thirty in all. The fifth from the end bore the number he sought—Mr. Birnes chuckled; and there, alongside it, stood William Johns, swapping Billingsgate



"Far be it From Me to Deceive You, Cap," Responded the Cabby

with the driver of a hansom, the while he kept one eye open for a prospective fare. It was too easy! Mr. Birnes paused long enough to congratulate himself upon his marvelous acumen, and then he approached the driver.

"You are William Johns?" he accused him sharply.

"That's me, Cap," the cabby answered readily.

"A few minutes past four o'clock this afternoon you went up Fifth Avenue, and stopped at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street to pick up a fare—a young man."

"Yep."

"You drove him to the corner of Sixty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue," the detective went on just to forestall possible denials. "He got out there, paid you, and you went on up Fifth Avenue."

"Far be it from me to deceive you, Cap," responded the cabby with irritating levity. "I done that same."

"Who was that man?" demanded Mr. Birnes coldly.

"Search me! I never seen him before."

The detective regarded the cabby with accusing eyes. Then, quite casually, he flipped open his coat and Johns caught a glimpse of a silver shield. It might only have been accident, of course, still —

"Now, Johns, who was the man in the cab when you stopped to pick up the second man at Thirty-fourth Street?"

"Wrong, Cap," and the cabby grinned. "There wasn't any man."

"Don't attempt to deny —"

"No man, Cap. It was a woman."

"A woman!" the detective repeated. "A woman!"

"Sure thing—a woman, a regular woman. And, Cap, she was a pippin, a peachorino, a beauty bright," he added gratuitously.

Mr. Birnes stared thoughtfully across the street for a little while. So there was a woman in it! Mr. Wynne had transferred the contents of the gripsack to her, in a cab, on a crowded thoroughfare, right under his nose!

"I was a little farther down the line there," Johns went on to explain. "About a quarter of four o'clock, I guess, she came along. She got in, after telling me to drive slowly up Fifth Avenue so I would pass Thirty-fourth

Street five minutes or so after four o'clock. If a young man with a gripsack hailed me at the corner I was to stop and let him get in; then I was to go on up Fifth Avenue. If I wasn't stopped I was to drive on to Thirty-fifth Street, cut across to Madison Avenue, down to Thirty-third Street, then back to Fifth Avenue and past Thirty-fourth Street again, going uptown. The guy with the gripsack caught us first crack out of the box."

"And then?" demanded the detective eagerly.

"I went on up Fifth Avenue, according to sailing orders, and the guy inside stopped me at Sixty-seventh Street. He got out and gimme a five-spot, telling me to go a few blocks, then turn and bring the lady back to the Sixth Avenue 'L' at Fifty-eighth Street. I done it. That's all. She went up the steps, and that's the last I seen of her."

"Did she carry a small gripsack?"

"Yep. It would hold about as much as a high hat."

Explicit as the information was, it led nowhere, apparently. Mr. Birnes readily understood this much, yet there was a chance—a bare chance—that he might trace the girl on the "L," in which case—anyway, it was worth trying.

"What did she look like? How was she dressed?" he asked.

"She had on one of them blue tailor-made things with a lid to match, and a long feather in it," the cabby answered obligingly. "She was pretty as a—she was a beaut, Cap, sort of skinny, and had lots of hair on her head—brownish, goldish sort of hair. She was about twenty-two or three, maybe, and—and—Cap, she was the goods, that's all."

In the course of a day a thousand women, more or less, answering that description in a general sort of way, ride back and forth on the elevated trains. Mr. Birnes sighed as he remembered this; still it might produce results. Then came another idea.

"Did you happen to look in the cab after the young woman left it?" he inquired.

"No."

"Had any fares since?"

"No."

Mr. Birnes opened the door of the closed cab and glanced in. Perhaps there might be a stray glove, a handkerchief, some more definite clew than this vague description. He scrutinized the inside of the vehicle carefully; there was nothing. Yes, by Jingo, here was something—a white streak under the edge of the cushion on the seat! Mr. Birnes' hopeful fingers fished it out. It was a white envelope, sealed and—and addressed to him!

If you are as clever as I imagine you are, you will find this. My address is No. — Thirty-seventh Street. I shall be pleased to see you if you will call.

E. VAN CORTLANDT WYNNE.

It was most disconcerting, really.

A snow-white pigeon dropped down out of an azure sky and settled on a topmost girder of the great Singer Building.

(Continued on Page 30)



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## The Joke That Makes You Peevish

IF IT were not for wealth's fool friends, or if people would always take a joke, there would be even less invidious prejudice against wealth in this country.

For example, a branch railroad four hundred miles long was recently completed in the Northwest. It was a creditable piece of work. The dirt was accurately shoveled, so as to make a level roadbed, the ties properly placed and the rails laid exactly so far apart all the way. The achievement was celebrated at a public banquet, where the gentleman who promoted the branch in modest expectation of earning a neat profit on the investment had the pleasure to see himself described, in letters of golden fire, as the "Empire Builder."

Contemplating this, a thoughtful contemporary—somewhat atremble with ecstatic devotion—observes: "We think we are entirely within the mark when we say that the Pacific Northwest owes more to Mr. Hill than to any human being who ever lived."

Passing by the strict grammatical construction, which would imply that Mr. Hill is not a human being, this is the kind of thing that makes some citizens, albeit peaceably inclined, turn peevish and look about for a brick. They think Shakespeare, Newton, Lincoln—to mention only a few at random—did as much for them as for people who live off the line of Mr. Hill's railroad. A gentle imputation to the contrary, instead of provoking laughter, really irritates them.

## The General Christmas Bounty

USUALLY you give a return for your Christmas present; and right-minded persons believe in paying their own way. Perhaps the right-minded they are the more they fear the demoralizing effect of getting things without payment, and feel that the only true way to help the indigent man is to make him completely self-supporting, which is synonymous with self-respecting.

Yet all of us take bounty; and if we are well-to-do we take rather more of it than our less fortunate neighbors can get. Beethoven puts nothing in the stocking of a man who hasn't the price of a concert ticket. The well-to-do man gets a college education for his son at a tenth its cost. For five hundred dollars in tuition he gets five thousand dollars' worth of instruction. The State, or Mr. Rockefeller, makes up the deficit. Railroads make little on hauling sleeping-car and dining-car passengers. That superior service for the well-to-do is largely supported by profits from crowded day-coaches. High schools cost, per pupil, three times as much as elementary schools—to which alone, generally speaking, children of the less fortunate go.

Other instances might be cited. Not that the well-to-do are becoming visibly "pauperized." We would not suggest, as a holiday thought, that Mr. Carnegie endow a rescue movement in their behalf. But the virtuous self-supporting doctrine has great limitations—which are appropriately remembered at this season.

## Some Stars of Empire

AT CHICAGO this month was given a really wonderful exhibition of inventions—a display of achievements of the human mind and hand which was also symbolic of mankind's progress. One of the symbols, only two years

old, weighed sixteen hundred and ten pounds, while a whole carload of others averaged fourteen hundred and fifty pounds. These are known, technically, as steers; but there were many sorts of massy beasts, meet to haul, clothe, nourish, lard and butter, "the paragon of animals."

With this fat-stock show compare a description of the state of agriculture in England not long after the Norman conquest: "The stock was of such poor breed that a grown ox seems to have been little larger than a calf of the present day, and the fleece of a sheep often weighed less than two ounces. Many of the animals had to be killed before winter, as there was no proper fodder to keep them, and those that survived were often so weak in the spring that they had to be dragged to pasture on a sledge. Though the fields were allowed to lie fallow every third year, they gave a yield of only about six bushels of wheat an acre, of which two bushels had to be retained for seed."

Here is a law of about the same period: "If a stranger go out of the highway, and he then neither shout nor blow a horn, he is to be accounted a thief, either to be slain or to be redeemed." By the materialistic theory of history we learn that the chubby pig and the ponderous steer are also signs and harbingers of the higher life.

## Going Ahead by Going Into Debt

SINCE consolidation, eleven years ago, the debt of New York City has nearly trebled, and it is now rather over two-thirds as much as the funded debt of the United States. The increase of more than four hundred millions in indebtedness since consolidation provokes some dolorous prophecies that the metropolis must be running headlong to ruin.

Generally speaking, when the railroads are piling up indebtedness it is a sign of progress. It means that they are borrowing money on long time at low interest to make profitable improvements. Since 1898 their debt has increased four billions; but the money has been well laid out, for average dividends on railroad stocks have doubled. Every one realizes that if the roads are to keep up with the needs of the country they must constantly absorb fresh capital, go into debt more and more. In the first half of this year they issued half a billion of new bonds.

Public debt, however, is commonly put in quite another category—and for no good reason. Its benefits are seldom capable of mathematical demonstration. To build bridges, roads, hospitals, libraries, water-works, scores of schoolhouses and so on, New York has borrowed so many hundred millions at about three and a half per cent. Over against the fixed charge you cannot set down the education of six hundred thousand children at so many cents per head per annum, and strike a bookkeeper's balance. The balance is there, however.

It is safe to say that any city that hasn't gone into debt hasn't lived up to its opportunities of usefulness.

## Insulting a Humble Brother

WE DON'T see why the poor scalper of theatre tickets should be used so harshly. All the newspapers take a rap at him periodically, even though they themselves have passes to the play, and about once a year the city council passes an ordinance threatening to put him in jail. Nobody else in his class is so badgered.

The scalper is simply a speculator. His function is exactly the same as that of the operator in wheat, cotton or stocks. His honorable purpose is to foresee that somebody, presently, will want a certain commodity, and to get to the commodity first—afterward permitting the consumer to take it off his hands at an agreeably enhanced price.

His profit, like that of a gentleman who corners oats, is the due reward of his skill, judgment and celerity. To the production and consumption of dramas he contributes in exactly the same degree that his more famous colleague contributes to the production and consumption of oats. By suppressing the scalper, many a man who would have paid two dollars and a half for a ticket will get it for two dollars—a condition obnoxious to that theory of trade under which some highly-successful enterprises have developed, and plainly in derogation, moreover, of the law of supply and demand.

We don't see why the scalper should not plead *laissez-faire* as well as any other speculator. When the press calls him a wart, and the council sternly prescribes acid, a great vocation is insulted in one of its humbler members.

## Taking Stock of the Year

TRADE reviews of 1908 will be pitched in a minor key. Yet it was a notable year. If you can get a man nervous enough you can make him believe anything. Undoubtedly the country was nervous; but not nervous enough to believe that it must abandon Government control of big business or suffer perpetual hard times as a punishment for its contumacy. Speaking of the large majority, it cleaved to Teddy. That steadiness under adversity is significant.

The Socialist vote, it now appears, was hardly any larger than in 1904, although industrial depression might well have called out the maximum of discontent. Describing the condition which must result in Socialism, a recent and entirely acceptable statement says: "A small number of people, capitalists, possess as their exclusive property the land, mines, factories, railroads and other instruments by which goods are produced to satisfy human wants."

That does not describe a condition which obtains in the United States. That it does not describe a condition which very many people see in prospect is a fair reading, we think, of the election returns. All the circumstances considered, the election was a memorable demonstration of conservatism, and, in the last analysis, conservatism means that a man is finding his conditions quite tolerable. For a decided majority to be in that state isn't so bad.

## A House Divided Against Itself

IT SEEMS to be in the air that an attempt shall be made this winter to reform the rules of the House. Speaker Cannon is plainly of the opinion that the subject will remain in the air. Very likely he is right. The question is essentially a simple one, being the same that confronts Haiti, Cuba, India and the Philippines—to wit, whether the House is capable of self-government.

Now we believe firmly that every body of men possesses, at least potentially, the capacity to govern itself. But personal observation of the workings of the House does not much encourage a belief that this capacity has there been developed to a practicable degree. Turn to the evidence. When the Haitian is given an opportunity to govern himself, what does he do? Too often he borrows a gun and shoots up his alderman. At every session the House enjoys a period of practically untrammelled liberty. It goes into Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union; the Speaker puts a substitute in the chair, and the members can do pretty much as they please. What follows? Why, they consume days on end delivering long and uninteresting speeches, generally upon quite irrelevant subjects, with no other aim than to get them printed in the Record and distributed gratis among constituents. One cannot watch the House at these periods when it is governing itself without a sad doubt as to the result of extending its powers in that direction.

When the House is able to reform its awful tendency to spout indifferent rhetoric we shall be more hopeful about such reform of the rules as will make it a free body.

## The Indestructible Lords

WE HEAR again that the House of Lords must be abolished. But, of course, this can't be done. For two centuries and a half England has been thundering in the index at the Upper Chamber, and, with one slight exception, it has always taken it out in thundering. Seventy years ago Macaulay was sure that "in a few years the House of Lords must go after Gatton and Old Sarum"; and for quite that long nearly all enlightened British statesmen have seen the inconvenient anomaly of a hereditary chamber which, in the words of Sir William Harcourt, "represents nothing but the interests of a class, a very limited and very selfish class."

But it does not lie in the Anglo-Saxon nature to kill an institution. Probably the gradual extinction of villeinage was due to the admixture of reckless Norman blood. It was not accidental that England achieved the Reformation by setting up an ecclesiastical institution almost exactly like the one it overthrew. There always has been a House of Lords; the wisdom of the Fathers approved it.

Without a House of Lords the British empire would be adrift upon a chartless and empirical sea. That House, in 1893, threw out the Home Rule Bill by a vote of about nine to one. Lord Rosebery declared, in the ensuing election, that the real issue was between Peers and Commons—and the electorate simply overwhelmed the Liberal party, utterly Bryanized it, returning four hundred and eleven Unionists (on which side the Lords were) against one hundred and seventy-seven Liberals and a few scattering. As usual, there were complicating issues. But the movement to abolish the Lords has looked more dubious since then.

## Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

☛ The man who marries for money soon finds why it is called the sinews of war.

☛ The girl who looks for a husband will find one, but she needn't expect a reward.

☛ If you are rich you can afford to be good-natured, and if you are poor you can't afford not to be.

☛ There is no reason in love; the reasons why a girl falls in love are the reasons why she shouldn't.

☛ It takes talent to make good friends, but to cultivate enemies that are really worth while requires actual genius.



# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## An Old Salt From Detroit

**M**R. CHARLES TANSEY, of Buffalo, New York, once submitted to Manager Lem Wolcott a Great American Drama in which the prologue followed the second act. In defending this dramatic innovation Mr. Tansey stoutly contended that the proper place for any prologue is after the second act, so that people who get in late may know what the show is about.

Radical as that departure from the accepted standards may have been, it was no whit more radical than the step that is to be taken here. This story has two morals. Both from a business and an artistic viewpoint this may seem prodigal. Ordinarily but one moral is incorporated in a story, and the other one is kept for another story; thus, if conditions are propitious, enabling the struggling author to put two across on the stern and rockbound editor, instead of one. Disdaining such subterfuges, the two morals that properly go with this illuminating narrative shall be incorporated in it, not only that the reading public may have its fullest meed of instruction, but, also, as a merited rebuke to that numerous class of authors who eliminate morals from their work entirely, and supply immorals liberally instead.

Furthermore, it is deemed wise to reverse the ordinary practice of writers of tales with morals, and insert the morals at the beginning, instead of tacking them to the end; thus, in a measure, giving endorsement to Mr. Charles Tansey's ideas about the prologue of his play.

Wherefore, the morals are these: (1) Constant rapping wears away the hardest Secretary of the Navy, and (2) If a medal is desired, and there is no other way to get it, give it to yourself.

Bearing in mind these two instructive and cogent truths, what do we find? We find that Mr. Truman H. Newberry, of Detroit, Michigan, is Secretary of the Navy, having stepped gracefully into that position on December first from his coign of vantage as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, where he has been cozily installed for some two years, awaiting, with such patience as he could command, the psychological moment and, also, the psychological T. Roosevelt, who was at one time Assistant Secretary of the Navy himself, but who, in the fullness of time, became the Army and the Navy and all the other works.

So far as Mr. Newberry was concerned, it was but a matter of waiting. There never has been any doubt, from the moment he first clamped on the assistant secretaryship, that he would be Secretary. That is what Mr. Newberry arrived on the spot for, and he came prepared with a full set of secretarial regalia. You see, Mr. Newberry is a hustler. He could foresee no war on the horizon whereby he, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, might be led to paths of glory via San Juan or whatever other hill it was. Consequently, he cast an eagle eye about, and decided the way to get his feet on his own particular path of glory was across the billowy form of Victor Howard Metcalf, then enjoying the emoluments of the Cabinet job that goes with the Navy.

Victor Howard had been Secretary of Commerce and Labor and in Congress before that, but his is a gentle soul. He is painstaking and careful, but has none of the dash that goes with two hundred and fifty pounds of brawn nurtured in Detroit, the same being possessed by Newberry. Moreover, Newberry is a practical sailor, had been a volunteer naval officer in the Spanish War, had made a study of the Navy, has a few tons of money and was held in high regard at the White House.

While Victor H. was fussing along in his department, mulling over things he didn't know about and never would, Truman H. was giving an exact imitation of a live wire, during office hours, and spreading himself around in a social program at night wherein he overlooked no tricks.

### What Sympathy Will Do in Politics

**H**E WAS hustling, but scientifically, not rudely. When a large, conical gentleman from Detroit freights in a few cases of legal tender and sets about doing things in Washington society he finds that Washington society is responsive. Moreover, when a large, conical gentleman from Detroit shows a short, thickset person from Oyster Bay, New York, that he is in sympathy with all the thickset person's ideas about the Navy, upon which subject said thickset person has fourteen ideas a minute every working-day, that being his principal concern of all the governmental matters, the outcome isn't hard to guess, especially as we must have young blood in the administration of naval affairs.



The Large, Conical Gentleman From Detroit Who is in Sympathy With the Naval Plans of the Short, Thickset Person From Oyster Bay

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

To be sure, it took Newberry longer than it might, for he did not qualify in the cross-country tests. When he first got to Washington he was told to put on his old clothes and come over to the White House. He went. Thereupon, the President tried Newberry out for admission to the Palpitating Perambulators on Presidential Peregrinations. They started out gayly. Before nightfall the President had dragged Newberry through creeks, jumped him off crags, chased him up mountains, shooed him up trees, raced him along dusty roads, rolled him down hills and shoved him up perpendicular walls of rock.

Newberry came home two miles behind the Presidential procession, went to bed for a week and never went out again. He is not built for it.

If he had qualified it is quite likely he would have been Secretary of the Navy long ago, but he bided his time. Although he cannot turn a double somersault out of a treetop into Rock Creek, he did know how to do a few feats of tight-wire dancing and balancing, and practiced them assiduously, keeping up his liberal social campaign the while, and being always on the spot. The result was fore-ordained. One bright day, early in November, Victor Howard Metcalf, in true nautical style, walked the plank, clapping in his hand a letter saying how sorry the President was to accept his resignation, after his invaluable services to the country, but please hurry up, and good luck to you, and do not tarry, I pray thee.

Thus it all worked out satisfactorily. Mr. Newberry is Secretary of the Navy, which is a good selection, too, in its way, for Newberry will be a good Secretary of the Navy. He is a keen business man and he knows about the needs of the service, having made that sort of thing his hobby. Moreover, he has courage and ideas of his own, and those are two attributes the Navy needs as much as any department of the Government that can be recalled. In common with the other members of the Roosevelt Cabinet he will hand in his resignation to President Taft on March fourth, next. Just now, when he has any leisure he devotes a few searching thoughts to the question: What will Taft do with that resignation? There are those who say it will be accepted, and that Newberry got his Cabinet membership for three months to let him down easily. There are others—but, who can read the mind of a President-elect?

Newberry's father was a railroad owner and a car builder in Detroit. When the boy finished college the

father put him in business. He took to it naturally. He became a big man in Detroit's business and financial circles. Meantime, he had a yacht, or yachts, and he took time to get a master's license on the Great Lakes and another for the Atlantic Ocean. When the Detroit Naval Reserves were organized he interested himself in that organization, and naval-reserved with all his energy. After he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy it wasn't long until he was in fact, if not by title, the real Secretary, although until his advent with title and appurtenances, the real Secretary of the Navy during the Roosevelt Administration has been T. Roosevelt and the apparent secretaries mere whispers in authority. Naval officers who wanted things went to the President direct, but not, after Newberry arrived, until they had told Newberry about it. Now that he is the real Secretary he may get into the figurehead class himself, or he may not. Probably he will not. He has nerve enough and knowledge enough to get what is his.

### Pinning Medals on Detroiters

**A**S FOR that second moral: It is a long story, or a short one, just as you choose to make it, so let's make it short. The Detroit Naval Reserves, including Newberry, enlisted in the Spanish War. They were assigned to the Yosemite. The Yosemite skittered along the Atlantic Coast, protecting the folks who were seeing Spanish ships in the offing whenever the offing was to be seen. It was galling to the amateur heroes aboard, but necessary. The Yosemite officially never did get under fire, or in an engagement. The rules say no medals shall be given to heroes who were not under fire. Thus, the Detroiters got none.

Still, Truman H. Newberry, one of the heroes, was on the job. The Detroiters claimed they were under fire from the San Juan land batteries. There was no report of it. Newberry tried to get the medals. He failed. Then he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Whereupon the Detroiters got their medals. Simple, wasn't it? Newberry is the Navy Department—medals granted—heroes satisfied; everybody happy but the Spaniards, and, as the medals were not granted until January 19, 1906, they had time to forget—presto—change!

### Fairbanks and the Factory

**V**ICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS was campaigning in Indiana, making speeches from train ends. He stopped at a station in the centre of the State close by a big factory building.

"My friends," said the Vice-President, "I am glad we stopped here, close to that magnificent temple of industry I observe on my right. It is the Republican Administration, the policy of protection, that has enabled you to maintain in your midst that magnificent symbol of prosperity and good times. Vote for us and you will have not only one but a dozen of these great factories in your midst. They bring prosperity, are the children of prosperity, and the Republican party is responsible for them."

Then the train pulled out. Soon after the Vice-President returned to his car a local committeeman said: "Mr. Vice-President, I think you laid it on a little thick about that factory. You see, it has been closed down for seven years and it broke everybody in the country before it quit."

### The Ancestry of Ade

**G**EORGE ADE was introducing guests at a dinner in Chicago once by making plays on their names, going back to the alleged derivations and poking fun at the names. He was getting along famously until it came time for him to be introduced.

"Gentlemen," said the man on Ade's right. "This is George Ade—aid—assistance—help—relief—support—succor—"

That ended that.

### Robbing the Cradle

**S**ENATOR BEVERIDGE was speaking to an early-morning crowd in Huntington, Indiana. School had not been called because of the Senator's visit, and the school-children were there with the grown-ups.

Two or three disgusted Democrats walked by, scolding to stop and listen to the arguments.

"Huh!" sniffed one. "Now what do you think of that? They had to let out school to get a crowd."





# Star Anniversary Issue of Woman's World

## GREATEST LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND INTERESTING FEATURES

TO commemorate our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary we have issued a Star Anniversary issue which contains the greatest list of contributors and interesting features ever published in one issue of a magazine. Read the list of famous writers, actors, poets, song writers and celebrities mentioned below. Every one a Star—and each and every one is represented in this great Anniversary Number of the **Woman's World**. We will send this Star issue free in accordance with our free introductory offer below to introduce the **Woman's World** into new homes. **Woman's World** has the largest circulation of any publication of any kind in the world—over Two Million regular paid subscribers. The greatest writers in America now contribute to the **Woman's World**, and this list of contributors and special features in the Star Anniversary issue only will give you an idea of what a particularly live and interesting magazine the **Woman's World** is today. It is the great low-priced National Magazine—The Magazine of the People.

### CONTRIBUTORS

JANE ADDAMS, of Hull House, Chicago.  
 REX BEACH, Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barriers," etc.  
 CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, The Actor and Composer.  
 HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, Author "Rohan's Ghost," "Hester Stanley's Friends," etc.  
 GEORGE ADE, Writer and Dramatist.  
 FORREST CRISSEY, Writer and Advisory Editor **Woman's World**.  
 GEO. BARR McCUTCHEON, Author "Brewster's Millions," "Graustark."  
 EDWIN W. SIMS, U. S. District Attorney in Chicago.  
 JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, Author "A Little Brother of the Rich."  
 ELIA W. PEATTIE, Author "A Mountain Woman," "The Edge of Things," etc.  
 ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, Writer and Poet.  
 OPIE READ, Author "A Mountain Colonel," "The Jucklins," etc.  
 ROSWELL FIELD, Author "Madaline," "Bitter Sweet," etc.  
 MAUDE RADFORD WARREN, Author.  
 ANNA WARNER, Author of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," etc.  
 CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM, Author of "Jewel," "Jewel Story Book," "The Open Shutters," etc.  
 ELLIOTT FLOWER, Author of "The Stones of Success."  
 WILLIAM HODGE, Star in "The Man from Home."  
 GEORGE M. COHAN, Actor, Dramatist and Composer of "Little Johnny Jones," "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," "The Talk of New York," etc.  
 EDWIN BALMER, Writer.

STANLEY WATERLOO, Associate Editor of **Woman's World** and Author "The Story of Ab."  
 EMILY CALVIN-BLAKE, Writer.  
 DELLA CARSON, \$10,000.00 Prize Beauty.  
 HENRY M. HYDE, Editor Technical World.  
 GEN. CHAS. KING, Author "The Colonel's Daughter."  
 CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Author "Richard the Brazen," and "The Ring and The Man," now running in the Associated Sunday Magazine Supplements.  
 WILL PAYNE, Author "The Story of Eva," "Jerry the Dreamer," etc.  
 MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Author "The Joyful Life," etc.  
 ROSETTA, Famous Writer Essayist on Social Subjects.  
 ADLAI E. STEVENSON, former Vice-Prest. of the U. S. S. E. KISER, Editor **Woman's World**.  
 WM. A. EVANS, Com. Health, City of Chicago.  
 HARRY VON TILZER, Composer of "Down Where the Wurzbarger Flows," "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."  
 JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, Writer and Poet.  
 ELSIE JANIS, Actress.  
 FRANK L. STANTON, The Sweet Singer of the South.  
 WILBUR D. NESBIT, Author "The Gentleman Ragman."  
 FRANK PINLEY, Dramatist, Author of "King Dodo," "Prince of Pilsen," etc.  
 MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH, of the Volunteers of America.  
 All of these famous Authors, Actors, Poets, Editors, Composers, Celebrities, Cause workers and public officials are contributors to this one issue of the **WOMAN'S WORLD**—the Star Anniversary Issue.

### FEATURES

"White Slave Trade of Today," by Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the White Slave traffic of today by the official who has already obtained the conviction of many hundreds of the miserable creatures engaged in this "business," and who, Mr. Sims says, "have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system." Do you know that "White Slave" Trappers search the city and country towns for their victims and with what wiles they lure fair girls away? Mr. Sims' words of warning and the facts he presents should be read by every mother and father in America. Mr. Sims was the government prosecuting attorney in the famous \$29,000,000 Standard Oil Case.

"The Sins of Society," by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," the greatest book sensation of the year. Mr. Patterson is an insider, and this article is a startling exposure of the follies and sins of the fashionable rich.

"Homes and Near Homes in the Far North," by Rex Beach. Mr. Beach is the author of "The Barriers," a book which established a sales record of 50,000 copies in six weeks, in a panic year. He also wrote "The Spoilers," which has an immense sales record. This sketch-story in the **Woman's World** abounds with the rapid, moving-picture style of description, the surprising touches of nature, the soul-stirring pathos so characteristic of Mr. Beach's work. His serial stories for magazines bring him \$10,000.00.

"How I Won First Prize in a \$10,000 Beauty Contest," by Miss Della Carson. Miss Carson was considered the most beautiful woman in America against 6,000 competitors. In

this article she tells the story of how she entered the Contest and all about herself, and how she retains the appearance of a girl of seventeen whereas she is nearly thirty. Miss Carson conducts the Beauty Culture Department regularly in the **Woman's World**.

"A Pot of Irish Porridge," by Chauncey Olcott. In this inspiring contribution Mr. Olcott relates his experience in "getting on the stage"; how he wrote "Ragged Robin," "My Irish Rose," Songs, etc. It deals with the music and romance of Ireland and is full of intimate, personal touches, and anecdotes of how this Prince of Irish Actors has, himself, lived a romanceful life of comedy and pathos.

"Why Girls Go Astray," by Edwin W. Sims—a second "White Slave" article strictly from the viewpoint of the lawyer, who finds himself called upon, as an officer of the law, to deal with this delicate and difficult subject. In this article Mr. Sims states he has received many letters from fathers and mothers since he commenced writing for the **Woman's World** whose fears and suspicions "were aroused by the warning that the girl who left her home in the country, gone up to the city and does not come home to visit, needs to be looked up." These cases have been investigated and some of the results are published in his article "Why Girls Go Astray."

"His Bravest Deed," by General Charles King, author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The General's Double," etc., and one of the best-known writers in America.



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT



REX BEACH



WILLIAM HODGE



FRANK PINLEY



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



ELLIOTT FLOWER



MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH



ELIA W. PEATTIE

FORREST CRISSEY  
Advisory Editor  
Woman's WorldMerry Widow  
Cover in Colors.Star  
Anniversary  
Issue.

**AN INVITATION** **Woman's World** is printed in four colors with separate cover, folded and assembled complete on one press at a speed of 200,000 copies per day. The papers are then carried by automatic carrier to one rotary trimmer, then by carrier to combination automatic addressing and mailing machines. The Two Million copies monthly are handled entirely by machinery—the latest. Everybody is invited to call and see this plant, located in Chicago at 46-48 West Monroe Street and 120-122-124 Clinton Street.



# Woman's World on Introductory Offer

## PICTURES EVER PUBLISHED IN ONE ISSUE OF A MAGAZINE



GEORGE ADE



GEORGE M. COHAN



ROSWELL FIELD



ELSIE JANIS

"Wolves That Prey on Women," by Jane Addams of the Hull House, Chicago. Miss Addams is regarded by millions of thoughtful people as the foremost woman of America and is noted the world over for her untiring work for humanity. Every reader of this advertisement should read this warning article in the Star Anniversary issue of the Woman's World by Miss Addams.

"The Stage Struck Girl," by Elsie Janis, the youngest Actress on the American stage.

"A Word About Wayward Girls," by Mrs. Ophelia L. Amigh, Superintendent Illinois State Training School for Girls. "The girl who has once gone wrong will never go right; there's no use trying to bring her back into the straight and narrow path again." Mrs. Amigh writes that this is what the world says. She proves that it is not the case.

"The Most Interesting Thing in the World," a fascinating symposium by George Ade, George Barr McCutcheon, Forrest Crissey and William Hodge.

"Love Making in Foreign Lands," by Frank L. Pixley, author of "King Dodo," "The Burgomaster," "Prince of Pilsen," etc.

"Time's Defeat" and "The Empty Bowl," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the "Poet of Passion."

"The Kingbirds," Stanley Waterloo's latest story and a charming bit of fiction.

"A Tear Vase," by Elia W. Peattie, a beautiful little sketch in story form.

"The Phantom Cab," a vivid and very cleverly conceived story by Elliott Flower, perhaps the only author who ever enjoyed the distinction of having twelve separate short stories printed in the Century Magazine in one year.

"For the Heart is Ever Young," by Emily Calvin-Blake, a story about love that will fill your heart with more sweetness.

"On Watch," a poem by John Kendrick Bangs—the famous poet-humorist.

"Cupid Well Disguised," by Anne Warner, author of "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

"A Medicinal Christmas," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, an author of whom it is said "she never wrote anything but what was good." A story of a girl's love, struggles and success.

"The Old Homes and the New," by the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States. A comparison of the modern home life with that of fifty years ago.

"Binding Up the Broken Hearted," by Maud Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. An original article telling some interesting facts and experiences of her work among the men and women in penitentiaries.

"The Identity of Mary," by Maude Radford Warren. The "Mary" of this charming story worked in a department store and life wasn't exactly a path of roses unless she used her imagination. This she did—perhaps once too often—but read the story and see how it worked.

"The Woman of It," by Opie Read, probably the most popular and certainly one of the most delightful of American story tellers,

who has the rare faculty of blending delicious humor with fascinating romance.

"How Chico Saved \$6,000," by Roswell Field, of whom the critics say "He writes English as pure and charming as Hawthorne's." He is a brother of the late Eugene Field, the famous "Poet of the Children."

"Should Girls be Permitted to Marry Old Men," by Rosetta.

"How to Manage a Wife," by Rosetta.

"How to Manage a Man," by Rosetta.

"What Type of a Man Does a Woman Want?" by Rosetta.

"The Christian Science Faith," by Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham.

"The Sins of His Fathers," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "A Little Traitor to the South," "Richard the Brazen," etc. A powerful story dealing with "The Sins of the Fathers visited unto the third and fourth generation."

"The Belles of the Barbers' Ball," a new and heretofore unpublished song, words and music complete, by George M. Cohan, author of "Yankee Doodle Boy," "So Long Mary," "Give My Regards to Broadway," etc.

"The Stories That Mother Told Me," by Harry Von Tilzer, new song with words and music complete by the composer of such big musical hits as "Taft," "All Aboard for Dreamland," etc.

"Marvels of Modern Mechanics and Science," by Henry M. Hyde, Editor of the Technical World Magazine and an author of wide reputation.

"The Warp and Woof of Romance," by Margaret E. Sangster, the most celebrated writer about affairs of the home on this Continent.

"The Love Potion," by Edwin Balmer, the author of the brilliant "Wireless" stories which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Mr. Balmer appeared upon the literary horizon as a result of the first Collier's Prize Story Contest.

"My Ideas of Heroines," by Will Payne, the eminent writer.

"Dirty Air is Death," by Dr. William Evans, Commissioner of Health of the City of Chicago. Dr. Evans is regarded as one of the most eminent of physicians in all matters relating to "home health."

"It and Little Willie," by S. E. Kiser, author, poet and humorist of the Chicago Record-Herald.

"When She's Away," a poem by Frank L. Stanton, sweet singer of the Southland.

"The Songs We Sing at Twilight," a poem by Wilbur D. Nesbit, whose reputation as a poet and humorist is known to the whole reading public of America.

"The Autophobia Scourge," an interesting treatise dealing with the subject of automobiles and mortgages, by George B. Forrest, Editor of the Woman's World.

All of these features appear in the Star Anniversary issue of the Woman's World, which is offered free to acquaint new readers with the exceptional merit of this publication.

HON. EDW. W. SIMS  
U. S. District AttorneyDELLA GARRISON  
\$10,000 Prize BeautyGEORGE B. FORREST  
Editor Woman's World

### PRESS COMMENTS

"The Star Anniversary issue of the Woman's World is indeed a Star number."—*Washington Post*.

"We have never examined a magazine that contained so many great and well known names and so many striking articles as the Anniversary issue of the Woman's World."—*Omaha News*.

"The revelations made by United States District Attorney Sims in the Woman's World should be given as wide a currency as possible."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"The Woman's World is a great magazine. Their Star issue contains an unparalleled array of literary talent and strong features."—*St. Paul News*.

"The Woman's World has issued a Star Anniversary issue which contains contributions by some forty 'Stars' in different walks of life."—*Chicago Journal*.

"We desire to ask permission to publish the article entitled 'The White

Slave Trade of Today.' We desire to extend to you our personal thanks for the publication of this fearless article."—*The Rocky Mountain Rescue Home, Denver*.

"We thank you for the Woman's World. The articles by Mr. Sims must do great good."—*The Illinois Vigilance Ass'n, Chicago*.

"Hon. Edwin W. Sims, Joseph Medill Patterson, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Geo. Ade, Maud Ballington Booth, and forty other well known people all contribute to one issue of a Chicago Magazine in celebration of its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary. The Woman's World is to be congratulated."—*St. Joseph Star*.

"One issue of a Magazine containing contributions from forty different people, every one with whom the average reader is familiar, is an unusual occurrence. The Star Anniversary number of the Woman's World has this honor."—*Washington Times*.

"More good reading by well known men and women is to be found in the Star issue (one number) of the Woman's World, Chicago, than is to be found in many high-priced magazines for a year."—*Minneapolis News*.

### ABOUT FUTURE ISSUES

Every issue of the Woman's World during 1909 will be noteworthy. Space will permit only a few references to what will be published in the next few issues: "The Gloomiest Ghost," a new two part serial, by Geo. Barr McCutcheon. You will not be able to read any new short stories by Mr. McCutcheon unless you read the Woman's World. Three new short stories by Cyrus Townsend Brady; two new short stories by Rex Beach. New musical hits by Abe Holzman, author of "Smoky Mokes," "Uncle Sammy," etc., Felle F. Feist and Joel P. Corin, authors of "Aren't You the Girl I Met at Sherry's," Mabel McKinley and others.

"Does the Modern Comic Opera Educate?" by Geo. M. Cohan. "The Romance of the Cave Man," six complete related short stories by Stanley Waterloo, author of "The Story of Ab." "New Arkansas Traveler Stories," each complete in itself, by Opie Read, the originator of the Arkansas travelers. "A Maid of Millions," by One. "How a girl who has unlimited money spends her life, what she does from the time she awakens in the morning until she sleeps at night. How she lives in luxury almost beyond the dreams of most people." "One Path to Ruin," by Hon.

Edwin W. Sims. "What is Sweeter than Irish Music," a new song by Chauncey Olcott, Irish star and author of "Day Dreams," etc.

"Education by Machinery," by Robert B. Armstrong, former Asst. Secretary of the United States Treasury. "The Story of a Simple Life," by Maude Radford Warren. Two thrilling boy stories, "The Phantom Wolf" and "From the Neck of the River Thing," by the famous Chicago boy author, Dwight Mitchell Wiley.

Woman's World is edited by Forrest Crissey, Stanley Waterloo and Geo. B. Forrest. Well printed and illustrated with photographic picture cover in colors. Excellent Departments ably edited on Embroidery, Novel Home Entertainments, Pottery, Garden, Beauty Culture, Children, Kitchen, Home Council, Dressmaking with illustrations in colors, and Prof. Puzzler with over 1,500 free prizes monthly. Woman's World is the greatest reading value today. Read the following free offer.

**Introductory Offer** Free Offer—In order to introduce the **Woman's World** to our readers and to demonstrate that it is an unparalleled magazine for the low price asked, we will send our remarkable Star Anniversary issue, containing stories, songs, poems, articles and essays by **all** the writers and contributors referred to in this advertisement, **free and postpaid at once** to all who will send us **now** only 25 cents for a year's subscription to this great national magazine. Use the coupon. Subscribers living in the city of Chicago, Canada and foreign countries must send 25 cents additional (fifty cents in all), to cover extra cost of postage.

**WOMAN'S WORLD, 46-48 West Monroe Street, CHICAGO**

**NOTICE to ADVERTISERS and SUBSCRIBERS** *Woman's World* is not sold on news stands. Each of the two million copies sent direct from publication office in a separate wrapper.

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Enclosed find 25 cents for **WOMAN'S WORLD** one year. Send me extra and in addition at once your Star Anniversary issue, containing all of the features and contributions you advertise.

**WORLD**




# THE BUYING END

Some Side Lines and Snide Lines

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"That's the Kind of Stuff You've Been Trying to Sell. Now Let Me Show You Some Real Needles"

AT RETAIL, common sewing needles come twenty-five in a packet. At wholesale they are sold by the thousand, prices ranging from fifty cents for the cheapest grades up to a dollar-forty for the best. Ten thousand sewing needles is a large order, and in the best grades amounts to but thirteen or fourteen dollars.

Some years ago a jolly, fat salesman went through the Middle West with a line of sewing needles, and nothing else. He would visit a town of eight hundred population, and when he left there might be three merchants there who had each bought one hundred thousand sewing needles from him.

Eight hundred people will be divided into not two hundred families. Therefore, if each family in that town should purchase needles at the wholly preposterous rate of five packets a year, it is easily seen that by a little work between trains the fat salesman had provided for the needs of this town for at least twelve years to come, and more likely twenty.

In selling needles on this scale there are certain points to be observed. The fat man observed them. For example, merchants usually test needles by pressing them between the fingers. If the sample snaps, it is good steel. If it bends, the contrary. The fat man had considerable trouble with his samples at the outset, because quite a number of them would bend. So he solved that problem by carrying competitors' needles in his sample case.

"What make of needles do you handle?" he inquired.

The merchant told him. "Try those and see if they're not better," suggested the fat man, handing out half a dozen needles of the very brand the merchant sold. If they snapped nicely he exclaimed:

"You don't want any better goods than those, do you?"

But competitors' needles bent about as often as his own. When this happened he triumphantly exhibited the packet:

"That's the kind of stuff you've been trying to sell. Now let me show you some real needles."

To unload four years' supply he talked buoyantly about possibilities, persuading the merchant that he ought to make a bid for more patronage by putting in a larger assortment of better goods.

"Is your business coming—or going?" reasoned the fat salesman. "Do you want to grow—or stand still? Why buy and sell like a pedler when you can get a merchant's prices and terms?"

With a hundred thousand needles he offered to throw in a cabinet to hold them

—an ornament to any store. If that didn't close the deal he offered four months' credit. Was there still hesitation? Well, he had yet another inducement. At the end of four months, when the bill came due, his house would take back all needles returned in good condition. This whole proposition, he urged, was an introductory offer, to get new business for his house. The fat salesman talked as though he meant to come back to that town again and again.

But he never came back. The merchant who took a hundred thousand needles at four months would have fully ninety-nine thousand still on hand when the bill came due. He tried to take advantage of the return offer. Then the jolly, fat salesman's house explained (and there was a fine-print clause in the contract covering this point) that it hadn't exactly meant every little packet of needles could be returned.

Oh, dear, no! That would be no way to do business! It accepted only such needles as were shipped back in unbroken packages of one thousand.

Alas! His packages were all broken, and the stock tossed and scattered. For the day his shipment came in the merchant had neatly distributed the whole hundred thousand in the orderly compartments of his cabinet. That was why the cabinet was thrown in.

This is a typical incident in retail experience. The salesman who never comes back, and never means to, victimizes at least one merchant in the average town once a month, and his schemes are infinitely varied except in one important particular—there is always a hole big enough to let the seller out of the bargain.

## Playing the Joker

Ask the average small merchant what he considers the most grievous handicap in his business, and the reply will almost invariably be, "competition." Statistics compiled by one of the great commercial agencies, however, attribute less than two per cent. of the retail business failures to competition. More than half the disasters are attributed to "incompetence" and "lack of capital." Wholesale houses supplying the retailer put their own interpretation on these causes, and say that both may be traced to injudicious buying. The merchant who fails may have given so much attention to bargaining that five to ten per cent. of the merchandise leaving his store went out without record, and was never billed to his customers, or paid for. That's incompetence. He gave three times as much time to buying as to selling, with the outcome that the sheriff found all his money tied up in unsalable junk, and all his credit, too. That's where the capital went.

When it comes to selling, competition may hurt. But, in buying, the shrewd merchant finds competition a genuine benefit. For it provides around him a group of experimenters who will try out the schemes and swindles of the mercantile world. If capable of profiting by example, all he need do is watch.

An elderly German philosopher runs a drug and novelty store in one of the small towns of Pennsylvania. In business many years, he is so shrewd a buyer that very often the jolly, fat salesman finds Herr Schulte backing gracefully out of the hole in the bargain that was left for the exit of his own house.

The needle bargain was offered him, for example, after he had seen the principle worked out by the grocer across street on

a purchase of toilet soap. Herr Schulte agreed to take the hundred thousand needles at a close price, the ornamental cabinet, the four months' credit, and the rest of it. But he made his own bargain. One thousand needles he purchased outright, and to these the cabinet was added as a gift, on condition that the remaining ninety-nine thousand needles be placed in his store on commission. This was a very different purchase from the grocer's, who had become the owner of his toilet soap the moment it came into his store. The needle salesman pulled a long face at the prospect of altering his magnificent offer in this manner, but finally closed the deal in the belief that his house would be able to take care of Herr Schulte when the matter of payment came up. When that time came round, though, the merchant showed the collector that none of the ninety-nine thousand needles had been sold yet.

"Well, I'll tell you how we're willing to arrange with you," said the collector smoothly. "Pay us a little on account—even a dollar, to prove good faith."

"Not a cent," said the merchant. "That would make me the owner of those needles."

"But I must make some sort of return to my house."

"Charity begins at home."

Then the collector blustered, swore, threatened suit and tried to frighten the merchant. Presently he scratched through the pharmacist, through the philosopher, and reached the real Deutscher underneath. Herr Schulte ordered him out of the store, told him that if the goods were not removed he'd charge rent on them, cursed the collector and his house. That wound up the deal. The merchant kept the cabinet.

"With such fakirs, at times, nothing will do but plain speaking. Ah! when I began this business, my friend, I was an educated gentleman. But now—!"

On another occasion a strange salesman walked in with an exceptional bargain in cigars—two hundred ten-centers for eleven-fifty, and a patent cigar-cutter thrown in. That face was familiar, somehow. While trying to place it in memory Herr Schulte examined the samples. Cigars—worth not more than one-seventy, wholesale. The patent cutter—aha!

"This is undoubtedly a bargain," he said innocently, "but I am overstocked with cigars just now. Have you shown this to the barber on the opposite corner?"

One glance across the street and the strange salesman shut his samples and silently slipped out a rear door. Now he remembered where he was. Three years ago he had sold such an outfit to the barber. His patent cutter fell to pieces in three days, and the Brevas Malodoras killed all the barber's ten-cent trade. The barber was standing in the door of his shop. His memory was working, too. He looked over toward the drug-store, and there was blood in his eye.

About the shoddiest swindle ever brought to that town, according to Herr Schulte, was the Chicago jewelry fraud. A competing druggist had slowly built up a small business, two blocks down Main Street. His little frame store was mortgaged for sixteen hundred dollars. To help along, his wife did fancy sewing. A persuasive salesman came there one day and interested this druggist in jewelry as a side line. While a man waited for a prescription it would be the easiest thing in the world for the druggist's wife to sell him a pair of cuff-links for himself or a chain for his wife. The salesman's house not only furnished a full line of the most salable jewelry, but gave several months' credit and shipped a handsome showcase with the goods. Profits were enormous. This struggling competitor signed a contract, got his jewelry and showcase, and then the "joker" was played.

By the contract the druggist had agreed to sign notes amounting to three hundred dollars within ten days after the goods were

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FLETCHER'S are the largest manufacturers of shoe and conset laces in the world, and the Congdon Patent Tip Shoe Lace is one of their best products. Do not forget to get a sample pair of your dealer or from us—5c per pair. Address

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The American Picture & Mfg. Co., Troy, Ohio



received. This contract was purposely held back in Chicago, however, until the ten days had expired. Then it became a due-bill for three hundred dollars, according to the terms, payable immediately. Two weeks later a collector began hounding the victim, demanding the whole payment, and threatening to sue. The new druggist came crying to his competitor:

"It will ruin me! What shall I do?"

On Herr Schulte's advice the wife managed the affair. Obviously the purpose of the Chicago house was to force some sort of compromise payment. One hundred dollars would have yielded a profit on such junk. The wife laughed in the collector's face, told him that the business was in her name, and finally compromised the transaction by paying twenty dollars for "expenses," returning the goods.

Not every merchant gets out of such corners as easily, though, and after a round sum of money has been extorted there is still the worst part of the swindle to be dealt with. For the shoddy goods must be disposed of, and one showcase filled with such brass jewelry can damage a merchant's reputation in the community for years to come.

There are very good reasons why these shady schemes succeed year after year. They have in them the elements of success. Their appeal is sound. No matter how tricky the strange salesman may be, or how worthless his junk, he can always persuade merchants because he utters solid mercantile truths. "Add a new line—transact more business," is his argument. That argument is in harmony with advanced retail tendencies.

A century or so ago the jeweler was an actual maker of timepieces, plate and precious ornaments. The hardware man made locks. The publisher was a printer. All had shops adjacent to their workrooms where products were displayed and sold.

#### New Outlets for New Goods

To-day, however, the merchant is no longer a manufacturer with a selling annex, but a distributor of goods so varied that no single manufacturing concern could make for the tiniest retail business, even though it had the resources of the Steel Trust. The successful merchant now distributes, building up selling business alone, abandoning the old "trade lines" that are largely a tradition of the days when every merchant was a manufacturer, and making the retail store a channel through which will flow, not only the largest possible volume of merchandise for the capital employed, but also the widest range. The department store distributes, and so does the catalogue house. Even the manufacturer is becoming an accessory to distribution, though he does not sell to the public direct. For on one hand he is driven along by the necessity for marketing an enormous output, and on the other pulled along by the consuming public, with its vastly greater appetite for commodities under the modern factory system.

Consider the dollar watch, a true "Yankee notion."

When the first crude pocket-clock was developed in Connecticut to retail at one dollar there was still a good sale in this country for a certain patent, adjustable watchkey which would fit any watch. This sold for a dollar, too. Given a fairly reliable pocket timepiece for the price of a watchkey, it was not difficult to see that a wider outlet must be found than existed in the jewelry stores that had grown along lines established when the jeweler made a few dozen timepieces yearly for the noble and the wealthy. Here was a "ticker" for everybody, and it would have to be placed where everybody could get it.

There are to-day, in this country, about twenty-two thousand retail jewelry stores, of which not more than seven thousand are classed as "responsible." Many of them are in the central city districts, away from the farmer, the laborer, the factory hand. When this novelty first appeared, jewelers were a bit distrustful. Some doubted its reliability, others feared it would hurt sales of fine watches. In numbers alone there were not enough jewelers to give distribution.

But there are a hundred and fifty thousand general and novelty stores in the United States, twenty-two thousand responsible druggists, seventeen

thousand responsible hardware dealers, three thousand department stores, thousands of newsdealers. Salesmen were sent to show such merchants how to add watches as a side line. In fifteen years the sales of these dollar timepieces have run up to twelve thousand daily, of which about one-quarter go abroad. Perhaps seventy-five thousand retailers, big and little, are selling this side line to-day.

As a buyer, the retail merchant is frequently visited by salesmen with side lines of this character—men representing responsible houses. An important detail in present-day retail purchasing is the consideration of side lines. First comes the question of whether a given side line can be added profitably. Does the merchant's community want it? Can it be taken up without rousing strong competition? When added to stock, there is the work of development, both in selling and in buying. In sales, there may be especially favorable local conditions that make it possible to build such a line into an important business.

A newsdealer, for instance, stocked a dozen dollar watches in the belief that he might sell a few every month. His is a tiny stand. But it is near a trolley company's sheds. During the first week he learned that motormen and conductors, like all men who work around electrical apparatus, carry the cheapest watches obtainable, for, in such occupations, a fine chronometer is as easily "shocked" and ruined as a cheap clock-watch. On a dollar timepiece the loss is small. This newsdealer now sells several dozen weekly, and does a good business every pay-night.

Adding a side line involves study of that new market, its goods, the firms making the most reliable and newest things. Side lines in retail buying are synonymous with health in the business. For the merchant who makes them successful is doing much more than enlarging the basis of his business. His experiments with new goods lead him to experiment with old as well. The opportunities he finds for building new trade lead to shrewd, close buying. None of his capital is tied up long in dead stock, for he wants all his resources for experiments and the development of new lines.

Manufacturers and jobbers will help him to some extent in this development, bringing certain lines ready to be stocked. But one good side line often leads to others, and often the retail merchant sees opportunities that escape manufacturers.

A small druggist bought some souvenir post-cards when the craze was young, chiefly because they came on a convenient display rack. This was a "silent salesman." It showed its goods, named its own prices, and let people wait on themselves when the druggist was compounding. While a customer waited for his prescription the post-card rack gave him something to look at. Much of the novelty trade of Germany has been built up through such silent salesmen. English shears of the best

quality, for instance, but wrapped in brown paper and carried in drawers, have been widely displaced in England's own colonies by German shears, half as good value, but stuck on display cards and kept in sight. In time this druggist's post-card trade became a tidy little department, and a girl was hired to run it. To keep the girl busy he added books, beginning with a small line of vest-pocket manuals, telling how to weigh and measure, how to spell and pronounce, how to write a love-letter, how to think. These came on racks, too. To-day that drug-store has a growing book business. Book publishers complain that the bookstore is apparently being driven out of existence, and with it their outlet for reaching the reading public. Yet it is said that no publishing house has thus far experimented with possibilities for introducing books on the heels of the widely-distributed post-card.

Broadly speaking, there are only two kinds of sellers who approach the retail merchant. One is the wholesale house that wants to cultivate him as an outlet, carry stock for him, help him with credit, and see him grow for its own good. That house is his friend. The other is the free-lance salesman who would load him up with as much of a few commodities as he can be persuaded to purchase, by fair means or foul—in other words, his enemy. The retail merchant, rather curiously, does not distinguish clearly between these two kinds of sellers, because his anxiety to obtain low prices and good discounts blinds him to their different motives. His anxiety to buy at lowest prices, even if he has to overstock in dangerous degree to get them, rests in turn on his efforts to meet competition of department stores and other rivals who purchase in great quantities. The department and syndicate chains of stores draw trade by making cut prices in some new assortment of merchandise every day. The little retail merchant tries to follow, and naturally follows at a distance.

#### The Druggists' Buying Club

A certain retail druggist in New York City has a plan for meeting such competition that involves a cut price on only half a dozen well-known articles in daily use. His price on these "leaders" is practically below their cost to the little merchant who buys in small lots. He sells them at that price all year round, and varies them with other leaders on which prices may be cut for six months at a stretch. Thus, instead of wasting capital and energy on fresh leaders each day, he gets the cumulative benefit from a few articles that people know can always be bought very cheaply at his store. These leaders bring trade in other goods at regular prices, precisely as do the department store's leaders.

His purchases in such leaders are made on a cooperative plan. This has no cumbersome agreements, rules or machinery, however, nor is there any chance for traitors to sell out their fellow-members. It is a "buying club" with as simple a mechanism as a whistle game on a suburban train. The club begins and ends with each separate transaction, and its membership may never be twice alike.

Assuming that one of his staple leaders is a toilet soap, this druggist goes direct to the manufacturer for a carload. Not all manufacturers will sell to the retail merchant, no matter what the quantity purchased, because they find it expedient to protect the jobbing house, giving the latter its profit for the sake of the distributive work it performs. But the buying club finds plenty of articles that can be bought direct, and so, perhaps, this druggist orders a carload of soap on a basis that gives him the jobber's profit. The jobber gets from the manufacturer some such terms as "ten and five." On a thousand-dollar purchase there will be, first, one hundred dollars discount, leaving nine hundred. Then five per cent. is taken off that, and by paying cash it may be possible to shave away another two per cent.—seventeen dollars more. So what would cost a thousand dollars is bought for eight hundred and thirty-eight dollars.

Of course, he cannot sell a carload of soap himself. But ten ordinary drug-stores, carrying cut-price leaders as he does, can furnish ample outlet for a car of some small specialty.



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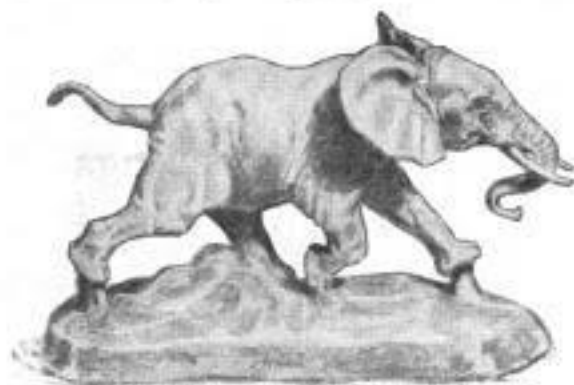


# The Stolen Elephant

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SELF-SACRIFICING BURGLARS

By E. NESBIT

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL



TO LOOK at us no one except of unsound mind would ever say that we looked as if we had descended to the lowest abysses of crime. Yet such, I am sorry to own, is the case. We were sorry when we were told that it was wrong, but at the time, as so often occurs, it did not seem so. And I shall always feel sorry for criminals who do our kind of crime, because now I know the dangers and difficulties of doing it, and what you have to put up with both during and afterward, and I also know that we should never have done it if other people had not behaved to us in a way no free-born person could be expected to bear, especially when one of them had a passionate Southern nature. And we do not know the sad pasts of criminals or what drove them to it, or perhaps we should be kinder to them than we are, and not put them in prison so much, but just teach them better. We were quite ready to learn better the moment we were taught, and we were really sorry for doing what we did, especially as Father and Mother did not like it. All the same, it was a lark.

It happened like this. At the beginning of the holidays we discovered with sinking breasts that Mother had asked Miss Knox to stay over Christmas. This comes of Mother having such a kind heart. She is always asking people she doesn't want, just because they have nowhere else to go. Father calls them the "Undesirables" and never takes any notice of them at all except to say: "Ha! Good-morning, Miss Knox—quite well? That's right," in a very jolly and kind way; when it is their bedtime I believe he says: "Good-night, Miss Knox. Sleep well!" in a manner as kind and jolly as the other.

We, however, are not allowed to behave like this. We have to be polite to "Undesirables," just the same as if they were anybody else.

And Miss Knox was awful. You always felt she was trying to get something out of Mother, and she was full of gentle, patient cheerfulness, and that is very wearing, as I dare say you have noticed. And she would call people "Dear Miss Whatever-their-name-was," and say, "have we not" and "do we not," instead of "haven't we" and "don't we," like other people. And I do not like her voice, or the shape of her face, or the way she does her hair, or the smell of her handkerchief, or the way she drinks, or eats bread and butter. Mother says this is called prejudice, and is very wrong. I am sorry I have this dreadful fault, but I would rather have it than be like Miss Knox,

all the same. And so would the others. (The others are Lotty, Martin, Olive, Alan, Clifford, which is me, and Madeline. Madeline is a cousin and her real parents are in India, as you will see from the following narrative.) But I do not wish to be unjust, so I will own that Miss Knox did a lot for the bazar. Father said Miss Knox spread bazars, like a disease, wherever she went, but Mother said "Hush." But the bazar had been Miss Knox's idea, all the same, when she was down in the summer and we had the pig-fight. Father said she liked bazars because then people had to take notice of her, and she could talk to people she wasn't introduced to. But Mother said "Hush," again, and got up and shut the door between our room and the next.

I do not like bazars. I never can see why people can't give their money to decayed curates or lost dogs or whatever it is, without getting something in exchange that Miss Knox has made.

We made things for the bazar, of course. The girls made pincushions and kettle-holders and dressed dolls. I should not like to be a girl. We boys made sealing-wax hatpins and elephants. Elephants are rather jolly to make. You get a bit of board and just hammer four nails through it where you want the elephant's legs to be. Then you put hot mixed glue and whitening on the nails and quickly cover them with clay. This sticks the clay to the nails. You put a lump of lead inside the body to make it heavy, and take your time modeling it. The man who does the taps and unstops the sink will always give you a bit of sheet-lead if you are polite to him and do not mess about with his tool-bag when he is not looking. The honor of an English gentleman makes me say that it was Miss Knox who taught us to make elephants. They ought to put that on her tombstone—if they cannot think of anything else. And when it is modeled as well as you can, you paint it over, wood and

all, with silver paint, and stick in bird-quills filled with whitening, for tusks, and it is a paperweight. But the village people bought all the ones we made and put them on their mantelpieces for ornaments, so that now we cannot go into any of our friends' cottages without meeting one of those elephants face to face.

We wished to make them as lifelike as we could, so we got down Madeline's silver elephant, which is solid and came from India, where her surviving relatives are.

Do not be afraid: I will not tell you more than I can help about the bazar. It was on Christmas Eve, and it was just like they all are. Except for one awful fact. The following is it.

Miss Knox—it was just exactly like her—took the silver elephant down to the schoolroom by mistake, and sold it—for sixpence, the same as she sold the others.

It was Clifford who saw the silver elephant helpless in the gray-kid grasp of a thin, smart lady, with a powdered nose.

With the promptness of Napoleon or Nelson he rushed to Miss Knox and said: "You've sold the silver elephant."

She smiled her gentle, patient, cheerful smile and said:

"Yes, dear Clifford—every one of them." Clifford did not shake her.

"I mean the real silver one," he said, as patient as she was, but not as cheerful.

She said she hadn't.

Clifford is strong and active for his age. He got her out from behind her stall and told Olive to keep watch, and before she had stopped being surprised enough to resist, he had led Miss Knox kindly but firmly to the door that the thin, powdery-nosed lady was just going out of. (Resistance would have been vain, anyhow, for our hero's blood was up.)

"There," he said; "tell her you've made a mistake," and he shoved Miss Knox forward, politely but unmistakably.

She did say something to the lady. Clifford heard that. And the lady said something about a bargain being a bargain—he heard that—and then a band of "rafflers" swept between, and when the horizon cleared the lady had got into a motor with the helpless elephant, and Miss Knox was standing, like a mock-turtle, with her mouth open, looking after her.

"It is but a little sacrifice after all, is it not, dear Clifford?" she said, in reply to what Clifford said. "And dear Madeline, I am sure, will be only too pleased to make it. We must give what we can, must we not, dear child?"

Were you ever called "dear child" by anybody like Miss Knox? If so, you know. If not, you never can.

Of course, I had to tell Madeline; her passionate Southern nature—you know she



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was born in India—caused her to burst into tears in the middle of the bazar, before every one, and say she wished Miss Knox was dead. Fortunately this was unheard by any but people who had no right to send her home without her tea, and say "Bed!" Clifford calmed her by promising on his honor to get the elephant back.

He tried to get at Mother to tell her about it and ask for justice, but she was surrounded by the rich and affluent, and he knew that several of these were coming home to dinner. Of course he would have waited till they had relieved the house of their hated presence and then told Mother, but for the discovery which rewarded his detective-like researches. The thin, powdery lady, Clifford learned from the Dodds' footman, was the one who had taken the Warings' house for three months and turned it upside down, and she and her friends were going to have an early dinner and motor up to London that very night. So what was an honorable boy to do?

Clifford had to disentangle Martin from the sale of hatpins and tell him the full truth. Madeline was clinging to him in a way Clifford would never have allowed at other times.

"Get out," said Martin. "I'm busy."  
"Come out," said Clifford in a dauntless whisper, "it is war. And no quarter. Prompt attention to business alone guarantees success."

So then Martin saw that it was serious, and hastily letting a nasty lady have two hatpins for eighteen pence instead of the correct price, which was a shilling each, he joined us at the door.

"This scene of revelry," said Clifford, "is a hollow mockery to our bereaved Madeline." And in a few well-chosen words he revealed the terrible proceeding events.

"The question is," said Martin, when Clifford had done revealing, "what are we to do?"

"Prompt attention and cetera," murmured Clifford, lost in deep, masterly reflections.

"Warings' is a good mile and a half," said Martin.

"Madeline," said Clifford in a hollow voice, "what would you do to get back the elephant you love?"

"Anything," said Madeline with sniffs.

"Would you be a burglar?" he asked, his rich voice growing deeper.

"Yes; if any one would teach me how," said the bereaved one, sniffing more firmly.

"And you?" Clifford turned to Martin, who briefly signified that he was on.

"Then follow me," said our hero. "Silence! To the death!"

Our three conspirators went home through the snow, arm in arm, with the wronged Madeline in the middle.

Every one was at the bazar except the servants who were getting the rich and affluent's dinner ready.

We faced each other in the schoolroom by the light of Clifford's bedroom candle, and Clifford remarked:

"Never shall it be said that the visitor from India's coral strand had her innocent elephant stolen with no one to lift a hand in defense of the helpless stranger. Martin, the dressing-up things!"

We kept these in a big bag, hanging inside the schoolroom cupboard door. Clifford hastily examined them, selecting, with the rapidity of a born dissembler, suitable disguises for all.

Martin wore the old striped riding-cloak we called Joseph, because of its many colors, and a felt hat that had been Olive's in happier days. Madeline wore an old black skirt of Mother's that we use for Mary Queen of Scots, and a fur cape that is mangy all round the edges. Clifford got an old hat of Father's and slouched it over

his eyes; most burglar-like it was. Also he wore that old coat of Aunt Lucilla's with three capes—the one that makes you look like a highwayman. There was a large, black, crape veil that I don't know where it came from, but I think I have heard that a great-aunt's face once hid behind it. The flower-scissors from the table-drawer in the hall enabled us to convert this into masks—with holes for eyes and tied round the back of your head with string. And the parts of our faces that the masks didn't cover we blacked with the burnt cork of the cough-mixture bottle out of the nursery. We blacked our hands, too, inside and out. Then we went and looked at ourselves in the long glass in Mother's room.

We were terrible.

To get out without the servants seeing us was in itself a triumph of diplomacy. But we did it. Then we set out for Warings'. Madeline was trembling in every pore. But we have often explained to her that traitors and sneaks are loathed by the good and brave, so when Clifford stopped in the drive and said:

"Don't come if you don't want to," she said:

"Oh, but I do."

(Note: Is it better to be cowardly or untruthful? The author does not know.)

It was at the gate, that Martin said: "I say, Cliff, perhaps we hadn't better, don't you know?"

"Hadn't better what?" asked our hero, who had

it unlocked. Front doors mostly are, in the country, you know. So we just quietly opened the door and went in, and Clifford cautiously closed the door after us.

So far all was well, the adventure was running on oiled wheels, as the author of *The Worst Boy* in Bermondsey so beautifully remarks. And I am certain that the oil would have held out to the end but for Madeline.

(Moral: Never you go burgling with a girl, even if it is her elephant you seek.)

Alas, the passionate Southern nature does not fit you to be a burglar. The moment the front door was closed and she found herself alone in the hall with the stuffed foxes and the carved oak and the tall, ticking clock and us, in our beautiful burglars' clothes, she said "Oh," in a stifling whisper, and bolted up the stairs like a hare when you're coursing it.

We had to follow. By a piece of A1, double-first luck there were no servants about. We reached the carpeted landing. Madeline had bunked into the big state bedroom. We came up with her just in time to stop her from creeping under the bed. She was already lying on her front on the carpet, preparing for the under-bed act.

"Don't," said Clifford, in stern undertones. "Come out of it!"

"I must go under," she said wildly; "burglars always do."

"Not *swell* burglars," Martin said; "only commonies. Why did you bolt like that?"

"It was you," she said. "When I saw you in the hall light, coming up I'd forgotten how perfectly awful you look!"

How like a girl to blame it on to us!

All these remarks were in deep whispers. Then we went and hung over the thick, carved banisters and listened. Dressing up for our parts had taken some time and the walk through the snow had taken more, and the powdery woman and her friends were now at their early dinner. We could hear the rattle of plates and silver, and people talking and laughing. Everything people say at dinner when you are not there always seems to be more amusing than the things they say when you are there.

One of the upsetting things the powdery-nosed woman had done to the Warings' house was turning the largest bedroom into a drawing-room. She thought a drawing-room ought to be on the first floor because they are so in London.

She did not know any better, because her husband was only a soap-boiler. "The Boiling King" they called him, because he was so rich.

Well, indeed, could his wife, the Boiling Queen, have afforded to send an express, pink-faced messenger-boy direct to India to fetch her a much larger silver elephant than Madeline's, if she had really needed one!

A little research landed us in the drawing-room, and a rapid elephant hunt at once began.

Two of the hounds worked silently and busily, but Madeline made a melancholy music all the time.

"I wish we hadn't come, I wish we hadn't come, I wish we hadn't come,"

she repeated in whispered accents till Clifford had to pinch her arm to make her stop.

The silver elephant was run to earth on a sofa, among a lot of silly things that had been littering about at home for weeks, and which the Boiling Queen had bought at the bazar.

Madeline was reaching out for the elephant when Martin caught her firmly by the arm.

## Orient Cruise

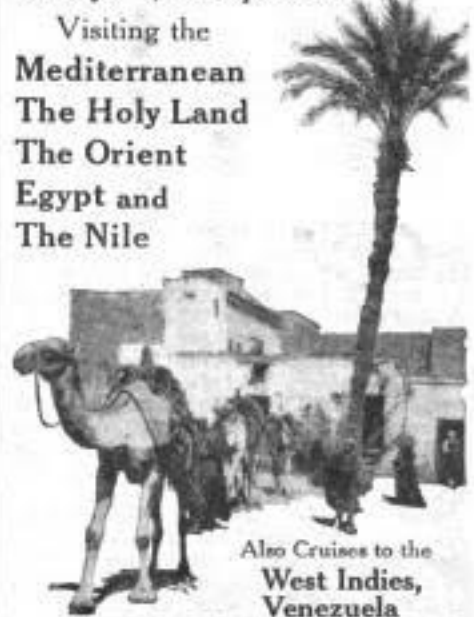
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POPULAR ELECTRICITY PUBLISHING CO.  
1201 Monahan Block, Chicago, Ill.



"She paid sixpence for it," he said slowly. "Who's got sixpence to leave here?"

Nobody had, of course.

"We must be honest burglars, you know," said Martin firmly. And Clifford, who is the soul of honor, had to agree that this was so.

"Couldn't we send it by post?" Madeline asked. "The sixpence, I mean."

But the others were firm.

"Burglary is a ready-money business," Clifford reminded her.

The more we stood and looked at one another the more Clifford and Martin saw that the game was now entirely up.

"We had better," said Clifford flatly, "go home."

He turned, prompt in retreat as in attack, to head the way. Martin followed. At the bottom of the stair, which we had descended with tiptoe-boots of the darkest caution, we turned. Madeline was still at the top. "Come on," we said with voiceless mouths, like cats mewing on the other side of a glass window, when you can see them mew but cannot hear.

"I'm coming," she said in the same voiceless speech. And she came. But, oh horror, oh woe! In the agitation of the midnight hour she had forgotten to hold up that old black skirt of Mother's. Also, her bootlace had come undone, as she owned later.

But why seek to discover the cause of the disaster? Let me just say that as we looked up at Madeline, urging her to come to us—she came. She suddenly stumbled and pitched right down the stairs absolutely on to us—with a row that I have never heard equaled, even when tobogganing downstairs on tea-trays, which is now forbidden.

Our unwilling bodies broke the force of her fall. Otherwise that fall might have been her last.

You know how bees come out buzzing and thick when you throw half a brick at the hive? It was like that when the dining-room door burst open and the people who were having dinner swarmed out to witness the unusual spectacle of three masked burglars struggling on the fur mat at the foot of the stairs.

"Burglars!"

"Masked, by Jove!"

"Negroes!"

"Several of them!"

The words burst from more than one observant lip. A young man with hair like hay collared me. A fat man with a watch-chain and seals hanging off the edge of him got Martin; and Madeline was left sitting on the mat, with her boots straight out in front of her, howling aloud, like a forgotten foxhound pup on a wet night. Quite lost to all proper feeling she was.

Clifford and Martin preserved a dignified silence—even when they were roughly dragged out of the dim hall into the blazing light of the dining-room, and Madeline was carried in and put on a chair. She sat there sobbing, and loosely holding in her hand—not the elephant, but a silver stamp-box in the shape of a pig! This was the last straw of degradedness. We were thieves!

She had crept back to collar her elephant and had grabbed this by mistake. So we were really thieves, after all. And taken red-handed. It was indeed a dark and terrible moment. One of the darkest and most terrible that this author has ever known.

All these strange faces crowding round—all angry, all frightened, all distrustful. It is terrible to be distrusted.

"Why," said some one suddenly, "they're only children—children dressed up! And one of them's stolen your lucky pig, Christine."

"It's not your pig, it's my own elephant," sobbed Madeline. Then, looking down, she saw what it really was, and the deceitful pig dropped from her nerveless fingers and rattled on the floor.

"Come!" said a stern voice from above the waistcoat that the seals hung from. "Out with it. What's the meaning of all this?"

Madeline sobbed. Martin kicked one boot against the other in stubborn silence. His followers were worse than useless. The bold leader had to face this reversion of fortune

alone and unaided. He owns that he did not know how to face it.

"You poor little chap, don't look so frightened. It was a game, wasn't it?" said the powdered lady suddenly; and you will be as surprised as he was himself to learn that she addressed these words to the dauntless leader. She meant well, I do think, but that is not the way to speak to burglars. She had diamond stars in her hair, and a necklace of diamonds on her scraggy neck.

"Take off that rubbish," said the hay-haired man to us. And they tore away our disguises from us, and we stood there—unmasked. Concealment really was, this time, at an end.

"Come, speak up!" said the waistcoat-seal gentleman. "What's the meaning of this tomfoolery?"

Clifford stood alone, like the boy on the burning deck, only he is never beautiful (he would, of course, scorn to be), and just then he did not feel bright, and he did not feel at all able to rule the storm that he saw raging about him.

"What shall I say?" he asked himself, and felt with a sinking heart that there was nothing that it would be any good to say, except the truth.

So he drew a long breath and said: "We haven't taken anything but the pig, and I didn't know we'd got that, and Madeline thought it was an elephant."

"Am I mad?" said the powder-nosed lady, who was the nicest of the lot, I will say that for her. "Or are you?"

"I'm not," said Clifford, and to this day he knows not why they all laughed so much.

Anyhow, the laugh made it easier to speak. With that clearness that he has often been praised for, and that, perhaps, you have noticed in this narrative, he told the whole truth from the beginning. It took some time, but he persevered to the end. And when he had done, every one clapped, and the powder-nosed lady with the diamond stars kissed him before he could resist. It was most unfair.

"Why—the poor dears!" she said. "I had no idea! I only stuck to the precious elephant because I couldn't stand that soapy-faced woman who wanted to get it back. The poor little dears! And the pluck of them! Get their precious elephant, some one, for goodness' sake!"

They were really very nice people, though they weren't like Mother and Father. "Somebody" fetched Madeline's silver elephant, and they got her to stop crying, and kissed her, too (I'm glad she didn't get off that), and gave us all dessert, with peaches—it was Christmas Eve, you remember, when peaches are unusual—and the loveliest sweets. And the lady wanted Madeline to have the silver pig as well, but Martin and I wouldn't let her. We knew in our inside selves Father wouldn't like us to. And we had a ripping time, and they took us home in one of their motors, with a bump on Madeline's head as big as a teacup, tied up with scent and the powder-nosed lady's hankie. They called Clifford a hero—which was silly, but pleasant.

It was not so pleasant, though, when we had to tell Father and Mother about it, which we decided had better be done at once before giving ourselves time to think it over. Father was very angry and Mother was very grieved. They said we had disgraced them. I could not see this—and never shall. But I was sorry they thought

so. And so I said I was sorry. If they said it was wrong, of course it was, so I wished we hadn't. And as it was Christmas Eve we were forgiven at once, and got off any consequences that might have happened on other dates. No one said anything about forgiving Miss Knox, though; and yet, of course, the whole thing was entirely her silly fault.

But next day was Christmas Day, when you ought to forgive everybody everything. So Madeline and I agreed that we should feel more comfortable in our insides if we did. So we went to Miss Knox, and Madeline said what we had agreed on. It was:

"Miss Knox, please, we forgive you about my elephant, because it is Christmas Day."

But Madeline mumbled it so that I couldn't hear what she said. No more could Miss Knox. For her reply was:

"Of course I forgive you, dear Madeline. And dear Clifford, too. But we should be more thoughtful for the feelings of others, should we not, dear children? But I am sure you did not mean what you said."

By this we knew that she had heard what Madeline said when the elephant was borne away from the bazar. So Miss Knox forgave us! And we had to bear it!

But it was Christmas Day, and we had lots of jolly presents. Miss Knox gave us each a box of chocolates. This rather choked me off hating her, I own. Not because of the beastly chocolates, but because I know she wasn't well off. She must have gone without something to give the chocolates to us. Yet I don't trust her any more because of the chocks. I know she wants to get things out of Mother. But it was kind of her. Life is very difficult to understand. So I forgive her for forgiving us. And perhaps she isn't so black as she's painted, any more than we were, under the masks, when we were self-sacrificing burglars, and risked our liberty for the sake of the silver elephant.

## The Play's the Thing

Everybody's writing for the stage.

Everybody's working on a play—

The bent old man, the girl of tender age,

The statesman and the man who runs the drag.

Everybody's hoping to get rich.

To be another Walter, Ade or Fitch.

I've a drama nearly done;

You, no doubt, have written one;

Everybody is afflicted with the itch.

The sophomore is writing for the stage,

The preacher has a drama under way;

The Senator, the soldier and the page

Are building masterpieces night and day.

Everybody's toiling like a Turk

On a play for Mrs. Fiske or Billie Burke.

Each expects to live at ease

On his splendid royalties,

And become a total stranger to hard work.

The carpenter is writing for the stage,

The smith is busy working on a play;

The paying-teller in his little cage

Is drafting acts as deftly as he may.

Jones is writing, no is Brown;

We would all achieve renown

With the plays we have on hand

If the stars could understand

And the managers would cease to turn us down.

—R. E. Kiser.



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## Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Unpublished Poem

(Continued from Page 8)

Ellen echoed my thoughts as she said: "Yes, friend, this is what I came out for to see; this many-gabled old house, built by the simple country-folk of the long-past time, regardless of all the turmoil that was going on in cities and courts, is lovely still amidst all the beauty which these latter days have created; and I do not wonder at our friends tending it carefully and making much of it. It seems to me as if it had waited for these happy days, and held in it the gathered crumbs of happiness of the confused and turbulent past." She led me up close to the house and laid her shapely, sunbrowned hand and arm on the lichened wall, as if to embrace it, and cried out: "Oh, me! Oh, me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done!"

And on that occasion and on many another occasion, when I used to go down to Kelmescott Manor, the feeling would come to me: "How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it."

Rossetti came with his "holloa!" to meet us at the door in the wall, and made us feel at once at home. I shall never forget that first visit to Kelmescott. During all the time he was in splendid spirits, subject only occasionally to fits of depression, doing beautiful work, retouching old pictures, though not always improving them (as I think), for Leyland, who visited us constantly.

Rossetti was extremely fond of a walk over the fields and on the banks of the Thames by the river, with Doctor Hake, George Hake, an extremely clever young man, fresh from Oxford, who acted as Rossetti's secretary and companion, and myself. I cannot give a better idea of this walk than by quoting a sonnet of Doctor Hake's, not because it is a powerful one, or quite worthy of this fine poet, but because it recalls to my mind those happy days, and for this reason I love it more than any sonnet ever written. It brings back to me two of the most lovable men that ever lived—Dr. Gordon Hake and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Oh, happy days with him who once so loved us!  
We loved as brothers, with a single heart,  
The man whose iris-woven pictures moved us  
From Nature to her blazoned shadow—  
Art.

How often did we trace the nestling Thames  
From humblest waters on his course of  
night,  
Down where the weir the bursting current  
stems—

There sat till evening grew to balmy night,  
Veiling the weir whose roar recalled the  
strand

Where we had listened to the wave-lipped  
sea,  
That seemed to utter plaudits while we  
planned

Triumphal labors of the day to be.  
The words were his: "Such love can never  
die!"

The grief was ours when he no more was  
nigh.

We used to while away the evenings in the quaint old tapestried chamber that served for studio, sometimes by story-telling, when I used to improvise stories for the occasion (an art which I retained from my schoolboy days), sometimes by discussing plots for poems and subjects for pictures, sometimes by Rossetti's reading out Dumas' romances to us all. He was a beautiful reader of French. These evenings he used to call the "Kelmescott Nights' Entertainments." Those who want to read a full account of these evenings, and indeed of the life at Kelmescott Manor, should turn to certain articles in Notes and Queries, by Dr. Gordon Hake's eldest son, Mr. Thomas Hake, who was much at Kelmescott and knew intimately both Rossetti and William Morris.

From this time onward I was a constant visitor at Kelmescott Manor, both as a guest of Rossetti's during his stays there, and as a guest of Morris' during his stays. I used to run down without notice, whenever I chose, and always found a welcome which ever of the illustrious joint tenants was at

the moment there. As to Rossetti, his seclusion at Kelmescott Manor was such that, as he said, he had seen just a dozen people in two years.

At that time I had not, as far as I remember, published one line either in prose or verse. But I had written a good deal, as Rossetti knew, and we two became so intimate that, to my great astonishment, he suggested that we should bring out a joint book, a miscellany of verse and prose. This anomaly of a joint book by a man whose position was so great in the artistic and literary world, and a man absolutely unknown, struck me very greatly, and I told him that I would not consent to it, knowing as I did the world's cynicism about the relations between eminent men and obscure men. Moreover, I knew that the project was merely the outcome of his vast generosity. He wanted to do me good by associating my name with his own. But, as was the way with him, the more objections I raised the more determined he was that the thing should be done. He would not be put off, and he began jotting down in his notebooks many a subject which he was to take up as his share of the joint work.

I cannot resist giving here an anecdote connected with the project, as it enables me to bring in William Morris, another delightful man.

On the very next day, after it was decided that the joint book was some day to be published, Rossetti and I were walking in the fields when he told me that Morris was coming down for a day's fishing with George Hake, a notable angler, and that "Mouse," the Icelandic pony, whose permanent home was Kelmescott, was to be sent to the Lechlade railway station to meet him. "You are now going to be introduced to my fellow-partner," said Rossetti, "and I shall tell him about our joint undertaking, just to hear what Top will say."

At that time I only knew of the famous firm, Morris, Marshall, Falkner & Co., by name, and I asked Rossetti for an explanation, which he gave in his usual, incisive way.

"Well," said he, "one evening a lot of us were together, and we got talking about the way in which artists did all kinds of things in olden times, designed every kind of decoration and most kinds of furniture, and some one suggested—as a lark more than anything else—that we should each put down five pounds and form a company. Fivers were blossoms of a rare growth among us in those days, and I won't swear that the table bristled with fivers. Anyhow, the firm was formed, but, of course, there was no deed or anything of that kind. In fact, it was a mere playing at business, and Topsy (he always spoke of Morris as "Topsy" or "Top") was elected manager, not because we ever dreamed he would turn out a man of business, but because he was the only one among us who had both time and money to spare. We had no idea whatever of commercial success, but it has succeeded almost in our own despite. Top's very eccentricities and independent attitude toward his patrons seem to have drawn patrons round him."

And then he told me of Morris' interview with a certain church magnate which convulsed me with laughter.

"Here comes the manager," said he. "You must mind your p's and q's with him; he is a wonderfully stand-off chap, and generally takes against people."

"What is he like?" I said.

"Like?" said Rossetti meditatively. "You know the portraits of Francis I. Well, take that portrait as the basis of what you would call in your metaphysical jargon your 'mental image' of the manager's face, soften down the nose a bit, and give him the rose-bloom color of an English farmer, and there you have him."

"What about King Francis' eyes? A poet must have poetic eyes," I said.

"Well, Topsy's are not quite so small as Francis', but they are very little—blue-gray, but they see everything."

And then I saw, coming toward us on a rough, long-haired, mouse-colored pony, so diminutive that he well deserved the name of "Mouse," the figure of a man in a wide-awake—a figure so broad and square that the breeze at his back seemed to be using him as a sail, and blowing both him and the pony toward us.

When Rossetti introduced me, the "manager" greeted him with a "H'm! I thought you were alone." This did not seem promising. Morris at that time was as proverbial for his exclusiveness as he afterward became for his expansiveness.

But the ice was soon broken by Rossetti. "Let me introduce you to my new partner, Top," said he.

Morris evidently thought that he referred to the firm.

"Partner! Don't you think there are too many partners already?"

"A literary partner, I mean," said Rossetti. And then he told him about our project.

This set both me and Morris laughing. That laugh seemed to be a link between us. And then the charm of William Morris began, and grew upon me, day by day, until he died. He astonished Rossetti by at once inviting me, a stranger, to join the fishing with George Hake, which I did. I have described this day's angling in my obituary notice of William Morris in the Athenaeum of October 10, 1896.

And why was this project of a joint book never carried out? What was the cause of its failure? A very fantastic one, to be sure. Rossetti was wonderfully influenced by the mere name of an imaginative work, as is seen by the name Blessed Damozel.

Many years previous to my friendship with him Rossetti had designed a picture called Michael Scott's Wooing, and the subject, or rather the mere name of the subject, had a peculiar fascination for him, and for years he had also wished to write a poem to be called Michael Scott's Wooing, and had "cartooned" many ideas for it, but had never been able to satisfy himself. I have a letter of Rossetti's in which he asks me to allow him to make use of a certain story that I had told him, which he intended to use as the subject of a poem to be called Michael Scott's Wooing. This poem was to form the *pièce de résistance* of our volume. It was a story a Welsh gypsy girl had told to me as a "quite true fact"—a story touching another Romany girl, whose wraith, having been spirited away in the night from the "camping place" by the incantations of a wicked lover, had been seen rushing toward Lake Ogwen in the moonlight, "while all the while that 'ere same chavil wuz asleep an' a-sobbin' in her daddy's livin' waggin'." Rossetti was greatly struck by this story, and immediately adapted it to Michael Scott's Wooing. Even the metre of the ballad was decided upon. But, unfortunately for poetic art, I, not long afterward, came upon a story by the Ettrick Shepherd called Mary Burnet, and discovered that either his gypsy friend's "quite true fact" was a Romanyized version of Hogg's story, or both she and Hogg had drawn from some old Scottish legend. The story having once appeared in print, Rossetti felt that he could not use it, and was greatly disappointed. His mind was full of a long ballad upon the subject, which ballad he was prevented from writing.

When Mr. W. M. Rossetti brought out the collected edition of his brother's work I was much amused to see in print the cartoon of this story thus adapted to Michael Scott's Wooing. William had found it in one of his brother's black notebooks and naturally assumed that it was a prose sketch of his brother's own. Here is the adaptation of the gypsy story to Michael Scott's Wooing, as given in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's edition of his brother's collected works:

"Michael Scott and a friend, both young and dissolute, are returning from a carouse, by moonlight, along a wild seacoast during a ground-swell. As they come within view of a small house on the rocky shore, his companion taunts Michael Scott as to his known passion for the maiden Janet, who dwells there with her father, and as to the failure of the snares he has laid for her. Scott is goaded to great irritation, and as they near the point of the sands overlooked by the cottage, he turns round on his friend and declares that the maiden shall come out to him, then and there, at his summons. The friend still taunts and banters him, saying that wine has heated his brain; but Scott stands quite still, muttering, and regarding the cottage with a gesture of command. After he has done so for some time the door opens softly, and Janet comes running down the rock. As

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she approaches she nearly rushes into Michael Scott's arms, but instead, swerves aside, runs swiftly by him, and plunges into the surging waves. With a shriek Michael plunges after her, and strikes out this side and that, and lashes his way among the billows, between the rising and sinking breakers; but all in vain—no sign appears of her. After some time spent in this way he returns almost exhausted to the sands, and, passing without answer by his appalled and questioning friend, he climbs the rock to the door of the cottage, which is now closed. Janet's father answers his loud knocking, and to him he says, 'Slay me, for your daughter has drowned herself this hour in yonder sea, and by my means.' The father at first suspects some stratagem, but finally deems him mad, and says, 'You rave—my daughter is at rest in her bed.' 'Go seek her there,' answers Michael Scott. The father goes up to his daughter's chamber, and, returning very pale, signs to Michael to follow him. Together they climb the stair, and find Janet half lying and half kneeling, turned violently round, as if, in the act of rising from her bed, she had again thrown herself backward and clasped the feet of a crucifix at her bed-head; so she lies dead. Michael Scott rushes from the house, and, returning maddened to the sea-shore, is with difficulty restrained from suicide by his friend. At last he stands like a stone for a while, and then, as if repeating an inner whisper, he describes the maiden's last struggle with her heart. He says how she loved him but would not sin; how, hearing in her sleep his appeal from the shore, she almost yielded, and the embodied image of her longing came rushing out to him; but how in the last instant she turned back for refuge to Christ, and her soul was wrung from her by the struggle of her heart. 'And as I speak,' he says, 'the fiend who whispers this concerning her says also in my ear how surely I am lost.'

Speaking of this cartoon Mr. W. M. Rossetti says:

\*The present project of a poem, or perhaps rather of a prose story, is entirely different in its incidents from any of the designs which he made of Michael Scott's Wooing—so far, at least, as my knowledge of them extends.

From the character of the handwriting I judge this skeleton-narrative to be two or three years later than The Orchard Pit, etc.

And as a matter of fact the mental cartoon in question was effected, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti infers, two years later than the cartoon of The Orchard Pit.

The result of it all was that Rossetti had got nothing, except the unfinished poem of Jan Van Huns as his contribution to the joint book. But he had never ceased making plans for poems to be included in it. I was not at all surprised at this, nor was I disappointed.

The mere fact of his proposing the joint book was a proof of his affection for me, and that sufficed.

But returning to the last days at Birchington. Rossetti, one day, said to me: "I have never abandoned the project of the joint book which was arrested by that contretemps about Michael Scott's Wooing. I think I might have used that adaptation of mine, after all. I intend that the book shall come out, and I am now finishing a comic poem that I partly wrote years ago."

"Jan Van Huns?" I said.

"Yes."

And then he began to talk about The Orchard Pit and The Cup of Water, which he had intended to include in the volume. As the idea interested him intensely, I encouraged it in order to keep up his spirits, and it did so marvelously. Leyland used to say that it kept him alive for days. The end was approaching. Mr. W. M. Rossetti gives the following extract from his mother's diary:

MARCH 28, Tuesday. Mr. Watts came down; Gabriel rallied marvelously.

"This is the last cheerful item," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "which is allowed me to record concerning my brother; I am glad that it stands associated with the name of Theodore Watts."

And very soon the poem was all written out in his beautiful handwriting, from the first line to the last.

Need I say that it is one of my most treasured possessions?



"Why the mail was late"

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## "DE WHIPPERWILL"

(Continued from Page 11)

bin gone I done tuk er bushel uv 'em mos' f'm de letter man; but she ain' read nairy one. She jes' put 'em in de trunk widout openin' 'em. An' I tol' 'im, 'When you lef' home dat night she tol' me she gwine ter git shet o' me an' Sawney ef we speak yo' name. She little, but, my Lawd! you knows her when she done make up her min'."

"An' den he ax me 'bout er thousan' questions, an' I didn' have sense 'nuff ter keep f'm lettin' 'im know 'bout her sewin' an' makin' pickles an' 'zerves, an' me takin' in washin', an' Sawney drunk ha'f de time wid dese onery town niggers."

"An' he sez, 'Why ain' she gone back home?'"

"An' I tol' 'im she say de place is too full o' bitter mem'ries. His face git white ez cotton an' he bus' out: 'Did you uvver heer o' sech dam' foolishness?'"

"An' I tol' 'im, 'No, suh, I nuyver did, but my mouf bin shet too long ter open it now.' An' he went off down de street like he wuz full o' red liker."

"An' 'bout er week arter dat, hyar cum er letter f'm er man way up in Phillidephy whut say he want er rent de ol' 'Tranquil'ty' place jes' ter shoot over. An' de man say he willin' ter pay her three hundud dollahs fer de 'lowance an' sen' de money immejit, ef she willin', an' he say he want de place fer five year, han'-runnin'."

"I tol' Miss Sally ter take de man up 'fo' he git his right min' back. An' 'twuz wid part o' dat money we put Miss Jinny in de buryin'-groun' at home. I kep' my mouf shet 'bout who I spec' dat money cum f'm, 'cause, you see, I done got my orders 'way back yonder."

"Den cum er letter f'm Marse Sam, hisse'f. I know'd 'twuz his'n, 'cause I know'd de signation on de back. Miss Sally she look at it er long time, 'cause de stamps on de front wa'n't like de stamps on dem uthers. An' when I bresh up her room nex' mawnin' dar de letter wuz on de table by de baid an' 'twa'n't even bruk open."

"I sez ter myse'f, 'How long, O Lawd? How long?' Hit 'stress me so, I made up my min' right dar. An' dat day 'bout sundown I goes down ter de place whar Marse Sam live at."

"De room wuz jes' full o' books an' he by de fier, readin'. An' I upped an' tol' 'im 'bout de letter an' how it look ter me like Miss Sally ain' made up her min' 'bout it, 'cause she ain' put it in de trunk, long wid de uthers."

"Man, suh! He walk up an' down de room like er b'ar in de cage. An' he sez, 'Ef she won' read none o' my letters—ain' read nairy one—an' you feared to say nuthin', whut kin I do? Ef I meet up wid her on de street an' she fuse ter recognize me, I's done fer, sho'. Dat's why I done kep' out'n her way sence I bin back in dis country. I done et de ashes dese many years, but I'm dam' ef I'm gwine ter lay down in 'em."

"I sez, 'Gret day! Now you talkin'. Dat soun' ter me like de ol' whipperwill, sho' nuff."

"He flung out his han', weary-like, an' he sez, 'Ah, Judy, dem days is far behin', an' thank Gawd, 'tain't no use uv it no mo'—'twa'n't nuyver no use uv it."

"An' I sez ter 'im right so'f, 'How you know 'bout dat?' An' he look at me side-ways an' he sez, 'Whut you mean, 'ooman?' An' I ax 'im, is he done fegot how ter whis'le like de whipperwill. An' he sez, 'No, I reck'n not."

"An' I sez, 'Make de call ter-night; maybe she ans'er you."

"He smile like somebody done stuck er knife in 'im an' he sez, 'Whut? Wid de cable cyars hummin' by an' de 'lectric lights burnin' on de cornder? Why, Judy, de stage settin's ain't de same, an' it look ter me like de curt'n done bin rung down on me, anyhow."

"I put my eye right in his'n, an' I sez, 'Is she uvver fail ter ans'er yo' call ef she heer it?'"

"He went over by de winder an' look out er long time, an' pres'n'y he sez, 'Judy, I wonder ef you got any sense 'long wid all dat 'maginashun?'"

"An' I sez, 'Oh! Yas, suh; I got sense in de back o' my haid whut I ain' nuyver use yit.' An' he sot down in de cheer an' bus' out laffin' jes' like er boy."

"An' I tol' 'im ter cum in de yard on de stroke o' nine o'clock an' make de call. An' he sez, 'All right, I'll be dar."

"When I got home I wuz dat skeered at whut I done I drapped everything I put my han's on, mos'."

"Cum quarter ter nine Miss Sally wuz settin' in de dinin'-room, readin' by de big lamp, an' me right whar we-all settin' now; one eye on her, t'other on de clock. Pres'n'y I heerd 'im: 'Whipperwill, Whipperwill, Whipperwill'—three times, den once an' three times ag'in—jes' ez nachull."

"I lay my haid on de table an' shet my eyes, an' I 'clar ter gracious, dar we-all wuz back home at 'Tranquil'ty' an' 'im callin' uv her, out in de moonlight shinin' thoo' de trees. De watter got in my eyes an' I feel like sump'n done grab me by de gullet."

"Miss Sally lay de book down an' she look like she dreamin'. An' Marse Sam out in de yard jes' callin', 'Whipperwill, Whipperwill, Whipperwill'."

"Pres'n'y she cum in wid her haid flung up like er hoss 'bout ter whinny, an' when she see my face she bus' out, 'Oh, Judy; Mammy, Mammy Judy! Whut's dat I seem ter heer?'"

"I make er great miration, tryin' ter laff, an' I sez, 'Hit soun' ter me like de bird whut dey useter call de whipperwill. 'Tis late in de season fer 'im, too. He soun' mighty lonesome ter me an' I spec' dat's his las' call; kin I let 'im in?' An' den he call again, 'Whipperwill, Whipperwill, Whipperwill'."

"She ketch her breff right short, like she got de hiccups, an' she sez, 'Yas, ef he don' do it no mo'. Tell 'im ter stop; I can't stan' it.' An' she went out'n de room like er 'ooman walkin' in her sleep."

"I flung open de front do' an' in de parlor he cum an' she stan'in' dar grippin' de cheer wid bofe han's. He walk up an' make er low bow, an' dar dey stood lookin' at one 'nuther an' she hol'n 'im off wid her eyes. An' den she sez, right slow, 'You air much changed, suh.'"

"Marse Sam, he sorter smile an' he sez, 'I's puffed'y willin' ter admit de fac'—in all things save one.'"

"She cum right back at 'im an' she sez, 'I's willin' ter admit you hyar ef you gimme yo' word nuyver ter admit whut dat one thing is.'"

"Den he look down at de flo' an' he sez, 'Cornishuns—f'm you?'"

"An' she flung out her han', right quick, an' she sez, 'Cornishuns? No; ruther er reques', de 'fusal o' which will only add ter my onhappiness.'"

"I sez ter myse'f, 'Name o' Gawd! Now she done got 'im, whut she gwine ter do wid 'im?'"

"He cum up right close an' his eyes jes' nachully burnin' her up. But she sez right sudd'n, 'Wait. All yo' life yo' bin wil' an' reckless, well-nigh lawless, an' yo' han's is red wid blood.' She sorter choke, but she kep' on: 'I know you ain' done nuthin' in all dat time but whut wuz fa'r an' honer'ble.'"

"She 'low'd she know'd it, but her voice done riz like she wuz axin' 'im de question."

"Marse Sam look like he didn' know whut ter make o' dat sorter talk, 'cause she know'd he done kilt so many Yankees he done fegit how ter count 'em. But he draw'd hisse'f up till he look 'bout er foot taller, an' he sez, 'I thank Gawd, you is right; de blood o' no man is on my han's onless he seek mine fus'."

"An' Miss Sally, she call out, 'Judy, bring Majer Taliaferro er glass o' wine.'"

"I 'clar ter gracious, her voice done change so, I tho't 'twuz somebody else callin' me. An' when I cum in wid de tray, dar dey sot—she on one side de fierplace an' 'im on 'tuther—jes' like 'tain't bin Gawd knows how many year sence dey seen one 'nuther."

"How long? I spec' 'tis bin nigh on fifteen year sence den. An' whut you reck'n? I wish I may die dis minnit ef he ain' bin cumin' ter see her right erlong sence, till er short while back. An' all dat time dey ac' jes' like uthers folks; dey go ter chu'ch; dey take er walk, an' dey goes ter de leachers an' all dat. An' I knows he love de groun' she walk on. Now, don' dat look rediclus—jes' nachully plumb foolish? But 'tis de Gawd's blessed truf, jes' de same."

"I ax Miss Sally once whut he doin' ter make er livin', an' she tell me he teachin' de daid langwidges down at de Unibers'ty. An' dat make me tell Marse Sam he ha'f daid hisse'f, 'cause he can't do nuthin' wid her all dis long time."

"I gits hot in de collar 'bout it one day, an' I sez, 'Gret day, man! Cut all dat ha'r off'n yo' face; git dem ol' boots an' ga'n'tlets on an' jump yo' hoss over de fence an' kidnap her, ef you can't do nuthin' else.' And he jes' laff. And he sez, 'Whew, Judy, dat soun' mighty well, but de p'lice-man ketch me on de bysickel 'fo' I run er couple o' mile.' An' he sez, right sad like, 'She shet me up eve'y time I start ter talk 'bout de ol' days, an' I reck'n we jes' got ter take keer uv her—dat's all.'"

"An' dat's de way 'twuz wid 'em till 'bout three mont' back, when dey went down ter heer some man talk 'bout de places whar Marse Sam bin at 'cross de water. But it turn out dey had er man ter talk 'bout de wartime 'stid o' de man whut didn' cum. Dat start 'im goin', I reck'n."

"I must ha' bin 'sleep, settin' in de dinin'-room, when dey cum in; 'cause I woke up right sudden an' look in de parlor an' dar he wuz—done upstod de cheer on de flo' an' 'im on his feet in front uv her, his face red as fier. An' he sez, 'Hit's monst'us; you is de victim uv yo' trainin', which is all wrong an' selfish. You lock sorror an' whut make it up in yo' bres' an' leave none ter sheer it wid you; jes' like you put on black an' keep it on fer dem dat's daid an' gone dis many er year an' nuyver speak dere name. 'Tis er habit whut'll leave you wid nuthin' but de dry husks o' life. 'Tain't much time lef' fer you an' me. Won't you cum out in de sunshine? I ain' nuyver close my eyes in sleep widout shettin' out de immige uv you in my min'; I ain' nuyver wake up in de mawnin' widout seein' you 'fo' my eyes is open ter de light—an' so 'twill uvver be till my bres' kin lif' no mo'."

"Man, suh! His voice soun' sweet ez honey in de honeycom'. Her haid done fell back on de sofer an' de hankicher pressed 'gust her face. An' Marse Sam cum up right close an' lean over an' he sez, 'Mongst all dem mem'ries you 'bleeged ter have wid you, ain' dar nuthin' fer me—fer me?' he sez. An' his voice done fell 'way ter nuthin'."

"An' she cry out, 'Oh, you is onmanly!' Marse Sam straighten up mighty sudden, an' I see de ol' Satan creep in his face, an' it sho' did make me shiver. He look at her hard an' stiddy an' den he wheel roun' an' walk out'n de house."

"She ain' seen 'im sence, me nuther. An' now she upsta'rs jes' fadin' 'way, 'cause she reck'n he done gone fer good."

The big woman's voice broke pitifully and then swelled with indignation. "Mars Sam were right—whut he tol' her 'bout huggin' trouble. But whut kin anybody do wid folks like dat, much less'n er nigger like me?" And she began to rock silently back and forth.

Mary and I were dumb. What a tale this old woman had told us! With the wonderful dramatic instinct of her race guiding us with voice and gesture through scenes that took place before we were born, down to the present, and into the very presence of a tragedy as pitiful as it was unnecessary.

The thought of the stammered, incoherent words of a frightened negro, uttered nearly forty years before, still affecting the lives of those who heard them spoken, was ghastly.

The features of the girl were white and set, her hands locked tight in her lap.

"Where is Mr. Taliaferro now?" she asked.

"Dis is 'bout de time dey start ter teachin' down at de Unibers'ty. I reck'n Marse Sam down whar he live at," Judy replied. "I got de number writ on er piece o' paper."

"He must be sent for at once," said Mary.

There was that in her voice and manner which brought the big woman to her feet.

"Sen' fer 'im? What fer? Who you reck'n gwine do it? I knows I ain' gwine ter have nuthin' ter do wid it; I's done pesterin' 'em."

"Listen, Judy; have you any idea why Miss Sally won't marry Mr. Taliaferro?"

"Mr. Torm, dat's de onlies thing 'bout her I don't know nuthin' 'bout. I useter think 'twuz 'cause he went off an' stay so long. But when he bin back all dese years—my Lawd!—ef I keep on thinkin' I gwine ter git wil' in de haid."

"If Mr. Taliaferro is in this town to-night I shall not sleep until I find him—I



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could not," the girl exclaimed. "Bring me the piece of paper, Judy."

The big woman paused with doubtful, anxious countenance; but the voice and gesture of the girl were compelling.

The suggestion that she was interfering in a matter personal and delicate in the extreme was admitted. "But," said Mary, "we can at least find out if what we believe is true. We must telephone him or send him a message."

The message was sent to him and before it seemed possible the door-bell rang, and the next moment he stood before us—in the kitchen. We were dumfounded at the suddenness of it. Judy shut the door behind her, exclaiming, "Now you done it! What you gwine do 'bout it?"

As he stood there, slender, erect, in an old-fashioned frock coat, a black slouch hat in his hand, he reminded me of some old, gray, grizzled hawk—the goatee and short mustache accentuating the keen thinness of features. Apprehension, doubt, wonder flitted across his countenance until he fixed his big, gray eyes on Mary with a steady smile of inquiry.

She stood it bravely, and said, "I phoned you, sir, on my own responsibility. Miss Byrd is sick, but not dangerously so."

"Do you happen to be a nurse?" he asked, still smiling.

"No, sir," the girl replied, reddening. "But it has so happened that since you—I mean during the last few months she has become almost as dear to me as my parents were. That is my excuse for taking such a liberty. She is sick and refuses to let us try to make her well," the girl went on hurriedly. "No, wait a minute"—as he was about to speak. "To-night we persuaded Judy to tell us all about Miss Sally."

With the Major still smiling straight into her eyes the girl went over and stood beside the big black woman and spoke rapidly.

"Judy began at the very beginning—when you all lived in Virginia before the war. She told us everything—about you, Miss Jenny and Mr. Jim Claytor's death—the 'Whippoorwill' and all—right down to the night you and Miss Sally went to the lecture."

Her words had come with a rush as the man's face darkened. The lips under the gray mustache became a straight line; the little tuft on his chin took an upward aggressive curve. "Does—does she know that this fool woman has told you all this?"

"No, sir, she has no idea of it."

"Then why have you sent for me? By what?"

"Then why haven't you made her marry you long, long ago?" the girl burst out in a passion of nervous tears.

"Did you shoot Mr. Jim Claytor—years ago?" I questioned abruptly; for the situation had become unbearable.

"I? Certainly not. What a question!" he exclaimed with a startled, bewildered look. "Our families had a difference of years' standing, but that was made up the day—"

"What does all this mean, anyhow?" he demanded with a swift gesture.

"We think Miss Sally believes you did it instead of Jim Dodson," said Mary.

"But that—that is impossible, absurd," he stammered. "She knew we were not intimate as we should have been; but—"

"Why should she have told you your hands were red with blood and ask you if you had always been fair and honorable? Judy," the girl turned in overmastering excitement, "told Major Taliaferro about Sawney coming into the dining-room—"

But the poor, dazed creature had suddenly crumpled up in the corner, rocking and moaning. "Oh, Lam' o' Gawd! Oh, Lam' o' Gawd!" Nothing could be got from her.

Then I told what Judy had said, word for word, and of Miss Sally's threat of instant dismissal.

As the full comprehension of it gradually dawned upon him, the man fell away against the wall to hide the bitter, hopeless pain. "All these years," he muttered, with twisted lips, "empty, aching years!"

"It is all very simple—the mistake," I managed to say. "But why—how on earth has Miss Byrd never known the truth?"

The stricken man gazed at me fully a minute. I could almost see his mind groping and flashing back over those long, interminable years. His face grew black with passion, barely controlled, as he wheeled toward Judy.

She glanced at him, pushed the girl aside and sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "Twa'n't my fault ner Sawney's." Thoroughly aroused, she leaned forward, arms akimbo. "An' I ain't feared o' you nuther—look like Satan all you want. Ef you ain't nudder got nuthin' f'm her, how is er nigger like me gwine do it? Anser me dat. She ain't low'd nobody to speak Miss Jinny's name, ner Marse Jim's, ner nuthin' 'bout whut happen dat day, f'm dat day down ter dis. An' you know whut dat is." Her voice swelled with anger and grief. "Tain't nuthin' but pride—rank pride. Hit's jes' nachully sinful, sho' ez Gawd A'mighty made little apples."

"It's all true," said the Major, with a weary, hopeless gesture, as Judy stalked out of the room. He sat down as one exhausted until Mary touched him gently on the shoulder. "That is past—and done with. She should know you are here."

"Do you reckon I might see her—now?" he asked eagerly.

The door opened and Judy appeared, her eyeballs rolling with suppressed excitement.

"Miss Sally will see you in de parlor, suh."

As the Major arose the years seemed to fall from him like a garment. Turning to Mary, he took both her hands in his and his lips shook. "The moment I saw you, I knew you were an angel; now I believe you were sent direct from God."

With his head up and a pull at the lapels of his coat he went out, followed by Judy.

The moments seemed endless until she flung into the kitchen, slamming the door. The woman's face fairly shone and her great flat feet began to slap the floor in an awkward double shuffle. "Dey done cum home at las'," she whispered.

From the dining-room we peered cautiously in to see him leaning against the mantelpiece, her face buried against his breast. As he gently stroked her hair, the two gray heads came very close together and her arm crept hesitatingly across his shoulder.

"Dey done cum home at las'," quoted my girl softly, as we involuntarily turned away.

"Shall we 'cum home,' too?" I whispered.

For answer a small, warm hand was slipped into mine. And as we stole out through the garden a fat, unctuous chuckle came from the vine-covered corner of the porch: "Umph, umph, umph!"

"De grapevine hug de fence-rail fillin';  
I'll marry you ef you is willin'."

## SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS

(Continued from Page 7)

In this triumphant period Wallingford was aggravatingly jovial, even exasperating, in the crowing tone he took.

"How are we getting along? Fine!" he declared to each stockholder in turn. "Inside of six months we'll have a membership of ten thousand!" And they were forced to believe him.

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"I thought you intended to begin collecting your weekly payments when you had two hundred and fifty members," he protested to Wallingford, "but you have close to five hundred now."

"That's just the point," explained Wallingford. "I'm doing so much better than

I thought that I don't intend to start the collections until I have a full thousand, which will let me have four thousand in the very first loan fund, making two hundred and fifty a week to the expense fund and a hundred a week for the loan committee, besides one thousand dollars toward the grand annual distribution. That will give me twenty-six hundred to be divided in one loan of a thousand, one of five hundred, one of two hundred and fifty, two of a hundred, four of fifty, ten of twenty-five, and twenty of ten dollars each; a grand distribution of thirty-nine loans in all. That keeps it from being a piker bet; and think what the first distribution and every distribution will do toward getting future membership! And they'll grow larger every month. I don't think it'll take me all



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IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST BURGLAR INSURANCE

No mechanical skill required to fit it to any sash—the only tool necessary, a screw-driver. By  
merely shutting the window, IT LOCKS AUTOMATICALLY. You can sleep by the open window  
without sacrificing security, as it locks the sashes securely at any desired point when open from  
top or bottom or both. You can not forget to lock your window; it is always  
locked when open or shut.

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It might splinter the sash to pieces, but the lock would hold. Cannot be picked  
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It is an entirely new principle and locks to stay locked. Draws sashes tightly  
together, no matter how far separated and

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Fits any new or old style window and does not interfere with other sash locks which are already in  
use. Retail Price, 50 Cents, at all hardware dealers. If your dealer will not supply you, write us.  
An interesting Booklet tells more about this wonderful  
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BILLINGS, MONT.



that six months to get my ten thousand members."

Mr. Squinch, over his tightly-pressed finger-tips, did a little rapid figuring. A membership of ten thousand would make a total income for the office, counting expense fund and loan committee fund, of three thousand five hundred per week, steadily, week in and week out, with endless possibilities of increase.

"And what did you say you would take for a half interest?" he asked.

"I didn't say," returned Wallingford, chuckling, "because I wouldn't sell a half interest under any consideration. I don't mind confessing to you, though, that I do need some money at once, so much so that I would part with four hundred and ninety-nine shares, right now, and for spot cash, for a lump sum of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Bound to keep control himself," Mr. Squinch reported to his confidants, after having reluctantly confessed to himself that he could not take care of the proposition alone. "I don't blame him so much, either, for he's got a vast money-maker."

"Money without end," complained Andy Groat, his mouth stretching sourly down to the shape of a narrow croquet wicket; "and the longer we stay out of this thing the more money we're losing. It's better than any building-loan."

There was a curious hesitation in Andy Groat's voice as he spoke of the building-loan, for he had been heartbroken that they had been compelled to give up this lucrative business, and he was not over it yet.

Doc Turner rubbed his perpetually lifeless hands together quite slowly.

"I don't know whether we're losing money or not," he interjected. "There is no question but that Wallingford will make it, but I suppose you know why he won't sell a half interest."

"So he won't lose control," said Squinch, impatient that of so obvious a fact any explanation should be required.

"But why does he want to keep control?" persisted Doc Turner. "Why, so he can vote himself a big salary as manager. No matter how much he made we'd get practically no dividends."

It was shrewd Andy Groat whose high squeak broke the long silence following this palpable fact.

"It seems to me we're a lot of plumb idiots, anyhow," he shrilled. "He wants twenty-five thousand for less than fifty per cent. of the stock. That's five thousand apiece for us. I move we put in the five thousand dollars apiece, but start a company of our own."

Mr. Groat's suggestion was a revelation which saved Jim Christmas from bursting one of his red veins in baffled cupidity. Negotiations with Mr. Wallingford for any part of his stock suddenly ceased. Instead, within a very short time there appeared upon the door of the only vacant office left in the Turner Block the sign: "The People's Cooperative Bond and Loan Company."

## VII

MR. WALLINGFORD did not seem to be in the slightest degree put out by the competition. In fact, he was most friendly with the new concern, and offered Doc Turner, who had been nominated manager of the new company, his assistance in arranging his card-index system, or upon any other point upon which he might need help.

"There's room enough for all of us," he said cheerfully. "Of course, I think you fellows ought to pay me a royalty for using my plan, but there's no way for me to compel you to do it. There's one thing we ought to do, however, and that is to take steps to prevent a lot of other companies from jumping in and spoiling our field. I think I'll get right after that myself. I have a pretty strong pull in the State Department."

They were holding this conversation three days after the sign went up, and Mr. Squinch, entering the office briskly to report a new agent that he had secured, frowned at finding Mr. Wallingford there. Business was business with Mr. Squinch, and social calls should be discouraged. Before he could frame his objection in words, however, another man entered the office, a stranger, a black-haired, black-eyed, black-mustached young man, of quite ministerial appearance indeed, as to mere clothing, who introduced himself to Doc Turner as one Mr. Clifford, and laid down before that gentleman a neatly-folded

parchment, at the same time displaying a beautiful little gold-plated badge.

"I am the State Inspector of Corporations," said Mr. Clifford, "and this paper contains my credentials. I have come to inspect your plan of operation, including all printed forms, books and minutes."

Mr. Wallingford arose to go, but a very natural curiosity apparently led him to remain standing, while Doc Turner, with a troubled glance at Ebenezer Squinch, arose to collect samples of all the company's printed forms for the representative of the law.

Mr. Wallingford sat down again. "I might just as well stay," he observed to Doc Turner, "because my interests are the same as yours."

Mr. Clifford looked up at him with a very sharp glance, as both Mr. Turner and Mr. Squinch took note. At once, however, Mr. Clifford went to work. In a remarkably short space of time, seeming, indeed, to have known just where to look for the flaw, he pointed out a phrase in the "bond," the phrase pertaining to the plan of redemption.

"Gentlemen," said he gravely, "I am very sorry to say that the State Department cannot permit you to do business with this bond, and that any attempt to do so will result in the revoking of your charter. I note that this is bond number one, and assume from this fact that you have not yet sold any of them. You are very lucky indeed not to have done so."

A total paralysis settled upon Messrs. Turner and Squinch, a paralysis which was only relieved by the counter-irritant of Wallingford's presence. To him Mr. Squinch made his first observation, and almost with a snarl.

"Seems to me this rather puts a spoke in your wheel, too, Wallingford," he observed.

"Is this Mr. Wallingford?" asked Mr. Clifford, suddenly rising with a cordial smile. "I am very glad indeed to meet you, Mr. Wallingford," he said as he shook hands with that gentleman. "They told me about you at the State Department. As soon as I've finished here I'll drop in to look at your papers, just as a matter of form, you know."

"If you refuse to let us operate," interposed Mr. Squinch in his most severely legal tone, "you will be compelled to refuse Mr. Wallingford permission to operate also!"

"I am not so sure about that," replied Mr. Clifford suavely. "The slightest variation in forms of this sort can sometimes make a very great difference, and I have no doubt that I shall find such a divergence; no doubt whatever! By the way, Wallingford," he said, turning again to that highly-pleased gentleman, "Jerrold sent his respects to you. He was telling me a good story about you that I'll have to go over with you by and by. I want you to take dinner with me to-night, anyhow."

Jerrold was the State auditor. "I shall be very much pleased," said Wallingford. "I'll just drop into the office and get my papers laid out for you."

"All right," agreed Mr. Clifford carelessly. "I don't want to spend much time over them."

Other fatal flaws Mr. Clifford found in the Turner & Company plan of operation, and when he left the office of The People's Cooperative Bond and Loan Company the gentlemen present, representing that concern, felt dimly sure that their doom was sealed.

"We're up against a pull again," said Doc Turner despondently. "It's the building-loan company experience all over again. You can't do anything any more in this country without a pull."

"And it won't do any good for us to go up to Trenton and try to get one," concluded Mr. Squinch with equal despondency. "We tried that with the building-loan company and failed."

In the office of The People's Mutual Bond and Loan Company there was no despondency whatever, for Mr. Wallingford and the dark-haired gentleman who had given his name as Mr. Clifford were shaking hands with much glee.

"They fell for it like kids for a hokypoky cart, Blackie," exclaimed Wallingford. "They're in there right this minute talking about the cash value of a pull. That was the real ready-money tip of all the information I got from old Colonel Fox."

They had lit cigars and were still gleeful when a serious thought came to Mr. Clifford, erstwhile known as "Blackie"



About that car you are thinking of buying—low first cost isn't the main thing to consider; perfect performance and low cost of maintenance are far more important.

There you have in brief the complete story of the remarkable success of the Oakland.

While it is true that the Oakland "Twenty" at \$1250 is far ahead, mechanically and practically, of other cars selling at the same price—

And while it is equally true that the Oakland "Forty" at \$1600 stands alone as the only car of its power, rating or style, selling for less than \$2500—

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The real reason why you should buy an Oakland is not the low first cost, but for the many miles of satisfactory service you can obtain from it at the lowest possible cost of up-keep.

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You don't have to be a mechanical engineer to appreciate Oakland superiority. Instead of the conflicting, theoretical claims made for many cars, which no one but a technically trained person can intelligently discuss, we shall present a few plain facts about Oakland cars for your consideration.

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An Oakland "Twenty," a stock car taken right off one of our dealer's floor, went through the Glidden Tour last season with a perfect score, carrying a full load, and accomplishing all that was done by its big, high-powered competitors.

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The Oakland "Twenty" 2 cylinder vertical 20 Horse Power, \$1250

#### The Oakland "Forty"

40 H. P. Touring Car \$1600  
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When you see this big car, and ride in it, it will be hard for you to understand why we do not add at least \$500 to its price.

The Oakland "Forty" has a 112-inch wheel base, weight 2100 lbs., shaft drive, four-cylinder motor, cylinders cast in pairs, 4 1/2 inch bore by 5-inch stroke, making a power plant that we could rate higher than 40 H. P. if we were inclined to follow the practice obtaining with many makers. It is sufficient to say that no matter how much you "let her out" you will always find the Oakland "Forty" has just a little more reserve power ready for emergency. 34x4 tires, front and rear. Cooling is by centrifugal pump and vertical tube radiator. Beakes external and internal, acting direct on rear wheels. Transmission is of the selective sliding gear type, three speeds forward and reverse. Steel I-beam front axle. Price includes three oil lamps, two large headlights, horn and complete tool kit.

Its flexibility of control, its quiet, steady transmission, and its remarkable roadability make it the one biggest \$1600 worth of automobile you can buy today.

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20 H. P. Touring Car or Roadster \$1250  
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In fact, anyone, taking their first ride in an Oakland "Twenty" finds it hard to believe that it is not a four-cylinder motor under the hood, so noiselessly and smoothly does it run.

The "Twenty" has 100-inch wheel base, weight 1700 lbs. Shaft drive, 32x3 1/2 front and rear tires. Thermo-siphon system of cooling with fan in flywheel, vertical tube radiator. Beakes external and internal, operating on drums of rear wheels. Transmission of a superior planetary type, two speeds forward and reverse without a single adjustment ever necessary or possible. Price includes three oil lamps, two headlights, horn and complete tool kit.

I would like to know more about Oakland Cars. Please send me full particulars. I am especially interested in

40 H. P. Runabout (with rumble) .....  
40 H. P. Touring Roadster .....  
40 H. P. Touring Car .....  
20 H. P. Runabout (with rumble) .....  
20 H. P. Touring Roadster .....  
20 H. P. Touring Car .....  
20 H. P. Landulet .....  
(Check car on which you want special information)

(Signed) .....  
S.E.P. P.O. ....



Daw, purveyor of most artistically-printed gold mines.

"This is a dangerous proposition, though, J. Rufus," he objected. "Suppose they actually take this matter up with the State Department? Suppose they even go there?"

"Well, they can't prove any connection between you and me, and you will be out of the road," said Wallingford. "I don't mind confessing that it's nearer an infraction of the law than I like, though, and hereafter I don't intend to come so close. It isn't necessary. But in this case there's nothing to fear. These lead-pipe artists are scared so stiff by their fall-down on the building-loan game that they'll take their medicine right here and now. They'll come to me before to-morrow night, now that I've got them to collect their money in a wad. They might even start work to-night."

He arose from the table in his private office and went to the door.

"Oh, Billy!" he called.

A sharp-looking young fellow with a pen behind his ear came from the other room.

"Billy, here's a hundred dollars for you," said Wallingford.

"Thank you," said Billy. "Who's to be thugged?"

"Nobody," replied Wallingford, laughing. "It's just a good-will gift. By the way, if Doc Turner or any of that crowd back there makes any advances to you to buy your share of stock, sell it to them, and you're a rank sucker if you take less than two hundred for it. Also tell them that you can get three other shares from the office force at the same price."

Billy, with great deliberation, took a pin from the lapel of his coat and pinned his hundred-dollar bill inside his inside vest pocket, then he winked prodigiously, and without another word withdrew.

"He's a smart kid," said Blackie.

#### VIII

IN THE old game of "pick or poo" one boy held out a pin, concealed between his fingers, and the other boy guessed whether the head or point was toward him. It was a great study in psychology. The boy who held the pin had to do as much guessing as the other one. Having held forward heads the first time, should he reverse the pin the second time, or repeat heads? In so far as one of the two boys correctly gauged the elaborateness of the other's mental process he was winner. At the age when he played this game Wallingford usually had all the pins in school. Now he was out-guessing the Doc Turner crowd. He had foreseen every step in their mental process. He had foreseen that they would start an opposition company; he had foreseen their extravagant belief in his "pull," knowing what he did of their previous experience, and he had foreseen that now they would offer to buy up the stock held by his office force, so as to secure control, before opening fresh negotiations for the stock he had offered them.

That very night Doc Turner called at the house of Billy Whipple to ask where he could get a good bird-dog, young Whipple being known as a gifted amateur in dogs. Billy, nothing loth, took Doc out to the kennel, where, by a fortunate coincidence, of which Mr. Turner had known nothing, of course, he happened to have a fine set of puppies. These Mr. Turner admired in a more or less perfunctory fashion.

"By the way, Billy," he by and by inquired, "how do you like your position?"

"Oh, so-so," replied Billy. "The job looks good to me. Wallingford has started a very successful business."

"How much does he pay you?"

Billy reflected. It was easy enough to let a lie slip off his tongue, but Turner had access to the books.

"Twenty-five dollars a week," he said.

"You owe a lot to Wallingford," observed Mr. Turner. "It's the best pay you ever drew."

"Yes, it is pretty good," admitted Billy; "but I don't owe Wallingford any more than I owe myself."

In the dark Mr. Turner slowly placed his palms together.

"You're a bright boy," said Mr. Turner. "Billy, I don't like to see a stranger come in here and gobble up the community's money. It ought to stay in the hands of home-folks. I'd like to get control of that business. If you'll sell me your share of stock I might be able to handle it, and if I can I'll advance your wages to thirty-five dollars a week."

"You're a far pleasanter man than Wallingford," said Billy amiably. "You're a smarter man, a better man, a handsomer man! When do we start on that thirty-five?"

"Very quickly, Billy, if you feel that way about it." And the friction of Mr. Turner's palms was perfectly audible. "Then I can have your share of stock?"

"Yes, and I'll guarantee to buy up three other shares in the office if you want them."

"Good!" exclaimed Turner, not having expected to accomplish so much of his object so easily. "The minute you lay me down those four shares I'll hand you four hundred dollars."

"Eight," Billy calmly corrected him. "Those shares are worth a hundred dollars apiece any place now. Mine's worth more than two hundred to me."

"Nonsense," protested the other. "Tell you what I'll do, though. I'll pay you two hundred dollars for your share and a hundred dollars apiece for the others."

"Two," insisted Billy. "We've talked it all over in the office, and we've agreed to pool our stock and stand out for two hundred apiece, if anybody wants it. As a matter of fact, I have all four shares in my possession at this moment," and he displayed the certificates, holding up his lantern so that Turner could see them.

The sight of the actual stock, which Billy had secured on a promise of a hundred and fifty dollars per share immediately after Wallingford's pointer, clinched the business.

#### IX

IT WAS scarcely as much a shock to Wallingford as the Turner crowd had expected it to be when those gentlemen, having purchased Wallingford's stock at his own price, sat in the new stockholders' meeting, at the reorganization upon which they had insisted, with five hundred and three shares, and he made but feeble protest when the five of them, voting themselves into the directorate, decided to put Mr. Wallingford on an extremely meagre salary as assistant manager, and Mr. Turner on a slightly larger salary as chief manager.

"There's no use of saying anything," he concluded philosophically. "You gentlemen have played a very clever game and I lose; that's all there is to it."

He thereupon took up the burden of the work and pushed through the matter of new memberships and of collections with a vigor and ability that could not but commend itself to his employers. The second week's collections were now coming in, and it was during the following week that a large hollow wheel with a handle and crank, mounted on an axle like a patent churn, was brought into the now vacated room of the defunct People's Cooperative Bond and Loan Company.

"What's this thing for?" asked Wallingford, inspecting it curiously.

"The drawing," whispered Doc Turner.

"What drawing?"

"The loans."

"You don't mean to say that you're going to conduct this as a lottery?" protested Wallingford, shocked and even distressed.

"Sh! Don't use that word," cautioned Turner. "Not even among ourselves. You might use it in the wrong place some time."

"Why not use the word?" Wallingford indignantly wanted to know. "That's what you're preparing to do! I told you in the first place that this was not by any means to be considered as a lottery; that it was not to have any of the features of a lottery. Moreover, I will not permit it to be conducted as a lottery!"

Doc Turner leaned against the side of the big wooden wheel and stared at Wallingford in consternation.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Have you gone crazy, or what?"

"Sane enough that I don't intend to be connected with a lottery! I have conscientious scruples about it."

"May I ask, then, how you propose to decide these so-called loans?" inquired Turner, with palm-rubbing agitation.

"Examine the records of the men who have made application," explained Wallingford; "find out their respective reputations for honesty, reliability and prompt payment, and place the different loans, according to that information, in as many different towns as possible."

Doc Turner gazed at him in scorn for a full minute.

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Boy Division

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA



"You're a — fool!" he declared. "Why, you yourself intended to conduct this as a secret society, and I had intended to have representatives from at least three of the lodges attend each drawing."

To this Wallingford made no reply, and Turner, to ease his mind, locked the door on the lottery-wheel and went in to open the mail. It always soothed him to take money from envelopes. A great many of the letters pertaining to the business of the company were addressed to Wallingford in person, and Turner slit open all such letters as a matter of course. Half-way down the pile he opened one, addressed to Wallingford, which made him gasp and re-read.

Dear Jim (read the letter): They have found out your new name and where you are, and unless you get out of town on the first train they'll arrest you sure. I don't need to remind you that they don't hold manslaughter as a light offense in Massachusetts.

Let me know your new name and address as soon as you have gotten safely away. YOUR OLD PAL.

Doe Turner's own fingers were trembling as he passed this missive to Wallingford, whose expectant eyes had been furtively fixed upon the pile of letters for some time.

"Too bad, old man," said Turner, tremulously aghast. "Couldn't help reading it."

"My God!" exclaimed Wallingford most dramatically. "It has come at last, just as I had settled down to lead a quiet, decent, respectable life, with every prospect in my favor!" He sprang up and looked at his watch. "I'll have to move on again!" he dismally declared; "and I suppose they'll chase me from one cover to another until they finally get me; but I'll never give up! Please see what's coming to me, Mr. Turner; you have the cash in the house to pay me, I know; and kindly get my stock certificates from the safe."

Slowly and thoughtfully Turner took from the safe Wallingford's four hundred and ninety-seven shares of stock, in four certificates of a hundred shares each, one of fifty and one of forty-seven. Wallingford hurried them into an envelope, sitting down to write the address upon it.

"What are you going to do with those?" asked Turner with a thoughtful frown.

"Send them to my friend in Boston and have him sell them for what he can get," replied Wallingford with a sigh. "If the purchasers send any one here to find out about the business, you'll, of course, give them every facility for investigation."

"To be sure; to be sure," returned Turner. "But, say —"

He paused a moment, and Wallingford, in the act of writing a hasty note to go with the stock certificates, paused, his pen poised above the paper.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You'll probably have to sell those shares at a sacrifice, Wallingford."

"I have no doubt," he admitted.

Doe Turner's palms rubbed out a slow decision while Wallingford scratched away at his letter.

"Um-m-m-m-m-m-m—I say!" began Turner gropingly. "Rather than have those shares fall into the hands of strangers we might possibly make you an offer for them ourselves. Wait till I see Squinch."

He saw Squinch, he saw Tom Fester, he telephoned to Adam Grout, and the four of them gathered in solemn conclave. The consensus of the meeting was that if they could secure Wallingford's shares at a low enough figure it was a good thing. Not one man among them but had regretted deeply the necessity of sharing any portion of the earnings of the company with Wallingford, or with one another, for that matter. Moreover, new stockholders might "raise a rumpus" about their methods of conducting the business, as Wallingford had started to do. Gravely they called Wallingford in.

"Wallingford," said Mr. Squinch, showing in his very tone his disrespect for a criminal, "Mr. Turner has acquainted us with the fact that you are compelled to leave us, and though we already have about as large a burden as we can conveniently carry, we're willing to allow you five thousand dollars for your stock."

"For four hundred and ninety-seven shares! Nearly fifty thousand dollars' worth!" gasped Wallingford, "and worth par!"

"It is a debatable point," said Mr. Squinch, placing his finger-tips together, and speaking with cold severity, "as to

whether that stock is worth par or not at the present moment. I should say that it is not, particularly the stock that you hold."

"Even at a sacrifice," insisted Wallingford, "my friend ought to be able to get fifty dollars a share for me."

"You must remember, Mr. Wallingford," returned the severe voice, "that you are not as free to negotiate as you seemed to be an hour or so ago. In a word, you are a fugitive from justice, and I don't know, myself, but what our duty, anyhow, would be to give you up."

Not one man there but would have done it if it had been to their advantage.

"You wouldn't do that!" pleaded Wallingford, most piteously indeed. "Why, gentlemen, the mere fact that I am in life-and-death need of every cent I can get ought to make you more liberal with me; particularly in view of the fact that I made this business, that I built it up, and that all its profits that you are to reap are due to me. Why, at twenty thousand the stock would be a fine bargain."

This they thoroughly believed—but business is business!

"Utterly impossible," said Mr. Squinch. The slyly rubbing palms of Mr. Turner, the down-shot lines of Adam Grout's face, the compressed lips of Tom Fester, all affirmed Mr. Squinch's decided negative.

"Give me fifteen," pleaded Wallingford. "Twelve—ten."

They would not. To each of these proposals they shook emphatic heads.

"Very well," said Wallingford, and quietly wrote an address on the envelope containing his certificates. He tossed the envelope on the postal scales, sealed it, took stamps from his drawer and pasted them on. "Then, gentlemen, good-day."

"Wait a minute," hastily protested Mr. Squinch. "Gentlemen, suppose we confer a minute."

Heads bent together, they conferred.

"We'll give you eight thousand dollars," said Squinch as a result of the conference. "We'll go right down and draw it out of the bank in cash and give it to you."

There was not a trace of hesitation in Wallingford.

"I've made my lowest offer," he said. "Ten thousand or I'll drop these in the mail box."

They were quite certain that Wallingford meant business, as indeed he did. He had addressed the envelope to Blackie Daw and he was quite sure that he could make the shares worth at least ten thousand.

Once more they conferred.

"All right," agreed Mr. Squinch reluctantly. "We'll do it—out of charity."

"I don't care what it's out of, so long as I get the money," said Wallingford.

In New York, where Wallingford met Blackie Daw by appointment, the latter was eager to know the details.

"The letter did the business, I suppose, eh, Wallingford?"

"Fine and dandy," assented Wallingford. "A great piece of work, and timed to the hour. I saw the envelope in that batch of mail before I made my play."

"Manslaughter!" shrieked Blackie by and by. "On the level, J. Rufus, did you ever kill anything bigger than a mosquito?"

"I don't know. I think I made quite a sizable killing down in Doe Turner's little old town," he said complacently.

"I don't think so," disputed Blackie thoughtfully. "I may be a cheese-head, but I don't see why you sold your stock, anyhow. Seems to me you had a good graft there. Why didn't you hold on to it? It was a money-maker."

"No," denied Wallingford with decision. "It's an illegal business, Blackie, and I won't have anything to do with an illegal business. The first thing you know that lottery will be in trouble with the Federal Government, and I'm on record as never having conducted any part of it after it became a lottery. Another thing, in less than a year that bunch of crooks will be figuring on how to land the capital prize for themselves under cover. No, Blackie, a quick turn and legal safety for mine, every time. It pays better. Why, I clean up thirty thousand dollars net profit on this in three months! Isn't that good pay?"

"It makes a crook look like a fool," admitted Blackie Daw.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of six stories relating to the early adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford. The next story will be printed in an early issue.

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elevated stairs at Fifty-eighth Street. He admitted that the quest for her had thus far been fruitless, assuring them at the same time that it would go steadily on for the present at least.

"And now, Mr. Latham," he went on, and inadvertently he glanced at Mr. Czenki, "I have been hampered, of course, by the fact that you have not taken me completely into your confidence in this matter. I mean," he added hastily, "that beyond a mere hint of their value I know nothing whatever about the diamonds which Mr. Wynne had in the gripsack. I gathered, however, that they were worth a large sum of money—perhaps, even a million dollars?"

"Yah, a million dollars ad least," remarked Mr. Schultz grimly.

"Thank you," and the detective smiled shrewdly. "Your instructions were to find where he got them. If there had been a theft of a million dollars' worth of diamonds anywhere in this world, I would have known it; so I took steps to examine the Custom-House records of this and other cities to see if there had been an unusual shipment to Mr. Wynne, or to any one else outside of the diamond dealers, thinking this might give me a clew."

"And what was the result?" demanded Mr. Latham quickly.

"My agents have covered all the Atlantic ports and they did not come in through the Custom-House," replied Mr. Birnes. "I have not heard from the Western agents as yet, but my opinion is—is that they were perhaps smuggled in. Smuggling, after all, is simple with the thousands of miles of unguarded coasts of this country. I don't know this, of course; I advance it merely as a possibility."

Mr. Latham turned to Mr. Schultz and Mr. Czenki with a triumphant smile. "Diamonds in meters! Tommyrot!"

"Of course," the detective resumed, "the whole investigation centres about this man Wynne. He has been under the eyes of my agents as no other man ever was, and in spite of this has been able to keep in correspondence with his accomplices. And, gentlemen, he has done it not through the mails, not over the telephone, not by telegraph, and yet he has done it."

"By wireless, perhaps?" suggested Mr. Czenki. It was the first time he had spoken, and the detective took occasion then and there to stare at him frankly.

"And not by wireless," he said at last. "He sends and receives messages from the roof of his house in Thirty-seventh Street by homing pigeons!"

"Some more fantasies, eh, Latham?" Mr. Schultz taunted. "Some more chimericals?"

"I demonstrated this much by the close watch I have kept of Mr. Wynne," the detective went on, there being no response to his questioning look at Mr. Schultz. "One of my agents, stationed on the roof of the house adjoining Mr. Wynne's" (it was the maid-servant next door) "has, on at least one occasion, seen him remove a tissue-paper strip from a carrier pigeon's leg and read what was written on it, after which he kissed it, gentlemen, kissed it; then he destroyed it. What did it mean? It means that that particular message was from the girl to whom he transferred the diamonds in the cab, and that he is madly in love with her."

"Oh, dese wimmies! I dell you!" commented Mr. Schultz.

There was a little pause, then Mr. Birnes continued impressively:

"This correspondence is of no consequence in itself, of course. But it gives us this: Carrier pigeons will only fly home, so if Mr. Wynne received a message by pigeon it means that at some time within a week, say, he has shipped that pigeon and perhaps others from the house in Thirty-seventh Street to that person who sent him the message. If he sends messages to that person it means that he has received a pigeon or pigeons from that person within a week. And how were these pigeons shipped? In all probability, by express. So, gentlemen, you see there

ought to be a record in the express offices, which would give us the home town, even the name and address, of the person who now has the diamonds in his or her keeping. Is that clear to all of you?"

"It is perfectly clear," commented Mr. Latham admiringly.

"And that is the clew we are working on at the moment," the detective added. "Three of my men are now searching the records of all the express companies in the city—and there are a great many—for the pigeon shipments. If, as seems probable, this clew develops it may be that we can place our hands on the diamonds within a few days."

"I don't d'ink I would yust blace my hands on dem," Mr. Schultz advised. "Dey are his diamonds, you know, und your hands might ged in drouble."

"I mean figuratively, of course," the detective amended.

He stopped and drummed on his stiff hat with his fingers. Again he glanced at the impassive face of Mr. Czenki with keen, questioning eyes; and for one bare instant it seemed as if he were trying to bring his memory to his aid.

"I've found out all about this man Wynne," he supplemented after a moment, "but nothing in his record seems to have any bearing on this case. He is an orphan. His mother was a Van Cortlandt of old Dutch stock, and his father was a merchant downtown. He left a few thousands to the son, and the son is now in business for himself with an office in lower Broad Street. He is an importer of brown sugar."

"Brown sugar?" queried Mr. Czenki quickly, and the thin, scarred face reflected for a second some subtle emotion within him. "Brown sugar!" he repeated.

"Yes," drawled the detective, with an unpleasant stare, "brown sugar. He imports it from Cuba and Porto Rico and Brazil by the shipload, I understand, and makes a good thing of it."

A quick pallor overspread Mr. Czenki's countenance, and he arose with his fingers working nervously. His beady eyes were glittering; his lips were pressed together until they were bloodless.

"Vas iss?" demanded Mr. Schultz curiously.

"My God, gentlemen, don't you see?" the expert burst out violently. "Don't you see what this man has done? He has—he has—"

Suddenly, by a supreme effort, he regained control of himself, and resumed his seat.

"He has—what?" asked Mr. Latham.

For half a minute Mr. Czenki stared at his employer; and slowly, slowly his face grew impassive again.

"I beg your pardon," he said quietly. "Mr. Wynne is a heavy importer of sugar from Brazil. Isn't it possible that those are Brazilian diamonds? That new workings have been discovered somewhere in the interior? That he has smuggled them in concealed in the sugar-bags, right into New York, under the noses of the customs officials? I beg your pardon," he concluded.

Late in the afternoon of the following day a drunken man, unshaven, unkempt, unclean and clothed in rags, lurched into a small pawnshop in the lower Bowery and planked down on the dirty counter a hand full of inert, colorless pebbles, ranging in size from a pea to a peanut.

"Say, Jew, is them real diamonds?" he demanded thickly.

The man in charge glanced at them and nearly fainted. Ten minutes later Red Haney, knight of the road, was placed under arrest as a suspicious character. Uncut diamonds, valued roughly at \$50,000, were found in his possession.

"Where did you get them?" demanded the amazed police.

"Found 'em."

"Where did you find them?"

"None o' your business."

And that was all they were able to get out of him at the moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## The Howard Watch

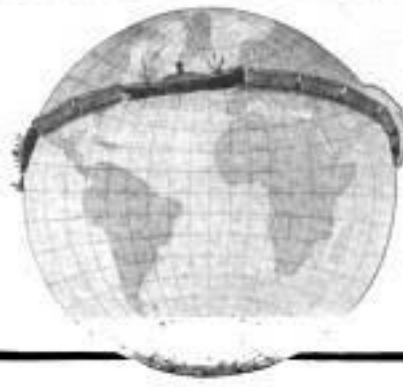
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## THE GREAT TARIFF LIE

(Concluded from Page 4)

Wool clothing pays the high duty of 44 cents a pound plus 60 per cent. ad valorem. You have read of the sweatshops in New York and Chicago where clothing is made. Why didn't the tariff protect that sweatshop labor? Of course, the tariff had nothing to do with it. The labor received bread-line pay because it was unorganized and its efficiency was low. In North Atlantic cities a male hosiery knitter (protected) gets 20 cents an hour and a union teamster (unprotected save by his union and his good right arm) gets 30 cents.

There is a duty on cotton cloth running from 1 to 8 cents a yard and from 25 to 60 per cent. ad valorem. Cotton-carding machine operatives receive in the North 14 cents an hour; in the South, 10 cents; spinners, in the North, 13 cents; in the South, 9 cents; weavers, 19 cents in the North and 13 cents in the South. These wages are substantially higher than in 1897, yet hardly represent a perfect flower of prosperity. And in the dyeing, finishing and printing of textiles, wages, according to the Bureau of Labor, advanced as follows from the passage of the Dingley law to 1907: Color mixers, 16 per cent.; dyers, 13 per cent.; engravers, 4 per cent., while printers' wages have declined a trifle. In this field it seems to have taken protection about ten years to get around to the workman. It did not take it so long to operate upon the cost of his living.

Averages deduced by the Bureau of Labor from examination of the pay-rolls of 4034 leading establishments in the principal manufacturing industries of the United States show that full-time weekly earnings per employee advanced a little over 23 per cent. from 1897 to 1907. About half the total expenditure in a typical workman's family is for food. Taking the mean food consumption in 2567 workmen's families, the Bureau finds that the cost of the dietary articles so consumed advanced, from 1897 to 1907, just a little more than the average full-time weekly earnings. In short, the food-purchasing power of a week's earnings was slightly less in 1907 than in 1897.

On this subject of the advance in wages from 1897 to 1907 the variations shown in the Bureau's reports are highly interesting. For example, bricklayers' wages advanced 41 per cent.; wages of common laborers in brickyards, 28; carpenters, 51; laborers in the building trades, 29; structural iron workers, 80; candy-makers, 10; cabinet-makers in car shops, 30; common laborers in the same shops, 13; gatherers in glass factories, 74; laborers in same factories, 26; marble carvers, 23; laborers in the same shops, 13; back-skinners in slaughterhouses, 36; laborers in slaughterhouses, 14. These reports cover only a certain number of typical establishments—about four thousand—in the larger manufacturing centres; and in the reports themselves are found instances where the less skilled labor has advanced more than the highly skilled. One cannot lay down an absolutely hard-and-fast rule. But it certainly looks as though the biggest advance rather inclined toward the strongest organization.

Undoubtedly, relatively very many more workmen received a full week's pay in 1906 and the fore part of 1907 than in 1897. But in ten years farm values of cereal and cotton crops and of farm animals (all practically unprotected) increased more than a hundred per cent., or over four billion dollars. That fact might claim a humble share in accounting for the increased consumptive power of the home market and the consequent fuller employment of industrial labor.

This unprotected farm production, meeting the competition of the world on an even footing and paying the freight, supplies exports amounting to nearly a thousand millions a year. We export more goods than any other nation and we could scarcely do that unless, finally, we had the cheapest labor. For, generally speaking, the cost of an article is the sum of the cost of all the labor that went to produce it. If we can sell dressed beef in London and ham in Berlin, it is because the labor involved in raising the animal, transporting it to market, slaughtering it, preparing the meat and carrying that abroad is no greater than the labor involved in getting the English and German meat to the same selling point. If our labor all along the line is better paid, the quantity must be less—the labor-efficiency higher. There is, in this

view, nothing in "natural resources." They mean simply that the article can be produced with less labor. So our exports of nearly two billion dollars a year tell a story of cheap labor—not of low-priced labor, but of low labor-cost—that might puzzle a protectionist if he had a puzzleable mind. England's exports are not so large as ours, but consist to a greater extent of manufactures, which, again, means a low labor-cost.

Mr. Chamberlain, with an enthusiasm worthy of Pennsylvania, endeavored to show that the hope of the British workman lay in a retreat to protection. But the election returns indicated a quite different opinion on the part of the workman himself. What use had he for protection when his labor—although the highest paid—was already the cheapest in Europe, as England's supremacy in the export of manufactures showed?

Specific comparisons in several lines have shown that our labor-cost is lower than England's. But the unchallenged fact that we use machinery more largely and more skillfully than any other country is conclusive. Indeed, we sell machinery of the highest labor-saving use in England itself; and to the world a hundred million dollars' worth a year of clever Yankee contrivances for reducing labor-cost—mowers and reapers, electrical apparatus, cash registers, printing presses, sewing machines, metal-working appliances, every one of which enables some foreign pauper labor to heighten its efficiency, and so to get a little nearer to the really cheap labor basis of the United States.

High tariff, in fact, ought to be investigated by the Society for Psychological Research, not by economists. Its claims are purely miraculous. Mere reason cannot see how import duties can protect labor that is already the cheapest in the world, nor how protecting steel mills that employ 290,000 hands can make high wages for 600,000 carpenters, 300,000 butchers and blacksmiths and ten million workers in agriculture. The claim that high duties give increased employment to labor looks even more like a materialization of Little Bright Eyes. It may really be the reëmbodied spirit of an artless Indian maiden; but whenever the light is turned up all you can see is an obese trust scrambling back into the cabinet. High tariff makes high prices. Otherwise what earthly good would it be to anybody? So the argument comes to this: that if you make prices higher people will buy a lot more, thereby insuring full employment of industrial labor; the domestic consumption of iron and steel increased in ten years threefold, because, thanks to the tariff, people had to pay about fifty per cent. more for the goods than they were worth.

They say the tariff preserves the home market for the product of home labor. But under a forty-and-odd per cent. tariff our imports of manufactures have steadily increased. Since the Dingley law went into effect total imports have risen from six hundred million to twelve hundred million dollars a year. One-quarter of the total is in finished manufactures ready for consumption. That ratio has held pretty steadily since the law was passed, and while exports of manufactures ready for consumption have increased a hundred per cent., imports of finished manufactures have also risen a hundred per cent. In the shape of "manufactures ready for consumption" and "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" the product of pauper labor still comes in to the extent of four hundred million or more yearly. It becomes untainted from the manufacturer's point of view by having to pay a very high duty; but that does not help it from the point of view of employment of American labor. The labor-cost is 18 per cent. The tariff is 42 per cent. Where does the benefit to labor come in? Not, surely, in an advance in ten years of 30 per cent. in the wholesale price of men's brogans, 30 per cent. in cotton flannel, 42 per cent. in cotton-and-wool blankets, 43 per cent. in brown drillings, 161 per cent. in steel door-knobs, 119 per cent. in common mortise locks, 33 per cent. in fence nails, 91 per cent. in hemlock lumber, 81 per cent. in white pine boards, 43 per cent. in kitchen chairs.

Editor's Note—Mr. Charles Heber Clark, the well-known author, editor and publicist, will present the arguments for a high protective tariff in an early number.



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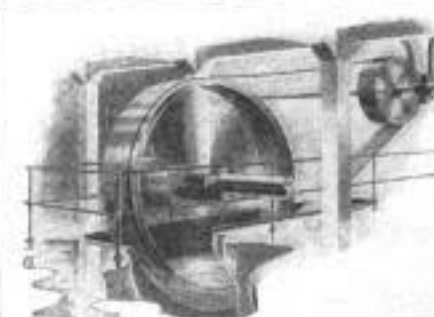
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